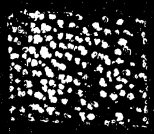
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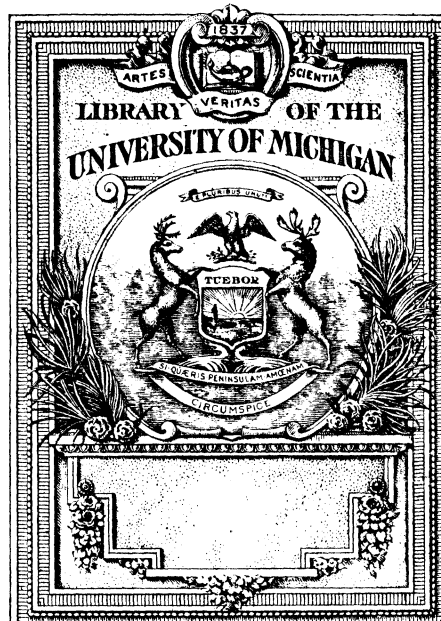
WINDSOR MAGAZINE

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. XLVI
JUNE TO NOVEMBER 1917

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED
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1917

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THE

WINDSOR MAGAZINE



JUNE

ILLUSTRATED WAR ARTICLES.

THE SCHOOLS OF WAR.

THE INDIAN TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

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"THE WATERING PLACE."
BY BIRKET FOSTER.



"OPHELIA." BY HENRIETTA RAE.

From the original in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, reproduced by permission of the Corporation. See the article in this number on Pictures from Shakespeare's Tragedies



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STUDYING STRATEGY ON A SAND MAP.

THE SCHOOLS OF WAR

HOW OUR MEN ARE TRAINED TO NEW CONDITIONS AND WEAPONS

IT is the strangest thing for soldiers of to-day—survivors of our Old Army, which the Germans styled "a perfect thing apart"—to look back upon the steady brigade and divisional drills in the dust of the Long Valley at Aldershot. For those formal tests and ceremonial parades are wildly unlike the present war of catacombs. Strapped overalls and smart Wellington boots, choking tunic and gorgeous head-dress—where are these habiliments now? Where is the non-"professional" officer who never talked "shop"—that exquisite of Ascot and Goodwood, of Sandown and Aintree, the coverts, and the hunting-field? He is farther from us than the veterans who threw cast-iron grenades in the seventeenth century. His successor is the Experimental Officer for Trench Warfare, a deep treader in the wash of the world's most scientific war.

It is a war of dread explosives and ballistic engines, from the squat mine-thrower to the giant howitzer whose shell alters the very landscape, shifting hills, destroying forests, driving vast cavities in the earth, and blotting villages till their very *débris* becomes dust. It is a war of enormous complexity and terror, perverting the whole genius of civilisation, and concentrating all mind, all money and human effort upon the eternal oscillation of attack and defence. No exaggeration is possible to the man who has seen with his own eyes the so-called battlefields of the Somme and the Ancre, where the long tactical catalepsy was broken at last with an array of machines upon which it is not yet discreet to dwell in detail.

We know that behind the gunner and the Staff stand chemists like Lord Moulton, Sir Alfred Mond, and Professor Dixon, of Manchester University; inventors like Lord

Fisher, Colonel Lewis (of the new automatic gun), and Sir William Tritton, whose famous "Tanks" burst upon the foe with all the terrors of Cæsar's armoured elephants in Britain. How history repeats itself! "They could not endure even to look upon one," says the recorder, Polyænus, of Cæsar's living tanks. "They were panic-stricken at the hail of darts and stones from the bowmen and slingers in the tower on the beast's back."

Our leviathan Crême de Menthe had the same effect as she advanced to eat up the wire jungles that September day, with her crew of bantam gunners, rumbling and wrenching out of craters and ditches like a monstrous armadillo drowning in a choppy sea. Ever since Von Kluck and his legions went underground the warring hosts have sprung surprises upon each other—flame-projectors and cylinders of chlorine gas; rifle-grenades and aerial torpedoes; arrows from the sky, mines from the depths of the earth; prussic acid and tear-compelling shells; star flares by night, and by day new wheeled devices for cutting those endless thickets of wire.

Steel helmets and gnome-like masks were new protective measures; and the trench raid needed bludgeons and knives for work in the dark when our daring lads surprised a German position.

But conditions were so extraordinary, so entirely subversive of old text-book teachings, that extra schools had to be established both at home and abroad—those last as "finishing academies," where officers and soldiers received the final hints from veterans and then took their place at the Front. From first to last the aim is to spare the man; to minimise risks on the defensive side, and on the offensive to provide him with the most efficient weapons and the most skilful and telling methods of using these, so as to demoralise and rout the enemy.

We need not deal with the regular schools of war, like those of Chatham and Aldershot.

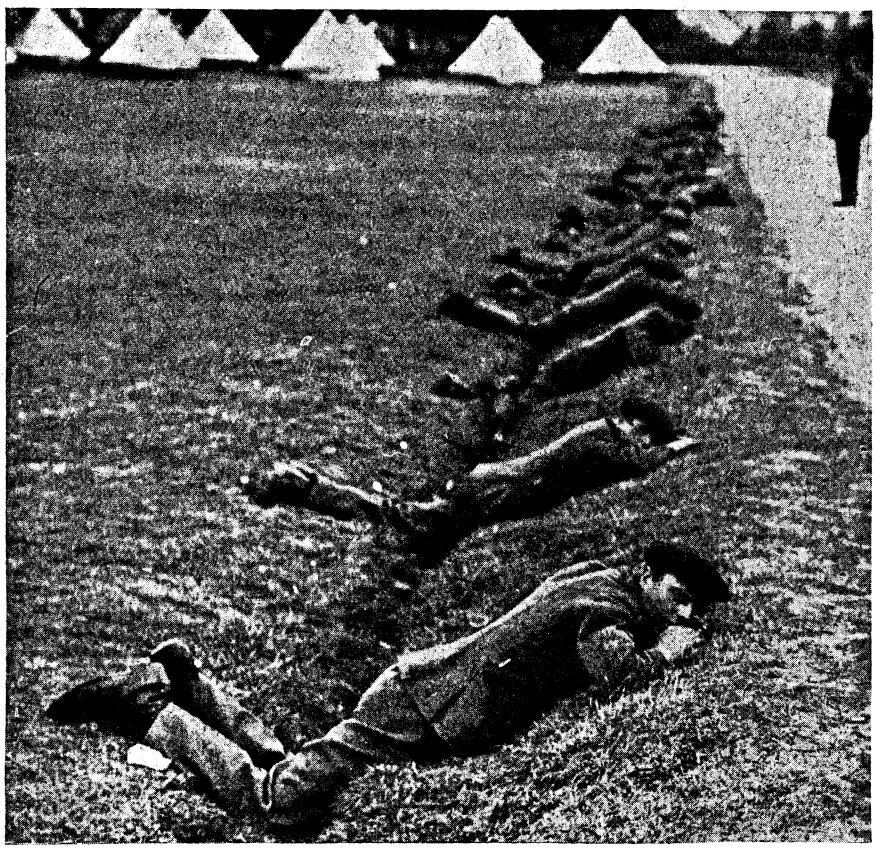


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THE FIRST TRENCH SCHOOL.



Photo by] [*News Illustrations.*

AT THE FIRST BAYONET SCHOOL.

They have grown enormously complex, quite apart from the usual course in musketry and drill. There are classes in surveying and engineering, bridge-building, road-making, railroad laying, telegraphy, fortification, mining and explosive handling, trench architecture, sanitation, with camp and barrack planning, cooking, storekeeping, ballooning and general aviation; rough medicine and surgery, veterinary and farriery, smith work, lathe turning, and first aid for damaged rifles and guns. Modern war is a world of its own unguessed by the civilian until he enters it and grasps its vastness bit by bit.

But never was such training needed as now, when the German war-machine races "all out" towards the world-power or downfall of its avowed ambition these many years

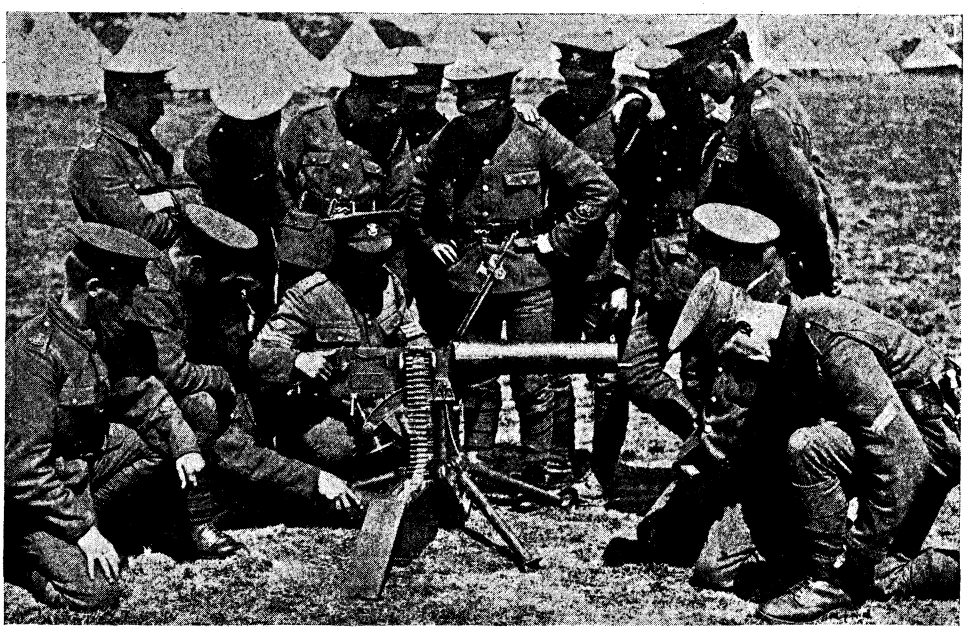


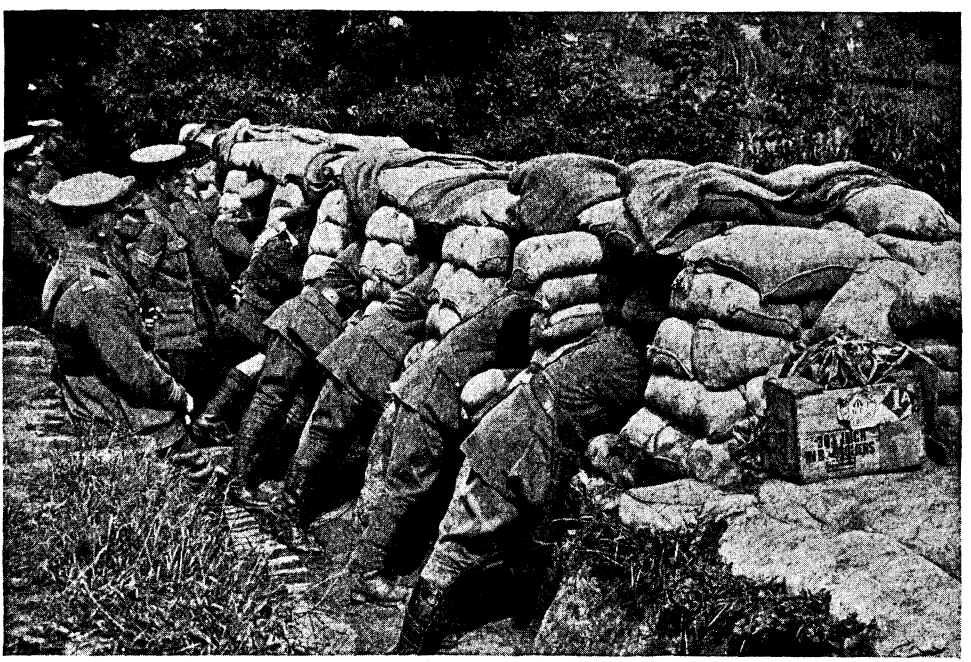
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A MACHINE-GUN LESSON.

We must hurry over the earlier stages of all this schooling—the crude induction of the recruit into trench shelter, his jabbing with the bayonet at hanging sacks of sawdust, and more advanced work on the living subject, suitably padded and masked for the onset. It is an arresting thought that this elementary work goes on to-day in New Zealand, where the supple Maoris become very apt—in the several States of Australia, too, in Newfoundland and Canada, on the Indian stations, in the West Indies and South Africa, where natives are also recruited for navvy work and general porterage at the Front.

The sterner schools at home are made as realistic as possible.

On Salisbury Plain and elsewhere great congeries of trenches are dug, and here "Hun" and Briton hammer away at each other night and day without ceasing, on lines which closely approximate to the real thing. And there are schools within schools—specialist training for bombing officers, for snipers, raiders, dispatch-riders, telegraph repairers, observers, intelligence men, gunners of all grades, wire cutters—with special arms and tools—gas mechanics, flame throwers, and a dozen other more or less lurid practitioners of the new war. At these great reinforcement



SNIPING OFFICERS IN TRAINING.

From an official Canadian photograph issued by Central News.

Novices learn the art of war on Salisbury Plain, where the cavalryman tries to mount a very restive "horse" made of wood and jerked by springs instinct with more than equine devilry. There are sand maps for vivid demonstrations, and a real skeleton for R.A.M.C. lectures to orderlies and stretcher-bearers. Professors teach the most unexpected trades, from that of the shoeing-smith to the motor-bus driver, who imparts his knowledge to Army Service Corps lads who will soon be at the wheel themselves, feeding our fighting millions with all things, from meat and flour to trench floorings and shrapnel helmets. camps there are gas-mask attacks, and pupils pass through underground chambers filled with bromine and chlorine fumes which are quite deadly.

So that even mimic war is to-day a stern affair, calling for all a man's energy and mind. The bombing schools are extremely important. Here the grenade is explained, whether thrown by hand, by the rifle, or the catapult—for all manner of ancient weapons have been revived, and now mix oddly with aeroplanes and "Tanks," as well as pieces of ordnance which the artillerist of yesterday never dreamed of seeing in the field. The

grenade is a long-distance bomb exploding on impact. It is fired from the rifle by means of a special cartridge and a long metal rod. With a soft whistling the missile leaves the barrel and drops vertically into the trench "over the way."

At close quarters trench conditions do not favour the rifle or the bayonet, whereas the bomb gives scope for individual dexterity, cunning, and generalship which is often of a high order, as the records of our V.C. bombers show. That our fellows learn their lessons well was magnificently shown by the assault on the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Here



Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

TRAINING FOR OBSERVATION WORK.



Photo by] [*Farringdon Co.*

LEARNING THE USE OF A CATAPULT FOR GRENADE THROWING.

the lace-workers of Nottingham handled bombs with amazing skill—the boot-makers of Leicester, too, and potters of the Five Towns. Who can forget the stand made by Captain Vickers, V.C., of the Sherwood Foresters, with German bombs whizzing around him, and with a blasting roar pulling down the barriers and all but burying him alive? The bomb is the handiest weapon; it has played a wonderful part in this warfare of moles and birds, with big guns imparked in secret pits by the thousand well back from the advanced line.

The "game of ball" played in the elementary bomb school is most curious to witness. A class may consist solely of officers and N.C.O's., who, after a week's practice, return to their regiments, and in turn instruct their men. Novices at first work in trenches which are not dug, but only marked out with whitewash like a cricket-pitch. Jam-tin bombs filled with earth are hurled at circles marked on the grass twenty feet away. Having scored a frequent bull's-eye here, the bomber passes to a real trench. Now standing behind a sand-bag parapet, ankle deep in mud, he throws his dummies into trenches he cannot see, but whose distance is given out by an officer at the periscope.



Photo by] [*Farringdon Co.*

OFFICERS IN TRAINING FOR FACING POISON GAS.

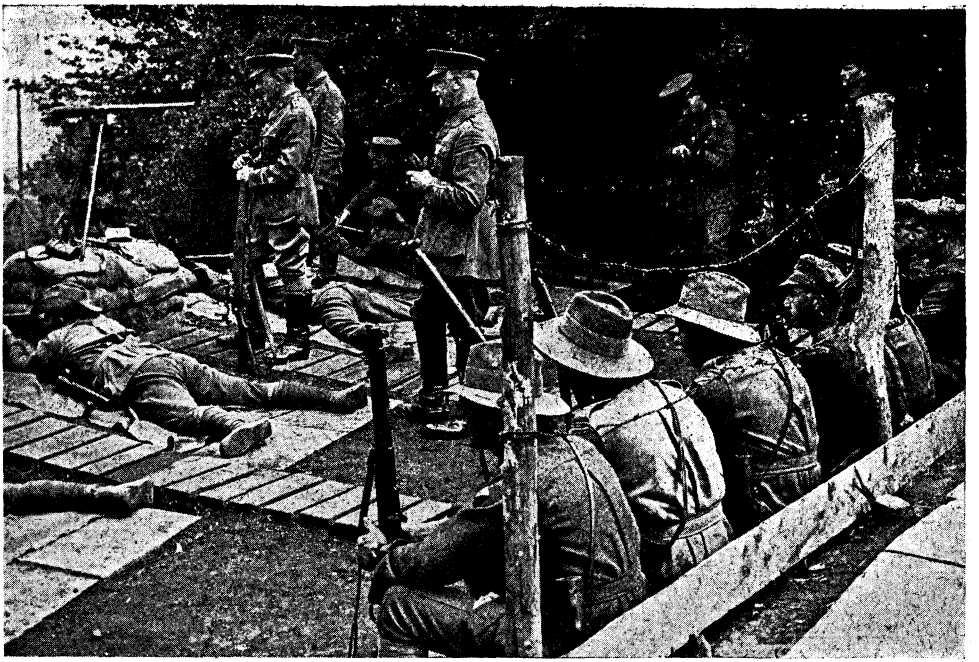
Next come loaded bombs, which the new grenadier must light and throw with all speed, for the fuse only takes five seconds to burn, and accurate aim is above all essential. There are a dozen different bombs, and they vary with the conditions of war. Over yonder in our school is the German trench with its machine-guns screened with sloping nets of wire. Here a percussion bomb would be useless, so the fuse variety is thrown. Our men get incredibly skilful and reckless at this game. A nervous Hun, in the real War, will often light his fuse and throw the bomb too soon, when a Tommy of keen eye will catch the deadly sphere and swing it back with one sweep of the arm amid a roar of acclamation from his watching mates. The penalty for a dropped catch with a percussion bomb is, of course, sheer extinction.

In our schools abroad the bomb workshop is specially interesting. Here all grades, British and German, are shown to the learner; he tries his own hand at manufacture, and gets inside knowledge of this terrible weapon. Here also a studious sergeant examines new German bombs—poking and tapping, dissecting, unscrewing and spying, with a glass at his eye like a watch-repairing mechanic. And then there are lectures for students with a new bomb about the size of an orange. It contains "stuff" warranted to kill all life within fifty yards.



TROOPS IN TRAINING ON THE WESTERN FRONT: ADVANCING FOR AN ATTACK.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by the Alfieri Picture Service.



AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH: CANADIANS, AUSTRALIANS, NEW ZEALANDERS. SOUTH AFRICANS, AND GURKHAS.

From an official Canadian photograph issued by Central News.

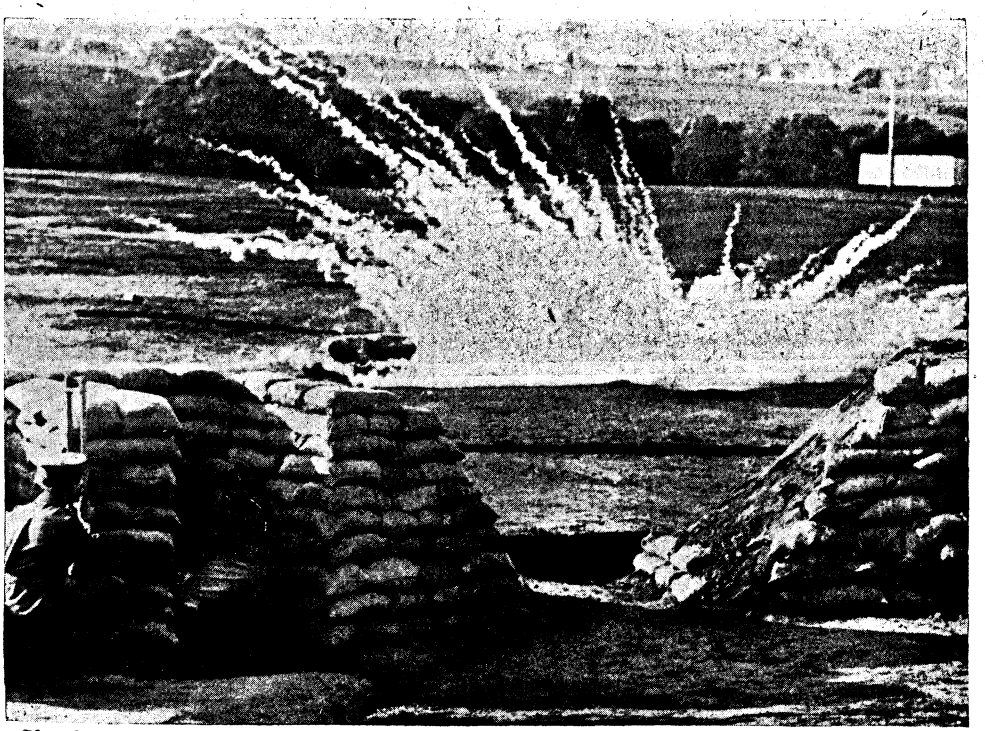


Photo by] *[Central News.*

TRAINING THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS FOR THE FIRING-LINE: REAL GRENADES EXPLODED OUTSIDE THE SAND-BAG BREASTWORKS BEHIND WHICH THE MEN STAND.

Yet, after all, probably no home schooling adequately prepares the neophyte for all the terrors of this machine-made war. So there are in France, behind the fighting lines, still more realistic schools within sight of the horrible litter and havoc, within sound of the ear-splitting, heart-shaking thunder-storm of death, with its multi-coloured clouds of smoke and lambent flashes.

It is astonishing how accustomed the pupils become to all this; they might be expectant "guns" on a Yorkshire moor. The men practise climbing trees for observation work in those French woodlands vast war-front is a dramatic scene, with constant practice of all arms behind, and new players for ever coming forward in the parabasis of a tragedy that knows no end. The unsuspecting onlooker may walk into a realistic smoke attack. Every gun-pit has its pupil-apprentices; there is much "going over the top" with no Germans at all in front, yet with all other conditions severely present in a crashing field.

And the centre of all this tuition is General Headquarters, the chief university of war, with all its professors and decorated dons primed with fearsome knowledge which would



Photo by] [*Central Press.*

CORPORAL GEORGE HARRY WYATT, V.C., GIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN BOMBING.

which the German converts into dreadful oubliettes and man-traps. Here are advanced classes in the machine-gun and the Lewis automatic, which is something between a Maxim and a rifle capable of being fired from the shoulder in a solid stream. Here young officers scurry through the gas-clouds with strange engines of their own. Here the fighting airman gets tips undreamt of in his Hendon or Upavon philosophy.

There are sniping classes for aspiring officers and men; international matches between Canadians and New Zealanders, Britons and Gurkhas and Australians. The stagger Napoleon and the captains of old. There is no more appropriate badge than that of the Artists' Rifles—Minerva and Mars, twin symbols of wisdom and warrior might. This is the corps which has turned out officers by the thousand. Architects, students, doctors, painters—the cadets tour the real trenches for two days and nights, and then retire to write a report upon all they have seen and learned. They also visit the observation posts of a group of batteries and study the science of long-distance killing, which optics, mathematics, and scouts in the sky all combine to make



WITH THE CANADIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: FINAL INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION.
From an official Press Bureau photograph issued by Central News.

a thing of frigid certainty and wholesale degree.

So does our Army of millions teach whilst it fights. The new-comer, no matter how perfectly schooled at home, is not rushed to the fire-step in the first-line trench, but

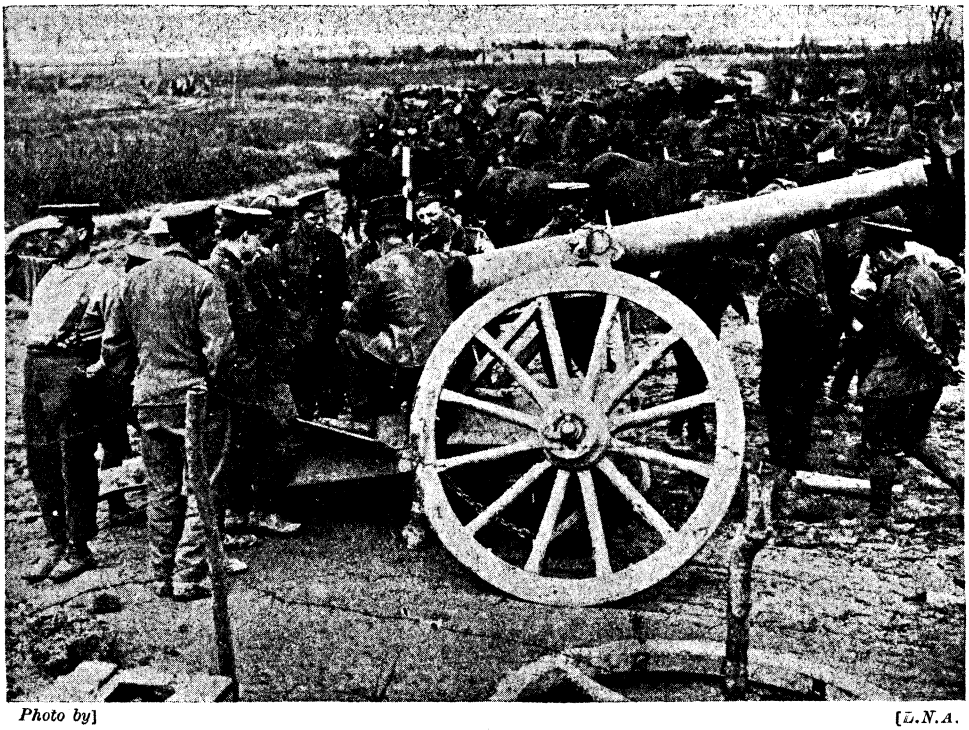


Photo by] [*C.N.A.*

AN INFORMAL LESSON IN GUNCRAFT.

graduated and passed along from one veteran centre to another. It is a process of induction marvellously worked out, whether the newcomer be an airman or a doctor, a bomber, a gunner, or a trench-mortar man. There is really no end to the lessons, whether it be the erection of the new Nissen hut—a wall-less abode of corrugated iron arches—the use of the Vesey rocket-throwing pistol, or the handling of mechanical and chemical aids which are best not specified at all.

And this War changes with kaleidoscopic celerity. It is a war of wits as well as weapons, so the novice does well to hear the old hand and profit by counsel which has been dearly bought. Listen to General Alderson lecturing the Canadians. "We are about to occupy and maintain a line of trenches; they are intact, and the parapets are good. Do not expose your heads, and do not look round corners unnecessarily. Young and brave men enjoy taking risks, but a soldier who does this lightly is not playing the game. . . . Troops new to the trenches always shoot at nothing the first night. You will not do this. It wastes ammunition and hurts no one. Moreover, the enemy says: 'These are new and nervous troops.' . . . When you are shelled in the trenches, sit low and sit tight. If you get out, it will be worse, for the Germans will go in, and we shall have to counter-attack, with a loss of hundreds of men instead of only the few whom shells might injure."

And then the bayonet and the bomb, the care of the rifle and the men's comfort in the endless ditch. Tips from humble soldiers are not to be despised. "Don't go about in groups," the grim sergeant says, "or you'll surely draw a shell. After a burst keep down for at least two minutes to avoid the falling fragments. When out with a working party don't sling the earth over the parapet, or you'll have a few whizz-bangs alongside you for company. Don't keep on firing from one place, or it may be the last place you'll occupy. Never hang about our batteries when they're in action; they draw the enemy's shell, just as jam attracts flies. When the Germans put up a dummy for our chaps to fire at, ignore it. The chances are their best sniper is waiting for a job.

"Never carry your rifle slung from the shoulder as you go through the trench; very often half the barrel shows above the parapet and gives you away. Don't climb out to escape a drenching and a cold. You may very well catch your death on the higher ground. Better wade through." And so Minerva's wisdom enlightens Mars.



Photo by [*Clarke & Hyde.*

LEAVING A TRENCH FOR A BOMB ATTACK.

THE HOODED KING

By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.

THERE was a certain Managing Director of an African Exploitation and Trading Company, Limited. He lived in a palatial residence on the Surrey hills, and had a flat of unequalled splendour in the most exclusive part of the London area. He was a man about whom, like the Regent Elizabeth, that masterful daughter of the great Peter, it seemed an offence to write save in capital letters, for he was a very large man, very tall, very stately, very silent, and very suspicious. He was, in fine, a typical financier.

He was a director of forty-three companies, and his interests ranged from cork concessions to synthetic rubber.

He had a wife whom it would be absurd to describe as extravagant, because the magnificence of Mr. Politer-Beaton was such that it was impossible for him or for any of his household to be extravagant.

He came home from a directors' meeting one evening, unusually taciturn. It may be remarked in parenthesis that he always came home from directors' meetings, except on Sundays, when he came home from Maidenhead. If he had had no directors' meeting to come from, the day would have lost its savour and life its *raison d'être*.

On this particular occasion it was from a meeting of the African Exploitation and Trading Company that he returned, and over a simple dinner, and possibly under the influence of the priceless wines which were served in genteel rotation, he so far unbent as to confide to the lady who shared his life and his banking account, and who had been his true and steadfast companion in those dark days when three of his companies had passed a dividend, that things were not going well with the African Exploitation and Trading Company.

"We shall have to send a man out in place of Blicker," he said moodily; "but the devil is to find one."

His wife selected a strawberry and put it on her plate, eyeing it with the admiration and the complacency which can only come to lovers of strawberries who indulge in their favourite fruit when four inches of snow are on the streets outside.

"I should have thought there were plenty of men," she said, "who would jump at the chance."

Her husband grunted and stroked his heavy and well-balanced moustache. "They are not jumping just now. The country's not healthy. Blicker died, I suppose you know."

"Did he really?" said the lady, in the tone in which a lady would express concern. "Poor fellow! Was he married?"

"No," said her husband, with a glint of humour in his sombre eyes, "but he drank. Now, you know a lot about Society people. Can you put me on to a man in a good position who is broke? You see, we want a fellow who can impress the Commissioners. You know what snobs they are, and, unless we get their assistance and support, the natives treat our people like mud. It is like this," he went on, growing confidential, "the African Exploitation and Trading Company doesn't exactly work in British territory. We go just beyond the border in the No Man's Lands where there are all sorts of international commissioners, fellows who do not mind little things happening which the British kick up their heels about. Now, there is a fellow in the M'fusi," he went on, growing almost eloquent, "who is a Government official, a Mexican, who works with us, and who represents a certain country which shall be nameless."

He said this with a fine wave of his hand, as one who was protecting the honour and the good name of a government.

"Naturally, he can't help us openly, but he really pulls the strings, and so long as

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our man is on the spot, keeping his eye on the M'fusi folk——"

"What about Lord Matherlam?" she asked suddenly.

He frowned. "I have only met him once, and he seems a bit of a kid. Besides, he would not go for the salary we offer."

"He would jump at it," said the lady decisively; "he hasn't a penny. He has been invalided out of the Army. He is just your man."

Mr. Politer-Beaton pulled his moustache. "He is just my man," he said slowly, "but would he go?"

"I will ask him," said the lady, with decision, and rose from the table.

Lord Matherlam was a tall, thin youth with a great deal of surplus energy. This he demonstrated by making his appearance at the financier's breakfast table at 9.30 the following morning, greeting that gentleman—who was never at his best before he had had one directors' meeting—with unaffected buoyancy and enthusiasm.

"Go!" he roared. "Good Heavens! I'll go like a shot! What's the next boat?"

"You quite understand, my lord," said Mr. Politer-Beaton ponderously—he would have died before he called a member of the British peerage by his name—"you quite understand that the country's a very difficult one. Trade has been falling off."

"I will fix that up like a shot," said his lordship, with easy assurance. "Just you put me wise to the game. Do I stand behind a counter, or something?"

In a few well-chosen words Mr. Politer-Beaton outlined the duties of an agent of the African Exploitation and Trading Company, more especially in relation to the deference he must show to a certain Mexican gentleman representing the interests of a certain country which shall be nameless.

"The point to remember is this," he concluded, "that the M'fusi are a difficult tribe, and you will have to work jolly hard to reform them before you get them to bring in their rubber and stuff."

"Don't worry," said Matherlam of Matherlam, in the county of Yorkshire. "I'll reform 'em."

* * * * *

Bones was drilling recruits at headquarters when Hamilton hailed him from the edge of the square.

"There's a pal of yours come to see you, Bones," he roared.

Bones marched sedately to his superior and touched his helmet.

"Sir!"

"A friend of yours—just landed from the St. Paul packet."

Bones was mystified, and went up to the Residency, to find a young man in spotless white being entertained by Patricia Hamilton and a very thoughtful Sanders.

Lord Matherlam leapt to his feet as Bones came up to the verandah.

"Hullo, Conk!" he yelled hilariously.

Bones stared.

"Heaven bless my life," he stammered, "it's Mug!"

There was a terrific hand-shaking, accompanied by squawking inquiries which were never answered, uproarious laughter, back-patting, brazen and baseless charges that each was growing fat, and Sanders watched it with great kindness.

"Here's old Ham," said Bones; "you ought to know Ham. Captain Hamilton, sir, my friend, Lord Matherlam, but you can call him Mug. Miss Hamilton, this is Mug."

"We've already been introduced," she laughed. "But why do you let him call you Mug?"

Matherlam grinned.

"I prefer Mug," he said simply.

He was to stay to lunch, for the ship was not leaving until the afternoon, and Bones carried him off to his hut.

"A joyous pair," said Hamilton enviously. "Heavens, if I were only a boy again!"

Sanders shook his head.

"You don't echo that wish?" said Pat.

"I wasn't thinking about that—I was thinking of the boy. I dislike this M'fusi business, and I can't think why they sent him. They are a pretty bad lot—their territory is at the back of the Akasava—and the chief of the M'fusi is a rascal."

"But he says that he has been sent to reform them," said the girl.

Sanders smiled.

"It is not a job that I should care to undertake, and yet——"

He knitted his forehead.

"And yet?"

"I could reform them—Bones could reform them. But, if they were reformed, it would break that Mexican fellow, di Silva, for he holds his job subject to their infamy."

At lunch Sanders was unusually silent—a silence which was unnoticed, save by the girl. Bones and his friend, however, needed no stimulation. Lunch was an almost deafening meal, and when the time came for the visitor to leave, the whole party went down to the beach to see him embark.

"Good-bye, old Mug!" roared Bones, as the boat pulled away. "Whoop! Hi! How!"

"You're a noisy devil," said Hamilton admiringly.

"*Vox populi, vox Dei*," said Bones.

He had an unexpected visitor that evening, for, whilst he was dressing for dinner, Sanders came into his hut—an unusual happening.

What Sanders had to say may not be related, since it was quite unofficial, but Bones came to dinner that night and behaved with such decorum and preserved a mien so grave that Hamilton thought he was ill.

Matherlam continued his journey down the African coast, and presently came to a port which was little more than a beach, a jetty, a big white house, and by far the most imposing end of the Moanda road. In due time he arrived by the worst track in the world—he was six days on the journey—at Moanda itself, and came into the presence of the Resident.

Did the young man but know it, His Excellency had also been prepared for the young man's mission. The mail had arrived by carrier the greater part of a day before Lord Matherlam put in his appearance, and Dr. Alberto di Silva had his little piece all ready to say.

"I will give you all the assistance I possibly can," he said, as they sat at *déjeuner*, "but, naturally, I cannot guarantee you immunity."

"Immunity?" said the puzzled youth.

The Doctor nodded gravely.

"Nothing is more repugnant to me than slavery," he said, "unless it be the terrible habit of drinking. If I could sweep these evils out of existence with a wave of my hand, believe me, I would do so; but I cannot perform miracles, and the parties I represent will not give me sufficient troops to suppress these practices, which every one of us holds in abhorrence."

"But," protested Matherlam, a little alarmed, "since I am going to reform the M'fusi——"

The Resident choked over his coffee, and apologised. He did not laugh, because long residence in Central Africa had got him out of the habit, and had taught him a certain amount of self-control in all things except the consumption of Marsala.

"Pray go on," he said, wearing an impassive face.

"It will be to the interests of the country no less than to your Excellency's interest," said the young man, leaning across the table and speaking with great earnestness, "if I can secure a condition of peace, prosperity, sobriety, and if I can establish the law in this disturbed area and start 'em trading."

"Undoubtedly," acknowledged the older man, with profound seriousness.

So far from the young man's statement representing anything near the truth, it may be said that a restoration of order would serve His Excellency very badly indeed. In point of fact, he received something like four shillings for every "head" of "recruited labour." He also received a commission from the same interested syndicates which exported able-bodied labourers—a commission amounting to three shillings upon every case of "square-face," and a larger sum upon every keg of rum that came into the country.

Sobriety and law would, in fact, spell much discomfort to the elegant lady who lived in the villa at Monte Carlo, and would considerably diminish not only the Doctor's handsome balance at the Bank of Brazil, but would impoverish the income of Mr. Politer-Beaton, who was not so much a trader of truck as a slave trader, and needed a representative on the spot, lest there came a day when questions would be asked in the House of Commons, and he had no man on the spot upon whom he could shelve responsibility.

Yet the Lord of Matherlam went into the wilds with a high heart and a complete faith, in his youthful and credulous soul, that he had behind him the full moral and physical support of a high-minded and patriotic Resident. The high-minded and patriotic Resident, watching the caravan of his new Assistant disappearing through the woods which fringe Moanda, expressed in picturesque language his fervent hope that the mud, the swamp, the forest, and the wilderness of the M'fusi country would swallow up this young man for evermore. The unpopularity of the new Agent was sealed when the Resident learnt of his visit to Sanders, for "Sanders" was a name at which His Excellency made disapproving noises.

The predecessor of the young man was dead. His grave was in the new man's front garden, and was covered with rank grass. The new-comer found the office correspondence in order—as a glib native clerk demonstrated—he also found one hundred and three empty bottles behind the house, and understood the meaning of that coarse grave in the garden. He found that the last index number in the letter book was nine hundred and fifty-one.

It is remarkable that the man he succeeded should have found, in one year, nine hundred and fifty-one subjects for correspondence, but it is the fact. Possibly nine hundred of the letters had to do with the terrible state of the Residency at Uango-Bozeri. The roof leaked, the foundations had settled, and not a door closed as it should close. On the day of his arrival Matherlam found a mamba resting luxuriously in his one arm-chair—a discovery which suggested the existence of a whole colony of these deadly brutes—the mamba bite is fatal in exactly ninety seconds—under or near the house.

Uango-Bozeri is two hundred and twenty miles by road from the coast, and is the centre of the childlike people of the M'fusi. Here the young Assistant dwelt and had his being, the one white man in two thousand square miles, and courtesy overlord of some million people who were cannibals with a passion for a fiery liquid which was described by traders as "rum." It was as near rum as the White City is to Heaven —that is to say, to the uncultivated taste it might have been rum, and, anyway, was as near to rum as the taster could expect to get.

This is all there is to be said about Matherlam, save that his headmen swindled him, his soldiers, appointed by the Resident to protect him, were conscienceless natives, committing acts of brigandage in his innocent name, whilst his chief at Moanda was a peculating and incompetent scoundrel; also nobody came to trade.

At a time when he was finding life a bitter and humiliating experience, and had reached the stage when he sat on his predecessor's grave for company, a small and unauthorised party crossed the frontier from the British Territories in search of adventure.

Now, it happened that the particular region through which the border line passed was governed by the chief of the Greater M'fusi, who was a cannibal, a drunkard, and a master of two regiments.

Matherlam had been advised not to interfere with the chief of his people, and he had—after one abortive and painful experience —obeyed his superiors, accepting the hut tax which was sent to him—and which formed part of the revenues which the African Exploitation and Trading Company was enjoying—without demur.

No white man journeyed to the city of the M'fusi without invitation from the chief, and as Chief Karata never issued such invitation, the Greater M'fusi was a *terra incognita* even to His Excellency the Resident-General of the Central and Western Provinces.

Karata was a drunkard approaching lunacy. It was his whim for weeks on end to wear on his head the mask of a goat. At other times, "as a mark of his confidence in devils," he would appear hidden beneath a plaited straw extinguisher which fitted him from head to foot. He was eccentric in other ways which need not be particularised, but he was never so eccentric that he welcomed strangers.

Unfortunately for those concerned, the high-road from the Territories passed through the M'fusi drift, and one day there came a panting messenger from the keeper of the drift, who flung himself down at the king's feet.

"Lord," said he, "there is a white man at the drift, and with him a certain chief and his men."

"You will take the men, bringing them to me tied with ropes," said the king, who looked at the messenger with glassy eyes, and found some difficulty in speaking, for he was at the truculent stage of his second bottle.

The messenger returned and met the party on the road. What was his attitude toward the intruders it is impossible to say. He may have been insolent, secure in the feeling that he was representing his master's attitude toward white men; he may have offered fight, in the illusion that the six warriors he took with him were sufficient to enforce the king's law. It is certain that he never returned.

Instead there came to the king's kraal a small but formidable party under a white man, and they arrived at a propitious moment, for the ground before the king's great hut was covered with square bottles, and the space in front of the palace was crowded with wretched men, chained neck to neck, and waiting to march to the coast and slavery.

The white man pushed back his helmet.

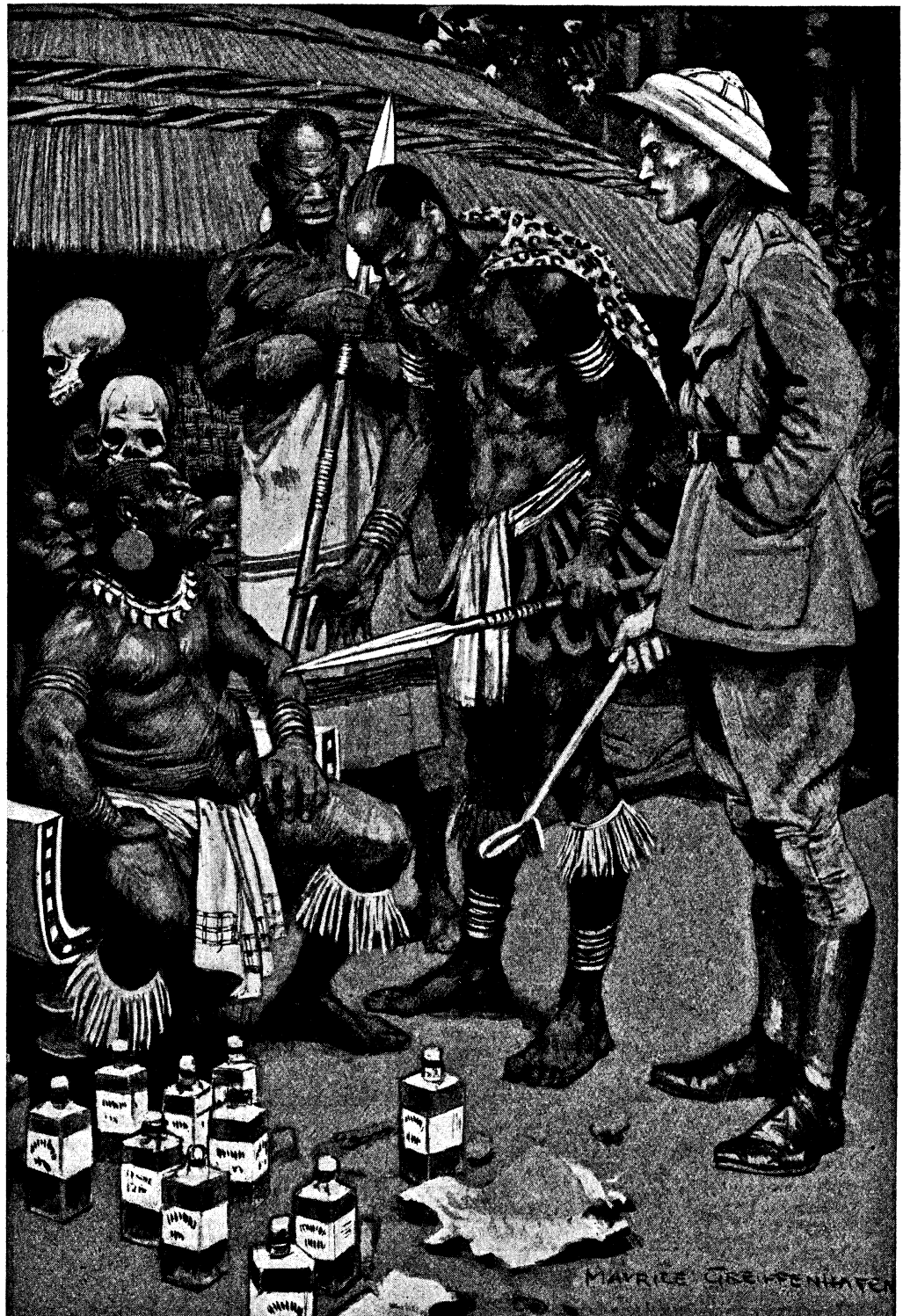
"Goodness gracious Heavens!" he exclaimed. "How perfectly horrid! Bosambo, this is immensely illegal an' terrifically disgustin'!"

The Chief of the Ochori looked round.

"Dis feller be very bad," was his effort.

Bones walked leisurely to the shady canopy under which the king sat, and King Karata stared stupidly at the unexpected vision.

"O King," said Bones, in the Akasavian vernacular—which runs from Dacca to the



"The ground before the king's great hut was covered with square bottles."

Congo—"this is an evil thing that you do. against all law."

Open-mouthed, Karata continued to stare. To the crowded kraal, on prisoner and warrior, councillor and dancing-woman alike, came a silence, deep and unbroken.

They heard the words spoken in a familiar tongue, and marvelled that a white man should speak it. Bones was carrying a stick, and, taking deliberate aim, and after two trial strokes, he brought the knobbly end round with a swish. A bottle of "square-face" smashed into a thousand pieces, and there rose on the hot air the sickly scent of crude spirits. Fascinated, silent, motionless, King Karata—named, not without reason, "The Terrible"—watched the destruction, as bottle followed bottle.

Then, as a dim realisation of the infamy filtered through his thick brain, he rose with a growl like a savage animal, and Bones turned quickly. But Bosambo was quicker. One stride brought him to the king's side.

"Down, dog!" he said. "O Karata, you are very near the painted hut where dead kings lie!"

The king sank back and glared to and fro. All that was animal in him told him of his danger; he smelt death in the mirthless grin of the white man, he smelt it as strongly under the hand of the tall native wearing the monkey tails of chieftainship. If they would only stand away from him, they would die quickly enough. Let them get out of reach, and a shout, an order, would send them bloodily to the ground with little kicks and twitches as the life ran out of them.

But they stood too close, and that order of his meant his death.

"O white man——" he began.

"Listen, black man," said Bosambo, and lapsed into his English; "hark um, you bad black nigger, what for you speak um so?"

"You shall say 'master' to me, Karata," said Bones easily, "for in my land 'white man'* is evil talk."

"Master," said the king sullenly, "this is a strange thing, for I see that you are English, and we be servants of another king. Also it is forbidden that any white—that any master should stand in my kraal without my word, and I have driven even Igselensi from my face."

"That is all foolish talk, Karata," said Bones. "This is good talk—shall Karata live or shall he die? This you shall say. If you send away this palaver, and say to your people that we are folk whom you desire should live in the shadow of the king's hut, then you live. Let him say less than this, Bosambo, and you strike quickly."

The king looked from face to face. Bones had his hand in the uniform jacket pocket; Bosambo balanced his killing spear on the palm of his hand. The chief saw with the eye of an expert that the edge was razor sharp.

Then he turn to the group whom Bones had motioned away when he started to speak to the king.

"This palaver is finished," he said, "and the white lord stays in my hut for the night."

"Good egg," said Bones, as the crowd streamed from the kraal.

Dr. Alberto di Silva heard of the arrival of a white man at the chief's great kraal, and was not perturbed, because there were certain favourite traders who came to the king from time to time. He was more concerned by the fact that a labour draft of eight hundred men, which had been promised by Karata, had not yet reached Moanda, but frantic pain came from the remarkable information of Karata's eccentricities which had reached him from his lieutenant.

The young man's letter may be reproduced. Originally it was in Lord Matherlam's shaky Spanish, and I give a charitable translation.

"Illustrious and Excellent Señor," it ran, "it is with joy that I announce to you the most remarkable reformation of King Karata. The news was brought to me that the king had received a number of visitors of an unauthorised character; and though I had, as I have reported to you, Illustrious and Excellent Señor, the most unpleasant experience at the hands of the king, I deemed it advisable to go to the city of the Greater M'fusi and conduct an inquiry.

"I learnt that the king had indeed received the visitors, and that they had departed on the morning of my arrival, carrying with them one of their number, who was sick. With this party was a white man. But the most remarkable circumstance, Illustrious and Excellent Señor, was that the king had called a midnight palaver of his councillors and high people of State, and had told them that the strangers had brought news of such sorrowful character that for four moons it would be forbidden to look

* In most native countries "white man" is seldom employed, save as a piece of insolence. It is equivalent to the practice of referring to the natives as "niggers."

upon his face. At the end of that period he would disappear from the earth and become a god amongst the stars.

"At these words, Illustrious and Excellent Señor, the king, with some reluctance, took from one of the strangers a bag in which two eyes had been cut, and pulled it over his head, and went back into his hut.

"Since then he has done many remarkable things. He has forbidden the importation of drink, and has freed all labour men to their homes. He has nominated Zifingini, the elder chief of the M'fusi, to be king after his departure, and has added another fighting regiment to his army.

"He is quite changed, and though they cannot see his face, and he has banished all his wives, relatives, and councillors to a distant village, he is more popular than ever.

"Illustrious and Excellent Señor, I feel that at last I am seeing the end of the old *régime*, and that we may look forward to a period of sobriety and prosperity in the M'fusi.

"Receive the assurance, Illustrious and Excellent Señor, of my distinguished consideration."

His Excellency went purple and white.

"*Caramba!*" he spluttered apoplectically. "This is ruin!"

With trembling hands he wrote a telegram. Translated in its sense, it was to this effect—

"Recall Matherlam without fail, or there will be no dividends this year."

He saw this dispatched on its way and returned to his bureau. He picked up the letter and read it again. Then he saw there was a postscript.

"P.S.—In regard to the strangers who visited the king, the man they carried away on a closed litter was very sick indeed, according to the accounts of woodmen who met the party. He was raving at the top of his voice, but the white man was singing very loudly."

"P.S.S.—I have just heard, Illustrious and Excellent Señor, that the Hooded King, as his people call him, has sent off all his richest treasures, and many others which he has taken from the huts of his deported relatives, to one Bosambo, who is a chief of the Ochori in British territory, and is distantly related to Señor Sanders, the Commissioner of that territory."

* * * * *

"I am withdrawing your friend Lord Matherlam," said Mr. Politer-Beaton one night at dinner.

"But why? I thought——" began his wife.

Mr. Politer-Beaton stopped her with a disapproving shake of his head.

"Dynastic reasons, my dear, purely dynastic," he said profoundly.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.

ON BROKEN WING.

WITH eagle poise you smote the far blue height,
Calling to me, "Come hither. Be my mate!"
I saw your soaring pinions shimmer white,
Verging the hinge where opens Heaven's gate.
"Your mate!" I cried in wonder. "Oh, then sing
Again that note seductive down the sky,
So may my dream-enchanted spirit swing
Athwart that vaulting dome of mystery."
Clear rang your call: "Oh, come! This vital air
Shall clothe you with ethereal element.
Temple of cloud, a floating palace rare,
Is decked and waits but for the sacrament."
Instinctive flight—and piteous mortal thing
Falling to earth with crippled, broken wing!

AMANDA BEBBINGTON.

DERNIER CRI

By WILLIAM CAINE

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy

JOHN paid his cab and opened the garden gate of his new home. There it was, twenty feet away from him at the end of the pergola, where the rambler roses were already four inches high; there it stood in all its bravery of Georgian brick and Elizabethan gable. What a stunning place it was! And what a stunning thing was rubber, which, judiciously invested in, enabled people to leave their poky flat in Crouch End and build such houses for themselves in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, and not only this, but to furnish exactly as they happened to fancy!

He wondered how Georgie had arranged the place. She was the one with the taste, and he had left it all to her absolutely. *Carte blanche* she had had, and she had taken him at his word. Well, thank rubber, she was welcome to do so. But he wondered what she had done, as he had often wondered during his lonely fortnight's holiday on Dartmoor. It had been rotten to leave Georgie to get the place straight, but she had been so very particular about having it all done and ready before he should see it. A surprise it was to be—a gigantic surprise for him. Two months she had been on this little job, and not an inkling—not one inkling—had he been able to glean of what she had been doing.

Well, he was going to know all about it now.

As he came to the door, it opened and Georgie appeared. After what I have just told you, it can hardly be necessary for me to say that John was no common husband; and so it will not astonish you to learn that he perceived instantly that she was wearing a new dress. Its hue was that subtle green which is called Eau de Nil. It was relieved by touches at the collar, belt, and wrists of bright reddy brown. Her neck was encircled by a long string, like a rosary, of new, shining chestnuts. In her right hand she carried a lemon; in her left a tomato.

"Well, kid," he said, as he dropped his bag and kissed her emphatically, "so here we are at last. Going to take me on at conkers, are you?" He fingered the necklace. "And what's the fruit for?"

"You'll see," she said. "You'll see. It's all part of *my* scheme."

"Oh, you've got a scheme, have you?" he asked. "That's right. Have as many as you want. I'll pay."

"But there's only one, you silly old thing!" she cried. "Only one possible for me—Eau de Nil and chestnut and pale yellow. That's me. Just as you're—— But *you'll* see. *You'll* see. Come along into my living-room and have tea."

"Your living-room?" he said. "What's that?"

"Oh, people don't have drawing-rooms now, you know. That's Early Victorian, *vieux jeu*, and so forth. Drawing-rooms are all right in Crouch End, but not here, thank you." She threw open a door and passed through it. "Here he is, Elizabeth," she announced.

John, following her, discovered that Miss Packer was present. This annoyed him. To begin with, he wanted Georgie to himself, and, to conclude, he disliked Miss Packer. She had been to Sunday lunch at Crouch End three times during the past summer, and she had impressed him unfavourably. She was superior and cultured, and talked about Art. John knew nothing about Art, and Miss Packer's conversation made him uncomfortably aware of it. He didn't mind Georgie knowing Miss Packer—Georgie was interested in Art and culture, and all that—but he did not care to have her dear friends to Sunday lunch. When a man worked as

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hard as he did all the week in the City, he wanted no more than his wife's society when he was at home. Sometimes, since he had carved his little fortune out of the rubber boom, he had almost regretted ever having made it. Georgie had been quite content with Crouch End till all this money came to them; but no sooner were they rich, than she must start in to dig them up and fetch them over to the Garden Suburb. But if she wanted more intellectual society than she had had, he supposed she must have it. After all, he was away most of the time, and the Crouch Enders were nothing much to boast about, intellectually.

Still, he thought it a pity that Georgie should have had the Packer girl in to tea on this afternoon of all others. She would be infernally in the way. He wanted to be shown the house by Georgie, not sweat blood to keep on a level with Miss Packer's conversation.

Miss Packer, without a word, gave him a fragile hand and a condescending smile, not otherwise moving in the pose which she was holding when he came in. She was a soulful-looking creature in the early thirties, dark, lean, with a great mop of black hair bobbed like a Slade School student. She wore flowing things of jade-green colour, long coral pendants in her ears, sandals, and no stockings.

"Now," said Georgie, "look at the room, John. Isn't it divine?"

John obeyed. Most of what he saw his eye strongly approved. It was indeed a charming room. The walls were pale green, so were the sofa and the carpet. The wooden furniture was all in mahogany, excellent copies of good Hepplewhite, though John didn't know it. The curtains were of the same green and red-brown, in broad stripes. On the table was a plate of lemons. On a new baby grand piano was another of tomatoes. Along the top of the low bookcase a few scarlet chilli peppers had been carelessly strewed.

"Very jolly," he said—"in fact, capital. But are we setting up as greengrocers, old girl?" Miss Packer closed her eyes slowly and tightly, as if she suffered pain of which she was too brave to speak. Slowly she flicked the ash from her cigarette into a broad scarlet lacquer tray that she nursed on her knee.

"Elizabeth," said Georgie, "you must talk to him. I'd make a mess of it. I'll give him his tea." And she poured out for John.

Miss Packer opened her eyes—they were jade-green—fixed them upon John, leaned her chin on one hand, and began to speak in a deep, thrilling voice from the interior of the vast chair in which she was coiled.

"Our rooms," she announced, "should be the accompaniment to our personalities. A personality is a melody, sweet or strong, lively or sad, shallow or profound, in waltz or marching measure, or even syncopated, but this is rare. Mine is highly syncopated. It is the sole function of furniture to emphasise, sustain, and enrich the peculiar temperament of the person who lives amongst it.

"Most people think that furniture is meant to be sat on or eaten at. This is not so. These things are its quite subsidiary functions.

"Again, most people think that the colour of their walls, the shape of their chairs and tables, the pattern of their chintzes and curtains, are matters which they are competent to decide for themselves. They are wrong.

"No one is more ignorant of a personality than he or she who owns it. We all live in illusion concerning ourselves. We always imagine ourselves to be possessed of characteristics, whether good or bad, of which we are quite innocent. It is a commonplace, for instance, that the most egotistic people always think themselves exceptionally unselfish, and true genius is invariably modest. I am modest. I don't think so, however. I think myself extremely bold. You see, even *I* am unable to judge myself. I speak on the authority of the only temperamentalist in whom I admit superiority—Cyril Hungerford. You have heard of him, perhaps? No? Ah, well—but to resume.

"It follows that everybody—unless they have been brought under the influence of either Cyril Hungerford or myself—is living surrounded by objects and colours which, having been assembled with the idea of pleasing their eye—a most fallible guide in such matters—form a setting for his or her personality which is inconceivably wrong. Could it be otherwise?

"Just imagine a musician undertaking to harmonise and develop a theme on the principle that any series of any haphazard chords—in whatever key or clef—will serve, so long as, struck separately, each is pleasing to his ear. Imagine, to take a simple illustration, the first chord of Chopin's prelude No. 17 in A♭ major, followed by the first of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, and then in turn by the first of Brahms'

Rhapsodie Op. 119, No. 4, the first of Saint-Saëns' 'Danse Macabre,' and so on. And then imagine this to be combined with Rubinstein's 'Melody in F,' or, if you please, Liszt's 'Liebsträume.' The result would be obviously deplorable. Cacophony, my dear John"—on three occasions only hitherto, I repeat, had John and Miss Packer met—"cacophony, my dear John, would hardly be the word.

"Yet it is on this principle that the world has hitherto furnished the rooms in which it lives.

"Take, for example, Georgie's late drawing-room at Crouch End. Could anything have been at once more horribly discordant in itself and at the same time more hopelessly inexpressive of Georgie? Yet I dare say you used to think it a charming room, just as she did, poor darling."

"Certainly I did," said John stoutly. "It was."

"Oh, no, my dear John, it wasn't," said Miss Packer, as she rolled a cigarette between her long, stained fingers. "Lilac and white and black, which, if you remember, it principally affected, are in themselves a dastardly combination. White and black are too vigorous to allow of any secondary colour. The third note in such a chord *must* be one of two tertiaries. This is not a matter of opinion. It is scientifically demonstrable. Certain browns and olives are admissible with white and black, but no grey. Lilac and white and black are all very well in Tottenham Court Road—there, I believe, John, they *also* think it a charming scheme—but, however that may be, lilac and white and black are not *Georgie*. With such things Georgie screams, positively screams. Georgie is chestnut and Eau de Nil, with a *soupçon* of scarlet and lemon yellow. Hence your vegetables, my dear John. Look at her now, surrounded by what is really appropriate. Is she not like one of dear old Field's nocturnes? Isn't she, John? Honestly now?" Georgie blushed and did her best to maintain the resemblance.

"I dare say," said John, wondering if Miss Packer's friend lived in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, and deciding that, if so, he was prepared to dislike the fellow.

"I tell you," Miss Packer resumed, "it was the mercy of Providence which crossed Georgie's path with mine when she was beginning to furnish this house. I have saved her from lilac and white and black. I have given her an environment wherein her personality will be no longer stunted and twisted, wherein, on the contrary, it will be able to grow and develop along its proper exquisite lines. Georgie's melody has now the right accompaniment, John, at last. She is harmonised. You will now see her change from day to day, as a bud swells into its blossom. In a month or two you'll hardly know her."

"I'm quite satisfied with her as she is, thank you," said John.

"Oh, blind, blind!" cried Miss Packer. "You think you know Georgie. But you don't. You don't know the thousandth part of her or of her possibilities. I saw them at a glance."

"Did you indeed?" said John stiffly, as he put away his cup and lit his pipe.

"Tell him about his own room," said Georgie, scenting trouble, "and then we'll take him to see it."

"At Crouch End," said Miss Packer, "your study, den, or whatever you called it, was an outrage in dark browns and greens—dark green leather chairs, dark brown walls, brown table, dark green curtains, and so forth. My dear John, a deep secondary and a deep tertiary! Could anything be more dreadful? And, not content with this, you had introduced the crowning villainy of brass and copper and a Turkey carpet. Well, well, I have seen even worse arrangements—I really have."

"It's what I happen to like," said John uneasily. He wondered if this meant that Georgie and her snaky friend had been studying his personality also with a view to its development. He was soon put out of his suspense.

"I dare say," said Miss Packer, "that it's what you happen to like, but that's not the question. The question is: Is it what happens to *harmonise* with you? And the answer to that is—it is not. But if you can disturb yourself for a moment, Georgie and I will show you what is. You little thought, John, when I was at lunch with you this summer, that I was sizing you up with a view to your new furniture. Crouch End was a weary way to go for such a purpose, but for Georgie's sake I did it. And, after all, *les affaires sont les affaires*, and a temperamentalist with her living to make cannot be too fastidious."

She unwound herself and stood. Georgie rose, a little pink and breathless; John got up. They left the room, mounted the first flight of stairs, Georgie opened a door, and they entered the room.

"Your den, John," said Miss Packer.

II.

It was as if he had been landed a left hook in the eye by a heavy-weight.

Orange wall-paper, a brilliant purple carpet, his old chair and sofa covered with vivid green leather — of these things he became aware at once. Then he perceived that his big writing-table had been painted orange, that he possessed a new green wooden coal-box, and that his old oak bookcase was now purple. In one corner stood a pair of patent-leather boots on green trees.

"Isn't it marvellous?" said Georgie. "And how exactly it expresses you, John! Doesn't it? *Doesn't* it, John?"

John, with superhuman self-control, swallowed the wild words which pressed from within upon his lips. He passed a hand across his eyes and said: "Marvellous, Georgie — absolutely delightful! But we don't want the boots in here, I think." He advanced towards them resolutely. "What is that girl thinking of," he said, "to leave my boots about like that?"



"'He's scratched—like Miss Packer.'"

"You mustn't touch them!" screamed Georgie. "They're *wanted* there. Elizabeth says that there's nothing like the brilliance of new patent leather to emphasise a purple carpet. Don't you, Elizabeth? Those boots are *part* of it all, John. If you take them away, you'll destroy the whole scheme. It's as if you were to blot out the high light in a picture to which all the rest is related and subordinated. It's as if—— Oh, tell him, Elizabeth!"

"Yes, John," said Miss Packer, "you mustn't take away the boots, I'm afraid. They're quite vital in that place. I may tell you that I had some trouble in arranging you, John. I hadn't expected it, for men, as a rule, are quite unsubtle. But to express *you* in terms of furniture was not easy. I had to see you three times before I could make up my mind about you. I first thought you were black, pink, and mustard colour, and then that you were grey and scarlet. It was not till my third lunch at Crouch End that I saw exactly what to do with you. And this is it. Not many people have puzzled me as much. So when I tell you that that single note of gleaming black is essential, you may believe me. So we'll keep the boots in, John."

"I dare say," said Georgie, "that you think it rather loud at present, but that's because your temperament has been environed by the wrong things for such a long time. When you've been living here a few months, I expect you'll hardly recognise yourself, you'll be so much improved and happier. It's our duty to develop our personalities to the utmost, and Elizabeth is giving us a chance to do it at last. It's wonderful how little we know about ourselves and one another, John. Why, I never so much as guessed that you ought to live surrounded by all these bright colours. But I'm sure it'll make a lot of difference to you. I shouldn't wonder if it cures your indigestion altogether. And now come and see our bedrooms. They're done up in the same schemes."

"No," said John, "not now, Georgie. I'll see the rest of the house later on. I'll leave you with Miss Packer now. I think I'll take a little stroll—on the Heath, Georgie."

So saying, he staggered out of the room and sought the exterior air. He walked fast and furiously, up hill and down over Hampstead Heath, leaving behind him a wake of curses upon the name of Packer. But suddenly, in the bar parlour of "The Bull and Bush," his brow cleared and a broad grin appeared upon his lips. He slapped his knee softly, paid for his beer, and, with the face of a man whose soul has found peace after much travail, sought his home *viâ* the shops of Hampstead High Street and the Tube Railway to Golder's Green.

III.

THIS night being the last of John's holiday, they had arranged by letter to celebrate the occasion with a dinner in London and a music-hall, for which Georgie had already taken their tickets.

John, on his return, having been shown the rest of the house, and having admired and extolled their bedrooms—Georgie's in Eau de Nil and chestnut, his own in purple and orange and emerald—they parted to dress, and after an interval met again. To Georgie's astonishment, and, indeed, to her dismay, her husband was wearing a bright purple bow above his shirt-front, while a bright green silk handkerchief was tucked into the opening of his waistcoat. But her tongue was tied, and she succeeded in holding it.

Still, as they moved among the crowded tables of the restaurant—it was an old haunt of theirs—she could not help wishing very much that John had not quite so readily become converted to Elizabeth's dispositions in favour of his personality's cultivation, or, at any rate, that his conversion had not chosen this particular way of manifesting itself. For she was aware of eyes and whispers that followed them.

They sat down. John drew an orange from his pocket and held it ostentatiously in his hand. Then he raised his voice and bellowed for the waiter, smiting the table with his empty hand. The man came running.

"Why the devil," snarled John, "can't you come when you see people waiting for their dinner?"

"Pardon, sir," said the man, "I happened——"

"I don't want to know," said John, "what you happened or didn't happen to be doing. Gimme that card." He snatched the thing out of the waiter's hand and glared at it savagely.

"Do you never change your menu in this place?" he growled. "Vermicelli soup, filet de sole—that is to say, whiting—artichokes à l'huile, and so forth. Well, bring it along. Bring it *along*, I say! What are you waiting for, confound you? And why can't you give me the wine list?

Do you think we don't drink with our meals, or are you only incompetent? Is that it? It is, eh? Well, you can take your wine list away again. We'll have lager."

"Good gracious, John," said Georgie, as the waiter departed hastily, "what on earth is the matter with you? I never heard you talk to anybody like that in my life."

"Perhaps you didn't," said John, "but that's because you've never had occasion to. This place is going to the devil, and its service with it. Does that fool think we've nothing to do but dance attendance on his pleasure? I'm generally a pretty easy-going fellow, but I won't be put upon by any dashed foreigner." He relapsed into inarticulate growlings and sat back in his chair, staring round him balefully and crumbling his bread as if it had been the waiter. Georgie, too, sat back. Covertly she regarded her husband. Could he possibly have been drinking? But there had been no opportunity.

The head waiter brought the soup.

John took a mouthful and called the man back. "Here," he said, "take this away and give it to the cat. I never tasted such disgraceful stuff in my life! How on earth you can eat it, Georgie, beats my comprehension. Take it to the proprietor with my particular compliments, waiter. And what about that beer, eh? What about it? I ordered beer, didn't I? Why hasn't it come? Or is half an hour too short for this rotten restaurant to find a bottle of beer in? And don't forget to give the proprietor my compliments on his dish-water soup."

"But, John," said Georgie, "it's quite good soup. It's just as good as it ever was."

"When I want any help in judging soup, Georgie," he announced, "I'll ask you for it."

Georgie burst into tears.

"Ha," he shouted, "that's right! Make a scene in public, do! Because I try to teach these people manners, and how to please their customers, you must cry, must you? All right, all right! I'll say no more. They can treat us just as they please. I'll say no more."

"John," said Georgie tearfully, "I want to go home. I don't want to dine here. I don't ever want to dine here again!"

"Nonsense!" he said. "Sit still, and don't make a fool of yourself. People are looking at us as it is. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you snivelling little baby!"

Georgie now relapsed into a furious silence. She neglected her fish when it came, and never touched her beer. John drank his beer at a gulp, reached over and drank hers, devoured his fish in three bites, took hers, bolted it, and roared for the waiter and the next course.

Artichokes were placed in front of them.

John looked at his plate for a moment, and then, picking up his artichoke, dashed it to the floor and rose to his feet. "Georgie," he said, "I will not stand this! Give me your artichoke!" She looked at him in savage defiance, but made no movement. He swept the vegetable from her plate, dropped it, and ground it beneath his foot. Then he threw ten shillings on the table, gathered up their things from the hat-stand, and dragged Georgie out of the place. He hailed a cab. "Home!" he shouted, springing in and hauling his terrified wife after him.

"Where's that, sir?" said the cabman, at the door.

John cursed him for a fool, and gave him the address. They moved off.

Not a word was spoken by either of them all the way to the Hampstead Garden Suburb. John paid the cab, giving the driver two shillings for himself, then followed Georgie up the pergola, chuckling.

"Not a penny of tip do these scoundrels ever get from me again," he said. "That fellow would have liked to comment upon what I gave him, but I cowed him with my eye. He saw that, if he said a word, I'd have him off his seat and treat him so as he wouldn't know himself from a punctured tyre. Here," he cried, pushing Georgie aside, "let me get at that keyhole, can't you? Do you think I want to sleep on the step? I want to get back to my sitting-room. I want to be among my new furniture. I want to develop my personality. I want to be surrounded by my lovely purples and greens and oranges. My temperament has been starved of these things too long. I'm going to sit up all night with them and drink whisky!" He flung the house door open and rushed into the hall. Next moment he had vanished into his den and locked the door upon himself.

She saw him no more till next day at breakfast. Though she had had more than half a mind to let him eat it alone, the habit of years had been too much for her. Besides, she was unable to let him leave the house without knowing whether or no he had recovered from the outrageous and insane fit of bad temper of which last night he had been the victim. And so, with eyes that were swollen from a night's misery,

she appeared just as he was finishing his porridge.

"Hullo, ugly!" he said savagely. "You're a pretty sight for a man, first go off in the morning! Fine thing for the appetite—what?—with those pretty red eyes. And so you can't trouble to be down in time to pour me out my coffee now, can't you? Too fine a lady now—eh?—now you live in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, I suppose. And, talking of the coffee, it's just about fit to pour down the sink! And what kind of an egg is this, I should like to know? Laid in the Ark, *I* should say!" He slung it suddenly into the grate and leaped up. "Oh, my goodness," he shouted, "I'll have to get something to eat in town!" He swept from the room. The house shook as the door slammed. He was gone.

Georgie had hardly collapsed in an arm-chair before he was back. "Where's my orange?" he cried. "Ah, here it is!" He snatched the fruit from the sideboard and turned to go.

"John," she wailed, springing to her feet, "what is the matter with you?"

"Matter?" he cried. "Nothing's the matter with *me*—never felt so well in my life. That colour scheme of yours is a wonder, Georgie. I feel a new man already. By Heaven, I've been easy-going too long! I see it. I knew it. I've let myself be trampled on, and put up with it all my days like a darned fool. But that's over now. I'm going to have things as *I* like them now. I'm going to assert myself now, *I* am. That Elizabeth Packer's a wonder. How the devil do you suppose she spotted what I needed to bring me out and make a man of me? Brown and dark green! What sort of enterprise can a chap develop when he's surrounded with such colours as that? If I'd lived in a proper kind of room at Crouch End, I'd have made a million in rubber, instead of a miserable thirty thousand. But *I'll* show you what I can do now. I'm going this morning to put every penny we have on The Druid for next year's Derby. He's at sixty to one to-day. And so good day to you, my pretty red-eyed wife! My regards to Elizabeth!"

Again he was gone. Again the house door slammed. Again Georgie collapsed. But not for long.

Suddenly she sprang to the telephone.

IV.

I SUPPOSE that the smartest bit of work ever achieved by any emporium in Tottenham Court Road was the job done by Messrs. Chesterfield and Talboys that same day in the Hampstead Garden Suburb. Perhaps the desperation in the woman's voice which called to them over the wires stimulated them to this record effort; perhaps—for limited companies are not very open to that kind of impression—it was the absolute disregard of expense which the lady exhibited. Whatever it was, the work was done, and done handsomely, within the limit of time assigned, namely, half-past six in the evening.

And so, when John came storming into the house about seven, and dashed into the den, shouting to the parlour-maid to bring him a brandy and soda, he halted on the threshold, smitten to absolute dumbness, for the walls were brown, and the chairs and sofa, though new, were of dark-green leather, and the new writing-table was of oak, and the carpet was a Turkey one, and there were no patent-leather boots in any corner of the room.

"My goodness," he said, "this is something of the suddenest!"

A timid little hand fell on to his arm.

"John," said Georgie, in a faint voice, "I expect all those bright colours agreed with you splendidly, but I think I prefer you with your personality not quite so much developed. So I got in some men from town to do it up just as you used to have it. Do you mind, John? You'll have your old chair back very soon."

"Mind!" he cried. "It's not I that you should ask, Georgie. Oughtn't we to get Miss Packer's permission?" He took her in his arms and kissed her on the mouth.

"I am never," said Georgie, after an interval, "going to speak to that woman again. And I hate her old chestnuts and Eau de Nil, and her silly old tomatoes and lemons and chilli peppers. And I'm going back to my lavender and black and white, and I don't care *what* it costs!"

"No more do I!" said John.

"John, I've been a silly little fool."

"Have you, Georgie?" he said, with a laugh. "Well, that's all right now."

"But, John, *have* you put everything we have on that horse for the Derby?"

"I have not," said John, hugging her. "He's scratched—like Miss Packer."



THE MIDSUMMER FAIR AT BURFORD.

MIDSUMMER CUSTOMS

By C. F. LORIMER AND H. W. TAUNT

Photographs by Taunt & Co., Oxford.

THE Eve of Midsummer, or St. John the Baptist's Day, was in olden days the beginning of a round of festivities, quaint and gay, such as our forefathers were wont to delight in. There is the same mingling of the purely festal and superstitious, of the purposeful and religious, as hangs over all old English customs. To those who live in the twentieth century a bonfire appeals as something exciting, reminiscent, mystic, perhaps; but the origin of most of these fire kindlings has absolutely no part in their present significance. There can be little doubt that the custom of kindling fires, as on May Day, was a part of Baal worship. It does not achieve much to trace "bonfire" to its Anglo-Saxon parent "bælfyr," and further to trace "bæl" to the Icelandic "baal," which means a conflagration. For the only clear reason of the origin of "baal" meaning a fire is that it is part of the tendency to move the name of things signified to things signifying; thus fires, which from remote ages were burnt in honour of Baal, would, by a natural transition, come to be denoted by the term "baal."

Our forefathers were, then, wont to mark different festal occasions by the lighting of fires in their honour. Towards the night of Midsummer Eve bonfires were kindled in public places, and the people danced round the fires, the men at times jumping through them, not, as a writer observes, to show their agility, "but as a compliance with ancient custom." There are some curious entries in the "Privy Purse Expenses" of Henry VII., by which he either defrayed the charges or rewarded the firemen—

"June 23, 1493. To making of the bonefuyr on Midsomer Eve, 10s."

"June 28, 1495. For making the King's bonefuyr, 10s."

"June 24, 1497. Midsomer Day, for making the bone-fuyr, 10s."

"June 30, 1498. The making of the bone-fuyr, £2."

Stow remarks that on the vigils of festivals, and on the evenings of the festivals themselves during June and July, after sunset, there were usually made bonfires in the streets, every man giving either wood or labour to them. Refreshments were set out on tables by such as could afford to give hospitality. An interesting part of these celebrations was the custom of binding an old wheel with straw and tow. This was taken to the top of some hill at night, a light was set to the tow, and it was then rolled down the declivity.

Round the various circles of stones existing in the country—such as Stonehenge or Rollright, and others—in ancient days, Midsummer Eve saw the gatherings of the Ancient Druids. For then it was—or, rather, at sunrise next morning—that the greatest festival of the year attending the worship of the sun was held, when that luminary arrived at the summer solstice, and to the observer appeared to rise over the Hele stone at Stonehenge, or the corresponding King stone at Rollright. The scene at Stonehenge on the morning of Midsummer Day must have been a striking ceremony. The Ancient Druids, who had congregated within the sacred circle, awaited on their knees the advent of the sun to light up the outer great trillion with a summer glory, and illumine the very centre, where the massive altar stone rested, with dazzling brilliancy such as was not seen at any other time. The flashes of his beams represented to every Druid the descent of "the Holy Wings," and if, at the moment the sphere of the sun seemed to rest on the very top of the Hele stone, he then shone brightly, a fervent blessing was deemed to have been received by all, and from the vast assemblage beyond the circle, when the prayers of the Arch Druid had ended, and the sun had risen in the heavens, arose a song of praise which closed the solemn service. An echo of these ceremonies is even yet sounded at Stonehenge by those who from both near and afar assemble, like Druids of old, for the glorious rise of the midsummer sun.

At Rollright we ourselves have spent more than one midsummer night, the first an entire disappointment, as the grey, clouded morning quite precluded any sight of the sun, although the glinting fairy lights showed themselves many times while we waited through the dark night; but on another occasion we were favoured with a series of dramatic changes which were both interesting and complete. Rollright is not so well known as Stonehenge, but it has a complete circle the same diameter as that temple, a massive King stone, and a group of stones, termed the Whispering Knights, within a short distance of the circle A mass of folk-lore has gathered around the stones, and may be condensed into these ideas—

A king, presumably Danish, lands at Dover with his army, to conquer all England. He has consulted a wise woman, who informed him—

> When Long Compton you shall see,
> King of England you shall be—

and has found his way to Rollright Hill, where, marching with his men, he has nearly reached the top, and, eager to win the promised land, hastens in advance of the rest, and arrives within a few steps of the crest, from which the village can be seen. Here he is met by a witch of baleful eye, who, before he can reach the full top of the hill, turns him and all his men into stones as they stand, while the witch herself is turned into an elder tree. But it is said that at some time the spell will be broken, and the stones turn again into flesh and blood, when the king will start again at the head of his army, to conquer and rule over the land. Such is one of the legends attached to Rollright, which in early days was a Druidical temple—

> Far up upon the hill-top, away from haunts of men,
> These massive stones were reared, but no one knoweth when,
> A vast and open temple, a worshipp'd sunlit shrine,
> A gath'ring-place of nations when they in strength combine.

And we later-day pilgrims are here soon after midnight, to commemorate the festival of 2000 or more years ago.

There are plenty of incidents to notice, even at night, at Rollright to keep one on the *qui vive* the whole time. Above, the stars of larger magnitude shone like gilded points in the dark-blue sky, but the silvery glow in the north made them seem smaller than usual. Not a cloud anywhere except in the east, where, low down near the horizon, a heavy bank stretched along for some miles, slightly tinged at the top with light. The origin of this was the waning moon, which first pushed up a horn and soon shone clear, lighting up the stones and throwing long shadows from them. Things grew plainer as time went on. About two o'clock we heard the lark begin his song, first a few twittering notes, then a flight upwards and a burst of song. Another and another joined in the sweet chorus, which swelled on every side; nor was the melody of the birds again silent

until after sunrise, as blackbird and thrush as well as smaller songsters joined in the morning hymn.

As the hours passed, the moon rose higher in the sky; but the bank of clouds now followed, and then at length covered her entirely, making it nearly as dark as at midnight. Still the sighing of the wind in the trees never ceased. A single heavy cloud, the shape of a great Indian canoe, floated along above the sun-glow, changing again and again, but eventually disappeared, and the black bank of clouds also parted and revealed the moon shining with her silvery light. A warm glow spread upward, changing the blue sky into a purple tint, and we passed to the side of the hedge nearest the King stone to wait the rising of the sun. The stars had paled, colour was coming back to the grass and the trees, but the old solitary monarch looked like a leaden mass against the dawn. Half-past three arrived. Minute by minute the light became stronger, and we grew eager to see the sun, when a dense mist, like a driving smoke, came up from the westward and hid the distant hills, taking also the colour from the sun-glow so much that only a faint trace remained. The moon shone fainter, and as the mist thickened we began to fear our festival would again end in disappointment; but this was spared us. About twenty minutes to four the mist rolled clean away, as though a curtain had been raised, the bright glow grew more and more, and the distant hills stood out against the light, although the valleys were still shrouded in mist. The minutes passed, great streaks of glorious colour shot upwards, everything around partook of the same rich hue, except the old King stone, which still looked leaden and dull against the golden glow. A tongue of flame between some trees on the distant hills, another and another broadened out, and then all at once the sun, like a great mass of molten gold, leaped up and rested for a moment on the very head of the King stone, forming a magnificent crown to the old monarch, and then rising in the utmost glory into space above him. A more gorgeous sight could scarce be imagined. It was as if the Sun God had chosen to manifest himself as of old, and reveal his power and sublimity at the very moment of rising. After our cold vigil the glowing heat was a luxury,



THE KING STONE, ROLLRIGHT, ON THE MORNING OF MIDSUMMER DAY.

"A great mass of molten gold leaped up and rested for a moment on the very head of the King stone."

and we could well understand the feelings of the inhabitants of cold climates, who in old-world times looked upon the sun as the manifestation of the most beneficent of beings and the bringer of all good, for was it not by his influence the earth gave forth her increase?

But, even while we gazed, the scene again changed, the mist came sweeping along, denser than before, and in less than a minute the whole glorious scene was blotted out. Hills and valleys were hidden, the sun was darkened and disappeared, while the glory of the light faded into night again, and it seemed darker than before the sun rose so triumphantly, the change was so dramatic. The tops of the trees in the circle were hidden in the grey mist, and we actually shivered when it wrapped us round like a damp sheet; but there was still the sighing in the trees.

It was a full hour before the sun reappeared, shining hazily through the mist. This eventually cleared away, and the day was a brilliant one. The scenes down the green valleys were as lovely as English sylvan scenery always is, with pretty villages peeping up here and there amid the greenery, while the church towers rising above them with their sweet-toned bells invited us to worship. The devout English Sabbath had superseded the old idolatry of the Sun God, once so universal, but now swept away for ever in the mists of the long ago.

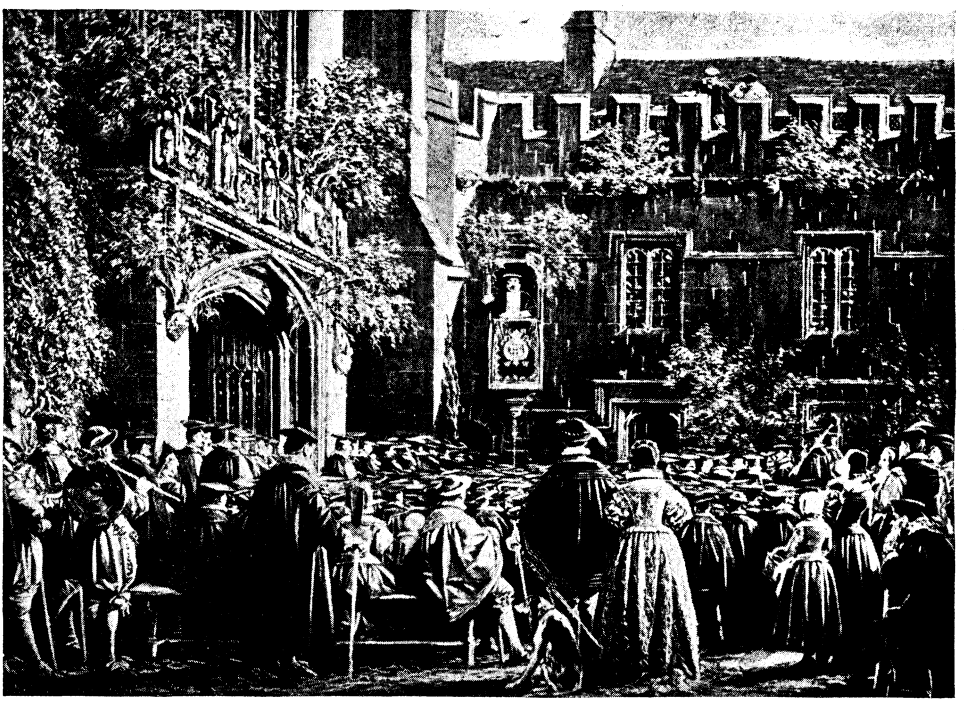
Midsummer in Cornish is "Golnan," which means light and rejoicing, a reference to the bonfires and to the torch processions on the same occasion. The torches were tarred and pitched at one end, and the people would make the circuit of the bonfires and then go from village to village. It is thought that this is a relic of Druidism, and as such it was prohibited by the Gaelic Councils. On Whiteborough Mound, which has a ditch round it, the fire was raised round a large summer pole. On the top of the pole was a large bush. These poles with bushes on the top were the means of marking the boundaries of tin mines in Cornwall. Round this parties of wrestlers contended for prizes. Fires and dancing were the usual method of celebrating Midsummer Eve in Cumberland, Liverpool, the Isle of Man, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in Ireland, although some slight differences were added by the force of local custom. The Irish people in Liverpool were the great preservers of the old custom, as in their own country the vigour of the ancient rite long prevailed. In nearly every county in the province of Leinster bonfires were lit. In Kilkenny fires blazed on every hillside at



THE OUTDOOR PULPIT AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, FROM WHICH THE SERMON WAS PREACHED FOR THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

intervals of about a mile. In Queen's County, in Kildare, and in Wexford, there were many, too, and children jumped through the flames. A variant in the custom formerly obtained in the Isle of Man. The fires were lighted to the windward of fields, so that the smoke might pass over the corn; the cattle were folded in, and blazing gorse and furze were carried around them several times. The Company of Cooks at Newcastle were responsible for the maintenance of the fires.

Curiously removed from this method of celebrating Midsummer Eve seems the prosaic and homely policeman who patrols the streets in every season and at all times. Yet one class of midsummer customs had reference to him. On Midsummer Eve the watch was appointed for the ensuing year in London with much pomp and ceremony; hence the term "Midsummer Watch." One half of the constables went out on this day, and the other on the Eve of St. Peter. They were dressed in "bright harnesse, some over gilt, and every one had a jornett of scarlet thereupon, and a chain of gold, his henchman following him, and his minstrels before him, and his cresset light * at his side. The Mayor himself came after them, well-mounted, with his sword-bearer before him, in fair armour on horseback, preceded by the waits, or city minstrels, and the Mayor's officers in liveries of woosted, or sea-jackets, party-coloured. The Sheriff's watches came, one after the other, in like order, but were not so numerous; for the Mayor had, besides his giant, three pageants; whereas the Sheriff had only two, besides their giants, each with their morris-dancer and one henchman." In the thirty-first year of Henry VIII. the Midsummer Watch was discontinued. In Chester the custom was slightly different. The annual setting of the watch took place with a pageant which consisted of four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one luce, one dragon, and six hobby-horses, with other figures. On Midsummer Eve at Nottingham a watch was kept until sunrise of the next day. The custom was not discontinued until the reign of Charles I.



A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE OLD-WORLD SCENE AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, WHEN THE SERMON WAS PREACHED ON MIDSUMMER DAY, THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

* Cresset light=a kind of fire-basket, in an iron frame, on the top of a long pole. The basket was so hung that it always remained horizontal. The cresset lights were carried over the shoulders.

A curious bequest connected with Midsummer Eve affects Church Street, Kidderminster. Every person born in the street, who chooses to claim it, receives a farthing loaf. The gift, which is of ancient standing, was a very different kind of thing at the time of its origin. The day is called Farthing Loaf Day, and an extension of the custom has taken place, the inhabitants throughout the town being in the habit of buying the tiny loaves, which may be seen in many of the bakers' shops. Another bequest, in the year 1788, by an old bachelor, provides a twopenny cake for every unmarried resident in Church Street, to be given on Farthing Loaf Day, and also the sum of two guineas for a household in the same street, to provide a supper of bread and cheese and ale, to which every other householder in the street should be invited. The householders take their turn as host, although none but front houses enjoy this dignity. "Peace and Good Neighbourhood" is the toast to be drunk after the supper. Somewhat similar is the "house-warming" which a Ripon custom formerly imposed upon every householder who in the course of the year had removed to a new neighbourhood. Bread, cheese, and ale were laid out on a table before the doors of such people for all who cared to take them. Sometimes the guests were invited to remain for supper.

Midsummer Eve is celebrated with great ceremony by Masonic Lodges in Scotland. At Melrose, after the election of office-bearers for the coming year, the Masons walk in procession three times round the Cross, and then dine under the presidency of the new Grand Master. In the evening, with lighted torches, the brethren again walk in procession three times round the Cross, and then compass the Abbey three times with "measured step and slow." Towards the end, the whole Masonic body gathers in a semicircle round the chancel, where the heart of Robert Bruce lies near the high altar. The band strikes up the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and fireworks and rockets are let off.

Through the long ages, from Saxon times until about a century ago, the inhabitants of Burford, Oxon, on Midsummer Eve celebrated the remembrance of a battle fought on that day, centuries before, between Ethelbald the King of Mercia, and Cuthred of Wessex, on Battle Edge, a ridge to the westward of the little town, by carrying the representation of a dragon through the streets with much jocular merriment. In addition to the dragon they also carried a giant, but why—unless he represented the standard-bearer, Ethelhun—has never been ascertained. The story of the battle is singular and interesting. Ethelbald, a warlike king, more than once invaded Wessex and exacted tribute; but on the death of Ethelherd, the old King of Wessex, he was succeeded by Cuthred, a man very different from his predecessor, and he, raising an army, resolved no longer to endure the exactions of the Mercian King. The rival forces met at "Beorgforda" in 752, says "The Saxon Chronicle," when Ethelbald was put to flight.

Cuthred's standard-bearer, Ethelhun—"the proud chief," as the Chronicle calls him—was a remarkable man, and to his courage and valour many of the successes of the Wessex King were ascribed. He had been in rebellion against his lord Cuthred, but was defeated, taken prisoner, and brought before the king, who pardoned him, when he at once conceived the greatest loyalty and affection for his merciful master, and from thence to his death became most strenuous in his cause. Such was the warrior who bore to victory the standard of Wessex, on which was emblazoned the golden dragon. The battle raged through the whole day, the ground was strewn with wounded and dying men, while the Saxon battle-axe and spear played their terrible part in the encounter; but at length Ethelhun and Ethelbald met and engaged in single combat. Hitherto Ethelbald had found no equal in valour, but now his strength failed him, and he betook himself to shameful flight, while his army lost heart and gave way, leaving Cuthred victorious and in possession of the field.

In different parts of the kingdom it was customary to gather branches of trees, which were planted over the doors, or the rose, St. John's wort, vervain, trefoil, and rue, either in honour of St. John, or, as in Wales, to ward off evil spirits from the houses.

A popular superstition maintained that if an unmarried woman fasted on Midsummer Eve, and at midnight laid a clean cloth with bread, cheese, and ale, and then sat down as if to eat, the street door being left open, the man whom she was afterwards to marry would come into the room and drink and bow; another glass would then be filled, which the visitor would leave on the table, and, with another bow, would retire.

At Stoole, near Downpatrick, in Ireland, pilgrimage is made yearly to the mount, which is consecrated, with its wells, to St.

Patrick, two curious flat stones fixed upright in the hillside being known as St. Patrick's Chair.

Before Magdalen College, Oxford, was founded by William of Waynfleet, the site of a great part of it was occupied by the endowed Hospital of St. John the Baptist, which Henry III. established about 1233. The college buildings still retain some of those formerly belonging to the hospital, and in the right-hand corner of the first quadrangle is a charmingly quaint stone pulpit, said to have been erected in conformity with Waynfleet's desire in 1480, and may occupy the place of one that previously stood somewhat in the same position, about the end of the chapel belonging to the hospital. From this pulpit it has been for many years the custom to preach the University sermon for the Feast of St. John the Baptist, which is Midsummer Day, on which occasion the pulpit and the surrounding buildings were decked with boughs, and the ground strewed with rushes, to represent the idea of St. John preaching in the wilderness. This has always attracted a large number of spectators. On occasions when the day is wet the sermon is delivered from a pulpit in the ante-chapel, and, indeed, on only one occasion of late has it been considered advisable to hold the service in the open air.

In the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, on the Sunday after Midsummer Day, "the fellowship of the Porters of ye city of London, time out of mind, come to this church in ye morning, and whilst the Psalms are reading, they group two and two towards the rails of ye Communion table, where are set two basins; and there they make their offering, and so return to the body of ye church again. After them the inhabitants of ye parish and their wives, and others also then at church, make their offering likewise; and the money so offered is given to the poor decrepit Porters of the said fellowship for their better subsistence."

In Cheshire the family of Dutton had the privilege of licensing itinerant minstrels, and the minstrels, on St. John's Day, made procession to the famous church of their patron. The custom was discontinued, apparently, in 1758.

One of the quaintest of customs is that observed in Northumberland. Stools are surmounted with layers of clay, and a profusion of flowers is stuck therein in delightful designs. The effect is to form beautiful cushions. At the doors of houses in the villages, and at the cross-roads of larger towns, the cushions are exhibited, where attendants beg money from passers-by. It is said that this custom comes from the Roman "Ludi Compitalii," which were celebrated at the "compita" (cross-lanes).

"Egg-hopping" obtains at Chiltern, Wiltshire. The woods are ransacked for birds' eggs, and these are brought together and set out in the road at distances apart in proportion to the rarity of the eggs. The hoppers are then blindfolded, and endeavour to break as many eggs as they can in a given number of jumps.

"Pot-fair" commences at Barnwell, in Cambridgeshire, on Midsummer Day, and continues for a fortnight. The site of the fair is a common called Midsummer Green, and the articles brought for sale are chiefly earthenwares, hence the name. The fair goes back to the reign of Henry I.

Lynton Revel, in Devonshire, begins on the Sunday after Midsummer Day. It formerly lasted a week. Hospitality was set out at the church gate for people coming out of church. Wrestling formed a prominent feature of the revels, and large sums of money were subscribed for prizes. The silver spoons bought as prizes for the wrestlers were, up to fifty years ago, hung during service on Revel Sunday in front of the gallery in Countisbury Church, but the prevalence of drunkenness then caused the revels to fall into disrepute and disuse.

Pilgrimages were made, both by the devout and the curious, to the source of the River Lee, in Cork, Ireland. The small island in Gougane Lake has a rough circular wall in which are nine chapels, or cells, containing an altar dedicated to particular saints. The cells were filled, on St. John's Day, with people performing acts of devotion.

But the verve of these customs seems to be departing, and with it something of the simpler and more joyous side of life which made the country in former days, in a fine sense, a Merry England.



TO BID HER LIVE.

BRING to her spring flowers,
Cowslip and celandine,
And bid her hear the blackbird's song.
Let pass the sunny hours
In her dull room to shine,
Lay cherry blossom her thin arm along.

Bring all the sweets of June,
Pale viola and rue,
Garlands of fragrant roses, pink and white.
The young birds' broken tune,
The larkspur gold and blue,
Let in the gentle harping of the night.

When russet autumn comes,
Lad's love and lavender
Fling on her bed. Go, shake red apples down,
Sun-kissed and purple plums,
The sweet and luscious pear,
Bring her on leaves of crimson, green, and brown.

When comes the winter snow,
Then close the shutters tight
To hide the falling leaves and stricken tree,
The silent birds that go,
Through cold and cheerless light,
And winter's shroud on all life's liberty.

Bear her the holly bough,
And on the glowing hearth
Let twisted flame and rebel fires roar.
Bid laughing children now
Dance round her in their mirth,
And call her fainting spirit home once more—
Oh, call her, call her, call her home once more!

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.



THE INTERMEDIARY

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst

HENRY'S predicament was this—— But first I must explain that Henry is my cousin. Strictly speaking, he is not my cousin, but my second cousin once removed. That is to say, Henry's grandfather and my grandmother were first cousins, and, after carefully working it out, we both eventually came to the conclusion that Henry must therefore be my second cousin once removed, though I have never yet been able to remove Henry when he has sat down with the fixed determination of opening out his heart to me. He is one of those heavy, solidly-built men of slow, deliberate speech, whose narrative methods are impervious to the shocks of interruption or remonstrance. If he gets an idea into his head, it stays there till another happens to push it out and take its place. Well, Henry's predicament was this—— But perhaps I had better give it in his own words. He came into my room, without knocking, regarded me a moment silently, sat heavily down in my best arm-chair, hitched up his immaculately-creased trousers, and, without the slightest preliminary, began.

"I am suffering," he said, "from a most awful presentiment. It kept me awake nearly all last night. You know that, as a rule, I am a profound sleeper. Of course, you will say it's liver. I knew you would. But it's not. It's a sort of horrible conviction."

"You are not the first man, Henry," I pointed out soothingly, "to suffer from his convictions. I read of a man once who suffered terribly from the conviction that he was a cabbage growing upside down. I hope it's nothing of that kind?"

"No," said Henry gloomily, "it's not. I don't think I should mind that so much. I can't explain why, but the thing came over me all of a sudden after dinner yesterday."

"Are you sure," I asked, touching his arm—"are you sure it wasn't that fresh dozen of Burgundy you ordered in three days ago? You know, Henry, that for a man of lymphatic and gouty tendencies, Burgundy—in excess—is a devastating beverage."

Henry shook his head.

"It was nothing to do with the Burgundy," he said. "Besides, I am not gouty, and, as for being lymphatic, I'll box you ten rounds any day you like, Cuthbert, for half-a-crown a side."

"I am not a prize-fighter," I retorted, with dignity. "Moreover, I only weigh eleven stone and you weigh sixteen."

"Well," proposed Henry, with a kind of slow eagerness, "I'll run you a hundred yards, if you prefer it."

"Henry," I remonstrated, "I would not dream of imperilling your health by engaging in these mad athletic exercises with you. You tell me you are suffering from some obscure ailment, as it is——"

The look of eagerness once more faded from Henry's features. He expelled a deep and resonant sigh.

"That's true," he murmured, "though, of course, I may be mistaken."

"No, no," I reassured him, "you're not mistaken, Henry. All your symptoms point clearly enough to the presence of some very distressing organic complication. I hesitate to alarm you, but you appear to me to be in a most serious condition."

"I believe I am," admitted Henry moodily. "For, if it is as I fear, I cannot imagine a more awkward position to be in."

"Awkward is an inadequate word," I objected, "to express the state of a man with only, perhaps, a few more hours to live."

Henry looked at me a little uneasily.

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"What do you mean?" he said.

"Henry," I replied, "this is no moment for weak prevarication. Let us face the truth bravely. If you have got to die almost at once, let us at least be courageous. Let us accept the sad fact with cheerful composure. Let us——"

"I've not the least intention of dying at once," broke in Henry firmly. "Why should I?"

"Then, at any rate," I urged, "lose no more time in telling me the nature of your unhappy complaint. If I can suggest a remedy, Henry, believe me I will, though I fear your trouble is beyond the reach of a mere pill."

"Pill!" echoed Henry scornfully. "It's in the *pillar* box—or was. It isn't now, I suppose. That's just what's worrying me. If it isn't, where is it?"

"Exactly," I said, staring back at him. "Where is it? In a word, where is *what*, Henry?"

But Henry is not a man you can hurry. He likes to explain a situation in his own way, with a meticulous attention to irrelevant detail, beginning generally in the middle and working backwards. So he ignored my question and proceeded in a resolute tone—

"You may not have noticed it, Cuthbert—I did not notice it myself at first—but for some weeks past I have been deeply in love. Although I am not of a susceptible disposition, I will not pretend that this is the first time I have been in love. When I was a comparative youth of ten, I was violently in love with a lady considerably my senior—she was, in fact, forty-two. I may tell you, in confidence, that I discovered this circumstance by a surreptitious reference to my mother's birthday book, in which this lady, who was a school friend of my mother's, had inscribed her name, very indiscreetly affixing to it the date of her birth."

"But," I interposed, "you are no longer in love with that lady, Henry, I presume?"

"No," he said, "I am not. A man rarely marries his first love. But I beg you will not interrupt me, Cuthbert. I merely wish to explain to you how this extraordinary mishap came about."

"The word," I protested, "is a libel on a noble passion! If you are really deeply in love, Henry, you pain me by referring to the incident as a mishap."

"I was not referring to my being in love as a mishap, but to what happened last night," explained Henry, in a slightly aggrieved tone. "And I presume that even you are not prepared to deny that that was a mishap?"

"I am prepared neither to deny nor affirm it," I retorted, with dignity, "till I am first informed what it is."

"Well, am I not informing you in the plainest language?" demanded Henry. "But there are some men who appear to be constitutionally incapable of listening to the simplest statement without chipping in, every two words, with some silly remark or other, and I regret to say, Cuthbert, that you are one of them. I speak without malice. For though I have the poorest opinion of many of your qualities, I frankly admit that I have met men whom I dislike more."

"Henry," I exclaimed, "you overpower me by this magnanimous concession! Such a tribute from the lips of a man already, as I fear, tottering on the brink of the grave——"

"You are entirely mistaken," broke in Henry, with emphatic dissent. "I tell you I was never better in my life. Till I got this presentiment I was a happy man. My appetite was tremendous. I——"

"Pardon me," I said, "but the presentiment arrived *after* you had dined, I gather? So your appetite has not so far been materially affected, Henry?"

"Not very materially—so far," Henry acknowledged. "But I am naturally looking ahead. I am thinking of my dinner to-night. What is a man without his appetite, Cuthbert? A frail, weak thing. And now it is too late to recover it!"

"Come," I said gently, "it may not be as bad as all that. You may even yet recover your appetite, Henry, if you live——"

"I was not alluding to my appetite," Henry interposed frigidly. "I meant it was too late to recover the letter."

"Oh," I murmured, leaning back in my chair, "the *letter!* Of course, that's different. I am not inquisitive, Henry, but might I inquire *what* letter?"

"Why, the letter I've been telling you about, of course," said Henry, gazing at me sombrely, "the letter I wrote to Ethel Clayton. We have known each other, as you are aware, a long time. She is a friend of Phyllis's, to whom you are engaged, and let me say, Cuthbert, that I was never more surprised in my life than when I heard that Phyllis had allowed herself to become engaged to you. I do not say this in an ill-natured sense. I merely say that I was surprised. You can easily understand that."

"I had a dog once," I retorted cuttingly,

"that was surprised whenever it began to rain."

"Was he a retriever?" asked Henry, with faint interest.

"No," I said, "but he was the most foolish dog I ever saw."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Henry, utterly unmoved by the parable. "It was about a book—a book I had told her about and advised her to get. I had for the moment forgotten the title, and she asked me to send it to her—I mean the title. That's why I wrote—to give her the title of the book. I hate writing letters, and always make them as brief as I can. Of course, Ethel knows that, and she wouldn't mind, but——"

"Stop!" I interjected. "The truth begins to dawn upon me, Henry. You are in love—deeply in love—with Ethel Clayton. My dear, dear boy, I congratulate you! Ethel is a most charming girl."

"I dare say she is," admitted Henry, in an unresponsive tone, "but I am not in love with her. That is precisely my difficulty. I wouldn't marry her upon any consideration whatever. I must tell you that when I sit down to write a letter, or one or two letters, it is my habit to address the envelopes first and lay them out on the top of my writing-table before I begin to write the letters. Now, it occurred to me yesterday, while I was dining at the club, that I ought to have proposed to Ethel——"

"But, Henry," I expostulated gravely, "you have just told me that your affection for her is such that nothing would induce you to marry her upon any consideration whatever."

"That," replied Henry, with steady resignation, "was Ethel Clayton. I am speaking now of Ethel Jones. For several weeks I have been madly in love with Ethel Jones. I thought I had explained that to you already. I quite meant to ask her to marry me before she left town with her people, to spend the summer at their place in Richmond. But somehow or other I forgot to do this, and yesterday they went down to Richmond. There was, of course, only one thing to be done—that was to write and propose to Ethel at once, while I thought of it. So——"

"You might have gone to Richmond, Henry," I suggested, "and done the thing handsomely on your knees."

"Railway travelling in this hot weather is very bad for me," Henry explained. "I should have arrived at Richmond in a bad temper. I do not think it would have been wise, Cuthbert. So I determined that I would write to Ethel and ask her to be my wife. I went immediately to the club writing-room and drew towards me some sheets of paper. I invariably use the club stationery when I can; it is much better than my own. As I sat down I recollected the title of the novel for which Ethel Clayton had asked me. The name of the book was 'Your Past is Known,' and the author is a fellow called Peter Cheyne. Now, I was very anxious to write my letter to Ethel Jones, and so I just dashed off the merest line to Ethel Clayton. I thought I would get it done first, so as to leave my thoughts free and my brain clear for the more serious task. I had already, according to my practice, addressed both the envelopes and placed them on the side of the blotting-pad to dry. I can repeat to you, word for word, exactly what I wrote to Ethel Clayton, for I happen to have a strong memory. I said, 'Dear Ethel,—Your past is known, by Peter Cheyne, Yours truly,' and then my signature. That was all. I wrote at greater length to Ethel Jones. I wrote in the fiercest terms of affection you can imagine. I begged her to marry me. I said that, if she refused, I should be extremely annoyed. I worked myself up to such a pitch, Cuthbert, that positively I had to order two whiskies and sodas before I had finished the letter. It was a letter to touch the heart of any girl. No girl could possibly help accepting the man who could write thus. And that is a reflection which intensifies my anxiety still more, for she is certain to accept me."

"Then, having written and posted that fateful missive," I sympathised, "you suddenly discovered, Henry—discovered too late—that you no longer wished to marry Ethel Jones."

"You are wrong," said Henry gloomily. "I have been trying to explain to you that I want to marry her. I drew the envelopes to me flap upwards, and carefully inserted and sealed the letters. I would not even entrust them to the club porter. I went straight out and posted them myself in the pillar-box at the corner of the street. I had no sooner done this than there flashed across me the presentiment—which grew to a certainty before I reached my rooms—that I had put the letters in the wrong envelopes. Ethel Clayton has received my proposal of marriage, whereas Ethel Jones has merely received from me an apparently curt communication relating to something

indefinite and presumably discreditable in her past."

"You are certain of this, Henry?" I asked, in shocked surprise.

"Absolutely certain. And I am convinced, Cuthbert, that Ethel Clayton will accept me."

"Then," I said resolutely, "there is only one thing to be done, Henry—you must marry her."

"If that is the only suggestion you can make," retorted Henry resentfully, "it is a very foolish one. I refuse to marry her."

"As a man of honour, Henry," I protested, "there is no other course now open to you. You cannot blight a young girl's whole future in this callous, cold-blooded way. It would break her heart. She might even go into a decline. No, no! Be a man, Henry, and marry her!"

"I will not," said Henry obstinately. "If she goes into a decline, it is not my fault, but the Post Office's, for not allowing people to recover their own letters once they have been put accidentally inside a pillar-box. I am sorry for Ethel, but I can't help it. I want you to explain that clearly to her when you go——"

"Pause an instant, Henry," I checked him. "What do you mean by saying when I go? Go where?"

"To Ethel Clayton," replied Henry. "I thought I had made that clear to you, Cuthbert. My object in coming to you this morning was to request you to call upon Ethel Clayton at once and break the news to her that it was a mistake. There was nobody else to whom I could apply for assistance in the matter, so I had to come to you. I require your help. You must not refuse it."

"Henry," I exclaimed, stretching out my hand frankly, "as second cousins of long standing——"

"One moment," interrupted Henry, grasping my fingers automatically in his huge palm. "I have been looking into the matter a good deal lately, and I have considerable doubts on the point. In fact, I have come to the conclusion, Cuthbert—very reluctantly—that we are not removed."

"What!" I cried, aghast, for this seemed to me a wanton tampering with one of our most cherished traditions. "*Not* removed?"

"Not removed," repeated Henry firmly. "I am sorry to disappoint you, Cuthbert, but that is the conclusion I have come to after much anxious thought. I have the strongest suspicion that we are merely third cousins."

"Then," I declared, with resignation, "as third cousins, Henry, it shall never be said that an appeal from one to the other was made in vain. I will assist you. I will endeavour to extricate you from this unhappy entanglement. I will call and see Ethel Clayton this very afternoon. I will telephone to the office to inform them that I am detained for an hour or two on important business. If I can do anything more for you, name it."

"You can," said Henry, after a moment's thought. "You can ask Ethel to return me the letter I wrote, so that I can send it on to Ethel Jones. It will save me the anxiety of writing another one."

"Henry," I said, "it shall be done! You may place the most complete reliance on my tact and diplomacy in this peculiarly delicate matter."

"Thank you," said Henry, rising heavily. "But make it perfectly plain to Ethel Clayton that I do not intend to marry her."

Inspired thus by an entirely disinterested desire to help Henry, I called immediately after lunch at the Claytons' house, and sent in my card to Ethel. I had pencilled on it the words "May I see you alone for five minutes?" and, being on terms of some intimacy with the Claytons, was ushered into the drawing-room, where very soon Ethel joined me. She came into the room smiling, and I could at once see, from her slightly flushed face and air of suppressed excitement, that something unusual had happened. Her first remark confirmed Henry's darkest forebodings.

"You have come," she said, advancing towards me with outstretched hand and glistening eyes, "to congratulate me? How sweet of you!"

I took her hand and pressed it with an almost brotherly — an elder-brotherly — solicitude.

"Ethel," I said kindly, "I will not pretend to misunderstand you. You mean that you are engaged to Henry?"

"Why, yes," she laughed, with just, perhaps, the least trace of embarrassment in her tones, "I suppose so. Aren't you awfully pleased to hear it?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I am deeply grieved. I have known you, Ethel, for some years—as long as Henry himself has known you."

"Longer," she admitted. "But why on earth should you be deeply grieved? *Deeply* grieved, too!"

"Because," I said, looking gravely into



"'Are you equal to the shock of a fearful disclosure?'"

her eyes, "you cannot marry Henry. It is all a hideous mistake."

"*Cannot* marry him?" she echoed, with sad amazement. "What do you mean? *Why* cannot I marry him, pray?"

"Because," I said again, "he is not worthy of you. Knowing Henry as I do, I could not recommend any girl to marry him."

"Do you know anything against him?" she demanded, and the cold hostility of her accent nettled me.

"I know a good deal against him," I retorted. "He—he is, in fact, a man with a past."

"I suppose most men are," she said scornfully. "But, if you want to abuse him, why don't you do it to his face?"

"It wouldn't have the slightest effect," I pointed out patiently. "He doesn't mind being abused. He likes it. Directly I heard the sad news, I lost not a moment in hastening round to see you, Ethel, and——"

"What sad news?" she asked, raising her eyebrows in a way that began to exasperate me.

"The news," I said sternly, "of your engagement. Ethel, I must beg you to be serious. This is a very serious matter for Hen—I mean for you. It is a terrible thing for me to have to say, but—Henry doesn't love you."

"If anybody else but you had said that to me," cried Ethel, stamping her foot, "I should be very angry. As it is, I have a good mind to hit you, Cuthbert! You really are the most astoundingly rude man I ever met, you know!"

"Truth," I explained gently, "is rarely complimentary. I am speaking for your own good, Ethel. At considerable sacrifice, let me add, to my own feelings, I am here to save you from the consequences of a terrible mistake. Even at the risk of breaking your heart, I must open your eyes. I have a painful fact to reveal to you. Try and be calm. Summon your utmost fortitude to your aid. Are you equal to the shock of a fearful disclosure?"

"About—about *him?*" she faltered.

I inclined my head sympathetically.

"Yes," she said, "I think I am. Wait!" She took her slender wrist between the thumb and finger of her other hand, and felt her pulse, while I waited in tactful silence. "Normal," she murmured, after a few seconds. "I am quite calm. Yes, I can hear now what you have to tell me. Is it awfully terrible?"

"It is, at least, no matter for jesting," I rebuked her. "Your levity, Ethel, makes me suspect very strongly that you do not care for Henry as he deserves."

"Oh," she cried, "you *are* a—— But you just said he didn't care for *me!*"

"Nor he does, Ethel, except, of course, as a kind of sister. In fact, those were the very words he used: 'I like her as a kind of sister.' It is only fair to say that Henry's capacity for this sort of brotherly affection for the girls he knows is almost unlimited——"

"How *dare* you?" Ethel interrupted sharply. "It's not true, and you know it! He doesn't care, not even in that silly sort of brotherly way, for any girl but me—he *doesn't*, I tell you!"

"Alas, Ethel," I said gently, "you are wrong. Indeed, you are sadly deceived in him. If you knew him as much as I did—— But it is enough to assure you that he is even at this moment in love, deeply in love—those were his own words to me—with another girl."

Ethel stared at me a moment in mute indignation. I had at last stirred her from her flippant attitude; no doubt some faint touch of the *spretae injuria formae* had begun to assert itself. I smiled back at her a little sadly while she continued to stare, and added—

"Yes, Ethel, that is the painful disclosure to which just now I referred. Be brave. Do not give way to tears. Time is a great healer. Some day you will find a worthier husband——"

"I don't believe a word of what you say!" she cut me short at this point, speaking with marked vehemence. And then she gave a little contemptuous laugh. "Really, Cuthbert, your passion for joking carries you sometimes a trifle too far!"

"Joking!" I exclaimed warmly. "I was never more serious in my life. Tell me, Ethel, did you or did you not receive a letter from my Cousin Henry?"

"Your Cousin Henry?" She looked at me, with another quick change of mood, in mild and almost, I thought, amused surprise. "Well, yes, I did."

"Very well," I said, with decision. "I am here to tell you that he did not mean what he said in that letter. Ethel, it is no use. You must give up all idea of marrying him."

"Of marrying him?" she repeated. "Of marrying your Cousin Henry? But why should I give up an idea I never entertained?"

"Ethel," I said severely, "do not prevaricate. Have you not yourself told me within the last five minutes that you are engaged to him?"

"To *him?* To your Cousin Henry?"

"Most certainly. Dare you deny it?"

"Yes, I dare," said Ethel primly. "I am, in fact, engaged to Mr. Calthrop."

"Calthrop!" I cried, in utter astonishment, for I had never dreamed of such a thing. "But, good Heavens, Ethel, you have been saying all this time that you are engaged to *Henry!*"

"Well, and *isn't* he Henry?" she inquired innocently. "His Christian name is Henry, though we call him Harry."

I took out my handkerchief and passed it across my forehead. The day was unusually warm for June. Moreover, if there was a bad-tempered, vindictive, fiercely violent man, it was Calthrop. I saw him box once, in the second heat for the amateur heavyweight championship, and his ferocity was curdling.

"Ethel," I said earnestly, "I congratulate you most cordially. Calthrop is one of the most fascinating, amiable men I know. The girl who marries Calthrop is indeed lucky. He is a man of the most unblemished character and gentle disposition, and the news that you—you, Ethel, of all girls—should have succeeded in capturing his virgin heart is the happiest I have heard for several days."

"Thank you, Cuthbert," said Ethel, lowering her eyes demurely. "You were always kind and sympathetic. How Harry will laugh when I tell him of your little joke and of the amusing things you have just said about him——"

"No, Ethel," I checked her hastily. "Calthrop is not like you, a keen appreciator of humour. He might not understand the sublety of our little jokes. The only remarks that it would be safe to repeat to him would be the last ones I made——"

"You do him an injustice, my dear Cuthbert," broke in Ethel. "Only the other day I told him something—rather funny—that someone had said about him, and he laughed immoderately. He saw the humour of it at once, although, oddly enough, *I* didn't. And when I asked him what the joke was, he said he was just smiling at the sort of look that would come over that man's face when he tackled him on the subject next day."

"And *did* he tackle him?" I inquired, in a resolute tone.

"No, the man left London the same evening."

"Curiously enough, Ethel," I said, "I myself am probably leaving town to-morrow early. Urgent business calls me at once to the North. That is really why I hurried round this afternoon to offer you my felicitations before I left. Good-bye. I shall hope to get back in time for your wedding."

"Good-bye," said Ethel sweetly. "And perhaps, after all, it would be wiser for me not to repeat anything—confidential—that has passed between us to Harry. You know, he is so horribly jealous!"

"Much wiser," I agreed heartily. "I shall certainly not forget to send you both a wedding present, Ethel."

"And—and you will come in to tea to-morrow afternoon — as usual?" she pleaded.

"If it is possible to postpone my journey to the North for a few weeks, I will, Ethel," I assented.

When I got back to my rooms that evening, I found Henry seated stolidly in his favourite arm-chair, waiting for me with a kind of dogged patience.

"It is as I expected," he began gloomily, without turning his head on my entrance. "She has accepted me. I got a letter from her by the five o'clock post. I knew she would."

"She has accepted you!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "*Who* has accepted you, Henry?"

"Ethel Jones," said Henry. "I thought I had explained to you, Cuthbert, that I had written to ask her to marry me. She replied by return of post. I cannot help fearing that I may have acted in some precipitation. It is fortunate that you did not go and see Ethel Clayton, after all. But I did not suppose that even *you* would be such a fool as to do that."

"How do you know," I asked coldly, "that I did not go to see Ethel Clayton?"

"Because," said Henry, "I got an express letter from her an hour ago. This is what she said: 'Thanks awfully for your sweet little note. What a ripping title for a novel! And so awkward *if it was true!* By the way, I want you and Cuthbert to come to tea with us to-morrow afternoon, so if you happen to see him, will you please tell him? It will save me the bother of writing. Mr. Calthrop is coming.' I don't know what she means by saying it's so awkward if it was true. Anyhow, that is the message she asked

me to give you. I suppose we shall have to go."

"Henry," I said, "you shall go certainly. I cannot come, as I have already another engagement for to-morrow afternoon. Please explain that to Ethel when you arrive. It seems that you were utterly deceived by your presentiment yesterday evening, after all."

"Yes," admitted Henry. "And the funny thing was that when I left you this morning, on my way back to lunch, I realised—quite suddenly — that I was wrong. I felt convinced that I *had* put the letters in their right envelopes, and I had an absolute conviction that Ethel Jones would write instantly and accept me. Convictions of that sort always come true."

"Henry," I exclaimed, placing my hand upon his shoulder, "as your third cousin, I congratulate you—I congratulate you most earnestly on this happy circumstance! You will try and make Ethel Jones a happy wife, I know."

"The point is," said Henry, in a morose tone, "will she make me a happy husband? I doubt it. I am not one of those men who can be made happy husbands easily. Perhaps she will change her mind."

"Henry," I said, patting his shoulder, "do not deceive yourself with false hopes. She will never change her mind. Besides, you are madly in love with her!"

"I know," admitted Henry gloomily. "But it's a terrible thing, Cuthbert, for a man to give up his liberty. I wonder if you would mind running down to Richmond first thing in the morning and seeing Ethel Jones, and putting it to her—in a quite friendly way, of course—that there might be some risk——"

"No," I interposed firmly. "I would do a great deal for you, Henry, but I will not do that. You must see her yourself and explain to her that you had mistaken your feelings—that, in fact, your letter was meant for some other girl—for Ethel Clayton, in fact."

"Cuthbert," said Henry, rising to his feet with a heavy sigh, "it is no use. A presentiment has just come over me that I shall have to marry Ethel Jones. Perhaps it is for the best."

I shook him silently by the hand, and without another word Henry left me. But I do not believe that he was half as miserable over it as he pretended to be, for Henry is like that.

REMEMBERED ROSES.

SINCE I no more may walk with you apart,
And gather roses in your garden ways,
No flower brings its gladness to my heart
Like those old roses of those golden days.

But in a quiet place securely set,
Watered by tears that you must never know,
Those dear remembered roses, fragrant yet,
In all their old immortal beauty blow.

BERNARD MOORE.

FESTING'S ERRAND

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds

THE sun had set, and the rugged fells stood out, blue and sharp, against an orange glow, when Festing sat on the terrace of Annet's creeper-covered house. The air was scented with the smell of firs, and a beck splashed in the shadow across the lawn. Festing had lately arrived from Canada, and Annet was the father of a friend whom he had left farming on the Western plains. Annet, however, was not like his son. He was marked by a humorous, philosophic calm, while Bob was always in a hurry and severely practical. Bob's sister, Alice, was tying up some flowers at the end of the terrace, and Festing hoped she was too far off to hear.

"If I didn't know that Bob is nothing of a humorist, I should have thought his letter a rather bad joke," Annet remarked. "I imagined my duty ended with giving him good advice, and money when he extended his farm; but this last request——" He paused, and resumed with a twinkle: "His dividing the responsibility between us hints that he doesn't trust my judgment altogether, but one feels that you are, so to speak, rather young for the job."

"It isn't that, sir," Festing objected. "I know how the Western farmers live, and in consequence——"

"You know better what is required? Well, I don't resent Bob's want of confidence, and he thoughtfully sent a list of the necessary qualifications. Beauty, he remarks, is not essential, but he insists on intelligence, pluck, and good temper. He would not object to a little money, but does not demand it. The girl, however, must not be afraid of work."

Festing laughed. "The thing sounds ridiculous, but it wouldn't strike one as quite so absurd in Canada. You see, in the prairie provinces marriage is something of a problem for a large number of well-educated young Englishmen who are breaking new soil. They work hard and live frugally, but they have the tastes and traditions of their kind. There are not many women, and the girls who could manage a homestead well might jar, while young Englishwomen of the type they knew at home would be daunted by the hardships and discomforts."

"I do see," said Annet. "Well, Bob was never given to romantic sentiment, and seems at least to know what he wants. On the whole, I think one of Alice's mountaineering friends is indicated. They're not easily daunted or remarkably conventional, and physical strength and resolution are useful things, although it's possible for a young woman to have too much of them."

"I hope Miss Annet doesn't know what I've undertaken."

Annet's eyes twinkled. "She knows what Bob asked me, but not, I think, that he leaves you to approve my choice. Still, she may guess. However, we'll talk of it again, when you come back from your walking tour. In the meantime Alice will tell you where to go."

Festing felt some embarrassment when he joined Miss Annet. He had rashly undertaken to find his friend a wife, and the matter now looked much more difficult than it did in Canada. In fact, it looked preposterous as he walked up and down the English lawn with Alice, who told him where to go and what he ought to see.

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Afterwards he remembered that she planned his tour, and the time he was to spend at certain places, with marked exactness.

He started next morning, and a day or two later toiled up a long ridge in a hollow between two mountains. The ridge had been an ancient moraine, for curiously-marked stones broke through the mossy grass, and its surface was very rough. Festing, however, had lived among the snow-capped rocks of the Pacific slope, and the climb was not hard to him.

It was a lowering day, with gleams of sunshine that lighted up lichened rock and emerald moss, and vanished. Above, streaks of gauzy mist crept about the hollows in the great black crags. Festing had seen stupendous rocks in Canada, but these fissured English buttresses that rose from the gravel screes were imposing, and he would not like to get lost among them in the mist. There was, however, not much mist, and he had a map, while Alice had given him careful directions and told him where to stop the night.

The ridge ended at the foot of a gap between the crags and the top of a shaly hill, and when Festing stopped for breath two girls came round a corner. The first carried a heavy rucksack, but came down the loose scree with a light, agile tread. Her figure was silhouetted against the sky, and Festing remarked its grace and fine poise as she balanced herself upon the slippery stones. She wore no hat, and her light hair was ruffled by the wind. Her head was tilted back, and exertion had brought a warm colour to her face. It was an attractive face, but Festing thought he had looked at her long enough, and glanced at her companion. The other girl looked tired, and hesitated until the first turned round.

"It's as safe as going downstairs; the trouble is, you will wear pretty boots," she said, with a laugh. "But give me your sack; I'll feel satisfied when I get you over the top."

"If it's as hard going down, you'll have to carry me," the other rejoined, as she handed the bag to her companion. Then she made an abrupt movement as she saw Festing, and they went on.

Festing met them at the bottom of the gap, from which a rough track wound upwards at the back of the crags. It was very steep, and he thought one or two of the pitches would require some agility to climb.

"If you're going up, perhaps you had better let me take the bag," he said.

The first girl gave him a swift glance. He liked the level way she looked at him, and somehow felt that she was satisfied. She was frank, but had a certain touch of dignity.

"Yes, thanks," she answered. "You can put the thing down at the top."

Festing knew her voice, because he had heard her laughing and talking in the garden of the hotel he had left. It was an attractive voice, rather deep, but soft, with a little trill when it rose. Presently he heard the crash of a displaced stone, and, looking back, saw the tired girl clinging to the rock near the middle of an awkward pitch. The spot was hardly dangerous, but it was possible for one to fall, and he scrambled down.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"If you don't mind," said the other girl, who was some yards off, and added: "Let him, Jessie."

Festing had some trouble in getting her up, for the track led across big stones sticking out from a nearly precipitous slope. His companion, who stopped for breath now and then, said nothing, but the other girl gave him some instructions from behind. They got up, and he found himself on a small, level space with crags on three sides. It was rather like the top of a table, only that a large cairn stood in the middle. Below was a valley that looked profoundly deep, and the storm-torn tops of rugged mountains rose all round. The wind was fresh, and the air got cold as a trail of mist drifted past. Festing felt hungry, and looked at the cairn, which was the only shelter. He thought the light-haired girl was amused.

"I expect you meant to lunch here," she remarked. "If so, you needn't go away. I don't know if that's very gracious, since the mountain doesn't belong to us."

Festing, who said he would like to stop, arranged some stones to make a seat, and, opening his packet of food, put it down before the girls.

"You may see something there you would like."

The tired girl took a sandwich, and then looked at her companion.

"The watercress and eggs!" she said.

"She means you got the lunch we ordered," the other explained. "When we asked for it this morning, they found somebody else had taken the packet. It's obvious that we stayed at the same hotel."

"We did," Festing agreed. "I heard you laugh."

She looked rather hard at him, and he liked her calm gaze, but she said: "Well, shall we change the packets, or pool our lunch?"

"Pool it, I think," said Festing. "Variety's nice."

While they ate, he asked about the mountains, and she told him their names, but seemed puzzled by his ignorance, and by and by said: "I suppose you generally climb in Wales or Scotland?"

"No."

"The Alps, then?"

Festing, who had bitten off a large piece of cake, shook his head, and the girl looked surprised. "But you have climbed—you have balance, and know how to step on a loose stone."

"I used to wander about the mountains of British Columbia on business."

"But it's a desolate country," said the tired girl. "What was your business?"

"Looking for silver mines. Before that, I helped survey the line for a new railroad."

"Ah!" said the other girl. "Did you find a mine?"

"We found a number, but only one where the ore was worth smelting."

"Did you smelt it?"

"No," said Festing. "You see, I knew something about mining, so I sold the claim and went east to the plains. Perhaps the best place to dig for silver is in the black wheat-soil. But how would you get up the gully yonder?"

They talked about mountains, moraines, and glaciers, while the wind wailed round the cairn and loosened little stones that tinkled down the screes. Festing found both his companions charming, but particularly the one with the light hair. She was frank and quietly humorous, but he thought her frankness had limits; her steady glance hinted at pride and an inner reserve. But this did not matter. He had been of some small help, and one could be unconventional on the lonely mountain top; but they would soon go down, and, if they met again, his companions would pass him with a distant bow, or perhaps without. Presently the tired one said—

"You are to be envied for having nothing to do for three or four months. Are you going to spend all your holiday in the mountains?"

"I'm afraid not," Festing answered naïvely. "As it happens, I have something to do. In fact, I rashly undertook a troublesome job for a friend."

"Friends have a way of putting things like that on you, if you're not careful," said the other.

Then it got suddenly cold and very damp, and the light-haired girl rose with a little cry of annoyance. The valley below was filled with mist, which overflowed and streamed across the mountain tops, and the wind began to roar among the gullies. The fog got thicker, and Festing understood the risk of going down, since a few yards in the wrong direction might lead one over the edge of a precipice.

"We must wait and see if it will clear," the girl remarked.

They waited for an hour, and then, when it began to rain, she got up resolutely.

"We must start," she said. "It's too far to go back, but if we can get down the big scree, our stopping-place is only three or four miles from the bottom." Then she looked at Festing doubtfully. "The mist is getting thicker; I don't know what we ought to do with you."

Festing asked if he might go with them, and they set off, the light-haired girl leading. For a time they scrambled downhill among big stones, and he had an uncomfortable feeling that he might find himself stepping over a crag. The stones were undisturbed and not scratched by nails, but the girl went on with the fearless confidence and grace of a mountain deer, and he helped her companion as well as he could. At length the big stones ended, and a smooth slope of gravel ran down into the mist. It looked nearly perpendicular, but a path a few inches wide, which the mountain sheep had made, crossed it obliquely. Festing's nerve was good, but he hesitated.

"I suppose it's safe?" he said.

"It's not really dangerous," the girl replied. "If you can help Jessie——"

He did his best, sometimes walking in front of the girl, so that she could put her hand on his shoulder, sometimes ploughing through the scree below the path and steadying her. In places the gravel, loosened by their feet, slipped away, and they heard the stones tinkle far down in the mist, and once a long, smooth slab dropped nearly straight into what seemed to be a bottomless pit. They left the scree, however, where huge broken rocks clung to the slope, and soon afterwards the light-haired girl stopped abruptly. Festing, looking down, saw the fissured face of a crag close beneath.

"Rather a near thing, wasn't it?" he said.

"We must try back, farther to the right.

Take care of Jessie," she answered, and a curious look of confidence passed between them.

She found a sheep path that brought them down to rough pasture, and he helped the other girl along the side of a stony beck. It was raining hard, but the mist got thinner, and at length a few scattered buildings appeared across the fields. The light-haired girl stopped and thanked Festing.

"The path to the hotel turns off here; we are stopping at the farm," she said.

Festing hesitated. He would have liked to tell her he had been directed to the farm; but it might look too marked, and he took the indicated track. He spent the evening in a dreary billiard-room, smoking and thinking of his companions. Both had charm, but there was something curiously attractive in the pluck and confidence of the one who had brought them down. She had dignity and a candour that was inspired by fearlessness—a girl one could trust and respect, the kind of partner one liked to have in a difficult place. Still, this had nothing to do with him; he did very well as a bachelor, and had promised to find Bob a wife. Now, this girl—— But Festing frowned impatiently. Bob was a good sort, but she was too good for him. Besides, they were strangers, and he did not know her name.

Then he thought about his life on the wind-swept plains. The big wheat farm prospered. Hitherto he had been content to let his work absorb him, body and mind. The days were not long enough for what one had to do, but, when one came to think of it, the bitter winter nights were lonely. One smoked and read old newspapers beside the red-hot stove, while the blizzard raged across the snowy waste, or in the intense silence the shiplap boards cracked in the Arctic frost. After all, there was much that he had missed. But this sort of thing was folly! He had done well enough, and was not a sentimentalist.



"'I believe I'm talking about my own.'"

When he was getting breakfast next morning, he saw the girls walk up the dale. He thought he knew which way they were going, and, if he hurried, might overtake them, but with an effort dismissed the plan. After waiting an hour, he resumed his journey, and some days later returned to the creeper-covered house. In the evening he sat on the terrace with Annet, who presently remarked—

"Bob's absurd request has one redeeming feature—he doesn't ask us to send

the girl out, so to speak, on approval! He prefers to come home and look at her when he finds it convenient, if we are both satisfied. Bob doesn't express himself very happily, but one knows what he means."

"He said he didn't want to waste time," Festing agreed.

"Just so," said Annet, with a twinkle. "Bob is a painfully practical fellow. Well,



"'I suppose some of the prairie farmers do fall in love.'"

I think I know somebody who might suit, and Alice will take you to see her."

Festing knitted his brows. "I'd sooner she didn't. The fact is, the thing begins to look much worse than I thought. However, I promised——"

"And feel you must make good? Well, go and talk to Alice."

When Festing joined Alice, she said: "As I'm going to take you to a tennis party, I hope you play well?"

"I don't," said Festing. "Haven't touched a racket since I was sixteen."

"That's rather a pity; but I dare say we can find you somebody nice to talk to between the games."

Festing looked hard at her, wondering how much she knew, but she resumed: "You haven't told me how you enjoyed your tour among the high fells."

He related his adventures, and, without quite intending it, began to talk about the girl who walked like a mountain deer. He thought Alice looked amused, but it was not until afterwards he saw that she had led him on with tactful questions.

"You waited behind when they started again next morning?" she remarked. "Well, I suppose that was the proper thing."

Next afternoon she took Festing to a small country house. A larch wood rolled up the hill behind it, a tarn gleamed in the red heath one saw across the lawn, and white-clad figures moved about the net upon the sunny grass. One was marked by a curious grace, and, when she looked round, Festing felt his heart beat. It was the girl who walked like a deer. By and by she left the others, and Alice beckoned.

"Maud," she said, "I want to present Mr. Festing, who's a friend of Bob's from Canada. He doesn't play tennis much, and if you're not in the next game——" Then she smiled at Festing rather curiously. "Miss Kenrick."

She left them, and an embarrassing suspicion dawned on Festing as he remembered one of Annet's remarks; but when they reached a bench in the shade, he began to talk about the mountains.

"It looks as if you were behind us all the day after we met," Miss Kenrick said.

"That's so," Festing agreed. "In fact, I waited when I saw you start." He paused, and added naïvely: "I really wanted to hurry on, but didn't think I ought——"

She laughed, the frank laugh with the little trill, but changed the subject. "So you know Bob Annet? He was a friend of ours before he went to Canada, but that is some time since. How is he getting on, and what is he like now?"

Festing braced himself. Miss Kenrick was obviously Annet's choice, and, as he had rashly given his promise, he must do his best for Bob.

"Bob's a very good fellow, and the right man for Canada. Nothing tires him; I think he revels in difficulties. He has had a few bad setbacks, but he's the kind of fellow that trouble nerves. He's cool, steady as a rock, and essentially practical."

"Yes," she agreed, "Bob was like that. But I suppose he has some faults?"

Festing pondered. He was Bob's friend, but the girl ought to be warned.

"He has certainly no weaknesses, but perhaps one's useful virtues can be too marked. It's curious, but I'm beginning to see that now. I mean that in Canada there's a risk of getting too absorbed in one's work—thinking only of one's crop and the dollars it will bring. One misses something—but I'm getting sentimental."

Maud Kenrick smiled. "You don't like sentiment? But go on—I'm not bored."

"Well," said Festing thoughtfully, "England has taught me something, and made me dissatisfied. I'm afraid we're rather a materialistic lot on the plains. You see, life has graces we can't enjoy, and, perhaps, foolishly despise. It's well to rely upon oneself, but at times one gets lonely—horribly lonely in the bitter winter nights. Even the farm books pall; you begin to feel you want something more."

"Are you describing Bob Annet's feelings now, or yours?"

Festing made an abrupt movement. "I believe I'm talking about my own."

The girl smiled. "Romance calls to everybody, but many will not hear. After all, I suppose some of the prairie farmers do fall in love."

"Now and then. Still, there are not many girls on the plains, and the life is very hard for a woman. To begin with, she must be a good cook and housekeeper, and know how to drive a team."

"Useful qualifications, but perhaps they don't cover all the ground."

"They don't," said Festing, colouring. "Well, I've admitted that we're a horribly utilitarian lot. In fact, one learns in England that one's views about many things—— But I'm talking nonsense."

"No," said Maud. "You have told me what you feel; now tell me what you do."

Festing, who was on surer ground, did his best. He wanted her to understand something of the strain and effort the Western farmers bore and made. He told her of their anxiety about the June rain, and how they watched the clear green sky in autumn, when early frosts nip the ripening wheat. But it was the work that stood out sharpest, and he made her see the dusty men guiding the big gasolene tractors that tore the clods apart in spring, or tramping down the half-mile furrow behind the sweating teams. He showed her the mowers clattering through the wild grass in the dried-up sloos, while thunder-clouds that did not break rolled across the sky before the boisterous wind; and, last, the rows of binders advancing through the golden grain.

It was a clean, brave life he pictured, and she saw, though he did not, the romance of this stubborn conquest of the wilderness. It seemed that Bob Annet was among the pioneers, but she was not thinking of him. Something in Festing's voice and lean, brown face fixed her attention. He would go far—farther than Bob—when something that was now awakening was fully roused. There was a power in romance that exceeded the strength of many horses and gasolene ploughs.

"You have pleaded well for the utilitarian," she said, getting up. "After all, other people trust the man who relies upon himself."

"But I wasn't defending the utilitarian," he answered awkwardly. "I think I was trying to get hold of something elusive that lies behind our practical point of view."

"Perhaps it's worth while to persist; a clearer light may dawn on you some day. But we have moralised long enough, and I'm wanted for the next game."

She went away, and when Alice came up and asked what he thought of her, he answered emphatically that he found her charming.

"Maud is charming, but that doesn't go quite far enough, if you grasp what I mean."

"I think I do," Festing replied, with

a steady look. "Did you know she was stopping at the farm in the dale?"

"I did know," said Alice, who met his glance.

Festing got embarrassed, and she laughed.

"Bob really is ridiculous," she said, and left him wondering what she meant.

After this he met Maud Kenrick once or twice a week, and was half relieved and half embarrassed because Annet said nothing about Bob's request. Still, the old man's eyes sometimes twinkled when Festing came home with Alice from a tennis party. At length Festing went up to him one evening on the terrace.

"There's something I must tell you, sir," he remarked. "In fact, I ought to have done so before."

"Ah!" said Annet. "I expect it's about Maud Kenrick. Have you decided yet if she would suit Bob?"

"I'm afraid I haven't been fair to Bob. If Miss Kenrick's willing, I mean to marry her myself."

"Well," said Annet, smiling, "I'm not surprised by this resolve. In fact, it would be a good thing if you can carry it out."

Next day Festing found Maud alone on a shady lawn, and began to talk with awkward eagerness, until she interrupted with a look that steadied him. There was faint amusement in it, and something else.

"Then you are no longer speaking for your friend? Whose cause are you pleading now?"

"My own," said Festing.

"Very well," she answered quietly. "What have you to offer besides a share in your work and the prairie farm?"

Festing told her, and she gave him a frank but tender smile.

"Ah," she said, "these things are worth much, but I'm not sure you knew their value not long ago."

"I'm learning," Festing rejoined. "I owe that to you. Perhaps, if you help, I'll see clearer yet. But I know I can't go on alone."

Maud gave him her hand. "Then we must go together—I with my romantic dreams, which you will turn into realities." Then she blushed and laughed, the laugh with the trill. "There are advantages in marrying a practical man."

YOUTH'S SECRET.

FROM you a secret thing I learned
When Youth was wistful with desire,
When in our eager blood Spring burned,
And Knowledge was a beacon fire—

A beacon fire set on a height
Inland, but shining on the sea;
A prophecy, a new delight,
A calmness and tranquillity.

And, steering there, my vessel's prow
Found harbour from the storms of Youth.
This is the secret thing which now
Has made me captain of the truth;
This is the secret thing I learned,
A beacon fire set on a height
For Youth made wistful with desire
Through gazing on an unknown sea:
This is the secret truth you burned
Into my soul—a new delight,
A calmness and tranquillity!

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE REAPING

By M. GRANT BRUCE

Illustrated by Fred Leist

CON REGAN stood on the bank of the creek, looking across the paddocks—a short, square-built man, with a face lined and clean-shaven, and ordinarily a twinkle in his eye. Just now, however, the twinkle was absent.

On either side of the creek, flowing sluggishly through the flats, were crops of oats, rippling as the wind passed over their yellowing heads. They were good crops—tall and heavy, with scarcely any uneven patches in their smooth outlines. It had been a bad season for the rest of the district, with late ploughing and fallowing, followed by a scanty allowance of rain. You could ride through all the farms about, and find no crops half so good as the oats on either bank of Blackfellow's Creek. For the land there was peculiarly rich; moreover, an early flood had given it a coating of silt, and the big irrigation drain that Con Regan had cut three years ago made the flats almost independent of rain. Lucky was the man that held them, said the district—an opinion in which Con Regan heartily concurred.

Nevertheless, it was the same reflection that had brought furrows into his brow as he looked over the paddocks this bright December morning. For by rights he should have held all the fat acres of Nymponga that bore the rippling oats; and, in reality, all that he could claim as his own was the poorest part—a third of the Nymponga land, beginning from the creek frontage where he stood, and running back to his cottage, which occupied a tiny rise in the furthest corner of the farm. It was his original holding, rented for ten years. Five years back, careful saving had enabled him to rent the rest of the farm, and by draining and clearing he had made the whole into one very excellent block of land. A good tenant, Con, working early and late, and always with an inborn sense of respect and regard for the soil, that prevented his ever eating the heart out of it or cropping it unmercifully. Many Australian tenants are without this feeling for the land they hold. But Con was an Irishman, and to the men of the little green island across the world a few acres are wealth, and the land means everything. Con respected Nymponga very highly. In his heart he fully intended to buy it one day, and then to change its "haythenish" name to "Ballymachree" immediately.

It was the fact that Con was an Irishman that had caused his own undoing. Where business was concerned he was nothing if not free-and-easy. He hated writing a letter, and dodged signing his name on every possible opportunity. Lawyers were abhorrent to him since once, in Galway, a foxy-faced attorney had "done" his father for the price of a pig. He used a bank with inward protest, and would have derived far more personal satisfaction from hoarding his savings in an old stocking. But Mrs. Con was an Australian, and by no means devoid of common-sense. As she pointed out, an old stocking gave you no interest, and in the case of a thieving swagman or a bush fire, where were you? Con gave in as far as the bank was concerned. But lawyers and leases and deeds he lumped together as inventions of the devil.

When he first rented Nymponga, Con had taken over another man's lease, and its renewal had been merely a matter of form. His second venture—the remaining portion of the farm—had received no legal sanction. To the cheerful Irishman the suspicion never occurred that all farmers were not as simple and confiding as himself. He drew out a rough agreement, with queer turns of phrase

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and queerer spelling, and it bore the signatures of himself and his landlord, Murdoch Grier. Under this imposing document, Nymponga, from boundary to boundary, was his for ten years, with the right of renewal. He paid a stiff rent, but he knew the land was worth it; and, secure in his long lease, Con went ahead with his drains.

Thus it had been something of a shock when, a year ago, Murdoch Grier had calmly intimated his intention of resuming the more recently leased land. The shock had communicated itself to the district, for Con was exceedingly popular, and his good nature and kindliness of heart made him everyone's friend, while Grier was a dour man, with a well-merited reputation for close-fistedness. Doubtless the sight of his tenant's well-improved acres was a temptation, coupled with the knowledge that the precious "agreement" had neither witnesses, stamp, nor any other formality necessary for legality. Grier wanted land for cropping, and there was none in the district so good as his own, held by the improvident Mr. Regan. The rent, though good, was nothing compared to the chances of harvest. Therefore, upheld by the majesty of law, Grier re-entered into possession, and forthwith commenced to plough the flats.

Con had not submitted tamely. A wrathful pilgrimage with his "lease" to various men in the district had convinced him that to go to law about the matter was useless; he had no legal standing, and where was the use of throwing good money after bad? Therefore he had solaced his soul by meeting Mr. Grier in the sale-yards, and telling him, in many well-chosen words, his opinion of him, which burst of oratory he followed up by smiting his landlord incontinently on the nose, to the unconcealed joy of the bystanders. Mr. Grier belonged to the breed that turns the other cheek; he had abstained from retaliating in kind, but had summoned Con for assault. A magistrate well known as a patron of the prize-ring had fined the Irishman five shillings with an air of judicially suppressed approval, and had addressed caustic words of sympathy to the plaintiff. On the whole, the honours rested anywhere but with Mr. Grier.

At the time these things had been balm to Con's hurt spirit. But by now their effect was waning, and philosophy of no mean order was necessary to help him to bear the sight of Grier's oats. "Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." The crop that was mainly the result of his own drudgery was ripening for another man's harvesting, and the thought was bitter. Mr. Grier's nose, permanently a trifle askew, might have recovered its balance with gratification at Con Regan's face this morning.

He lifted his head as a dull whirr came across the rippling oats.

"'Tis the reaper an' binder beginnin'," he said aloud. "Bad luck to him, an' him gettin' ahead of me wid John Simmons, an' no other machine to cut me crop till he gets done!"

"Morning, Con!" said a new-comer, riding into view round a clump of dogwood, and carefully skirting the oats that grew almost to the bank. "I hear Grier beat you over getting Simmons to cut for him?"

"He did, then," Con answered, lighting his pipe. His face, never darkened for long, suddenly grew cheery. "Sure, Simmons 'ud 'a' slipped him up if I'd asked him, he was that wild to think I'd go waiting. But there's no good in that. More, be token, Grier's sold all his oats to Barker at the store. Barker's got a big conthrack for an Indian shipper, and oats is scarce, so he offered a big price for Grier's, they're that good. I cud 'a' got in there, if I'd known. But me bein' busy wid things at home, an' the twins only a fortnight old come Monday, I missed it." He grinned, pushing back his felt hat. "Sure, it's his year," he said. "I towld Annie I'd call wan o' the twins Murdoch, an' she relapsed on me!"

Norman Patterson laughed.

"I'd back you to keep cheerful under any circumstances," he said. "But it's hard luck for you, Con, old man, and we're all darned sorry for you. I came down to see you about something rather important, though. Heard anything of caterpillars?"

"Caterpillars, is it?" Con asked. "Divil a hear have I heard—a man don't hear much up at my place, barrin' them twins. You don't say they're comin', Norman?"

"Well, they're at Rosebank, and that's not far off, seeing how they travel," Patterson answered. "I'm jolly glad my crop's in, such as it is. Of course, these flats of yours and Grier's are later than any of our crops."

"Rosebank!" said Con, scratching his head. "'Tis but a jump f'r a caterpillar from there to here. No wonder Grier's hurryin'. Well, if the creek don't stop 'em, it's a bad look-out for me, an' no reaper an' binder till Grier's oats is cut."

"Don't wait for it," Patterson said

earnestly. "The crop's too good to risk, Con."

"Sure, there's no other."

"Buy one, man."

"Me, is it? D'ye think I'm made of money, ye grinnin' image?" said Con pleasantly. "Why not an airyplane as well? Why, they cost——"

"Oh, I know what they cost," Patterson said. "But you'd save it in the crop, and next year you could hire it out. I'll halve it with you, if you like—it's always a good investment. I know McVea, who makes the brand Simmons has; he'll send one down at once, and you'll only have to pay a deposit. Let me send him a telegram."

"Ye go too quickly," Con said. "Give a man time to think."

"Hang it all, Con, the caterpillars won't give you time to think!" cried Patterson. "They've cleared out three crops at Rosebank. If they get to Grier's in time, they'll take every head of oats he's got. I'd give my hat to see you beat Grier."

"Then send the tallygrum," Con said desperately. "Will I be able to run the insthrumint when it comes?"

"McVea'll send a man with it; and I know a bit about them," Patterson said. "I'll telephone, I think—it's quicker. So long, old man!" He cantered off quickly, leaving Con staring after him, considerably bewildered. Across the oats came the hum of the binder working through Grier's oats; it did not seem possible that danger, silent and stealthy, should lurk behind the peace of the morning. But Con Regan knew the little black caterpillar of old. He shook his head, whistling dolefully, as he strode homewards.

The district liked Con Regan. A man who is a good neighbour goes on his way, not suspecting the effect of the little kindnesses that he does as a matter of course, and sometimes no harvest ever comes home to him. But now and then opportunity arises to lend a helping hand, when it can be done without hurting a man's pride, and so the district came out to help Con Regan. There were men in plenty to wrestle with the idiosyncrasies of the new reaper and binder that came post-haste from McVea; there were relays of big farm horses, with many hands to do the "stooking" when the sheaves fell behind the machine. December's sun came out fiercely, which was as well for the crop, since there was no time to leave it long on the ground when cut. The men worked at it, grimed with dirt and sweat; their women-folk drove over at noon and at "Smoke-Oh" time in comfortable farm-carts, bringing huge supplies of "tucker," and, having fed their lords, drove on to call on Mrs. Regan and little Jimmy, and Mollie, and Patsy, and Terence, and the twins. Never were children so bewildered with good things; never had twins such an outfit of mysterious knitted garments. The district became a family party, and at least three feuds that had originated over the brands of calves were healed over the saving of Con Regan's crop.

A man rode up one hot afternoon and joined the group about the reaper and binder, which was suffering from internal qualms consequent on trying to digest a root. Beneath it, Norman Patterson lay on his back and, purple in the face, performed weird operations with a screw-wrench. The new-comer spoke briefly.

"They've come," he said.

"Th' caterpillars?" Regan's voice shook a little.

"'M! They're in Grier's."

"But his crop's cut!"

"That won't make any difference, I don't believe," said the man. "There's a bloomin' army of 'em! Grier's had men tryin' to keep 'em back at his boundary drain, but y' might as well try an' sweep back the sea. I guess you've got two chances, Con—Grier's crop and your creek. That may stop 'em."

"Then we've got no time to waste," Patterson said, struggling to his feet. "That's got her, I reckon—she'll go now. It's full moon to-night—we needn't knock off early. Come up, Nugget! Blossom!" He whistled to the team, and the cumbersome machine moved off slowly through the narrowing belt of oats that still stood. The men behind threw themselves on the sheaves as they fell.

Over the cut sheaves of Grier's crops the silent black army came like a wave, stealthy and soft and pitiless, no foe so helpless or so mighty. Where a hundred were crushed beneath a man's boot, a thousand came to blot out the slaughter. They came with an army's ordered discipline—myriads of slender, black, creeping things, all moving in one direction, never turned aside for more than a moment. The road beyond the farm was black with their moving bodies all swayed by some mysterious impulse of progress. Behind them lay harvest fields, devastated and fouled with their passage. They came to the fat sheaves and covered them, instinct, cruel and infallible, carrying them

up the tall stems into the heart of the grain; the stooks were dark with them, and there was no escape. Steadily, relentlessly, they ate their way through the cut acres. Beyond, the creek, wide and sluggish, baffled them; they crept up and down the bank, said, with a mighty sigh of relief. "And thank the Lord for that!"

"Coupled wid the disthrick," said Con Regan, and laughed, though his eyes were weary. "I have a mighty big account to settle wid all you boys."



"The men worked at it . . . their women-folk drove over at noon."

finding no way of crossing save the one bridge, where three men watched night and day to fight them back. Over the creek the lean Victorian farmers slaved cheerily at the Irishman's crop, carrying it out of danger.

"That's the last load," Norman Patterson

"No, you haven't," Weston of Menauga said, laughing. "It's been no end of a lark!"

"Well, as y' look at it that-how——" said Con. "An', praise the pigs, ye beat them little black divils! But I'll not forget."

"There's not one oat left in all Grier's

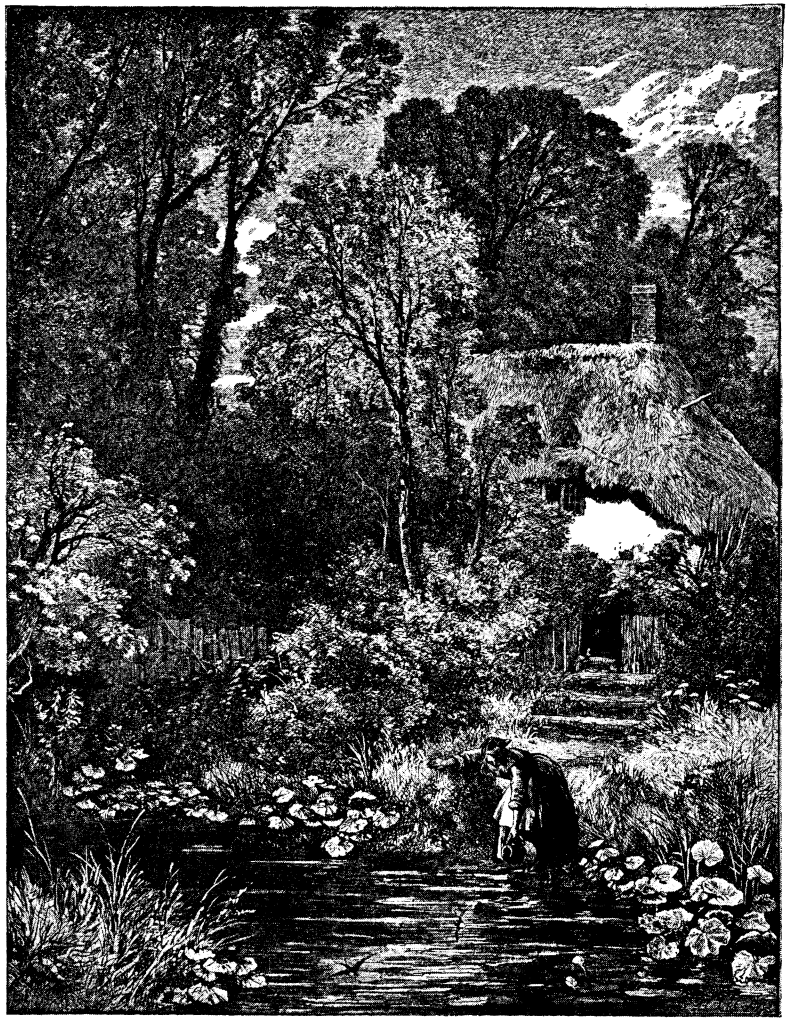
crop," Patterson said. "Harrison went over it this morning. He says he never saw anything so horribly thorough. It's only fit to be burned. Couldn't even chaff it."

"Poor beggar!" said Con.

The men stared.

"You've not got much cause to pity him, old man," Weston said.

"I s'pose not. But a man wid a crop like that, an' that good land! Sure, I know how he'd feel. An' Barker's been to me to fill his conthrack for India. Grier can't let him have so much as a bag. 'Tis meself'll be buyin' an airyplane, afther all, thanks to the boys!" Con grinned at the friendly faces half sheepishly, his eyes wandering to the loaded wagon that was creaking towards the house across the stubble. "An' how am I to call the twins afther all of ye, seein', more be token, as how one's a girl?"



"THE DIPPING PLACE."

BY BIRKET FOSTER.



TYPICAL GARHWAL RIFLEMEN.

THE WORK OF THE SIKHS, PATHANS, GARHWALIS AND JATS IN THE WAR

By H. D. GIRDWOOD

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TO the majority of Englishmen the words Sikhs, Pathans, Garhwalis, Jats, etc., are merely names for races in India. To Indian officials and to the vast millions of India, however, they represent some of the most warlike and virile races of fighters of the East. Their ancestors, indeed, won great battles in the dim past, even before the birth of Western nations.

Their forbears saw mighty empires rise and fall. Amid the wreckage of world States they were left in stubborn possession of their hardy homes on the slopes of the mighty mountain ranges of the Himalayas. Adown their whole history—which, in the case of the Jats especially, reaches back even to prehistoric times—they have never espoused a cause which has stirred the people of India so deeply and fervently as that of fighting to uphold the great tradition of the mightiest Empire that has yet arisen.

Indians of every race have proved, by their undying devotion and heroic sacrifice in every theatre of war, that they are worthy sons of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

When we realise what the Indian Expeditionary Force—including British and Indian troops—did in the early critical days of the War. then the glorious part played by India in the great battles of Ypres will be for ever emblazoned on the scroll of Empire in brighter characters than any gorgeous colourings of the East or of those roseate sunsets which herald the Indian monsoon.

In a previous number of THE WINDSOR the work of the Gurkhas in the War was surveyed, and, in justice to the other grand fighters of India, it is only fitting that their

glorious record should also receive its tribute in the same pages. Every caste and race at the beginning of the War vied with one another in offers of loyalty, and in France, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, and East Africa performed deeds of immortal glory.

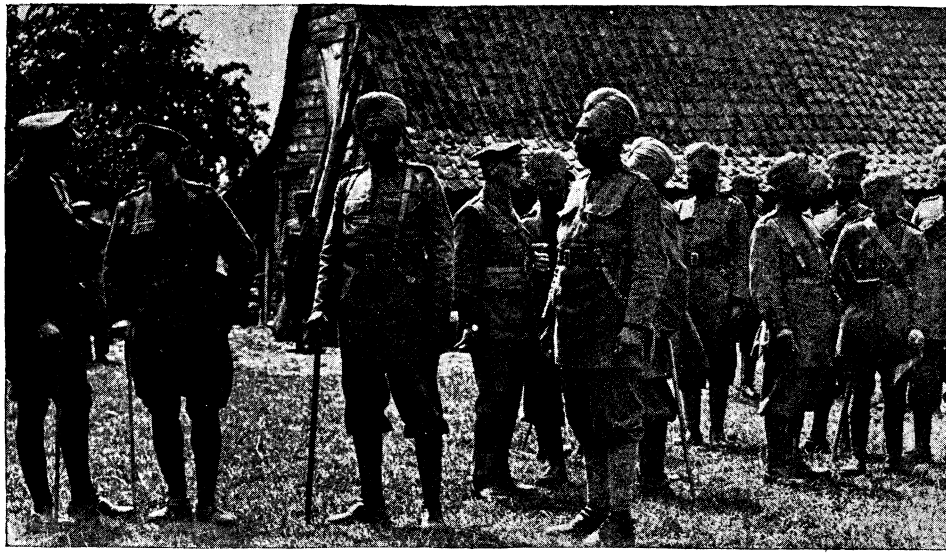
Within nine days after war was declared, supply and transport officers—some of whom had come from the remotest parts of India, a journey of nearly two thousand miles—sailed for Egypt.

They were but the van of that mighty host which India has since contributed to the various theatres of war.



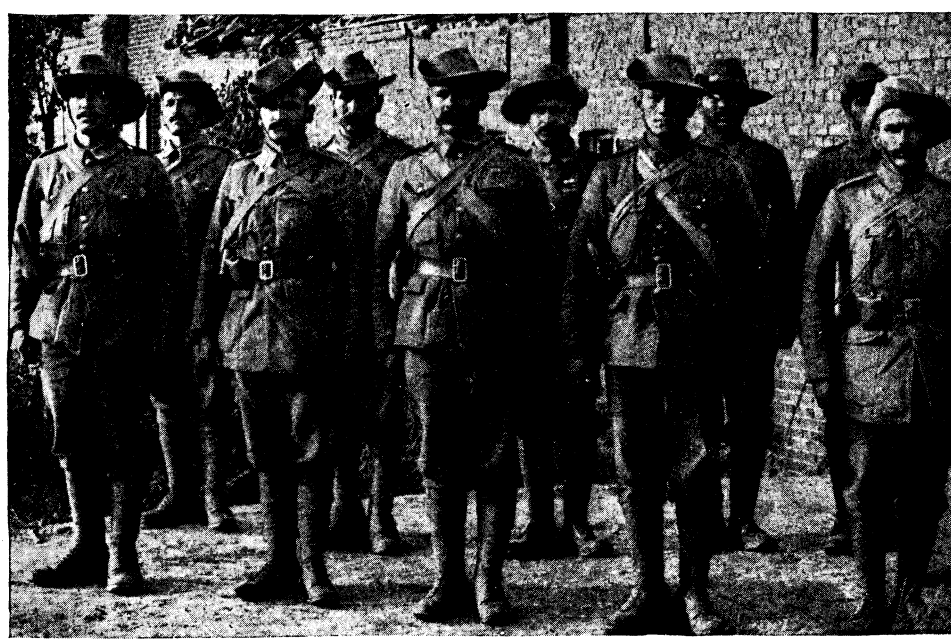
SIKHS SINGING RELIGIOUS CHANTS OUTSIDE THEIR BILLETS.

On a dreary, rainy November afternoon, in the opening year of the War, one saw, stretching along the quay at Marseilles, thousands upon thousands of Indian troops recently landed from the fleet of transports. What a contrast to the bright, sunny land of Ind that they had left behind them across the thousands of miles of blue water! In this mighty concourse of men were troops from various parts of India: there were men of our crack cavalry regiments, Jacob's Horse, Jodhpur Lancers, etc.; there were Sikhs from the golden city of Amritsar, Pathans from the northern borders of India; there were Baluchis, Garhwalis, and other warlike tribes from the States on the borderland; there were Imperial Service troops from twenty of the great States of India. The whole quayside was one mass of bustle and animation. Guns, ammunition, aeroplanes, fodder, and stores of every description were being unloaded from the ships; hundreds of men were piling this material into mountains. Here a group of Hindus led a flock of goats off to their encampment; there men of the Poona Horse were sharpening their swords on grindstones by the water's edge, in anticipation of the happy day when they would be used against the enemy. A party of Jats squatted around a hookah, or hubble-bubble, an Indian apparatus for smoking tobacco by drawing smoke first through water. Mingling with the crowd were groups of French people, lost in admiration at the splendid physique and soldierly bearing of these magnificent troops of the East, who were the very first to come at the call of the Mother Country, and were here present in the land of France to do their share in ridding her fair soil of the



GROUP OF BRITISH AND INDIAN OFFICERS OF THE SIKHS.

invader. No wonder the French nation took the Indians to heart, and did their utmost to give these fighting races of India a hearty welcome to their country. There were many critics in the War's early days who stated that Indian troops would never stand the rigours of a European winter, but they forgot that the "cold season" on the plains of Northern India is very often accompanied with sleet, snow, and ice. Sharp frosts are common, but for the most part the winters are fairly dry. In one respect, indeed, the Indians in France found the climate most trying, namely, in the terrible amount of rain, damp, and mud. Unaccustomed as they were to this wretched combination of cold and rain, they suffered considerably during their first winter in France, notwithstanding the great efforts that were made to provide them with heavier clothing and



INDIAN OFFICERS OF THE GARHWALIS.

extra comforts, which were sent, not only by many relief organisations in India, but likewise by some excellent ones here.

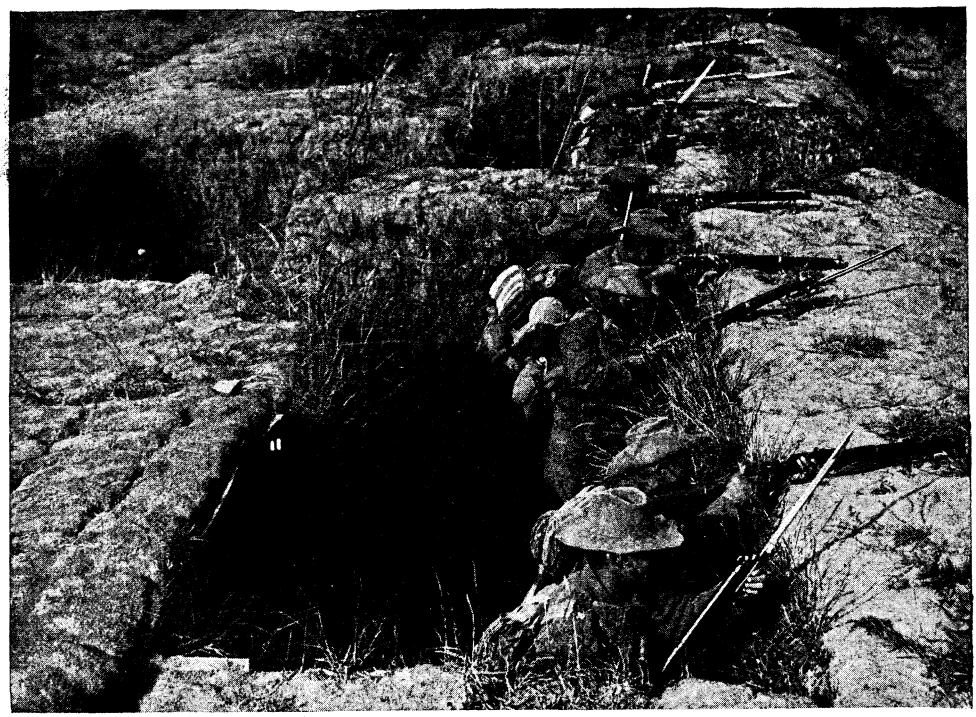
Before entering into any details of the wonderful work that the various races of Indians did in France and elsewhere in this world conflict, it may be useful to state briefly a few characteristics of these warrior races, which individually are as proud of their fighting traditions as any line regiments in our own regulars.

First and foremost let us place those natural born fighters, the Sikhs, who are both courteous and slow in speech, but swift to strike. Even in peace time they form a large part of the regular Indian Army. They are noted for their distinguished military bearing, thousands of them being over six feet high, and, furthermore, their long hair, dressed up around a dagger, and with a comb inserted, accentuates their splendid stature. They are relentless fighters, fearless in attack—many of them were wiped out in one attack in Gallipoli, but each lay prostrate over the dead body of a Turk. They will die at a post rather than retire. They are non-smokers and non-drinkers, although it is only the very orthodox who strictly obey the latter rule.

The Sikhs are particularly favoured by the military authorities. One of the sweeping reforms introduced by the late Lord Kitchener, when Commander-in-Chief in India, was to abolish several regiments from the extreme south of India, whose peoples are of a non-military character, being old Dravidian stock, and also less virile, owing to the extremely enervating climate of their country, and replace them with new regiments of Sikhs and other hardy fighters of the bracing hill districts of the north.

The Pathans include all the warlike tribes on the north-west frontier of India, such as the Afridis, whom I met in my journey into Afghanistan some years ago. They are settlers in India from Afghanistan, and now number about four millions. They speak Pushto, a somewhat difficult language to learn. The Greek historian and traveller Herodotus makes mention of them. Originally bred in the mountain fastnesses of Afghanistan, they are of magnificent fighting spirit and warlike propensities, as the following trait of one of the tribes, which are so numerous and puzzling in nomenclature, clearly reveals :—

Wealth among this particular tribe of the



GARHWALIS READY TO REPULSE AN ATTACK.

Afridis is estimated by the number of cattle and rifles one possesses. But the son often inherits a far stranger legacy, "the blood feud." This means family or tribal animosity against a certain other family or clan. Thereafter all through his life the son seeks every opportunity to avenge himself upon his enemy, created by inheritance.

To guard against any deadly surprises, individual watch-towers are built around one's domain. Many are the subterfuges practised to induce the unsuspecting owner to come out, when he is greeted with volleys of rifle-fire.

I found no less than seven dangerously wounded Afridis in the hospital at Lundhi Khotal, on the borders of Afghanistan, who had been wounded in such attacks on watch-towers in religiously paying their blood feud.

On the other hand, the Pathans are capable of great attachment, not only to their own kinsmen, but also to their British officers. I recall the occasion when the late colonel of the 40th Pathans, who had left his regiment on a staff appointment, revisited the men after they had suffered severely in a bayonet attack. Such was the great



JATS PERFORMING THEIR NATIVE MUSIC IN FRANCE.

fellowship between the colonel and his regiment, that tears of tender sympathy flowed from many a staunch fighter.

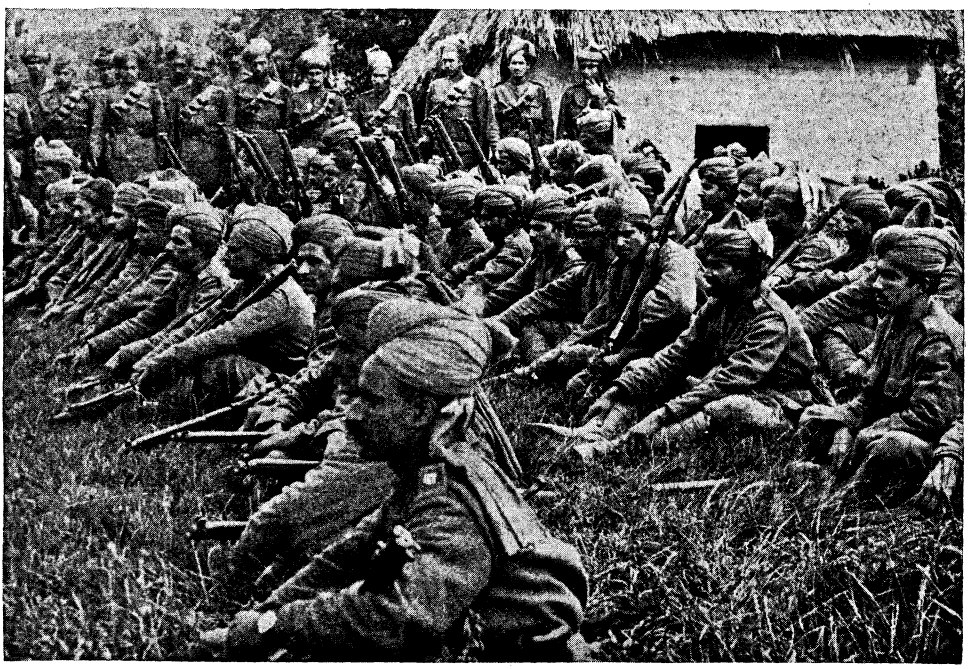
The Garhwalis, like the Gurkhas, with whom they are often confused by the superficial observer, come from the mighty slopes of the Himalayas. Their country teems with lofty mountain peaks, Nanda Devi, 25,661 feet, being the best known.

The Garhwal kingdom was founded five hundred years ago by Ajai Pal, a powerful chief, who reduced all the petty chieftains, and whose descendants ruled until 1803, when the formidable Gurkhas subdued the country, and ruled it with such an iron hand that Jats gained no headway until the overthrow of the Mogul dynasty.

Several great ruling chiefs have sprung from the Jat settlers. One branch, adopting the Sikh religion, founded the present dynasties of the famous States of Patiala, Nabha, and Jhind, from which the Sikh fighters are so largely drawn.

The Lahore Division was the first to arrive in the battle zone in October, 1914; and upon the arrival of the Sirhind Brigade, on December 7, the whole of the Indian Army Corps was completed.

As fast as the Indian Divisions arrived in France they were pushed up into the firing-



SOME NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE RIFLES.

they themselves came into conflict with the British, and the country was annexed.

The Jats are by far the most numerous, as well as the oldest, of the four races under review. Their six or seven millions are spread over a large part of the Punjab, Rajputana, and United Provinces, as well as being scattered over Sind and the borderland. Hindu legends point to the Jats occupying the Indus Valley even in prehistoric times.

One of the greatest naval disasters of ancient times was inflicted on the thousands of defenceless Jat boats by the formidable river flotilla of the Mohammedan invaders. So decisive indeed was this defeat that the

line, and did magnificent work in holding the dangerously thin line, especially during the second battle of Ypres. The Indian Expeditionary Force took over the trenches which had previously been held by the Second Corps. They were subsequently subjected to a most terrific bombardment by the Germans, and, as is common knowledge now, they had practically nothing with which to defend themselves. In those early days we had no effective reply to the German Minenwerfer, and, furthermore, we had practically no heavy guns or howitzers at all able to cope with the overwhelming fire of the Germans, and it speaks well for the



A PATHAN BOMBING-PARTY HURLING HAND GRENADES.

hardiness, fortitude, and bravery of these gallant troops from India that during those terrible days they withstood that devastating fire, especially under such strange surroundings and unaccustomed methods of fighting. It ill befits the haughty bearing of the Sikh fighter, or the dashing spirit of the gallant Garhwali, or the warlike traditions of the Pathan, to be pinned down to a wretched war of trenches.

That the Indians under such depressing circumstances kept alert their offensive spirit is due in a large measure to the magnificent physique, training, and daring of these troops. Masters as they were of frontier warfare, they employed a cunning and resource which years of fighting with the turbulent border tribes had taught them; and so successful were they, that they called forth the following eulogy from the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Lord French: "I have been much impressed by the initiative and resource displayed by the Indian troops; some of the ruses they have employed to deceive the enemy have been attended with the best results, and have doubtless kept superior forces in front of them at bay."

From the vantage ground of the roof of the officers' mess at Lundhi Khotal, in the



PLAYING THE MARSEILLAISE TO A FRENCH AUDIENCE ON A FARM AT THE FRONT.

Khyber Pass, I witnessed the Indian troops charge up a neighbouring Afridi hill, on the occasion of the visit of Their Majesties the King and Queen—as Prince and Princess of Wales—to India, and the conviction is borne in upon me by fourteen years' residence there, and intimate acquaintance with some of these Indian regiments, that they have no superior in hill fighting, probably, in the whole world.

Nearly a dozen of the Indian Maharajahs and Princes at one time or another have served in France. Giving up their life of luxury and ease in India, as rulers over millions of subjects, and leaving the affairs



BRITISH AND INDIAN OFFICERS OF THE RIFLES.

of their States, they have proved their loyalty and faithfulness on the battlefields of Flanders, among the most familiar names being those of the Maharajahs of Bikanir, Patiala—who, perforce, had to return sick from Aden—Jodhpur, and that Maharajah whose name is a household word among all those who know even the least of Indian affairs—Sir Pertab Singh, whom many have described as the finest example of Indian gentleman now living. It was to him—together with H.H. the Maharajah of Rutlam, who was specially summoned from France for this ceremony—that Queen Alexandra presented the colours at the India Office on November 23, 1916, on behalf of the Indian troops who contributed to the help of the Empire during the War's most critical days.

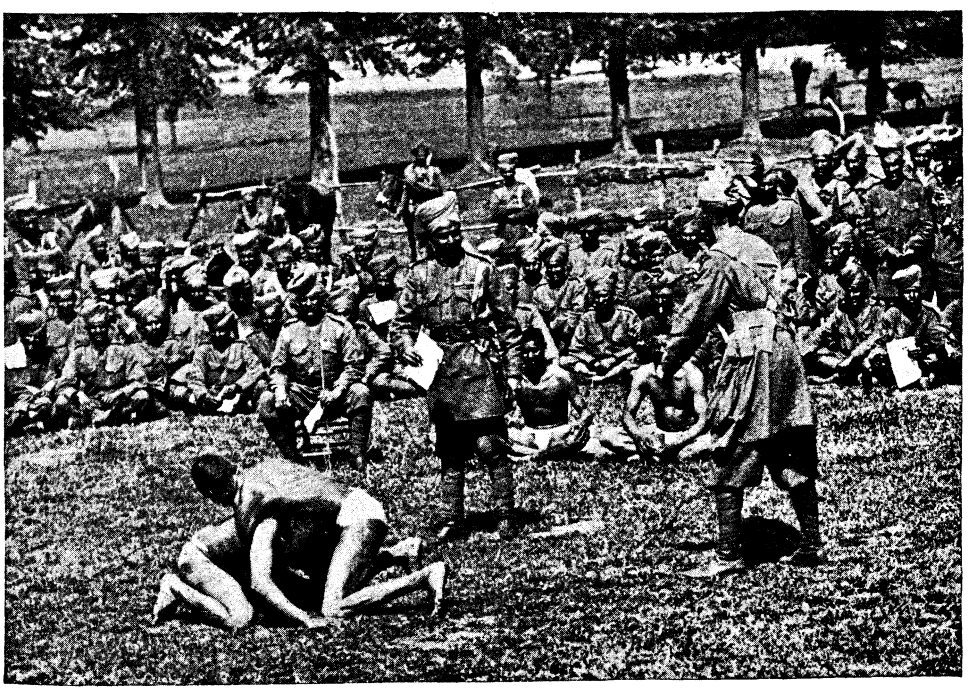
Let us now take a brief survey of the more important battles in which Indian troops have participated.

During December, 1914, General Sir James Willcocks, commanding the Indian Corps, attacked the advanced German trenches on his front. At first the attack, which was launched by the Meerut and Lahore Divisions, was made with considerable success, several lines of the enemy's trenches being captured with very little loss; but the Germans opened up a terrible fire with artillery and trench mortars, and the next day attacked with heavy forces and drove some of the Indian troops back and captured a part of Givenchy. During this fighting the 57th Rifles, 9th Bhopals, several Sikh regiments, Gurkhas, and Garhwalis, in addition to the British regiments in each brigade, suffered heavy casualties before the line was finally restored on December 23. During the battle of Neuve Chapelle, which opened early on the morning of March 10, 1915, with a powerful surprise bombardment lasting thirty-five minutes, Indian forces played a most important part; the Garhwal Brigade, with the 25th, carried the enemy's lines of



A JAT HEADQUARTERS GROUP.

entrenchments, and actually succeeded in capturing the whole of the village of Neuve Chapelle, and two brigades of the Meerut Division started to consolidate the new position. Meantime the Dehra Dun and Jullundur Brigades, moving up to the attack, were held up by a German post, and although the attack was renewed on the subsequent day, no further advance could be made until the artillery had dealt with the defended houses and positions, and owing to the telephone wires being cut, and bad weather conditions, it was impossible for the artillery to work effectively with our advancing troops, so that, although the 4th and Indian Corps most gallantly attempted to capture the strongly fortified German position on their front, they were unable to do so. The subsequent



JATS AT PLAY: A WRESTLING MATCH.

counter-attacks made by the Germans were, however, easily repulsed, and the Indian troops consolidated the ground won.

During the second battle of Ypres, on April 22 and 23, 1915, when the Germans used gas for the first time, and succeeded in driving back the French and capturing fifty guns, the Lahore Division was pushed up into the fighting, and, in conjunction with the French, succeeded in driving the enemy some distance back, but were checked by the continual use of asphyxiating gas by the Germans. During the battle of Festubert, the Indian Corps, together with the 1st Corps, made an attack between Neuve Chapelle and Givenchy. This was preceded by a surprise bombardment which commenced at 5 a.m. on the 15th; but the Indian Divisions south of Neuve Chapelle met with no successful results, owing to the strength of the enemy's position.

During the renewed fighting on the next day, however, the Indian Division played a conspicuous part, with the net result that the battle showed a gain of an average depth of four hundred yards on a four-mile front, in which seven hundred and eighty-five prisoners and ten machine-guns were captured.

During the third or final attack of the Germans on Ypres, a gallant advance was made by the 1st Indian Cavalry Division and other units, and the position was maintained throughout. As the Indian Corps formed part of the 1st Army, commanded by Sir Douglas Haig, it naturally took a very prominent part in the fighting during the summer and autumn of 1915, and especially distinguished itself in the great attacks on Loos, Hulluch, and the Hohenzollern Redoubt on September 25 onwards, when over three thousand prisoners, twenty-six field-guns, forty machine-guns, and three Minenwerfers were captured.

I had the good fortune, while in France, to spend several months with the Indian Corps, and saw a great deal of their life, not only in the front-line trenches, but also in billets. I renewed my acquaintance with that distinguished general Sir James Willcocks, who commanded the Indian Expeditionary Force, and often met officers commanding various Indian Brigades. I saw those distinguished Indian fighters, the 40th Pathans, shortly after their regiment had been cut up, and the Garhwalis after their wonderful exploits. I saw the Sikhs marching back from the trenches to their billets, under the leadership of their platoon commander, Lieutenant Smyth, shortly after he won the V.C. by one of the most daring exploits of the War. No wonder Smyth's regiment believe that he bears a charmed life, as every one of the ten Sikhs who volunteered, and crept on their hands and knees over the dead bodies of hundreds of Germans and our own men, amid a perfect hail of machine-gun fire and bursting shrapnel, in the attempt to carry bombs to their sorely-tried comrades, was killed or wounded.

As Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary of State for India, said recently, at the inauguration of the film "With the Empire's Fighters," in London: "There are Indian troops in France to this day; their gallantry, endurance, patience, and perseverance were shown under conditions new and strange to them. In men and in material the Indian authorities had readily come to the assistance of the War."

How many of us appreciate that at the most critical stage of the War—about the period of the battles of Ypres—the Indian forces were rushed up to the front-line trenches and practically tumbled into them, without any opportunity whatsoever of becoming acclimatised or accustomed to the strange and novel conditions of warfare? No praise can be too high for the wonderful work which the forces of our Indian Empire have done in France and elsewhere, and are to-day so faithfully performing in the several theatres of war. Hardships they suffered, overwhelming artillery fire they endured, and severe casualties they sustained, but to India and her valiant sons' undying credit remains the proud record that, although the line may have suffered slight indentations here and there, nowhere were the Germans able to break through, although outnumbering them in some instances ten to one. On Gallipoli beaches they have fought alongside of our gallant Anzacs; in East Africa they have assisted in winning that vast colony for our arms; even in the distant Cameroons they took a large share in the fighting, and the whole Eastern world is ringing with the praises of their part in the marvellous defeat of the Turks in the Garden of Eden.

THE SUPERMAN

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

NOW, given a palm-fringed beach in the brilliant sunshine, or in the soft light of a full moon, for that matter, with Nature in her most melting and expansive mood in the background, one of three things might conceivably happen. It might be that here the poet had come with the intention of writing another "Lalla Rookh," or maybe a master of colour might have come there with the idea of painting a great picture; and, on the other hand, the whole thing might be regarded as the background for an unusually attractive scene in musical comedy. It all depends upon the point of view and the mood that you happen to be in. And certainly the palm-fringed beach on the island of Granta, in the Coral Seas, might easily have been adapted for any of these purposes, as it lay there that placid night, with the full moon shining as per contract from a glorious tropical night, powdered with stars and scented with subtle fragrance. It lay there, with the creamy sea fringing the long stretch of dazzling sand, with the palm forest stretching inland, and the deep green hills in the background, a vision of perfect poetry and a glancing loveliness, far enough removed apparently from human strife, a glorious jewel dropped into the heart of a sapphire sea, and glowing softly and tenderly in the mellow amber light.

So far there was no sign of the painter or the poet, and apparently the musical comedy suggestion was too remote to come within the range of practical politics. And yet presently, up the beach from the lagoon on the left, there appeared a strange medley of human beings, as fantastic in that lonely spot as the figment of some amazing dream. They came in single file across the sands, about a dozen of them altogether, led by a little man in evening-dress and a typical British sailor in white ducks and a yachting cap. The little man was small and slender, pale of face and fair of hair, parted mathematically in the middle, a little man, who surveyed the amazing picture before him through an eyeglass, which only seemed to accentuate the innocent bewilderment of his features.

The men in question were followed by a string of women, every one of them in evening-dress of the daintiest kind, Paris and Bond Street confections beyond the shadow of a doubt, lacy, diaphanous robes, that showed off gleaming arms and beautiful white necks to perfection, to say nothing of the perfect coruscations of jewels that shimmered alluringly in the moonlight. And here, therefore, was musical comedy *in excelsis*.

But these were no stage beauties gathered together to dazzle the eyes of the stalls and appeal irresistibly to gilded youth lolling on cotton velvet. Neither were they such things as dreams are made of, but palpitating beautiful flesh-and-blood Englishwomen, that represented collectively some of the very best blood in the kingdom. There they were, dazzling and shimmering and, sad to say, clucking like so many startled hens. And in the language of George III., when meditating over the apple in the dumpling, the wonder was how the deuce they got there. What were they doing in their full war-paint at that time of night on what might or might not have been a desert island in the ruby heart of the Coral Seas?

But everything is capable of an explanation—even musical comedy—and, as everybody knows, accidents will happen even in the best-regulated families. To go back a little while—a few months, as a matter of fact—the Duke of Grantham, that well-

Copyright, 1917, by Fred M. White, in the United States of America.

known sportsman, had married the only daughter of an American multi-millionaire, and on the strength of it had purchased the steam yacht *Bendemeer*, the very last word in luxurious ocean travel, and, at the end of his wife's first successful season in London, had set out on a voyage round the world, together with some of the choicest flowers culled from the garden of the British aristocracy. And in the course of time the *Bendemeer* had fetched up amongst a group of islands in the Coral Seas.

And there, on the night when this veracious story opens, every man of the party, with one exception, had left the yacht with the idea of hunting jaguars on the nearest island in the moonlight. It had been a happy inspiration on the part of some reckless sportsman, and had been taken up with enthusiasm.

"We shan't be more than an hour or two," the Duke had told the Duchess. "You can play bridge, or something of that kind, and we will leave Leckie to look after you. I don't suppose he feels like jaguars."

The little pallid man in the eyeglass meekly responded that he didn't. He was no sportsman, or said he wasn't, and averred that the mere sight of a gun made him feel faint. He blinked at the Duke, and in his stammering way offered to take care of the ladies in the absence of the other men of the party. Whereat the women smiled audibly; for the idea of Bobby Leckie taking care of anything more festive than a rabbit struck them as being decidedly humorous. But Bobby Leckie took it all in good part and with a smiling good nature that rendered him a universal favourite even amongst sportsmen.

He sat on the moon-washed deck presently, basking in the smile of beauty and dazzled by jewels, until a sudden idea occurred to him. He propounded it eagerly.

"Tell you what," he said. "It's too fine to sit down there in the cabin playing bridge. Let's get out the steam pinnace and have a cruise round the islands. The moon will be up for hours yet, and the sea is like a sheet of glass. What do you people say?"

The suggestion was acclaimed with enthusiasm, and under the guidance of a reliable pilot, who rejoiced in the name of Bill Bradley, the expedition set forth. It really was a glorious night, and the steam pinnace, which really was a big petrol launch, scattered the knots under her forefoot until the yacht was lost to sight, and the boat was careering her way through uncharted seas in the hands of the blissful Bill Bradley, who was absolutely unconscious of the danger that he was running. They came under the lee of the island of Granta presently, within a mile or so of the beach, when, without warning, the boat bumped heavily on a hidden reef and slipped clumsily off again.

But the mischief was done, and it was only the speed of the motor boat that drove her up to the edge of the creaming sands before she began to fill, and the galaxy of beauty were safely landed. They were at least ten miles from the yacht on an unknown island, which might or might not have been inhabited, and they were naturally alarmed. Then, when the first feeling of fear had died away, they turned with one accord upon the unfortunate Leckie and tore him in pieces, figuratively.

He took it placidly enough, with that imperturbable good temper of his, but nothing could disturb him.

"Why blame me, dear girls?" he said. "I only made the suggestion. I didn't pile the boat up on a rock."

"But what are we to do?" the Duchess screamed.

"Oh, don't ask me," Leckie said. "We shall have to make the best of it till the men get back to the yacht and come out in search of us, which they are bound to do."

"They'll never find us," a fair-haired beauty in mauve and emeralds sobbed. "There are about a thousand of these islands here, and it would probably take the whole British Navy the best part of a year to rescue us. And, besides, what can we do in these clothes?"

"It's a warm night," Leckie stammered.

"Of course it is, idiot, or we shouldn't be here," the Marchioness of Somerfield said sarcastically. "Now, Bobby, here's a chance to show what sort of a man you are. Do you think you could play the hero, like the man in Barrie's delightful comedy? Do you think you could make fire by rubbing two sticks together, or cook turtle's eggs in hot ashes, or find water by twiddling a stick between your fingers? Could you build us huts made of grass? Because, if you can't, you are worse than useless. Still, we rely upon you."

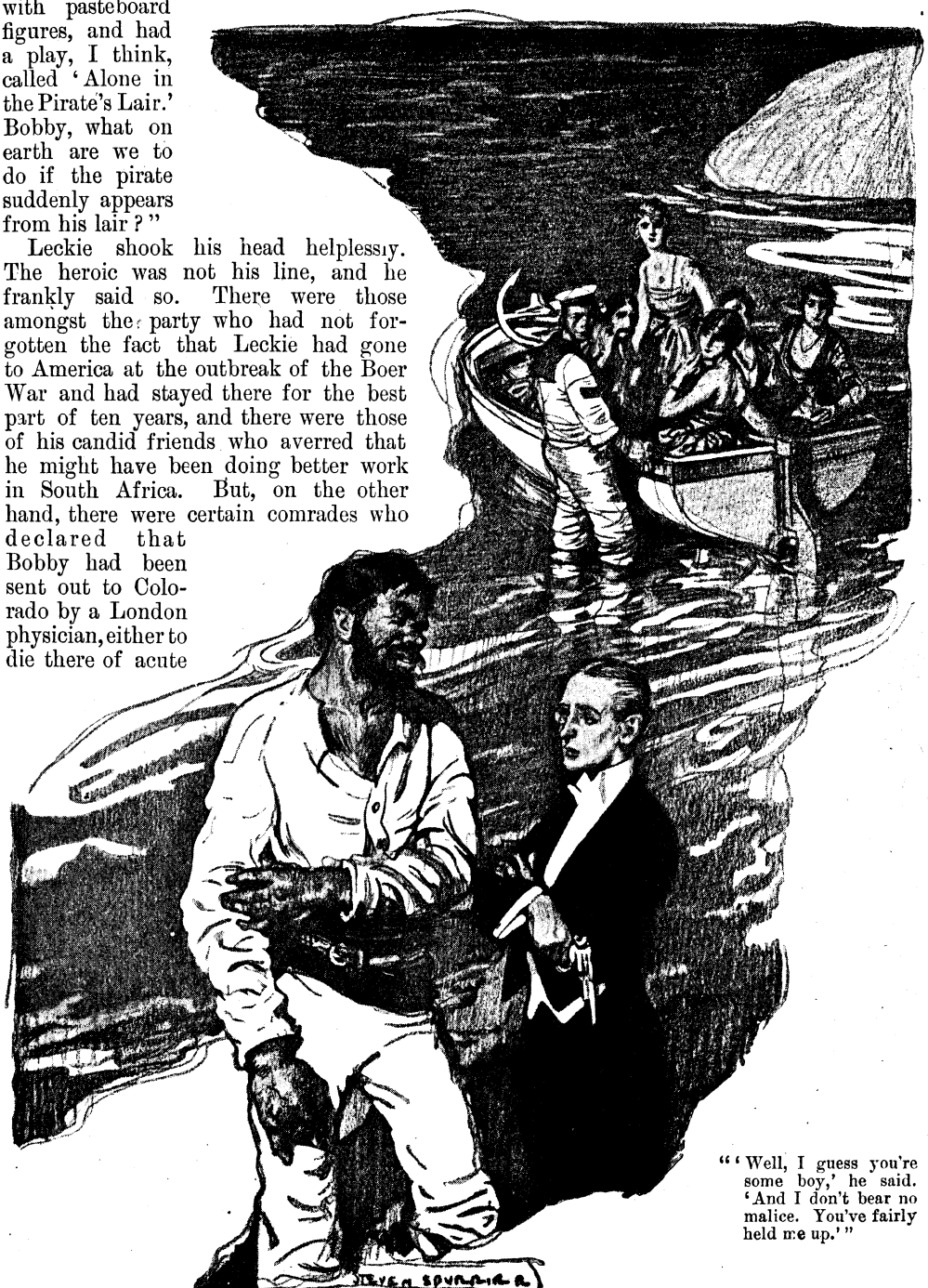
"Dear lady, I c-couldn't," Leckie stammered forlornly. "If you gave me a t-turtle's egg, I shouldn't know what to do with the bally thing."

He sat down forlornly on the sand and looked about him so helplessly that the rest of

the party forgot their misery for the moment and beamed on him almost affectionately.

"This reminds me of a toy theatre one of my brothers used to have," a girl in the party giggled. "He used to work it with pasteboard figures, and had a play, I think, called 'Alone in the Pirate's Lair.' Bobby, what on earth are we to do if the pirate suddenly appears from his lair?"

Leckie shook his head helplessly. The heroic was not his line, and he frankly said so. There were those amongst the party who had not forgotten the fact that Leckie had gone to America at the outbreak of the Boer War and had stayed there for the best part of ten years, and there were those of his candid friends who averred that he might have been doing better work in South Africa. But, on the other hand, there were certain comrades who declared that Bobby had been sent out to Colorado by a London physician, either to die there of acute lung trouble or, at any rate, prolong a monotonous existence. But on this head Bobby had always been dumb—no gibe or sneer had ever drawn an explanation from him. It was as if he wanted the incident



"'Well, I guess you're some boy,' he said. 'And I don't bear no malice. You've fairly held me up.'"

to be forgotten, a chapter in his life that he was ashamed of. Perhaps he was feeling his helplessness now, for he sat there on the sands playing irresolutely with a cigarette case. The sprightly girl in pink returned to the charge.

"Bobby, you haven't answered my question," she said. "What would you do for us if the pirate king appeared?"

"You had b-better ask him yourself," Bobby said, "because, if I am not mistaken, here the bounder is!"

There loomed across the sands in the moonlight a picturesque figure of a man in soiled white trousers and silk shirt, with a scarlet cummerbund round his waist, from which dangled a couple of holsters that palpably contained revolvers. He was a medium-sized man, with a black moustache and beard, and, indeed, he looked the musical comedy pirate to the life. He came forward and politely removed his cabbage hat.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he said in fairly good English. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you? I am Don Jamie Rodgers, at your service."

Something like a groan seemed to escape from Leckie's lips, and certainly his cheeks grew paler. For the name of Rodgers was well known to him as a desperado of the Coral Seas who had a score or more of black records to his name. He was a pirate, a pearl stealer, a smuggler of opium, and worse. And out there in those waters, where supervision was practically unknown, and the British Navy had no jurisdiction, certain scum of the earth did much as they liked, and amongst that scum there was none whose name carried more terror than that of Rodgers.

Even as he stood there, leering with his malignant eyes on the huddled flower of the British aristocracy gathered together like so many frightened birds, he was appraising the jewels that they wore in that evil mind of his. Then Leckie rose to his feet and approached the rascal timidly.

"Am I mistaken, sir," he asked, "or is that the mast of a wireless station I can see yonder?"

"Something of the sort," Rodgers grinned. "A little installation of my own, but not a powerful one."

"Then perhaps you'll l-let me have the l-loan of it?" Leckie asked. "I—I want to c-communicate with our friends over at Granta Bar. Our yacht is there. And if you'll h-help us to g-get in touch with them, I am sure that the Duke will make it worth your while. What d-d'you say?"

Don Jamie beamed on the assembled company much as a giant might have beamed on a healthy gathering of young children destined to make him a hearty midday meal.

"Well," he said, "so far as that goes, it seems to me that I shan't want to trouble the Duke. You see, it's like this, mister—I have got all I want hanging round the necks of those young women yonder. D'you savvy, old hoss?"

The old hoss aforesaid savvied right enough—in fact, that is what he had been afraid of all along.

"Y-you mean r-r-robbery?" he protested.

"Well, that's as good a word as any other," the picturesque ruffian said cheerfully. "You see, when I tumbled just now to the fact that the stalls of the Garden Theatre in New York on an opera night had slopped itself all over this beach, it seemed to me as if it would have been flying in the face of Providence not to take the opportunity. And I don't mind telling you, pard, as me and my mates in the launch yonder have been having a pretty slim time lately, and when one of those American gunboats comes nosing around here, we've got to lie considerable close. And that's why I am going to borrow the few odds and ends belonging to them tony lady friends of yours."

As the cheery ruffian spoke, three other men appeared on the scene from the direction of a launch lying a little way off the beach. They were not quite, perhaps, so picturesque as their leader, but they were by no means the class of individual that the cautious man cares to meet in a lonely lane on a dark night, and from the grin on their faces it was evident that they had taken in the situation at a glance. It was in vain that Bobby Leckie stammered and protested, in vain that he threatened subsequent violence, for presently the whole party were hustled along the sands without ceremony to a half-dismantled hut on the beach, above which stood the rugged mast to which the primitive wireless installation was attached.

"Here, I say," Leckie said, "those l-louts of yours are frightening the ladies. They are afraid of those revolvers of yours. You might p-put them out of the way, because I and the other man are q-quite at your mercy."

"Call *yourself* a man?" the pirate said. "That other chap's hefty enough, but *you*—gee whiz! Here, Joe, this chap calls himself a man!"

The individual addressed as Joe grinned as he swept a bold, bleary eye over Leckie's slender proportions. He seemed to regard the joke as an excellent one. And so they went on in silence till they came to the hut, where the womenkind were swept without ceremony into a sort of stable in the basement, and Don Jamie, followed by his satellites, strode into the building where the wireless installation was situated. Evidently they seemed to have nothing to fear, for Leckie and the unhappy Bill Bradley brought up the rear, treading close on the heels of the man who had been addressed as Joe.

"I wish I had a revolver," Bradley whispered.

"S-so you will in a minute," Leckie replied. "K-keep close to me, Bill."

A moment later and Leckie trod, either by accident or by design, on the heels of the big ruffian in front of him. The pirate turned with an oath and the upraising of a fist as big as a shoulder of mutton. The little man with the eyeglass appeared to step back, then suddenly impelled himself forward like a shot from a catapult, and his fist crashed with a jolt full on the point of his antagonist's jaw. It was just as if a small and delicate piece of machinery, with all the weight of a big horse-power engine behind it, had been set in motion, for the big man went down on his back without a sound. A second later his revolvers were in Leckie's hand, and one of them was promptly shoved into Bradley's ready fist.

"Hands up, right away!" Leckie cried.

He spoke in a clear voice, with a ring of command in it and without the slightest suggestion of a stammer. His glass was still in his eye, but those pale features of his were set as grim as death, and the finger that he laid on the trigger of the revolver was steady as a rock. He seemed to have expanded as he stood there, quiet and immaculate, in his evening-dress, with the moonlight gleaming on the pearl studs in his shirt-front. Don Jamie turned and surveyed the scene with astonishment and a certain amused contempt.

"Here, drop that!" he cried. "Think yourself a hero in some stage play, perhaps. Oh, well, if you will have it, you little fool—why, you must!"

He whipped his hand behind him, and at the same moment Leckie pressed the trigger of his revolver. There was a little crack like a whiplash, a tiny spurt of flame, and the big man's right arm dangled helplessly at his side, for Leckie had shot him neatly and scientifically through the elbow joint.

"The next man who moves will get it through the brain," he said, in the same calm, even voice. "Now, I don't want to cause any more trouble than is possible, and I don't like murder, even when it comes to swine like you. Don Jamie, or whatever you call yourself, kindly step this way."

There was no help for it, there was nothing else to be done. The scoundrels were caught neatly enough in the little trap that Leckie had laid for them, and they were looking now quite uneasily into the rim of a pair of revolvers. With a scowl on his face and a muttered curse between his lips, the leader of the gang did as he was told.

"Now, then," Leckie said, "listen to me, if you please. You are not going to frighten those ladies any more, and you are not going to benefit by what a distinguished English statesman once called unearned increment. You will be good enough to send out a message for me to the *Bendemeer*, which you probably know is lying not very far off, and tell them on the yacht that we are safe. You will also tell them that you have been kind enough to place your launch at our disposal, of which offer we shall avail ourselves presently, and I have no doubt you will know how to get it back again. But that, my dear sir, will be your business. Have I made myself plain?"

Don Jamie nodded sulkily. Then a queer gleam flickered in his eye for a moment or two.

"Ah, I have thought of that!" Leckie said. "I see what is passing through your mind. But my friend, Mr. Bill Bradley here, will see to it that you send the correct message. He happens to be the handy-man of the yacht and, incidentally, the understudy of our wireless operator. He is also a man of exceedingly short temper, as humorists often are, and, if you try to fool him, you will probably be exceedingly sorry for it. Bill, you kindly escort this gentleman into the operating-room, and do the needful, keeping a careful eye on him at the same time. As he still has the use of his left hand, I should leave him to send the message. Now, you go on, and I will remain here and collect the rest of the weapons."

Bill Bradley grinned whole-heartedly, as a man does who is convinced that he has the best end of the joke, and, driving Don Jamie before him at the point of his revolver,

disappeared into the hut. Leckie turned to the other men.

"Now, then," he said, "turn your backs on me and throw your guns in my direction over your shoulders. Thanks so much. So sorry to put you to the inconvenience. And now, having placed temptation beyond your reach, I am going to turn the key of this door on you, and sit here, enjoying a cigarette and contemplating the beauties of Nature. And if either of you try any little game on me, I fear that you will find the consequences exceedingly unpleasant."

Leckie sat there, in the tranquil enjoyment of his cigarette, and, perhaps, pleasantly conscious that the ladies, who were not far away, could see and hear all that had taken place. And this knowledge was not displeasing to him, especially when the fair-haired girl in mauve crept up to him presently and turned a pair of dazzling and admiring eyes upon him.

"Bobby," she whispered, "you are splendid! I really had no idea—I really hadn't. And I hope you will forgive me for laughing at you. Really, Bobby, if you look at me like that again, I shall have to k-kiss you!"

"I am quite defenceless," Bobby said blissfully. "R-rather be kissed by you than anybody in the world."

It was fortunate, perhaps, at this moment that Mr. Bradley emerged from the hut with an intimation that the message had been sent and a reply received. Then, under the leadership of Leckie, the party went slowly in the direction of the beach, headed by the smiling boatswain and Don Jamie, who was thoughtfully prodded from time to time in the region of the liver by the point of the commandeered revolver. One by one the ladies were conveyed to the launch, and presently Leckie stood alone on the fringe of sand with the pirate chief, who regarded him with a mixture of concentrated rage and bewildered admiration.

"Well, you're a fair knock-out, you are," he said. "And me thinking all the time that you were no better than a scared jack-rabbit! Well, you can go back to your friends and boast that you are the first man who ever got the better of Jamie Rodgers. And that's a fact—yes, sir."

"Really?" Leckie drawled. "Is that so? But I'm not worrying about it. Do you know, Mr. Rodgers, I hate getting my feet wet. And yet I don't see how I am going to get into that launch without ruining a pair of Court shoes and some silk socks that cost me a guinea in Bond Street. That's what's troubling me at the present moment. I give you my word of honour that I am not thinking about you at all."

In spite of his abject humiliation and the excruciating pain in his arm, Rodgers burst into a laugh.

"Well, I guess you're some boy," he said. "And I don't bear no malice. You've fairly held me up, and if I'd known—but, you see, I didn't. Say, stranger, ten or twelve years ago, before I started this game, I was up on the Yukon, gold prospecting with the very toughest crowd on the American Continent. There wasn't a crime in the calendar that those boys weren't up to. But there was one chap, an Englishman, come up there, who was a fair terror to the whole bunch. I never saw him myself, but I heard of him often enough. From all accounts he was a little chap, about your size, an English swell, the boys said, as nobody could down. He wasn't a tough; he had an idea that he had come there to straighten matters out and turn the Yukon into a civilised community. It was some proposition, but he did his best to put the programme through—him without an ounce of strength, and weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds! They used to say he had come to America to die of some chest trouble, but decided to live and reform the States instead. Why, he'd go into the saloon amongst the toughs, with his glass in his eye and a revolver in his hand, and clear out the whole caboodle within five minutes."

"What was his name?" Leckie drawled.

"Well, I don't rightly know, but I think the boys called him 'Little Billee with the Glass Eye.' Say, mister, I guess you must have been that man."

"I guess I was," Leckie said sweetly.

WHOLESOME CANDOUR

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa

"SACRIFICE has always been my watchword," said old Mr. Banks triumphantly. "Whenever I've had time to reflect—and that's not often, being a busy man—I've said to myself as nobody in all England has thought less of himself nor I have. Why, when my poor wife was called home, leaving me with Susan, a babby not a year old, I might have chosen another to help bear the burden."

"Aye, you've been a good parent," said the young farmer. "Susan's always said there couldn't be a better."

"More than one set her cap at me," continued the gaffer. "I'd heired the farm from my wife; it's mine till I'm carried to rest beside her, then it goes to Susan. Widows and maids, they showed pretty plain as I'd only to ask. Nay, there was one—I'll mention no names—but she popped the question herself! Told her I was much obliged, I did, but no, thank ye—not to-day, missis!"

"Then I'm to take it as you're willing," said the other. "I've been coming after Susan for five years, and it's time we settled down. I've told her as I must have it out with you."

"Sacrifice—self-sacrifice is my motto," repeated Mr. Banks. "For thirty years I've practised it; now the time's come when I ought to have some return. Not much to ask for—only that Susan should go on without any change. I'm seventy come Mart'mas; I can't expect to bide here below very long——"

"Why, only t'other day you said you were good for another twenty years!" interrupted his would-be son-in-law. "Held as the Bankses were the longest livers in the valley."

"A bit reckless in my talk I was, for sure," sighed Mr. Banks. "One day in high spirits—the next heart in boots. I'd grievous spasms last night, after Ploughing Match Dinner. That pork was tasty, and I'd three helpings, but afterwards—oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"You sang rare and well, choose how," said his visitor. "More nor one said as your voice was fine as ever."

"And they said right, Jud," exclaimed Mr. Banks. "My word, but I did throw some feeling into 'The Anchor's Weighed'! I was well-nigh crying myself—'tis always so at 'remember me'! A grand gift's a voice like mine. Why, if it hadn't been as I put duty first, I'd have gone out into the world and won a fortune! Like as not I'd have been made a lord! That's one o' th' things I sacrificed—and all for Susan!"

"All the same, you've had a rare good time," said Jud. "There's not a chap in a twenty-mile march who's been better looked to than you have. Susan's given a'most all her life to your comfort."

"And what's she here for, if not to do so?" said the parent. "'Tisn't many daughters as have such a father to tend. Not as I'm conceited—'tis only bare justice to myself. I've heard said more nor once I might be a gentleman born and bred, my tastes being that fine!"

"Aye, you're a good upstanding figure for your years," said Susan's sweetheart impatiently. "But seems to me we're getting off the subject. What I want is to put up the banns and settle down afore winter comes——"

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"Can't abide change, and never could," interrupted Mr. Banks; "we're well off as we are."

"If you're not minded to hire a housekeeper," said his tormentor, "there's naught to hinder you living with us. You'd be welcome as the day. There's a big chamber on the first landing, and downstairs a cosy parlour as we'd set aside for you."

Mr. Banks's plump cheeks flushed and his eyelids blinked; it was easy to see that his usually placid temper was becoming ruffled. "Master I've always been in my own house," he snapped, "and master I mean to be till I'm carried out foot foremost! Thank ye kindly, Jud, for your offers, thank ye kindly, but not to-day—same as I said to her as wanted to marry me."

"But 'tis all settled," said Jud. "Everybody knows as Susan and I have been engaged for welly five years. There's some as begin to laugh."

"Let 'em laugh! Them laughs best as laughs last."

"They don't laugh at me nor Susan," explained Jud gravely. "'Tis a bit ill-natured of 'em, for sure. No, Mr. Banks, 'tis you as tickles 'em up!"

"Me! And whyfor?" asked Mr. Banks, leaning forward for a better view of the other's face. "Nay, but you're joking?"

"I've a fair headpiece for business, Mr. Banks," said the young man, "but speaking light and foolish was ne'er in my line."

Susan's father scratched his left ear with considerable irritation. "Laughing at me—laughing at me!" he repeated. "Maybe you'll be good enough to tell me the reason?"

"You'd best not ask," replied Jud; "your feelings would happen be hurt."

"I do declare I've ne'er heard such talk in all my born days!" cried Mr. Banks. "Me, as has always lived respectable, ne'er meeting a neighbour without passing the time o' day! And on Sundays, in the choir, my voice rings out like a bell! Laughing at me!"

"Folk aren't as good-natured as they used to be, Mr. Banks," said Jud. "There's more than one thinks you ought to come out o' the choir. They hold as you make plenty o' noise, but you've lost your ear and sing false. And I did hear as even when you were young you made more row nor harmony. Nay, for goodness' sake, don't be vexed! I'm only repeating what I've heard."

"Very kind in you, indeed," said the old man bitterly. "If you hear such sort again, you can tell 'em as says it as they're ignoramuses, and can't tell a B from a bull's foot! Anything more to let out, Jud? Now you're agate o't, you may as well go on. It amuses me, it does, knowing what a gang o' low-minded gossips there is nowadays."

"In course I stick up for you," said Jud. "One time—and only a week ago at that—I a'most took my coat off to a chap. Felons' Prosecution Supper night 'twas, at 'Th' Bold Cloudesley,' and Parson sat at head o' th' table. He'd brought a London friend wi' him—one who wanted to hear old songs. Byles Hancock had come up from Derby way, and he sang summat about a widow-man who fancied all the women was after him. Seems it had been writ when he was a lad."

"That's naught to do wi' me!" said Mr Banks querulously. "'Twasn't my affairs."

"He said 'twas called 'Barney Banks,'" said Jud. "As far as I could make out, the schoolmaster had written it well-nigh thirty years ago. Told how you fancied you was a 'lady-killer,' and how a regular crowd pretended as they wanted you, and how one o' 'em actually asked you, whilst t'others were placed listening behind a door! My word, but those verses, they did shake everybody up! Some looked as if they'd ne'er stop laughing!"

Mr. Banks struggled bravely to conceal the wound to his pride. "I could tell you summat if I'd a mind," he said. "And so you sat listening and grinning wi' the rest? I'd not ha' thought it o' you, passing yourself off as a friend!"

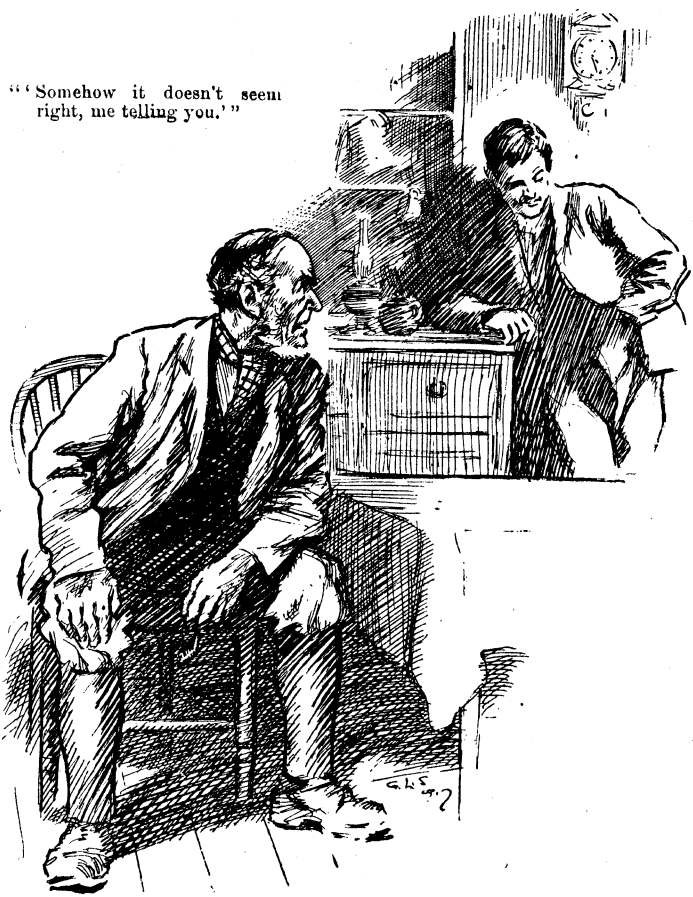
"It well-nigh came to a fight," said Jud. "Parson had a job to smooth me down—told me as Byles was an old fellow and a'most a stranger."

"He was always jealous-minded," said Mr. Banks. "Why, he married the very one as offered to me! Sally Bennett her name was, daughter to Tom Bennett, who owned the little tanyard. As ugly a she as e'er lived! A tall maypole! When she walked she waddled—folk said as she was bow-legged!"

"Well, 'twas vastly disagreeable for me," said the suitor. "I was glad when closing time came. After he'd sung, everybody seemed as if they couldn't stop talking about you. But I'll say no more—'tis pleasant for no man to hear what his neighbours think about him and his doings."

"Ow," drawled Mr. Banks, "you needn't spare my feelings; I'm quite strong enough

not to heed what such a low, common, vulgar lot may say about me! 'Tis the way o' such rubbish to spit on those as stands high above their heads. As if I'd take any notice! Bless my soul alive, I don't value 'em more nor the dirt under my feet! Me, with a voice like mine — a voice as is worth a fortune—me to fret because those I've lived amongst, and always had a pleasant word for, go with dirty, lying, sneaking tales behind my back! Nay, Jud, I'm far too lofty-minded to worry about 'em!"



"'Somehow it doesn't seem right, me telling you.'"

"Maybe we'd best put off our talk till to-morrow," said Susan's sweetheart. "I'm afraid you're a bit upset."

"You needn't be," said Mr. Banks. "A dove doesn't mind when carrion crows caw at it. Since you've told me so much, you may as well out wi' the rest. 'Tis best I should know all as is being said."

"You'd best not ask, Mr. Banks," said the young man earnestly. "If 'twas aught pleasant, 'twould be a different matter; but, to speak plain, there's not many as gives you a good word."

"Human nature! Human nature!" said Mr. Banks. "As I said, I'm above their reach; it only amuses me to think what wicked Judases and hypocritters there are in the world. Ha, ha, ha! Talk about laughing! Come, Jud, you'd best out wi' it; keep naught back."

"Somehow it doesn't seem right, me telling you," said Jud; "but maybe I ought to speak frank."

"'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,'" quoted Mr. Banks. "That's written in the Bible for all men to see. Not as I've got wounds — oh, dear, no; 'twould take more than such folly to gi'e me even pinpricks! I reckon they're saying as I'm selfish — as I don't want Susan to find a mate?"

"'Tis not that, neither," said Jud. "Something quite different, I do assure you. I'd liefer not say, after all. 'Tis a'most too ridiculous to put into speech. Not a word o't true, but all and sundry believes it gospel. There's some has given pretty broad hints to Susan; 'tis a wonder as she's ne'er told!"

Mr. Banks left his chair and moved towards the door. "Then Susan had best come," he observed. "Ne'er a word has she let out!" He raised his voice and called "Susan!" thrice. Then a tall and pleasant-looking young woman came from the dairy at the end of the long passage.

"You've had a long talk," she said. "I've had time to pack all the eggs for to-morrow's market. What's amiss, father? You look a bit put out."

"Seems as there's a lot of tongue-wagging agate," said her father. "Jud here says hints has been thrown out at you. And you ne'er spoke!"

"'Twasn't worth while," she said. "There wasn't a word o' truth about it, and so I didn't mind. But Jud had best tell you himself."

"Nay, but I'd rather you'd start," pleaded her lover. "'Twill come best from you."

"I've no objection," she said. "When a thing's not true, it doesn't matter, anyway. Only I do feel a bit vexed at old friends believing it—they ought for to know better."

"Whey, but what is it as they say?" interrupted her father impatiently. "I'm all o' a twitter."

"They say as you're a naught in your own house," Susan replied, "as my word's law, and as I lead you about by the nose! 'Tis a silly slander, that's all."

"And they will have it you're so scared of Susan getting wed that you go down on your knees and pray to her, roaring like a babby!" added Jud. "Long and short o' 'tis they hold you're in your dotage, and have been so for a good few years!"

Mr. Banks glared, gaping from one to the other. Then he snapped finger and thumb in the direction of the village. "My word, but I'll show 'em summat," he said, "and pretty sharp, too! Jud, you'd better see Parson about the 'spurrings' this blessed evening!"

MARKET DAY.

AS I rode on the limber
Through the old French market-square,
There were bricks and fallen timber
And shell-holes everywhere.

The place was blank as Sunday,
But something seemed to say:
"To-day is surely Monday,
And Monday's market day.

"Oh, all along the by-road
That goes by Three Maids Down,
And the long, straight Roman high-road,
They're driving in to town.

"They drive the colt in the gig now
I'd just begun to ride,
And the setter pup's grown big now,
And maybe runs beside.

"The gentry use 'The Carter,'
The farmers use 'The Plough,'
And the rest 'The Jolly Carter,'
Or else the old 'Brown Cow.'

"There are crowds o' horses baiting—
There's one in every stall—
And the carriers' carts stand waiting
Outside the Market Hall.

"There's a fellow selling halters,
And another hawking cloam,
For nothing ever alters
On market day at home."

Oh, I'll shake a leg and go there,
When leave comes round once more,
And all the folks I know there
Will stand in every door.

And, strolling down the street there,
On the sunny side o' the way,
There's a lass I'll maybe meet there
At home on market day.

C. FOX SMITH.



"THE RETURN OF OTHELLO." BY THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.
From the original in the Memorial Art Gallery, Stratford-on-Avon.

PICTURES FROM SHAKESPEARE

I. SCENES FROM THE TRAGEDIES

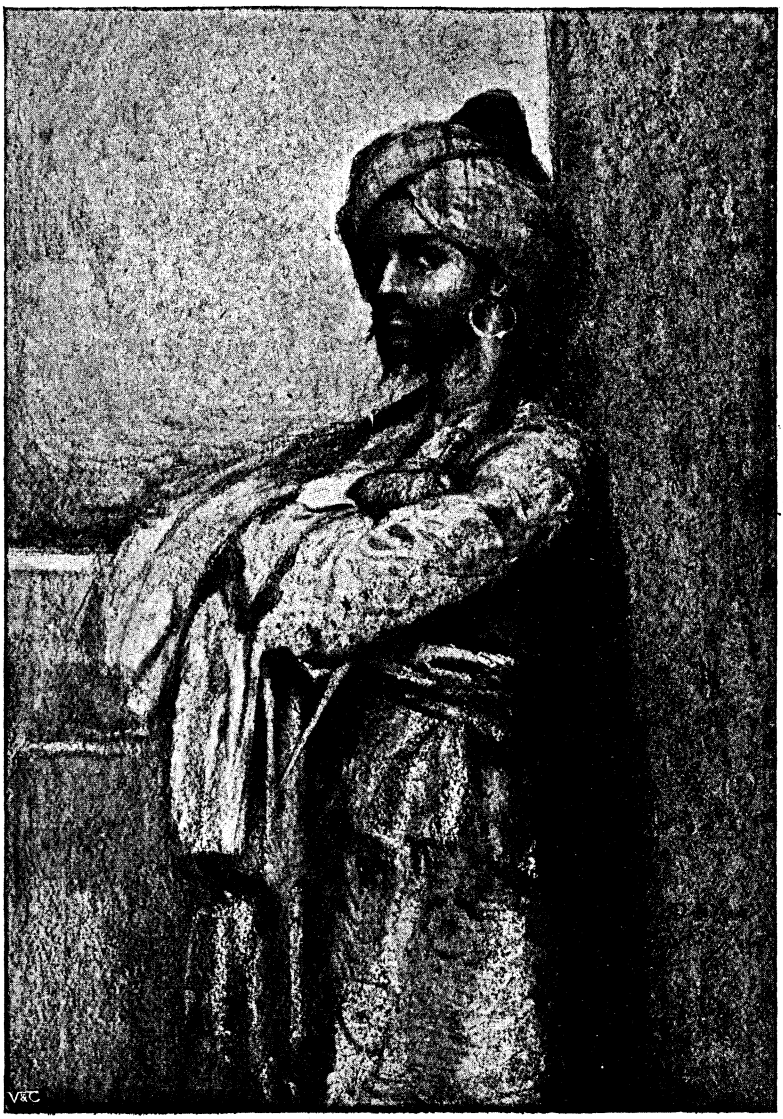
IN the course of THE WINDSOR'S long series of reproductions from pictures by modern artists, attention has frequently been called to the wide variety in the types of talent and manners of treatment by which painters of the most divergent gifts and opposite temperaments or methods have sought to give on canvas "a local habitation" to some moment of passion, fancy, or drama in the works of that super-genius

> Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
> The crowns o' the world: O eyes sublime,
> With tears and laughter for all time!

But in reverting to this scattered store of pictorial renderings of scenes from the poet's plays, "Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral," as Polonius groups them, and from his lyrical poems and sonnets as well, it becomes necessary to divide them roughly into two classes, if a series of reproductions from them is to be kept within reasonable limits. In one class are single pictures dealing with separate moments which have inspired artists to the painting of a single subject, or, at the most, but a few distinct and separate pictures on Shakespearian themes; and, on the other hand, there is the more widespread work which has been devoted to the illustration of every suitable scene for the purposes of illustrated editions of the poet's works, with drawings spread lavishly over each stage in a play's development, instead of limited to the more distinctive of the author's imaginings, as the choice of themes for separate pictures has usually been.

Some distinction between these two classes of work is necessary, not merely for the purpose of keeping the present series of reproductions within suitable limits, but for the establishing of the true perspective and proportion in any estimate of the merits of the talent and industry which have been

applied to the painting and drawing of scenes and characters from the unique total of poetical work that is known as "Shakespeare." When some of the most distinguished of modern painters—Millais, Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti, Leighton, and G. F. Watts—limit



"OTHELLO." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

their choice of themes from this wonderful source of inspiration to but a certain few subjects, the artist's work must, in each case, necessarily be judged by a higher standard than the innumerable small drawings which have been done by other artists, from such early workers for the engraver's block as Thomas Stothard—or his predecessors in the earliest illustrated editions of Shakespeare's plays—to the notable black-and-white talent of our own day which has been devoted to a similar purpose, but to a still wider extent, in the case of the most popular plays, at any rate, with the fashion for making a large and handsome volume of a single play, lavishly illustrated. The fine work of such distinguished artists as Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mr. R. Anning Bell, Mr. Heath Robinson, Mr. Byam Shaw, and others, which has been given to this latter-day mode of illustrating Shakespeare, deserves more than a passing tribute; but the purpose of the present series of notes and reproductions has been rather to compile a record of the principal scattered works of various artists which are extant as single paintings in public galleries or private collections, and of which reproductions are not obtainable in any one complete volume or set of volumes such as are supplied by the many illustrated editions of the poet's works.

In the case of the more specialised choice of theme, it has been but natural that the greatest and most familiar of the poet's plays should be those most frequently represented, the human interest and emotional appeal of well-known passages being obviously more suited to the painter's art, and to his hopes of success in the realisation of his subject, than the finest passages of the less familiar



"HAMLET AND THE ACTORS." BY WLADISLAW CZACHÓRSKI.

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plays. The public interest in a scene from "Hamlet," for instance, must inevitably be far more general than in a passage, however fine in itself, from a play so much less read and so seldom performed on the stage as "Timon of Athens," and, similarly, a scene from "As You Like It" makes a far more immediate appeal to the onlooker than a kindred pastoral moment from that other delightful but far less popular comedy "Love's Labour's Lost."

Of the tragedies of Shakespeare, the one which has inspired the largest number of pictures is, very naturally, "Hamlet," yet this play was longer in finding pictorial treatment of any worth than some of the others, for it fared but poorly at the hands of the earlier illustrators, who were happier in their ideas for other subjects, and in the Boydell series of pictures the "Hamlet" selection is far more unsatisfactory than that from "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," or several of the comedies. Henry Fuseli's picture of Hamlet and his father's ghost upon the ramparts of the castle is too theatrical, and lacks the awe and mystery of the scene, and that powerful painter of battle-scenes, Sir Benjamin West, made the madness of Ophelia too ugly a thing to express the "thought and affliction" which "she turns to favour and to prettiness." Curiously enough, the first "Hamlet" pictures of any importance were made in France, where the Romantic revival, after adopting the work of Sir Walter Scott and Byron, turned to other English authors, and that brilliant artist Eugène Delacroix, who followed Géricault as the leader of the movement, painted an arresting picture of Hamlet speaking with the gravedigger in the churchyard scene, which was rejected by the retrogade jury of the Salon of 1836, but stands out to-day as one of the earliest pictures that can be pronounced in any way worthy of a great Shakespearian moment. As the late W. E. Henley showed, in his essay on Romanticism in his admirable "Views and Reviews" on Art: "With Delacroix the aim and the end of painting was the representation of, not beauty, but emotion." And that was just what the conventionally academic pictures from Shakespeare of the Boydell group and other early attempts had entirely missed. Delacroix also painted another differently grouped version of this scene, as well as "Hamlet Before the Body of Polonius," and two pictures of "The Death of Ophelia," which he rendered with painful realism rather than with the poetic fantasy achieved by both Millais and Watts in their pictures of the same pitiful moment. In addition to these important pictures, Delacroix did a series of slighter drawings from "Hamlet," depicting several other scenes.

Turning from these pictures by a great French painter, we may here note the much later work of the Polish artist Wladislaw Czachórski, depicting with extremely clever characterisation the scene between Hamlet and the Players, with the First Player declaiming his specimen speech to the Prince, while Polonius patronisingly looks on. Then, in the sequence of the poet's story, comes the curious but beautiful Pre-Raphaelite work of Rossetti, illustrating the conversation between Hamlet and Ophelia in Act III., and then the later scene, painted by Sir William Quiller Orchardson, in which Hamlet probably finds his doubts of Ophelia increased by the suspicion that she is a party to the eavesdropping of her father and the King, if that is really the explanation of Hamlet's sudden change of tone towards Ophelia. In his painting of this moment Orchardson shows us the prying listeners to the conversation before there is any question of Hamlet's having realised their presence.

Of the ensuing play scene we have Daniel Maclise's powerfully dramatic picture, in which the Prince of Denmark lies before the mimic stage to watch the results of his decision—

> . . . . . The play's the thing,
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King!

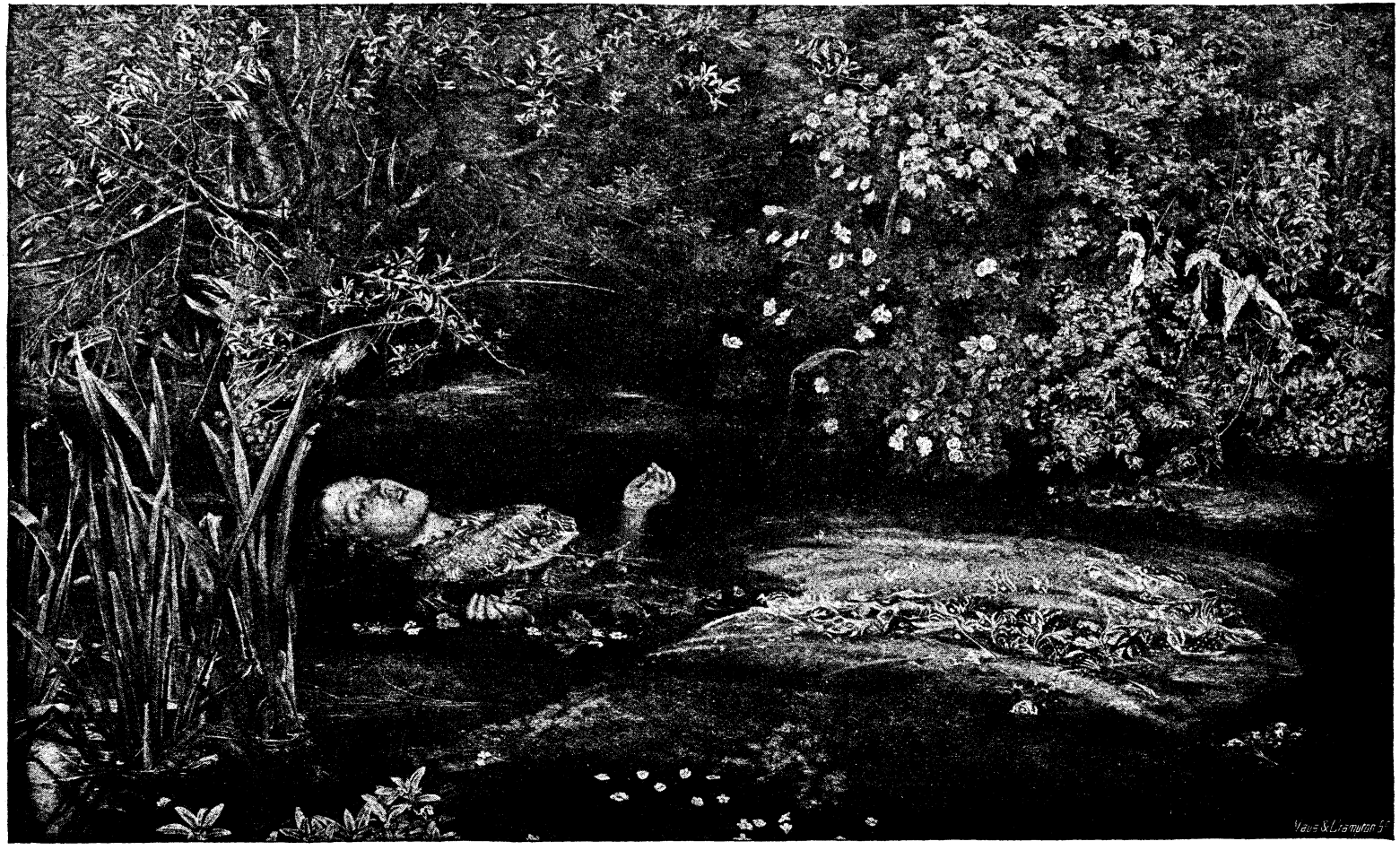
The scene is largely conceived and carried out with the wealth of detail which Ruskin admired in Maclise's work, but which strikes the eye nowadays as more essentially dated of the mid-Victorian school than the ensuing methods of the Pre-Raphaelite group. The picture expresses the emotions of the situation forcibly enough, if without much subtlety, and it remains to-day one of the most ambitious versions of a thrilling scene of drama that any artist has succeeded in endowing with real vitality for the spectator who knows every line of the poet's words in this scene, and therefore requires a swiftness of climax, a sort of crescendo of emotion, that is almost beyond expression in paint.

The madness of Ophelia has supplied the theme for a number of interesting pictures since the one by Sir Benjamin West, already mentioned, was painted for the Boydell series, among them an elaborate drawing by Rossetti. Henrietta Rae, whose well-known version of the scene in which the hapless girl sings



"THE PLAY SCENE IN 'HAMLET.'" BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

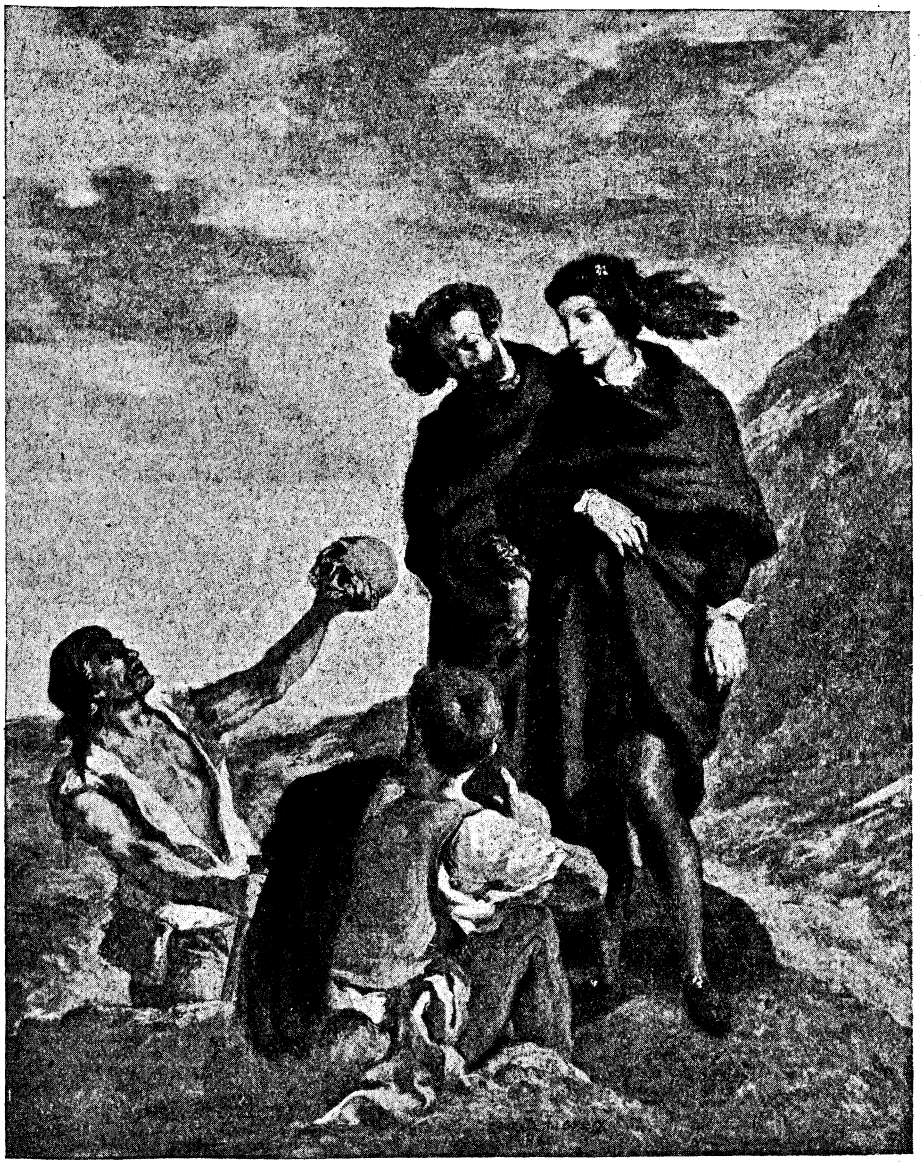
From the original in the National Gallery of British Art.



"OPHELIA." BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

From the picture in the National Gallery of British Art. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall, S.W., publishers of the large plate.

her "snatches of old songs" is reproduced as the frontispiece to this number, shows her at the moment when she is offering her flowers to the King and Queen, while Laertes watches and waits. Hans Makart painted a powerful picture of the same scene, but showing Ophelia giving a flower to the Queen only, while the guilty King stands apart with Laertes; and in the Royal Academy of but two years ago there was seen a new and very picturesque rendering of this moment by Mr. Stephen Reid, whose clever work in black-and-white has frequently appeared in these pages. From this scene we follow the action of the play to G. F. Watts's beautiful picture of the pitiful end, where—



"HAMLET AND THE GRAVEDIGGER." BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

From the original in the Louvre.

> There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
> . . . . . .
> There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
> Clambering to hang.

And then, "last scene of all," comes the pathetic end described by the Queen and finely visualised by Millais in his early Pre-Raphaelite work, showing how, after "an envious sliver broke"—

> . . . . Her clothes spread wide,
> And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up.

The work of Delacroix in illustration of this scene has already been mentioned, but more satisfying in its gentler pathos, as suggested by the actual text of Shakespeare, is the picture by that clever Spanish artist Casado, which hangs in the Gallery of Modern Art, Madrid.

Hamlet's speech with the gravedigger, so finely rendered by Delacroix, is also cleverly treated in one of the best of Victor Muller's pictures, which now hangs in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon. There also are the "Ophelia" of Ferdinand Piloty, and the "Hamlet and His Mother" of L. J. Lebrun. Among other pictures from this play are the study of Osric which John Pettie named with Hamlet's words "Dost know this Waterfly?" and G. H. Boughton's picturesquely allegorical scene imagined from the Prince's words "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The whole play of "Hamlet" has been skilfully and poetically illustrated by Mr. W. G. Simmonds, whose clever black-and-white work has often been seen in these pages.

The fierce elemental passions and tragic ironies of "King Lear" have not found as many artists ambitious enough to attempt to express them on canvas as the more romantic qualities in "Hamlet." Henry Fuseli's picture of Lear repudiating Cordelia has too much of the artist's academic mannerism to be impressive, but the "study for a head of King Lear," done for the Boydell series by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is fine enough to inspire regret that the great artist did not paint a whole scene from this play. But three modern painters have achieved pictures from this greatest of all the poet's tragedies which, in their different ways, may be pronounced not unworthy of their theme, even if they cannot be said to rise to the full height of its tragic possibilities. Of these, Ford Madox Brown came first with his strangely bizarre, yet impressive, picture "Cordelia's Portion," showing the moment when the aged king, dividing his possessions between his daughters, has disinherited his youngest child, who, shrinking from such protestations as her sisters', had murmured—

> What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

Choosing a later moment from the same scene, the late Edwin Abbey painted a picture of the brief scene between Cordelia and her arrogant sisters—just after their father's repudiation of his youngest daughter—which is graceful and beautiful, like all the artist's work, rather than great in the sense that this play expresses greatness of soul in great catastrophe; but then the full shock of the tragic story has yet to come when this scene takes place. Certainly Abbey's work, with its rich processional effect, as of some stately tapestry, is far more successful than that of some other artists, earlier and later, who have attempted to represent one or other of the terrible scenes of the last act, as Valentine Bromley did in his picture of "Lear and Cordelia," or James Barry in painting Lear over the dead body of Cordelia in the closing moments of the play. Barry's picture, however, in its neo-classical rather than Shakespearian fashion, is one of the most interesting of the Boydell series, and does really express some of the pitiful emotions of the scene, which is exactly what many of the other academic experiments in the same series signally fail to do. That popular mid-Victorian artist J. R. Herbert painted a picture of "Lear Recovering His Reason at the Sight of Cordelia." In our own time a less ambitious presentment of Lear and Cordelia alone together, by Mr. George W. Joy, has come far nearer to expressing the utter pathos of this scene between the grief-distraught king and his one loyal child.

Ford Madox Brown returned to the theme of this play with a second picture, now in the National Gallery of British Art, which is a fine specimen of the painter's art as a painting, but less happy in the characterisation of Cordelia, from which one misses the perfect simplicity assigned to her by the poet. "The Death of Cordelia," by Paul Falconer Poole, in the South Kensington collection, has something of the tragic dignity of the scene, without its poignant beauty.

The swiftly moving story of "Macbeth" has inspired several powerful pictures, but none—unless it be the "Lady Macbeth" of Delacroix—which ranks so high in interest as the portraits of certain players in the two leading *rôles*, from contemporary portraits of Mrs. Siddons to Sargent's wonderful Ellen Terry. The first encounter of Macbeth and the Witches has been painted by Henry Fuseli, by the French



"CORDELIA'S PORTION." BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

From the monochrome in the collection of Mr. Francis. Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.



"LEAR AND CORDELIA." BY V. W. BROMLEY.

artist who became a British Academician, John James Chalon, and by the eighteenth-century Italian painter Francesco Zuccarelli, who also became a member of the Royal Academy, and it is interesting to compare three such widely different styles of work in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, where all three are now to be seen. This subject has also been painted by two landscape artists who have been attracted by its setting—Corot, whose fine work on this theme is in the Wallace Collection, and Clarkson Stanfield, whose picture hangs in the Public Art Gallery of Leicester. Maclise also illustrated this scene. Richard Westall painted a very statuesque Lady Macbeth resolving great matters in the reading of her husband's letter about the prophecies of "the weird sisters," and Valentine Bromley illustrated the later moment when she urges her half-reluctant husband on to the murder of King Duncan. The Macbeth of this moment of the play is particularly well suggested by Bromley. Next in the sequence of the story comes George Cattermole's cleverly characterised water-colour of Macbeth

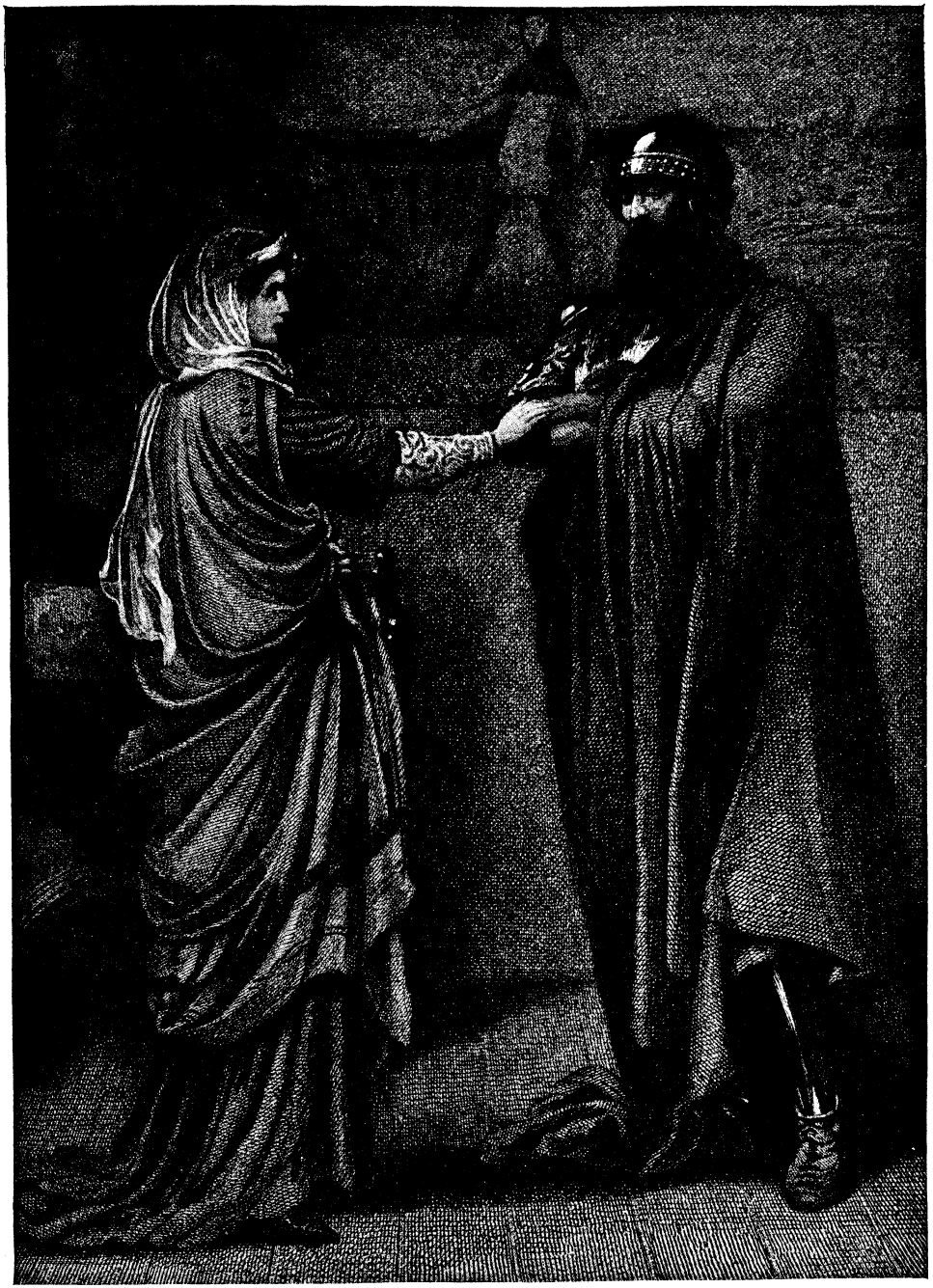


"ROMEO AND JULIET." BY DUDLEY HARDY.



"ROMEO AND JULIET." BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

From the original in the collection of Mrs. Churchill. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd., owners of the copyright.



"MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH." BY V. W. BROMLEY.

instructing the men to murder Banquo and his son. The artist's idea of introducing the three witches into the background of this scene, as though their malign influence is still at work even in the castle, and not only on the "blasted heath" of their native domain, is interesting. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the later scene between Macbeth and the Witches, and John Martin also chose this moment for his picture of Macbeth watching the "show of eight kings; the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's ghost following"—a weirdly powerful work now in the Stratford-on-Avon collection.

Then comes Daniel Maclise's well-known picture of the banquet, at which Macbeth

becomes so unmanned by his vision of Banquo's ghost that Lady Macbeth has to appeal to the guests to take no notice. Among the works of Sir John Gilbert in the Birmingham Art Gallery there is a fine water-colour drawing of a minor moment in this play, the scene described by Ross and the Old Man as a strange portent incidental to the passing of the murdered King Duncan—

> And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain,
> Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race—
> Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
> Contending 'gainst obedience, as they'd make
> War with mankind.

For pictures of the tragic story of the Moor who "loved not wisely, but too well," we again have to turn to French art first, as in the case of "Hamlet," for works of the foremost importance, and again to the art of Eugène Delacroix, whose masterly picture of "Desdemona Cursed By Her Father" stands out as one of the finest renderings of any scene in Shakespeare's plays, and almost as distinguished in its sombre passion is this artist's painting of Othello's approach to the bedside, bearing the lamp which is presently to give him the thought—

> Put out the light, and then—put out the light?
> If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
> I can again thy former light restore,
> Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
> Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
> I know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume.

More conventional in its emotion is the ornate rendering of this scene by Leopold Bara, but the most popular of pictures from this play, in reproductions, appears to be the animated group, by the same artist, from the opening chapter of the story, which illustrates the scene described in Othello's speech of self-defence before the Duke—

> These things to hear
> Would Desdemona seriously incline.

This moment of Othello recounting his adventures has also been painted by C. W. Cope, Douglas Cowper, H. J. Fradelle, and other artists. Fradelle's rather artificial picture is now in the Memorial Collection at Stratford-on-Avon. One of the many fine works by Sir John Gilbert now in the Guildhall Gallery represents the scene of Brabantio's appeal to the Senate and the gentle Desdemona's response—

> . . . So much duty as my mother show'd
> To you, preferring you before her father
> So much I challenge that I may profess
> Due to the Moor, my lord.

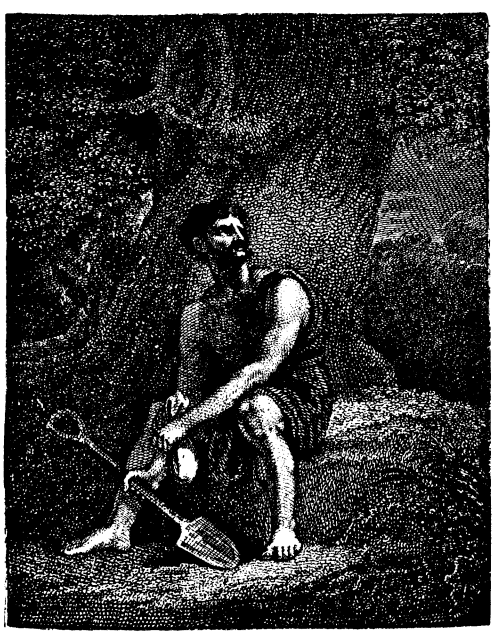
Ensuing scenes which fall between the two pictures by Delacroix in the sequence of the story have been painted by Maclise in his "Othello, Desdemona, and Emilia," which, though not so well known as the artist's "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" pictures, was last exhibited at the Franco-British collection in 1908. Another version of the same moment, by Maclise, belongs to Lord Glenconner. The Victoria and Albert Museum has a water-colour of Othello being prompted with doubts by Iago, from the skilful brush of Solomon A. Hart. Then there is W. P. Frith's dramatic but somewhat unpoetical "Othello and Desdemona," now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and the first picture painted by Lord Leighton was an "Othello and Desdemona," for which the youthful artist's sister sat for the Desdemona.

The graceful sense of design which inspires most of the work of Thomas Stothard gives a charm of its own to his cleverly grouped scene of the arrival of Othello on the island and his reception by Desdemona, and this work is certainly one of the most satisfactory of the Boydell series. The original, noticeable for its rich colour scheme of reds, russet-browns, and black, now belongs to the Memorial Theatre Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, where there was lately also to be seen—lent by the owner—G. R. Healey's picture of "Othello and Desdemona." Edwin Abbey did a subtle piece of characterisation in his water-colour study of Iago.

Beautiful in its own mannered way, rather than as an interpretation of Shakespeare's lines, is Rossetti's painting from the last act of this play, which shows us Desdemona preparing for sleep, with the sad premonition of coming sorrow which prompts her snatch of wistful memory, "My mother had a maid called Barbara," and her ensuing song, unconsciously forming her own dirge. One of Sir John Gilbert's early pictures, done before the main output of his illustration work, represents the same moment. Of single character studies from this play there are the gentle but intelligent "Desdemona" of Augustus Egg, and the virile but refined "Othello" of Dudley Hardy, who makes his Moor an intellectual Oriental rather than the mere negro that his detractors in the play pronounce him, as the nobility of his soul must prompt any artist to represent him, whether in paint or in impersonation on the stage.

The romantic theme of the star-crossed

lovers of Verona, with its swift movement and lyrical beauty, has inspired more pictures than any other of the tragedies of Shakespeare, except "Hamlet." From the early scene of the dance at which Romeo and Juliet first meet, so gracefully and finely rendered by Frank Dicksee, to the balcony scene of the same artist and sundry other painters, to the tragic ending at the tomb, the varied episodes of the appealing story have inspired many a canvas, some of them acceptably Shakespearian in feeling, and others prone to a certain transposition of the lyrical emotion into the key of Gounod's melodious music. In the early days of the French Romantic revival, Delacroix caught the tender romance of the young lovers' tragic troth, as Mr. Frank Dicksee has done in our own time, and the girlish youth of Juliet inspires also the delicate moonlit version of the balcony scene by Mr. William Hatherell, exhibited in the water-colour room of the Royal Academy two or three years ago, and now in the National Gallery of British Art. The fierce feud between the Montagues and the Capulets, which made the lovers' troth so hopeless of any immediate happiness, was illustrated in a dramatic picture by Sir Edward Poynter in last year's Academy; and then we pass to pictures of Juliet's conversation with the old Nurse, who is planning their further meeting. W. P. Frith's "Juliet and the Nurse" gives us a somewhat self-possessed Juliet, lacking in the girlish charm of the original, but an excellent piece of characterisation in the worldly-minded old Nurse.



"TIMON OF ATHENS."
Artist unknown.



"PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE."
BY WILLIAM HILTON, R.A.

The scene of the lovers' meeting at the cell of Friar Laurence has suggested the graceful rendering of Mr. Dudley Hardy, in which the lovers speak the exquisite lines of their brief dialogue in a loggia presumably leading to the Franciscan's dwelling-place; but Mather Brown, in his fanciful but too modish presentment of this scene, illustrated its closing lines, in which the Friar urges haste for the completion of the wedding rites of "Holy Church." Mather Brown's work is now in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon.

Valentine Bromley did a picture from the "Queen Mab" speech of Mercutio, and a water-colour drawing of the death of Mercutio is one of the most notable of the beautiful illustrations to this play by Edwin Abbey; but otherwise that gay wit does not figure in any separate pictures, other than detailed illustrations published in book form. Romeo's avenging of Mercutio's death gave Lord Leighton one of the few Shakespearian themes that he painted—a canvas exhibited in 1850.

The scenes between Romeo, Friar Laurence, and the Nurse, and the conversation of Juliet's parents with Count Paris, have been generally passed over by artists for the moment of the newly-wedded lovers' farewell, of which Mr. Frank Dicksee's well-known rendering has more of the youthful romance of the story than the deeper note of passion

sounded by Ford Madox Brown in his beautiful picture of the same moment. A more recent picture of this scene by Papperitz has proved one of the Shakespearian pictures by Continental artists most popular in this country in reproductions. The consternation of Juliet's stern parents and Count Paris, the suitor of their choice, over the apparently lifeless body of the girl, as she lies under the influence of the Friar's potion, was powerfully rendered by that skilful draughtsman and distinguished colourist John Opie, for the Boydell series. The characterisation of the Friar, who alone of those present holds the key to the situation, and of that busybody the Nurse, who knew its earlier stages, but is ignorant of the later counsels of the Friar and the taking of the potion, help to increase the irony of the scene. Lord Leighton's second picture in the sequence of the play's action represented this same scene, but was painted after his third work from this play, from the closing moment of the last act.

From this scene we pass rapidly to the various pictures of the culminating tragedy in the tomb of the Capulets. First in the order of the incidents comes the scene painted by P. Monje, which shows a moment that may well have happened, though there are no lines of speech by the Friar in the play which it could actually represent. Juliet is lying on a flower-decked bier, with funeral candles still burning on each side of it, and the anxious Friar Laurence stands in meditation against a pillar, watching her; but neither Paris nor Romeo has yet arrived, and we therefore gather that the Friar will presently leave the tomb for an interval, while the effects of the drug still take their course.

Then comes Mr. Frank Dicksee's beautiful rendering, with its fine Renaissance feeling, of Romeo's arrival at the bier, a scene also painted by Hans Makart and Ferdinand Piloty. The latter's picture is now in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, for which it was purchased, with the same artist's "Ophelia" and Victor Muller's "Hamlet and Horatio," as an example of the Munich school of painting, and the frequent appreciation of Shakespeare by Continental artists. Romeo's death was made the subject of a picture by Sir James Linton.

The ensuing moments of the arrival of the Friar and the awakening of Juliet with the words which show that she has not yet seen the dead bodies of Romeo and Paris on the steps of her bier, supply the subject for one of James Northcote's best contributions to the Boydell series. The final scene of reconciliation between the families of Montague and Capulet, over the dead bodies of the lovers, was painted by Lord Leighton, and exhibited five years after his earlier picture of the duel between Romeo and Tybalt.

The three great plays from Roman history, in which Shakespeare gave us so finely the austerity of the Rome of Coriolanus, then the fuller, yet still self-critical, spirit of the Rome of Julius Cæsar, and then the sensuous abandonment of that gorgeous East which Cleopatra held in fee, have inspired fewer pictures of importance than the poet's tragic themes from later centuries and other countries, and from the splendid tragedy of "Coriolanus" one recalls, apart from Edwin Abbey's noble "Volumnia" and portrait studies of players in the principal *rôles*, only the conventionally academic work of George Hamilton, illustrating the scene of intercession with Coriolanus by his wonderful mother and her ladies, beginning with Volumnia's words—

> How more unfortunate than all living women
> Are we come hither.

From "Julius Cæsar" we have Sir Edward Poynter's fine work "The Ides of March," which hangs in the City Art Gallery of Manchester, and may be accounted one of the best renderings of a Shakespearian scene that any modern artist has achieved.

The scene of Cæsar's assassination has also been done in the grand manner, if somewhat theatrically, by Piloty.

Richard Westall's picture of the ghost of Cæsar appearing to Brutus in his tent is somewhat coldly classical and lacking in mystery. Henry Fuseli's version of the same moment, now in the Stratford-on-Avon collection, is powerful in its grim way, but unpoetical. Far worthier of this sombre scene is the tragic dignity of Edwin Abbey's picture of it.

In the case of "Antony and Cleopatra," as with "Hamlet," we have to admit that the finest work of illustration has been done by a foreign artist, for no Englishman has quite compassed the finely tragic impressiveness of the picture of Cleopatra's death by that distinguished Spanish artist J. Luna, which hangs in the Gallery of Modern Art in Madrid. Yet there are beauty and dignity of less emotional kind in the Hon. John Collier's picturesque version of this moment, which is to be seen in the Public



"CLEOPATRA PREPARING TO DIE." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

Art Gallery of Oldham. Dudley Hardy's clever brush has given us another vivid impression of the scene. Both Delacroix in the past and J. W. Waterhouse in our own time have realised something of the "infinite variety" of Egypt's queen, in other moments of the play, and an interesting picture is that by Henry Tresham, which shows the remorse of Antony for his dishonour in following Cleopatra's lead from the battle, and the Queen's attempts to win his forgiveness with the words—

> O my lord, my lord!
> Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
> You would have follow'd—

and Antony's pitiful reply—

> Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
> My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
> And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
> Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
> Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
> Command me.

The minor plays on classical themes, with their lesser vogue upon the stage, and, indeed, their lesser triumphs of poetry as literature, have naturally inspired fewer pictures; but John Opie made a sardonic personality of Timon of Athens in his speech with Alcibiades and the two women of the play, Phrynia and Timandra, and another study of Timon, by some artist whose name is unrecorded, dates from the early nineteenth century. The one really important picture from this play, however, is the beautiful water-colour of "Timon and Apemantus" by Sir John Gilbert, which hangs in the Guildhall gallery, with a number of other works by the distinguished artist whose many admirable illustrations to Shakespeare in book form, like those of Edwin Abbey and Byam Shaw, would require an whole article of separate appreciation.

"Troilus and Cressida" gave a great artist one of his finest inspirations when Romney painted for the Boydell series his beautiful figure of Cressida like some reincarnation of the Tragic Muse, with battle-axe raised on high, calling—

> Cry, Trojans, cry! Lend me a thousand eyes,
> And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

The meeting of Troilus and Cressida was excellently rendered by John Opie in a picture which now belongs to the Manchester Art Gallery. Valentine Bromley also painted this scene.

Pretty and graceful, but not on a level with its painter's best work, is Angelica Kauffman's picture of the later moment in which Cressida says, "Nay, but you part in anger," and Troilus replies, "Doth that grieve thee?"

That fine artist William Hilton did a vignette design, which is here reproduced, for "Pericles," which makes one wish that he had painted other Shakespearian themes, for, if they had in excellence approached his notable work in the National Gallery of British Art, they might have been more satisfying as pictures from Shakespeare than most of the other early nineteenth-century works of the kind. One of Edwin Abbey's brilliant oil sketches gives us the scene from this play in which Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

The crudely elemental horrors of "Titus Andronicus," which Shakespeare probably only re-wrote from the work of an earlier dramatist, who in turn was indebted to the "Thyestis" of Seneca, have not lent themselves to any pictorial purposes of importance or beauty, and survive on canvas only in such minor works as Thomas Kirk's picture of the street scene in Act IV., in which Aaron the Moor, Demetrius, the Nurse, and the boy are seen.

This series of reproductions will be continued in the next number with a group of pictures from Shakespeare's Comedies. The original painting of Mr. Rex Vicat Cole's "Woodlands Gay With Ladysmocks," reproduced in the preceding number, should have been acknowledged to the collection of Mr. J. O'N. Blair, of Belfast.

"ABIDE WITH ME!"

By L. G. MOBERLY

Illustrated by Frank Gillett

"THE strangest thing that I can remember? Odd that you should ask me that question this evening, whilst the echoes of the hymn we have been singing in church are still in my ears." Donald Fraser, my school-fellow of more years ago than I care to count, and my lifelong friend into the bargain, flicked the ash from his cigar and, leaning forward in the big arm-chair, looked thoughtfully into the fire that glowed redly in the grate. He was spending a week-end with me in my pleasant vicarage amongst the Surrey hills, and the labours of my busy Sunday finished, I was prepared to enjoy a long talk with my old friend. Fraser had only just returned from Central Africa, where he had formed part of an exploring expedition, he himself being in charge of the botanical and entomological section of the "show," as he called it.

Fraser was generally to be heard of, or not heard of, as the case might be, in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth; it was only at rare intervals that he spent a few weeks or months in England. During one of these intervals I had managed to capture him for a week-end, and it was good to lean back in my own arm-chair and look at the dear old fellow's tanned face, out of which his blue eyes showed so very blue. There were more grey threads in his hair and more lines on his face than when we had last met; but his smile had lost none of its charm, and it had rejoiced my heart to hear his voice singing the hymns in church. Neither Central Africa nor any of the other outlandish places to which he had been had changed the mellowness of that voice. It still had in it what my old servant called "quills," by which I think she meant a peculiar thrilling quality all its own.

I forget what particular subject we discussed at supper-time on that Sunday evening, nor do I know what put it into my mind to ask Fraser the question with which I prefaced our conversation, when we sat down to smoke in my study afterwards. I believe it was sheer idle curiosity which made me say: "What is the strangest thing you can remember during all your years of travel and wandering?" For a moment or two he remained silent, then he gave me the answer I have already mentioned—

"The strangest thing I can remember? Odd that you should ask me that question this evening, whilst the echoes of the hymn we have been singing in church are still in my ears."

"What has the hymn got to do with it," I asked, looking curiously at his face, grown suddenly grave, whilst he gazed into the fire, as though in its glowing heart he could see some picture out of the past, "and why is it odd that I should ask you that particular question?"

"You will understand when you have heard the story I am going to tell you," he answered, looking across at me as if he had suddenly made up his mind. "I have never before told it to anybody, though it happened a good many years ago. And looking back across my life—a life in which I am bound to say many strange things have happened—I believe the one about which I am going to tell you is the most strange. One comes across many queer tragedies—yes, and comedies, too, in those back-of-beyond places to which my *Wanderlust* has driven me. If I sat down to write my reminiscences—which, by the way, no power on earth would ever persuade me to do—some of the things I could tell would beat the most sensational fiction ever written. It is an absolute truism to say that truth is stranger than fiction; but there can be no doubt that it is—much stranger. If you wrote novels, old man, I could give you the kernel of more plots than you would ever have time to write.

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Only"—his face, over which a smile had flashed, grew grave again—"only so many of the characters in my stories are the black sheep, the renegades, the lost legion of this world. They are so seldom Galahads or plaster saints. All the same, they are so often very human, very lovable—more so, I am inclined to think, than those ninety-nine who never left the fold. You must forgive me if I shock you, Carpenter"—he looked at me with a whimsical expression—"but something about the lost sheep makes an appeal to me. However, I did not set out to preach a sermon upon the rival merits of sheep in the fold and in the wilderness. I set out to tell you a story, a straightforward story, which has the merit of being, not merely founded on fact, but of being fact itself. It all happened many years ago, but the incidents connected with it are stamped upon my memory as freshly as if they had taken place only yesterday. Some happenings in life never fade from one's memory, and this is one of them.

"I was one of a party sent to explore a bit of territory lying in that strange borderland where India and China meet. I need not tell you the exact spot, but in those days it was a very little-known country, and fauna, flora, and human beings were all alike of absorbing novelty and interest. To my lot, as usual, had fallen the task of collecting and tabulating as far as possible the flowers and insects of the district; and when I tell you that I discovered nearly five hundred new species of flowers, you will realise what an enthralling task I found it. Two members of the expedition were set apart to do surveying and delineating frontiers, and it frequently happened that whilst they were engaged in this not very romantic pursuit, my assistant—by name Masterman—and I went off for two or three days into the surrounding forests and up the mountain-sides on our own particular quest. Huge primeval forests they were, that spread themselves upon the lower slopes of those no less huge mountains, which soared like grey buttresses into the sky; and in the depths of those far-spreading jungles one felt as if it might be possible to meet a Mowgli or any other familiar friend of 'The Jungle Book,' and to talk with him in all good fellowship.

"I could spend hours in telling you about the flowers Masterman and I found in the undergrowth, or by the sides of mountain streams, or in the grass of the foothills which were bare of forest. I shall never forget a rose—a single pure white rose of which the wide-open flower was like a great white star. Something about its white purity made me remember a verse of Ecclesiasticus that has always stuck in my mind: 'Let your garments be always white.' Well, Masterman and I were like children let loose amongst the flowers of that amazing land. Each of us got more excited than the other every time we found a new specimen; and we were both more like a couple of impetuous schoolboys than anything else. Masterman was one of those fellows who give you the feeling that they carry about with them a clean and wholesome atmosphere of their own. He always seemed to me to typify, more than any other man I ever met, that Psalm which I have heard called 'The Gentleman's Psalm.' Somehow he so thoroughly carried out those truths; and yet he was never a bit of a prig or a preacher. He just simply *was* good. I never hear the fifteenth Psalm in church without seeing Masterman's face and those clear eyes of his, which looked you so straight in the face, and seemed to reflect the clean, strong soul that lay behind them.

"He was as keen as mustard over all our discoveries, and sometimes I had absolutely to hold him back, or he would have wandered off into the trackless forests, and we should have lost him for ever. In those pathless jungles on the mountain-side it was possible to wander for days and weeks without meeting a human creature.

"I can still remember, as if it was yesterday, the Sunday afternoon on which Masterman and I stumbled across a small and very squalid village, if you could dignify the miscellaneous collection of huts by such a name. The huts were built on the fringe of the forest, just at the point where the serried rows of trees ended, and a tangled mass of undergrowth, grass, and low shrubs climbed the more barren slopes, until they also ended, and only a great rampart of rock was left, grey and bare of vegetation, cutting across the vivid blue of the sky. That rampart made me think of some huge wall built by giant hands; and in a sense it is a wall, for it forms part of the line of separation between the two big empires—the Chinese Empire and our own. The inhabitants of the small, squalid village were a miserable-looking lot of people of the same Mongol type which you find in Darjeeling and other frontier places, and they were peculiarly degraded in appearance. They looked at us with heavy, scowling faces, and no language with which either of us was cognisant seemed to carry

any meaning to them whatever. To all our efforts at making ourselves understood they only responded by shaking their heads and staring at us with unintelligent, unfriendly glances. Their huts were as degraded in appearance as were the inhabitants, and as it was perfectly evident we should get neither help nor information from these not very pleasant folk, we pursued our way along the fringe of forest in search of a particular plant which we had reason to believe grew in those higher slopes of the mountains.

"We had not gone very far beyond the confines of the village itself when Masterman, peering first towards the more open slopes on our left, and then towards the dim recesses of the forest on our right, exclaimed eagerly—

"'By Jove, Fraser, I believe there's some sort of temple or dagoba, or something, in that bit of forest. I can see its top. We can't go past it without having a look.'

"'What sort of religion do you suppose is professed by those people we have just left?'



"'Don't touch me,' he said; 'I'm not fit to be touched by a clean man.'"

I asked, with curiosity; and Masterman, who amongst his other studies had found time to go into the question of religions in India, answered promptly—

"'Up here we should probably find a corrupt—a very corrupt—form of Buddhism mixed with Shivaism. Mind you, Fraser, very corrupt—more Shiva than Buddha about

it, and with a fair sprinkling of Animism. I wouldn't mind betting that those villagers believe every tree has its own special spirit. But I must have a look at this temple.' And, so saying, he plunged into the recesses of the forest, and I, of course, followed him. A dim recollection went through my mind of some story I had once heard or read about a deserted temple that had been devoted to a corrupt worship of Buddha and Shiva, and I remembered that the story had given me a sense of horror and repulsion; but the details of the thing escaped me, though strangely enough, as we came closer to the building we had seen, a feeling of repugnance, almost of fear, seemed to weigh me down.

"The temple was a rudely-constructed stone building, and in the cleared space immediately round it a scatter of bones evidenced the fact that, whatever the form of religion practised, sacrifices formed a part. The air was heavy with a pungent, fetid smell, and the uncanny sense of fear which suddenly settled down upon me gave me a most absurd wish to turn tail and run. All at once I hated the great forest that pressed in on us on all sides; I hated the heavy green of the trees, the rank vegetation at our feet, the stillness that brooded over the clearing where the temple stood. It was not the stillness of peace and rest, but a breathless, unwholesome stillness very difficult to describe; and, as I say, my one overpowering wish was to get away as fast as I could back to the more open spaces of the hillside.

"'What a beastly place!' Masterman muttered under his breath, and I realised all at once that we were both speaking in whispers, as though something in the evil stillness about us reduced us to silence. 'I told you there was more of Shiva than of Buddha in the religion of these people—if you can call it religion,' he added. 'The whole thing consists in attempting to mollify angry deities. It is a cult of fear, nothing but fear.'

"To the left, and a little behind the roughly-built temple, there was another building, equally roughly constructed, very tumbledown, and overrun with the creepers that had spread over it from the jungle, where everything seemed to grow with lavish luxuriance. Masterman pointed to this second building.

"'Some kind of priest or holy man probably lives there,' he said—'somebody who offers the sacrifices and keeps up the general impression of terror and unpleasantness. Pah! I do *not* like this place. It gives me what my old nurse used to call "the cold shivers." There is an atmosphere of——' He paused and glanced round him curiously. 'I don't quite know what the atmosphere is, excepting that it is evil. One hates to think that those poor devils in the village are being terrorised by something which gives itself the name of religion, and is all the time an influence for evil. Poor souls! They live in perpetual fear of some horror they cannot define; their whole environment is one of fear; they live and move and have their being in one continuous round of fear. And yet—and yet you find people in the world who abuse those who try to bring light to these fear-stricken people!

"'Oh, yes, I know,' he went on, although I had not spoken, 'I know that there is an idea that missionaries are superfluous, that every people had better be left to follow its own gods without interference. But what hope of betterment can there be for a people who worship a god of fear and lust and blood? Their degraded faces tell you how much good their religion is to them!'

"It was not often that I had seen Masterman so deeply stirred. His face was curiously white, his eyes burnt oddly; he looked at the sinister little temple and the evil-smelling heap of bones as if he would have liked to make a bonfire of the lot.

"'Whoever lives in the second building is evidently not at home,' he went on, after a pause, 'or our voices would have brought him out before this, to see who was trespassing on his domain.'

"Our voices! I think he must have forgotten, or perhaps he never realised, that we were speaking in whispers, which certainly could not have been audible to anyone inside the creeper-covered hovel, for it was little more.

"'Why, there's another building beyond again,' he exclaimed, before I could put this view to him—'more tumbledown and covered with greenery than the first!' And sure enough, still deeper in the forest, I caught sight of a smaller hovel, also apparently built of the same stone as the temple, and with a thick curtain of greenery over its whiteness.

"But no sound came from within either of the three buildings; a stillness like the stillness of the grave reigned supreme. There was something horribly uncanny about the unbroken stillness. I looked at Masterman; Masterman looked at me. I am sure that fear—unreasoning fear—looked out of my eyes, and although his had not lost their

usual clear and steady look, there was a cloud over their clearness.

"'Do you know it is Sunday, old chap?' he said suddenly, and *à propos* of nothing at all, as far as I could see. 'Sunday! And in grey old churches at home to-day people will be singing the peaceful old hymns we have always known, whilst we——' He broke off and looked round him with a little shudder. And then, before I could answer him, before I could even collect my thoughts sufficiently to think what answer I would make, he all at once began to sing He had one of those voices that pull at your heart-strings and bring a lump into your throat; and I tell you, old man, a lump came into my throat when I heard him begin to sing 'Abide with me!' out there in that dim, primeval forest, close to the sinister little temple where the worshippers practised a religion of fear—

"'Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!'

"A moment before, the very stillness had seemed terrible; now the echoes of Masterman's vibrating voice filled the silence with sound that in some inexplicable way kept fear at bay—

"'I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.'

"As he sang he pushed his way on along the narrow beaten track which passed the temple, and as he finished the verse I have just quoted, he had reached the second tumble-down building. I was close behind him, and at the very moment when the echo of the words 'Abide with me' died away amongst the trees, the creepers over the entrance to the hovel were drawn aside, and a man stepped out and confronted us.

"He was tall—as tall as Masterman—and in build quite unlike the squat, squarely-built natives of the village. His form was very emaciated, and the ragged garment he wore allowed us to see his thin neck and arms and his spindleshanks of legs. But in that first moment I did not take in those details of his appearance; I only realised his height and the look in his eyes. He stood there quite silently, gazing, gazing, gazing at us. And as my glance met his, I felt as though I were looking into the eyes of a lost soul. I hope never again to see anything so terrible, so heartrending, so piteous as the look in that man's eyes. Taken aback for an instant by this unexpected apparition, Masterman stopped singing, and then, impelled by I know not what, he went on again, almost as if there had been no interruption—

"'I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.'

"Whilst he sang, my eyes were riveted on the face of the strange figure standing at the hut-door, and I shall never forget the expressions which chased one another over that thin, lined face. Despair, yearning, fear, and, above all, a kind of anguished surprise, all these I read in turn; and finally across these strangely mingling expressions there seemed to come a tiny gleam of light. It was as if a glimmer shone through a great darkness, and when Masterman's voice once more dropped into silence, the tall, strange listener made a step towards him.

"'The little old church,' he said, 'and the clean wind from the downs!'

"I think sheer unspeakable amazement struck both Masterman and me into dumbness. The man spoke English! He spoke it slowly, a little laboriously, as if the sound of the words had grown unfamiliar to him. But that he was an Englishman there could be no manner of doubt; and the voice was the voice of one who, whatever might have happened since, had once been a gentleman. I do not know how long Masterman and I stood there staring at him. Time seemed to be of no particular account in that weird place. But it was Masterman who first collected himself enough to answer those surprising words.

"'Why are you here?' he said, and I think I had never heard his voice so gentle.

"'Why?' The agony in the voice that answered him made my heart ache. 'Why? Because I am a lost soul! And until you sang I did not want to go out of hell!' The agony in his voice was matched by the anguish in his eyes. 'Why did you come here singing that hymn?' he said. 'They sing it in the little old church, where the wind blows clean over the downs from the sea.'

"The very words 'clean over the downs from the sea' brought a sudden sense of wholesomeness into that heavy atmosphere. I could feel the breath of the sea-wind sweeping over great spaces of downland, wide and green under God's wide sky; I could almost see the grey church, with its wide-open door, through which the clean wind drifted, bringing with it the fragrance of the grass, and the little down flowers, and the salt freshness of the sea.

"Masterman went nearer to the stranger and put a hand on his shoulder. But he shrank away from the kindly touch, and a look of shrinking dismay crossed his face.

"'Don't touch me,' he said; 'I'm not fit to be touched by a clean man. I've gone outside the pale. You'd better go away, and let me stay in hell alone.'

"'We are not going to leave any man in hell,' Masterman said, in his quiet voice, which had in it such an extraordinary ring of assurance. 'I don't know how you got here, and I don't know that the method of your getting here much matters, but we shall take you out.'

"I could not be sure whether the eyes fixed on Masterman's face were most full of protest or of relief. It seemed to me that a flash of light came and went upon the man's face, but it died away immediately, leaving the old expression of hopeless despair.

"'I can never go out,' he said; 'there are some lost who can never be found.'

"'No, there are not.' Masterman spoke bluntly, but the ring of certainty in his tones brought that passing gleam of light again to the other man's face. 'Nobody is too much lost for the God in Whom you and I believe.'

"'You—and—I!' The words dropped slowly one by one from the poor fellow's lips, and then he broke into a laugh, the like of which I hope I may never hear again. 'You and I!' he repeated. 'The God in Whom I believe——' He broke off, and a long shudder shook him from head to foot.

"'The God Whose presence we need every passing hour,' Masterman said firmly, his eyes looking straight into the other man's eyes, which tried, but tried in vain, to shift under that steady gaze, 'the God to Whom you prayed in that little old church where the wind blew in clean over the downs from the sea.'

"'But I can't go back there!' the poor fellow cried. 'I can't go back there! I'm not fit for decent people any more! I'm just one of the lost—one of the lost in hell! It was your hymn—the hymn you sang—that made me—that made me——' His voice trailed away into silence, and again Masterman laid a hand on his shoulder.

"'You are coming with us,' he said, not asking a question, but making an assertion; 'you are coming with us. This place is no fit place for any Christian man.'

"'Christian man!' Again that dreadful laugh rang out, the laugh that made my blood run cold. 'If you knew, you wouldn't call me that. I tell you I'm lost beyond recall!' But this time he did not draw away from Masterman's hand; and somehow the next minute he was walking along beside us down the narrow track that led past the temple and to the open hillside. He walked like a man who was dazed. His eyes were clouded with bewilderment, there was bewilderment upon his face, and he never uttered one single syllable until we were out of the thick green darkness of the wood and on the bare spaces beyond. Then he looked up at the grey rampart of mountains towering over our heads, and another of those long shudders I had noticed before shook him from head to foot.

"'Over there,' he said brokenly, 'over there—they tortured me for being a Christian—and I—couldn't stand the torture!'

"In the light of the setting sun upon the hillside his face showed grey-white under its tan; there was horror in his eyes. Some words came rushing into my brain. They seemed to fit the whole situation. 'The sorrows of death had fallen all around me. And hell's dark terrors had gat hold upon me.'

"'Don't think about it all now.' Masterman's voice, quiet, steady, soothing, fell across my thoughts. 'Wait until presently for anything you like to tell us. Don't think about it now.'

"The stranger did not answer, but a look of dog-like gratitude shot into his eyes, and he allowed Masterman to guide him without further protest. Some instinct, for which we did not try to account, made us avoid the village and the degraded inhabitants, and we took a much more circuitous route back to our camp, which was pitched in a cleared space half-way down towards the valley. And only after Masterman's guest had been persuaded to put on a suit of Masterman's clothes, and to sit in a corner of our tent, did my friend allow him to continue his narrative. Even then Masterman said to him as gently as if he had been a little child—

"'Now, you are not to tell us a single thing you don't feel like telling us. We only want to help you—back to the little church on the downs,' he ended by a happy inspiration.

"Then the poor chap, sitting huddled in the deck-chair, dropped his head into his hands, and great heavy sobs shook his emaciated frame. I tell you it made me choke to hear him and to see him. But presently he pulled himself together. He lifted his head and looked at us.

"'I'm a renegade,' he said; 'I've denied my faith. I've given up being a white man. There's no chance of saving a chap like me. I shan't ever see the old church—and the downs again. I'm not fit——'

"'Tell us about it,' Masterman put in softly. 'You were on the other side of the mountains once?' For a second deadly fear flashed into the sunken eyes. Then again he pulled himself together.

"'I was over there,' he said. 'I was with a surveying party, but I lost them—it's a long story—and I got into the hands of men who—men who——' Even in the gloom of the tent I could see the whiteness of his face, but for the third time he collected his forces.

"'They tortured me!' he whispered. 'I couldn't tell you about it; it—won't bear telling. But—I gave in—I couldn't bear it! They kept me with them for months and months—I don't know how long,' he went on, speaking fast and breathlessly, 'and then I escaped; and I wandered across the mountains and into the forests. I don't know how long I wandered.' His voice, like his face, grew bewildered. 'And in the end I came to the village—close to the temple where you found me. I have lived like one of the people here. I have gone down into hell. I tell you I am not fit—not fit—to be with decent men—like you!'

"It was an exceeding bitter cry. For fully a minute neither Masterman nor I could answer it.

"'But you had never forgotten the old life and the old ways.' Masterman's voice had in it a ring of triumph. 'The minute you heard the hymn you had sung in the old days, you remembered. You'—he bent over the man in the chair and touched his arm—'you would sooner be found than stay amongst the lost?' I never heard anything much more persuasive than his voice, and the poor chap's eyes, as they met his eyes, were dim with tears.

"'The old words come back,' he said, with a queer wavering smile, 'the old words come back, "Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost." If there is any fresh beginning for lost souls like me, then I should like to begin again. My God, if I could only begin again!'"

Fraser's voice stopped. I stooped down to stir the fire, and the glowing coals danced mistily before my eyes.

"Poor fellow!" I said huskily. "Was it possible for him to begin again? What was the end?"

"We brought him back to England, to a gentle old man who lived in that village amongst the downs. And he stayed there with his gentle old father, breathing the clean air that blew in from the sea, going to the little grey church, learning again the A B C of the Christian life. And afterwards"—Fraser paused—"afterwards, when the light came to him, he said he must go back to the forest on the mountains to take the light to those other souls who were walking in a great darkness.

"After his gentle old father's death he went away from England, back to the degraded people on the frontier. He said the only expiation he could offer was to give his whole life to carry the light to them. And when at last he died, he died the death of a Christian gentleman.

"In the little grey church under the downs they have put up a tablet to his memory. Sunday after Sunday the clean wind from the sea blows in upon it through the open door, and the sunlight shows clearly every word of the inscription that follows his name—

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"

THE WEEDS

By JOHN BURLAND

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds

I GAVE the man sixpence. He had laid a grimy finger on my sleeve—much as a dog lays a paw upon one's knee—and had looked at me with dog-like eyes, soft and pleading, but with the wolf lurking in their depths. His rags were wet with the rain. As he slouched on—possibly to the nearest public-house—I saw a white heel protruding through the broken leather of his boot.

"A poor weed," I said to Carracloss, whose fingers had not even wandered towards his pocket.

"You are inaccurate," he replied, as we walked on towards my club. "Surely even a dweller in towns like you, Andrews, must know that weeds are the strongest and healthiest things in the plant world. We human beings try to stamp them out, but it is an endless battle. Directly we withdraw our forces, the cultivated flower or vegetable doesn't stand a chance. In a year—in two years—the weeds have either choked everything to death or brought it into subjection."

"I'll wager you're right," I said humbly. "Even my window-boxes—— But, of course, you are a gardener, and speak feelingly. Still, that idea of subjection—I don't quite get hold of that."

"It's just this," he answered. "If the cultivated plant does not die, it becomes a weed, like its conquerors. It learns to fight for itself—and, by Jove, some of those little beggars can fight!"

I glanced sideways at him as we tramped on in the rain. I had only known him for two days—a distant relation of my wife's, seeking hospitality in a strange city. He had come up to London to sell some new kind of weed killer that was twice as effective as anything the chemists had yet been able to produce.

"An odd fellow," I thought. And I wondered if, after all, I had done right in taking him to dine with me at my club. I hoped he would not talk about weeds in that harsh, metallic voice of his. At the Rolton we had learnt to argue even politics in a well-bred undertone. I rather feared the tweed suit under the shabby mackintosh, the white face and the iron-grey hair and moustache and beard. But most of all I feared his voice—even now upraised in anger because I had called a beggar "a weed."

However, nothing very dreadful happened at the Rolton. We discussed the War, and Carracloss spoke without emphasis. When we said good-night, Carracloss asked me to come down and stay for a week-end at his house.

"I am a bachelor," he said, "but, of course, if your wife likes to come——"

The look in his eye said as plainly as possible that my wife was not to come; but I replied that I would ask her, and that I was sure she would be very pleased to have a day or two in the country.

II.

I WENT down to Mingrin alone. My wife refused to accompany me, and threw obstacles in the way of my going. It was well known in the family, she said, that John Carracloss was a little more than peculiar. Something had happened to him in his youth; she could not remember what, but it was nothing very creditable. She had heard of Mingrin—a beautiful village, but a place where it always rained. The house was sure to be damp, and the sheets were not likely to be properly aired. She had looked forward to a week-end at Brighton—in fact, she had practically promised the Lowes that she would be at Brighton this week-end. There was something odd about John Carracloss's eyes—hadn't I noticed it? Well, she had,

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anyway. As likely as not he drank. He might even cut my throat when he was drunk. This was only a single battery of the loud artillery that she brought to bear on my defences. I muttered something about the spice of adventure. She told me to look in the glass and ask myself if I was fitted for anything out of the common. I looked, and saw that my hair was grey and that it was very thin on the top.

"I shall soon be too old for adventures," I answered her, with a smile. "I had better take the chance now it has come my way."

She opened other batteries, but the defences held good. Even the suggestion that the Lowes—hateful people—would be glad to have her without her silly old husband failed to move me. I went down to Mingrin by the first train I could catch on Saturday afternoon. I think it was the slowest train I ever travelled in, but it did eventually arrive at its destination.

It was raining when I alighted on the platform of a station seven miles from the village. The sun had shone brightly enough in London, and for most of the journey the carriage had been uncomfortably hot. But now the rain came down steadily from a grey sky. And I was not even yet at Mingrin, which lay under a great wall of hills to the north.

Carracloss was not on the platform, but I found him outside, seated in a farm cart that had been used last, so I should say, for carrying coals. He was glad to see me, and gripped my hand hard as I held it out to him. I deposited my suit case on a film of coal dust, and climbed up beside him. He made no apologies for the conveyance, but he praised my good sense in bringing a rainproof coat. We trundled off towards the hills—a grey bank of cloud in the distance.

"Rains a good deal down here," he said. "But it's warm—you can *see* things grow in the summer. That's the devil of it!"

Then he began to talk of the War. Yet all the time he talked I felt that other matters were occupying his mind—matters that always occupied his mind.

The hills grew less distinct as the horse ambled towards them through the rain, and finally they disappeared altogether. It was raining now with the steady downpour of a thunderstorm. There was not a breath of wind, and it was very warm. As we came to some rising ground, the road was seamed with tiny rivulets, rushing down channels that had been worn in the surface.

"It is all collar work now," said Carracloss. "My house is five hundred feet above sea-level, and the hill rises another five hundred feet above me."

The road rose gradually, and twenty minutes later we came to Mingrin—a single street that curved upwards and vanished in mist. The houses, built of grey stone, were old and austerely beautiful. But I think it was the coldness of them that struck me most as we went slowly past their leaded windows and dripping dormers and nail-studded doors, and I fancied that they would look even colder in the sunshine.

"All seventeenth century," said Carracloss. "Not a new one among them. Fine sturdy work, and architecture, mind you—not creeper-clad rubbish."

I expressed my admiration. But I suspected that Mingrin was not a place for weaklings or sentimentalists. We passed two old men in the street—men hard and grey as the stones of the houses. They were bent, even as some of the walls of the houses were bent. But I glanced from their faces to the face of Carracloss, and knew that they had the better of him. He was all fire and nervous energy, but they were like the limestone rock from which the stone of their houses had been quarried.

At the top of the street we turned to the right, passed between two stone pillars, from which the gates had vanished, and went down a gentle sloping drive bordered with two lines of yew trees. Carracloss looked sharply from side to side. Then he suddenly pulled up the horse and gave me the reins.

"One moment," he said, as he jumped to the ground and took something from his pocket. I saw the gleam of steel. Then he hurried between two trees, flung himself on his knees, and stabbed furiously at the earth. It was almost as though he were fighting some invisible enemy. When he rose to his feet, I expected to see his hands red with blood; but they were only brown with earth as he held out some green stems and leaves towards me. I asked him what he had found.

"A sow-thistle, Andrews," he replied, much in the tone of voice that I should have used if I had said "An adder," and then he continued: "The very devil of a weed. Well, it's dead now, the brute!"

He trod it under foot and stamped its remains into the gravel of the drive.

"One of the vilest of them all," he muttered, as he took the reins again.

I glanced at him with a smile, but the

smile died away as I saw his face. It was whiter than ever, and the sweat was running down from his forehead.

III.

THE house itself was delightful—I mean the mere outer crust of it, the grey stone, and the mullioned windows, and the carved date over the door. The inside of it was quite extraordinarily dirty and untidy. The hall, oak-beamed and picturesque, was like a tool-shed. Rakes and hoes and spades stood against the walls. Curious little knives and trowels were laid out on a long oak table. In one corner I saw a small army of tin cans. One of them was labelled in large letters "Jimkins' Weed Killer."

An old man took my bag upstairs, and I followed Carracloss into a room he called his study. He asked me to sit down, but there was no vacant chair until he had cleared away a small sack of potatoes. The room was littered with bulbs and packets of seeds and boxes of earth. There were books, too—hundreds of them on plain deal shelves—and every one dealing with gardens or agriculture. The place was a veritable arsenal, crammed with agricultural weapons. As Carracloss lit some candles, the light glittered on the shining steel of spuds and secateurs and pruning knives.

"Gardening's my hobby," said Carracloss; "I suppose you can see that."

His hobby? Well, I was content to let it go at that. Hobby is a very comfortable word. I did not look at him as I answered, "A very good hobby, too;" and something in my voice told him what was in my mind.

"I'll explain afterwards," he said, "when we've had some dinner. Shall I show you your room?"

The dinner was pretty good—well cooked, and everything very substantial and sustaining. It was the sort of dinner that was necessary to a man who lived in the open air. I was hungry, and enjoyed it. I also enjoyed the fire that had been lit in the study while we were eating our meal. Although it was June, the house was cold and damp, as my wife had prophesied. One somehow felt that one was camping out in it. The fire of logs in the great open fireplace might have been blazing in the heart of some lonely land. Half the panes of glass had gone from one of the leaded windows. Outside, in the garden, the rain fell steadily. The chairs on which we seated ourselves were of oak. So far as comfort was concerned, they might as well have been logs, fresh hewn with the axe. Our dress-clothes seemed out of place, as we sat there smoking our pipes. I felt as though I ought to be wearing boots that reached at least to my knees.

And then Carracloss explained.

"You see, it's in my blood," he said. "My father was in Canada for twenty years, fighting with Nature—hewing down forests that had been there for centuries, clearing ground foot by foot, for twenty years. A man cannot do that unless he's a fighting man."

He paused, and I nodded. He did not look like a fighting man himself. At any rate, he seemed weary of the battle.

"Of course, a garden isn't a virgin forest," he went on. "But I'd rather hew down trees. An axe is something like a weapon. Here, of course, it's the weeds. They're like a swarm of green devils, millions of them—millions upon millions—and I fight them single-handed. That's the game. That's what I live for. I'm no use in the world at all except to battle with the weeds."

I said that, so far as I could see, he seemed to have been very successful. I had caught a glimpse of well-kept flower-beds as I drove up to the front door.

"You are very fond of flowers," I added.

"I don't know," he replied. "I'm not sure that I am. But the battle with the weeds is my life. I feel as if I'd done something when I get the better of them. You never saw anything like this place when I bought it. You never saw such weeds in your life. The bindweed was like a tropical plant, strangling even the bushes in its grip. Thistles! Some of 'em six feet high. Groundsel like a carpet, dandelions with leaves eighteen inches long! The place has always had a bad name for weeds. Currents of air seem to bring everything that can be brought—sweep down from the hill and up from the vale. Birds! Thousands of them all day and every day bringing seeds. And a warm moisture three-quarters of the summer. By Heaven, Andrews, it rains weeds in this garden!"

He paused again, and I saw the sweat on his white forehead. I suggested that it would be better to employ gardeners than work himself to death. The suggestion made him angry. He spoke of weeds as if they were honourable foes. He had pitted himself against them, and he was going to fight them single-handed. Then he began to talk of the weeds themselves, of the cunning of some, of the strength of others,

of the pertinacity of all. And, as I listened to him, I began to understand that what you or I would regard as garden pests, he looked upon as living creatures almost as high in the scale of life as dumb animals. I remember now how he talked of the "white blood" of the dandelion, how he spoke of the "fingers" of the bindweed, of the "male" and "female" blossoms. I think he even spoke of "intelligence." And he made it all seem quite real. I could not contradict him. Could anyone, who has seen the tendril of a plant move deliberately towards an object that it desires to grasp, deny it, at any rate, the intelligence of a sheep?

"And the devil of it all," he concluded, "is that the brutes have the *right* to be here. *I'm* the interloper—I and my little domestic flowers and peas and cabbages. *They* are the lords of the soil. They were there before the human race was even thought of—aborigines, like the Red Indians in America."

I muttered something about the march of civilisation, and he turned on me.

"Don't you be too sure of that," he flashed out. "The weeds will get the better of us yet—they'll have us all yet—from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to a cauliflower."

IV.

THE next morning the sun shone fiercely enough. I awoke at seven, and, drawing up the blind, saw a white lake of mist. There were voices under my window, and I gathered that Carracloss was going to "tackle an onion bed."

"I reckon you'll *see* 'em grow to-day, sir," said another voice. Then the scraping of feet on the gravel and silence.

I was called at eight, and breakfasted with Carracloss at nine. He had washed his hands, but the rest of him was redolent of the soil.

"I don't start work on Sundays till seven," he said. "I give that much to the parsons. Now, I want you to do just what you like to-day. I'm going to work in the garden; but it's grand up on the hills—there'll be a fine view about noon."

I told him that there was nothing I should like so much as to watch him at work—that there was nothing in all the world so restful as to watch other people work. I did not even offer to help him. He had already expressed himself quite clearly on that point.

By the Lord Harry, that was a morning! I'd like you to know Carracloss was nothing much to look at in the way of a man—tall and slightly built. So I thought before I saw him "tackle the onion bed." But when he stripped to his shirt and trousers, and rolled up his sleeves, I saw arms that might have served a slayer of oxen—arms brown to four inches above the elbow. I thought of the poor little weeds—a green film of them had arisen in the night—and smiled.

Already the battlefield was strewn with dead and dying, and Carracloss wielded his hoe unceasingly. By eleven the only living things in that piece of ground were onions. Carracloss passed on to the carrots and then to the peas, and at half-past twelve—I think I am right to a minute or two—the Devil himself came on the scene.

Carracloss, brown-armed and white-faced—somehow the sun had never tanned his face—paused for a few moments from his labours and wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. A cool breeze came down from the hills, and I was grateful for it. Carracloss shaded his eyes with his hand and looked up at the sunlit slopes above us.

Something settled on my arm, and I knocked it off—something feathery and graceful. It floated away again and came to rest against a hedge of peas. Carracloss sprang upon it, as a cat might spring on a bird. But, before he had touched it with his fingers, half a dozen feathery things had alighted on his back. And then, as we both looked round, the air seemed full of them. They danced like tiny stars against the blue of the sky, against the soft green of the hills.

"You'll hardly capture that lot," I said. He did not answer me. He just leaned on his hoe and spat out venomous words in the direction of the hills. His eyes were ablaze with fury. I do not think I ever saw such anger in the eyes of any man.

"They'll drift over," I said soothingly—"most of them."

But the odd part of it was that they did not drift over. I watched them swoop down and come to rest in the garden—millions of them. It was as if some enemy had aimed bunch after bunch of shrapnel at Carracloss's two acres of ground and had hit it every time. There was a man of the name of James whom Carracloss cursed most horribly. I gathered that James had a farm up on the hill—a farm which grew the largest and healthiest thistles in the county, that James never cut his thistles, that

thistles were one of James's assets—an excuse for demanding a low rental from his landlord. James, I gathered, was an enemy of the human race.

But the wind—so grateful on that scorching Sunday morning—was not content with the success of its first bombardment. I saw Carracloss catch at a floating star and look at it as I might look at a poisonous insect.

"Dandelions!" he said. "The country round here swarms with them."

It began to rain dandelion seed as we went in to lunch. It even drifted through the open windows of the house and settled defiantly on implements of destruction. If possible, Carracloss hated a dandelion worse than a thistle. He spoke of it as a creature of low cunning and infinite vitality. It would grow, so he said, out of a block of solid stone. I tried to get him to look at the dandelion in a different light. I suggested that he should cultivate it, and he nearly threw a dish of potatoes at me. I spoke of its medicinal virtues, of the flavour it gave to a salad. But Carracloss would have none of my arguments. It was the silent scourge of a garden. Hell, he was quite certain, was a country where the fields were carpets of green and golden dandelions.

Then his mood changed, and he said that he still had some fight left in him, thank God. He began to apologise for himself. It must be rotten for a visitor, he said, to spend such a dull Sunday.

I told him that I had thoroughly enjoyed my morning. Was he going to work all the afternoon? Yes. Well, I'd just stroll about and watch him when I felt inclined. Perhaps I'd read a book, perhaps I'd just doze. He could leave me to myself with a clear conscience. I was one of those people who hated to be "driven somewhere" or "shown something."

He took me at my word, and I really did enjoy myself that afternoon with my pipe and a book—the sort of book one can slip into one's pocket and start reading again at any page. I explored the whole garden thoroughly, and wondered at the neatness of it. Now and again I would have a chat with Carracloss, who was working feverishly. There was something primeval and great about him, as he used his hoe. Other people might not have seen it. But it was plain enough to me, who knew the workings of his mind. He had pitted himself against Nature, and the battle was to go on, year after year, until he died. This was no mere gardening. It was war. His hoe was a flaming sword.

And then, at half-past four, I found the giant bindweed—the finest specimen of *convolvulus major* that I have ever seen—gripping branch after branch of a large tree, and starred with the white trumpets of its flowers. I stared at it as one might stare at some strange animal in the midst of a flock of sheep. What was it doing there? How came it that it had escaped the merciless knives of Carracloss? Its stem was as thick as a lead pencil. Its highest tendrils were ten feet above the ground. It was not likely to choke the tree on which it had fastened itself. But still, there it was, in a remote corner of the garden, almost at the western boundary. Bindweed grows quickly, but this must have been growing for many months. I hastened to chaff Carracloss about it. I was a little dull, perhaps, and eager for excitement. It shows you my state of mind when I tell you that I regarded the discovery of a common weed as a source of excitement.

Carracloss was hoeing between two lines of turnips when I told him the news. To my surprise he took it very calmly. It appeared that he knew all about it—that for weeks he had taken a malicious pleasure in watching the bindweed grow, knowing that at any moment he could sever the stem and see its tall pyramid of leaf and flower wither into the brownness of death.

"It can't do any harm," he said. "It lives on in hope. But I can deal with it. I'll deal with it now."

He took a knife from his pocket and opened it. The curved blade glittered in the sunlight. There was a murderous gleam in his eyes as we walked towards the western boundary of the garden.

"I don't suppose you've ever felt as I feel now," he said, "but perhaps you can understand. To have the power and not use it—that's god-like—to let the wicked prosper and then cut them off in their prosperity—something about that in the Bible, isn't there?"

We came to the giant bindweed, and Carracloss bared a portion of the stem near to the ground. As I watched him, I had a vision of a neck bared for the guillotine, of the soft hair clipped away so that nothing should stay the downward sweep of the knife. It sounds all very absurd, I know, but somehow or other Carracloss had the gift of carrying one away on the wings of his own imagination.

"Off with his head!" I joked feebly.

He caught hold of the stem with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand and drew the knife through the green fibre. Then he put his thumb to his lips.

"Cut yourself?" I asked.

"Only a scratch"—and he held out the thumb of his left hand. A tiny bead of blood had gathered at the end of a thin red line. I picked one of the trumpet-shaped flowers and stuck it in my buttonhole. Carracloss laughed in a peculiar fashion.

"There'll be no funeral," he said quietly. "The body shall hang there, where it died. I won't even burn it—burning is too clean a death for the brute. Let it rot. Now, what about tea?"



"He caught hold of the stem . . . and drew the knife through the green fibre."

What an amusing fellow Carracloss was, to be sure! After tea he went out to his work again, and I climbed to the top of the hill and looked down on his garden. Then I inspected Mr. James's remarkable crop of thistles—great fellows, some of them, taller than myself, and bristling with spines. I walked along the crest of the hills and saw a magnificent panorama of vale stretched out before me—vale that ended in another great range of hills, and beyond them still further hills, dark against the glow of the sunset.

By the time I reached the house again I had shaken all the nonsense out of my brain. After supper I told Carracloss that, if he wasn't careful, he'd end his days in a madhouse. Then it was that he began to justify himself.

"I do little enough," he said, "but I

fight in a great cause. I thought a sharp fellow like you would have seen that."

"The forces of civilisation, eh? The cauliflower against the thistle?"

He nodded, was silent for a minute, and then he began to talk, speaking in quick, jerky sentences, and walking up and down the room, blundering every now and then into a chair or table, and sending something with a clatter to the floor. I cannot recall half of what he said, and probably I did not understand a quarter. But it appeared that civilisation was at last on the defensive—that the limit of progress had been reached, and that henceforward it was a question of arresting the onslaught of Nature. He did not define "Nature" very carefully, but I gathered that, for him, it meant the old order of things—the world that existed just before the coming of man, a world older, perhaps, than that. He spoke of the swing of the pendulum, and hinted at the possibility of retarding the swing on its backward path. He insisted that an unending course of progress was ridiculous. It was very pleasant to think of evolution as eternal, but one had to look facts in the face. In *his* opinion the forces of civilisation had come to a standstill. There had been no real progress for a very long time. Wonderful inventions? Oh, yes, of course. But intellect? Morality? Development of character? After all, Socrates and Plato lived more than two thousand years ago. There were great statesmen and rulers two thousand years before the golden days of Greece. Machinery was not progress. That would not put off the day of reckoning. In future the human race would have to fight fiercely to avert defeat. Of course, they would be pushed back inch by inch. It was only a question of time. But savage fighting would postpone the disaster. For his own part he was content to keep weeds from overrunning a garden. Others would fight in nobler fields. In the end the weeds would prevail—from sheer strength. The mind of man would be first darkened and then blotted out by his animal nature. He would sink to the level of the beasts. In time he would lose even the cunning that had first given him dominion over them. The beasts themselves would perish as the ages went by. The vegetable world would choke and destroy everything, both under the sea and on the surface of the earth. Then, perhaps, their kingdom would pass away. But Carracloss—I remember this well—was not sure of that. The pendulum might be swinging forward again by then, if it were ever to swing forward at all.

I listened to him with some impatience, though I did not interrupt him by a single word. That night I dreamt of a bindweed so vast that it hid the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral, and I heard the stones cracking as the great ropes of stem and tendril tightened their grip. But when I woke in the morning, I only remembered that Carracloss had winced with pain as I had shaken hands with him at the foot of the stairs, and had muttered something about a herbal ointment that would heal anything.

V.

At breakfast I noticed that Carracloss had bandaged his thumb with a piece of clean white linen, and I chaffed him about honourable wounds received in battle. It was raining again, and, as we drove to the station, he seemed, in a shy sort of way, to be apologising for the rotten week-end he had given me.

"The fact is," he said, as I leant out of the carriage window, "I asked you down out of pure selfishness. My neighbours think I'm just a keen gardener; I've never told anyone the truth but you. I think you understand."

The train moved off, and, as I looked back at Carracloss on the rain-soaked platform, I believed that I was watching him pass out of my life. The man had interested me, but I had no desire for more of his company. I was, to tell you the honest truth, just a little bit afraid of him. And he had put ugly thoughts into my head. I did not like that idea of the swing of the pendulum, and for many a night afterwards, when I saw the moon shining in a clear sky, I wondered whether it were a silent witness to the truth of Carracloss's theory—whether in one world, at any rate, the pendulum had swung backwards from some distant point where men had prayed to their God and had looked forward to some stupendous age of perfection.

But the strain of hard work and the genial atmosphere of London life soon put Carracloss out of my head. At the end of a month he had grown a very dim memory indeed. And then came his telegram.

"Please come down at once. Urgent business. Will meet same train you came by before.—Carracloss."

It happened to be Saturday, and I went, in spite of my wife's protests and the

loss of a Sunday on the river. As I had expected, Carracloss did not meet me at the station. The old man-servant was there, and he told me that his master was very ill—that he had taken to his bed two days after I had left him, and had been in bed ever since. I asked about the garden, and heard that it was in a sad way. The illness? Yes, blood poisoning. Just a scratch on the thumb—that was all. "Who'd have thought it, sir?" I did not answer him, but I felt as if I had known it all the time. I knew, too, as I drove towards Mingrin, that Carracloss would die.

"You see, they've got the best of me, after all," he said, as I stood by his bedside. I told him that it was nothing of the sort—that he'd soon be well and ready to make up for lost time.

"One cannot afford to lose time," he replied. "The world's got to remember that. It's just drifting along anyhow, and it ought to be fighting—every man and woman in it ought to be fighting, not for wealth, or power, or new territories. That's like a garrison fighting among themselves while the enemy is hammering at the gates."

He closed his eyes and lay there in silence, while I talked about other things. Then he began to mutter about the weeds—about the strength of them and the certainty of their ultimate victory.

"But the day must be put off as long as possible!" he suddenly shouted. "Don't you see that?"

He rambled on, speaking vaguely of soul and spirit and mental forces. "That's all we've got to fight with," he muttered; "and we're going under, swamped with the love of money—it's the beginning of the end. The brain will perish—a kind of money fungus, I think. The barbarians will swamp civilisation, and the barbarians themselves will die. Then the beasts will have their kingdom again—and why not? Some of them are better even now than we are. And after the beasts the plants. And then some very low form of life, perhaps. I see it all quite plainly. It's bound to come, but—we must put off the coming of it!"

He collapsed into a state of exhaustion, and then, I am glad to say, the doctor arrived.

"Come, come, this won't do," he said to Carracloss. "You mustn't excite yourself."

He sent me out of the room, and I wandered round the garden in the moonlight. The weeds had got the upper hand again. They lay like a thick green carpet over all the beds of flowers and vegetables; there was no brown soil to be seen anywhere. I stooped and touched something that pricked my finger—a small thistle, one of those, perhaps, that had come floating down from the hills. There were thousands of them, and in time they would rise like a forest.

I sat up all that night with Carracloss, and he died just before dawn. But he never spoke after midnight. Then he whispered something about the weeds getting the better of us all.

"Very fond of his garden, was he not?" said the doctor. "They tell me that he would allow no one but himself to touch it."

"Some men are like that," I answered.

I returned to London by an afternoon train, and, as I drove to my house in Kensington, I passed a fine body of troops, swinging along the streets on their way to Flanders. I thought of Carracloss, a man too old to be of any account in the great struggle that was shaking the very foundations of civilisation. On a board outside a newspaper shop the familiar words "The Great War" flashed up for a moment and vanished again.

Perhaps Carracloss was right. Perhaps the greatest war of all had been raging for thousands of years—the war of the human race against its enemies. So far the race had triumphed. But who could speak with certainty of the future?

VI.

I AM sorry now that I ever met Carracloss. He has put queer ideas into my head. The other night I discussed them with the Dean, a great scholar, a kindly and high-souled priest. I asked him if one could be a Christian and believe such things.

"No," he replied very gently, "I'm afraid not. Mankind will rise to a higher level, century after century."

"Has it done so in the past? Is the twentieth century any improvement on the eighteenth, from your point of view?"

"I think so. In any case there will always be an uplifting force, though there may be temporary setbacks."

I lit my pipe and looked at his earnest face. I asked him if he thought this was the only world in the universe. He would not commit himself to a reply.

"And some of them are dead, perhaps," I added, after a pause.

"If so," he said quietly, "they have

served their purpose in the great scheme of goodness."

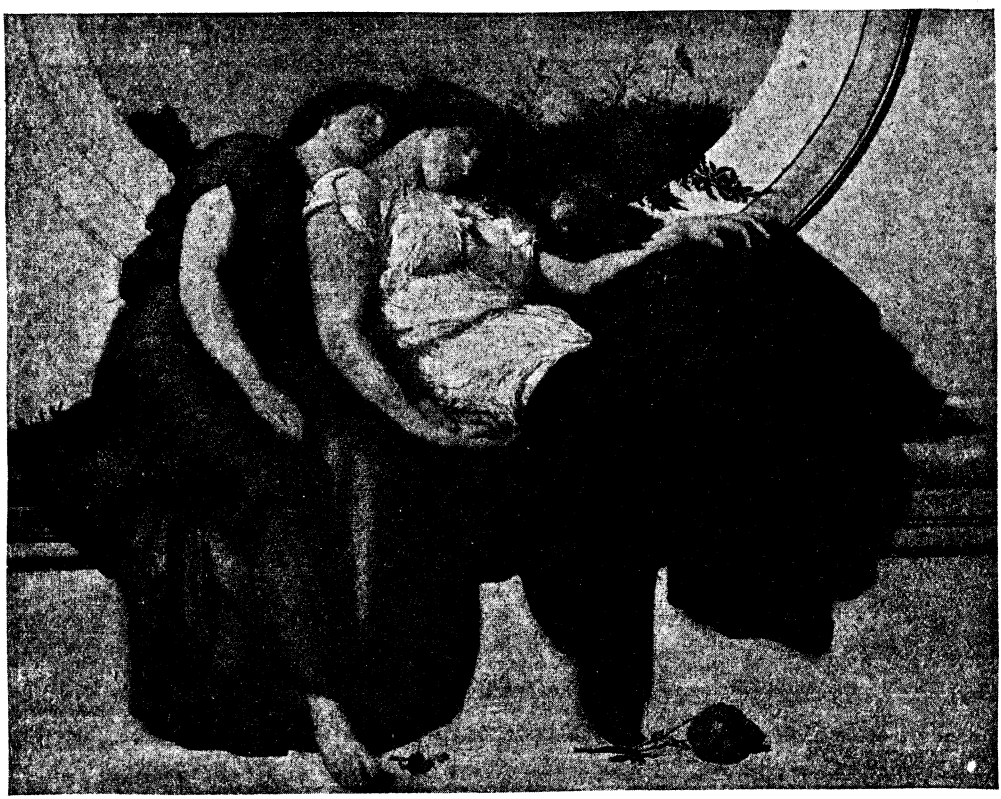
"May not this one have done so already? There are, even now, many splendid souls among the dead. Supposing this is just a training ground. If God chose to train His souls elsewhere—He might, you know."

The Dean rose and said good-night. No, he was not in the least offended, but he was tired, and would like to continue our conversation at another time. As he left the house, I stood at the doorway and looked up at the stars—some, perhaps, with dead or living worlds moving round them through space.

The Dean had not proved satisfactory. I am sorry now that I ever met Carracloss. He has set my fingers tingling to pull up every weed that I see. I am not sure that I shall not purchase his house and garden one of these days.

Or I may work among my fellow-men for the end of warfare—the first step towards the alliance of the human race against a common enemy.

One must do something to check the swinging back of the pendulum.



"THE SUMMER MOON." BY LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

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THE BLACK MONK OF MYNACHDY

By EDMUND VALE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.

IT was a stormy night in the north of Anglesey when young Tom Owen rode over the wild brow of Carmel Head. The wind was setting in puffs from the north-east, and both Exciseman and his horse felt its rude buffeting as they crossed the summit of the ridge and started riding down towards Mynachdy. Moonlight started by fits from the ragged, hustling clouds on high, and Tom saw, by the fact that there were no waves, only little breakers chopping into white foam, that the tide was making, and the sea running in from St. George's Channel. Now he saw the lights of Mynachdy in the valley, and he whistled gaily. This young officer of the King's Customs had cause to whistle to keep his spirits merry for such an errand as he was bound on. It was because he was young, and because he could whistle at these times, that he was here at all.

Everybody knew that Richard Parry, of Mynachdy, was a smuggler on a considerable scale; but everybody knew, too, that he was a nasty man to cross. And then, again, Mynachdy was built on the ruins and out of the spoils of a monastery of the Black Friars, and so, of course, there were plenty of ghosts. Honest folks all over Anglesey shuddered in the ingle-nooks of their big fireplaces if anyone mentioned the name of the Black Monk of Mynachdy, and the Customs men shuddered, too, and avoided Richard Parry with great caution. So it was only a brave young man who would ever have thought of riding over the lonely moors at night to beard Richard Parry in his den. As the big house loomed up in the stormy moonlight, and Tom's horse stumbled on a mound concealing some old ruin of the Black Friars' house, even he was somewhat awed, and stopped whistling. But he pulled himself together, tied up his horse to a railing, and walked boldly up to the front door. Inside he could hear a loud clamour of roystering voices, and the shadow of a great broad-brimmed Southern hat kept swinging across one of the blinds, for none of the windows were shuttered. He felt for his big pistol, and wondered if the priming were dry. Then he knocked. The sound reverberated in the hollowness of the hall, and the voices shut up like a trap, and two or three dogs started barking from somewhere. Tom could hear people crossing the hall from one side to the other, and then someone began undoing the bolts of the big door. It swung open, and a little servant-girl stood there in the light of the hall, holding a massive candlestick with a guttering candle in her hand. The candlestick, the hall with its heavy panelling, and the doors of the adjoining room, with pillars and lintels after the same fashion, were all forbidding and terrible as the name of Mynachdy, which, perhaps, made the little maid look all the prettier as she stood there in the light. Tom looked at her, and she looked at Tom, and the dancing candle played on the brass buttons of his uniform.

"Is Richard Parry within?" said he.

"He is," said the girl. Then she put out her hand and gently pushed Tom backwards out of doors, and the candle immediately expired in the blast that howled round the house. A great patch of moonlight came shuddering over the sea, flew on to the cliffs half a mile away, and visited the pair, again making Tom's buttons conspicuous. The

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little maid handled one of these, but her eyes were on his handsome young face.

"What may you be doing here, Master Brass Buttons?" said she. "You've come to the wrong place. Go away!"

"I've come to the right place. Show me in to your master," said Tom.

"Who's there, Nellie bach? Show the gentleman in," came a gruff voice from inside.

Nellie still held her hand out against the Exciseman, but he gently put her aside and walked into the hall. The doors all round were open, and at one of them stood a man of middle height dressed in a pea-jacket and top-boots. He had small, shifty eyes, which some time had been blue, set in a face livid but heavily freckled, and the whole was surrounded with a great red beard. His hands were in his breeches pockets, and were jingling coins therein. A sailor's worsted cap was on his head, and the tassel hung down to one side.

Tom Owen stated his business in the King's name.

"Oh, come in, young man! Come in and have a drink while we talk."

So they went into the gloomy, panelled dining-room, where was a big table and a great many chairs in bad repair and in a state of confusion. The room reeked of tobacco smoke. Three large decanters stood on the table, but they were all empty. Not so, however, a large array of pewter pots.

"There's nothing left in the bottles," said Richard Parry. "Perhaps you'll take your sup out of one of those? I've had some friends and neighbours in to-night, and they left in a hurry because it came on to blow, and they said the beasts must be seen to."

"I'd prefer a clean mug and clean spirits," said Tom.

"All right, no ill-feeling," said Parry, and he walked out into the hall. Tom followed. Seeing this, Parry stopped and bit an oath off the end of his tongue and swallowed it. He half turned and half looked at him with his sly little eyes.

"Nellie bach, get the gentleman a mug and some clean spirit." And he stopped and whispered in her ear: "Remember you shut the door!"

Tom did not catch this last observation, and he followed Richard Parry back into the dining-room. But through all Richard's talking he listened to the sound of Nellie's retreating footsteps. He heard them going pattering over the tiled hall, and he heard them open a door and descend some wooden stairs. Then he heard a slight squeaking noise, and presently the footsteps returned, and with them Nellie bach with the clean spirit and a mug. It should be observed that he did not hear a second squeaking noise. Nellie had been in too great a hurry, perhaps through curiosity to look at the stranger again, perhaps through anxiety—who knows?—and she had forgotten to make whatever squeaked the first time squeak again. Tom noted this, and when the girl had gone he said—

"Before we have our drink and our talk, Richard Parry, I would like to see your cellars."

"With all my heart, young man," said Parry, jingling his money in his pockets. "This way, if you please."

While Parry picked up a lanthorn, Tom Owen got ahead of him at the cellar door, and, opening it, both men descended into the gloom by a flight of wooden steps. A large whitewashed cellar began to show itself in front of them. All of a sudden Parry tried to scramble past his guest, but Tom was too quick for him. His sharp eyes had detected the same thing that claimed Parry's attention. One of the long, broad planks that cased the cellar steps was slit up endways, and there was an open space about two feet square beside the steps. It was towards this that Parry struggled, and Tom was through it in a trice, and he plucked the lanthorn out of Parry's grasp.

The cellar the Exciseman now stood in was roomy. There was no whitewash bestowed here; the floor was cobbled with round stones, and the atmosphere was heavy and oppressive with strange odours. Tom held the lanthorn up, and the light fell on kegs of spirits placed in neat tiers round the room, and on barrels of wine and on bags of salt, and bales and packages of all sorts of goods. The light also fell on the face of Richard Parry as he emerged from the hole into the room. This last was not a pleasant object for any light to reveal. It was like the face of an animal mad with rage behind bars, only waiting to spring, at which time you might expect the bars to give. There was a dull fire in the old smuggler's eyes that seemed to consume Tom at a glance.

"What have we here, captain?" said Tom.

Parry's voice was, however, scarcely altered when, jingling the money in his breeches pockets, he answered: "May not a gentleman keep a few things in his cellar for his creature comforts?"

Immediately he had said this, and before Tom had time to answer, a noise like the deep chords of a great organ began to vibrate from somewhere. Louder and louder they throbbed, till they culminated in a hideous muffled crash. There was dead silence for a second, and then a piercing noise, that was between a howl and a scream, rose to a high pitch and died away.

"Good Heavens, what is that?" cried Tom, the very nerve-tips all over him aching.

"You are by the charnel-house of the Black Monk of Mynachdy," said Parry. And then he stepped aside, as if expecting Tom Owen to beat a hasty retreat. But Tom was not that sort. He recovered his nerve at once, and, holding up the lanthorn, he peered round the shadowy apartment. Those terrible organ notes were swelling again, when his eye lit on a massive door in a sort of alcove in a corner of the cellar. It was heavily studded with nails and triple-bolted. Towards this he sprang, and commenced sliding back the irons. The organ notes were swelling louder, and the noise seemed to proceed from behind this door. Richard Parry looked on the while, but did not attempt to stop him. A curious alternation of smile and frown seemed to be playing hide-and-seek among the freckles on his livid face. As Tom caused the last bolt to clear its staple, the heavy door sprang open upon him, as if thrust powerfully from the other side, knocking the lanthorn from his hand and dashing it out upon the ground. At the same time there came a crash and a bellowing like thunder, and a gust of cold air screamed past his ears.

"Heavens," cried the King's officer, "it is the sea!"

And a voice distorted with passion rumbled through the darkness: "Yes, and the tide is making. The Black Monk of Mynachdy is singing his funeral chant!"

At the same instant Tom felt a sting in his jaw, as Parry's fist struck him; and he tottered where he stood, and fell into the abyss of the cavern and down slimy steps cut into the rock. The wave that had travelled for half a mile up the cavern and burst was now retreating out to sea, and the air was following it with the scream we have before noticed, as Richard Parry shut to and triple-locked the heavy door.

He was still fumbling with these bolts in the darkness, when a light shone from the square hole in the cellar staircasing, and behind a candle flame appeared the pretty little face of Nellie, the servant girl. At sight of her Richard Parry stood up and vented the most horrible language for the space of several minutes, for having left the secret door of the cellar open when she went to get the spirits. At the end he said: "And now, if you had not such a pretty face, I should pull your empty head off that saucy neck of yours!"

"What have you done with him?" said Nellie, coming half-way through the hole.

"Oh, he's quite safe. You go and see to the other gentlemen, and tell them I shall be up presently. Leave me the light."

Nellie did as she was bidden. She went back into the big kitchen, where some fifteen ruffians of mixed nationalities were lounging about, some silent, some talking with the dependants of the house of Richard Parry. They all seemed to be ill at ease and observing caution. The man in the big broad-brimmed sombrero, with a sallow complexion and a coloured neckcloth at his throat, spoke in bad Welsh that lisped with Spanish.

"Has Richard Parry done for the customer yet, my pretty little girl?"

"You mind your manners, Yellow Face. Parry and the gentleman are talking business; but you can all come back into the room and drink, and I'll serve you."

"An' you will serve us, we will walk into the King's prison at Amlwech," said another of the company.

"We will that!" several cried, as they all walked back into the dining-room and re-took the positions they had vacated so hurriedly. Nellie bach filled all their pots from the flagon she had recently brought up. Then she went to brew something in the kitchen. Anon she went down to the cellar again.

"Richard Parry, come up and talk to the gentlemen; they're all getting drunk, and they won't keep quiet."

"Let them get drunk."

"And I've brewed you a posset after your own heart, Richard Parry."

"Then why, in thunder, didn't you bring it down?"

"Oh, I'll look after the King's man in the cave, and see that he doesn't come out whilst you're away."

Parry kept on jingling the money in his pockets. Then he burst out laughing.

"No doubt you would, Nellie bach," said he; "but the door will look after him right enough, and I will look after the door. Go you up and see to those sots."

A frightened look came into the girl's

face. She stole through the hole in the staircasing and came slowly forward, her little white hands spread out just in front of her. Her voice came strangely faint as she said—

"But you're not going to leave him there?"

"What business may that be of yours, Nellie bach? Go up and do as you're told."

Nellie stopped still, and her hands dropped to her sides, and she stood there, facing the old smuggler in that room, full of strange noises of the sea in the cave, full of strange odours, full of strange lights and shadows. Her eyes were grown big and round, and she looked like a young plover wounded and overtaken. Then she spoke again.

"Richard Parry," she said solemnly, "I know by the noise that the sea is up to the mouth of the cave. Remember Dick Coch, that got left in a scare, when he was unlading the cargo."

"Yes," said Parry, laughing and jingling his money, but shifting his feet uneasily. "He was drowned."

"No," said Nellie, "he was not drowned—he was smothered. There was no air for him when the sea came to the mouth of the cave and the tide turned."

"All right. Run upstairs, or I'll send you up sharp!" said Parry, jerking his head to one side.

"I saw his face when they took him out," Nellie went on. Then she burst into tears. "Oh, Dick Coch, he was my carriad, my sweetheart."

"Is this Brass Buttons one of your carriad?" said Parry, with an ugly leer.

"No," said Nellie, "but he may have sisters to love him, and a mother. Oh, he has the sweet, warm life of God in him, and you would make him as cold as the sea!" She worked herself into a frenzy and flung herself on her knees. "For my sake, spare him! For the sake of the dear God, do not let him smother!"

Parry pushed her from him rudely. The sea no longer bellowed and screamed and swished; there was a great quiet in the room. Nothing was heard but Parry jingling his money and the little maid sobbing. But suddenly the tranquillity was rent by an appalling cry, and then another, and yet another, and then came a long, smothered groan. Nellie rushed to the door, screaming wildly, and seized and drew one of the bolts; but Parry caught her tender arms in a cruel grip and tore her away.

"Your carriad is talking with the Black Monk of Mynachdy," he said brutally. "Do not be frightened, bachganny—he will not talk for long!"

Nellie, freed from him, started back, the full depth of her Celtic nature stirred within her, and, standing erect, she spread her hands abroad above her head as if she would prophesy. Her eyes flashed lustrous black, like seaweed in the moonlight, and her voice broke into a chant.

"I saw them coming in the cold dawn, when the sea was pallid," she began. "They came up out of the sea—black horses, lean horses, horses lean with feeding upon Death. They came champing out of the sea, and their eyes were white and hollow for the hunger that was on them, for they were dragging a coach to the funeral. On the driver's seat I saw him huddled, crouching over the reins. It was the Black Monk of Mynachdy, and his reins were gallows ropes. Gallows ropes they were, Richard Parry!" She stopped for an instant, and the smuggler stooped his head and looked at her as if he were fascinated. His hands jingled money no longer—they hung by his sides. Then Nellie jerked her hands up and down, as if catching at an image, and went on. "The coach came heavily out of the sea, and it was all black, and plumes bigger than clouds of thunder waved and nodded from it. But after it there came no mourners, for the reins were gallows ropes, Richard Parry!" She paused again, and the smuggler stumbled back against the wall. "The coach came on, and, as the day broke, the horses grew leaner and taller with the hunger that was on them. And I saw him that sat in the coach. I saw him, and I knew him. Shall I tell who he was, Richard Parry? Shall I tell?"

"No, no!" said Parry hoarsely; and he staggered to the heavy door, and with feverish haste drew back the bolts. They both tugged, but they could not open it. There was a hole with a wooden plug in it, used for observations on stormy nights. Nellie dragged this out, and the air rushed past them into the cave, drawn by the suction of the outflowing tide.

They found Tom Owen lying on the steps, with his eyes staring and his mouth gaping, and his hands were raw and bloody with beating on the door. Parry felt at his heart; it was just beating. Between them they ministered to him in the cellar, and after a time his face worked a little.

As there is no knowing what women will do at any time, there was no accounting for what little Nellie did now. She ran upstairs,



"Standing erect, she spread her hands abroad above her head as if she would prophesy."

and in a few minutes returned in a boy's suit of clothes, considerably misfitting, and with a boy's hat on her head. Her face, recently red with tears, was now transformed as with a burnt cork, and was smeared beyond recognition.

Tom Owen stood upon his feet and stared about him, his face looking like a ghost's. He asked no questions, but followed the boy, who beckoned him through the hole in the staircasing. The boy took the light, and they left Richard Parry in the cellar alone in the dark. When they were crossing the hall, the tall Spaniard in the sombrero reeled out of the dining-room, and the sight of the man with the white face and the boy with the black one nearly sobered him. He rushed back and slammed the door.

The boy held Tom's stirrup as with trembling limbs he mounted his horse. He was about to ride away, when he turned half back. The fitful light of the moon fell on the boy's begrimed face.

"Lad," said he, "where is the maid they call Nellie bach?"

"I shan't tell you."

Tom's spirits were reviving. "I'll make you tell me, brat!" He seized the boy's hat as hostage. A mass of dark hair fell out and rolled over the boy's shoulders.

"Nellie bach," said Tom, in a strangely shaking voice, "who saved my life? Tell me quick!"

"I did," said Nellie bach.

"Nellie bach, will you come up behind me? There shall be a marriage to-morrow morning."

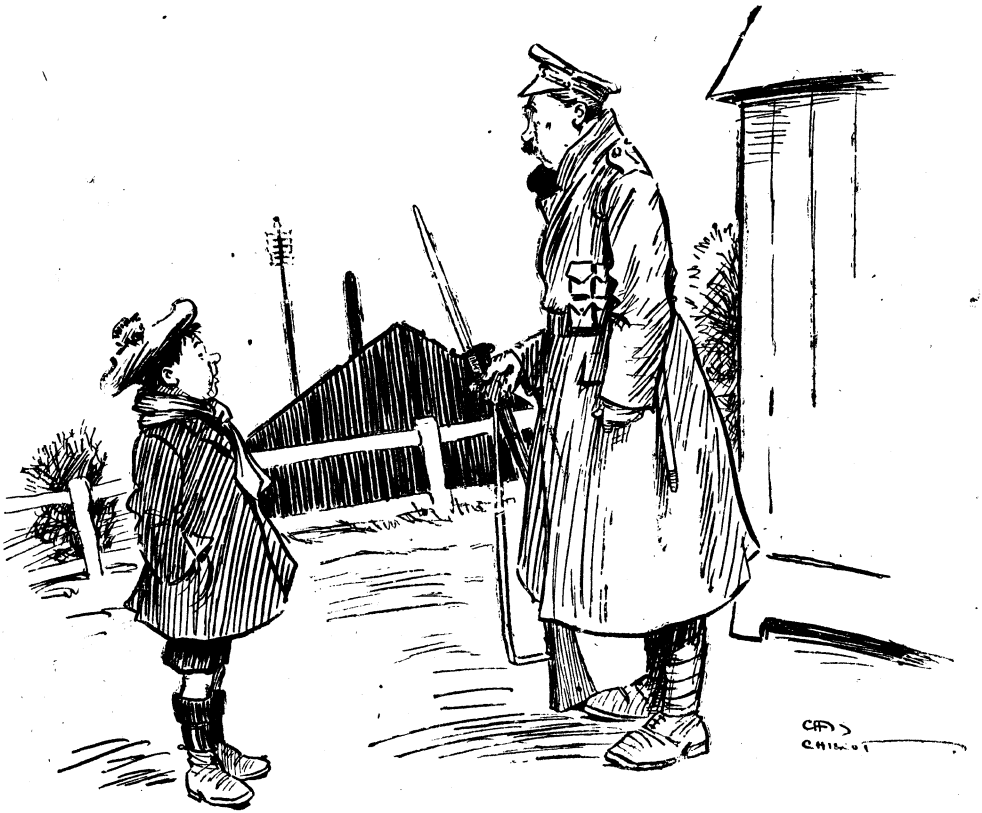
"A *real* marriage?" said Nellie bach, half crying, half laughing, but coming up closer and putting her face against the horse's flank.

"Yes, a real marriage and a real priest, not the—Black——"



"US." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON

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FOR HOME SERVICE ONLY.

"PLEASE, sir, Muvver ses she can't find the tin-opener, and would you lend 'er yer bayonit to open a tin o' milk wiv?"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

WHEN YOU ARE ASKED TO BE FUNNY—AND KNOW THEY WON'T LIKE IT.

By C. Marriage.

THIS isn't really a funny story at all. It's very sad, or so you would have thought if it had happened to you instead of to me.

Charles and I were dining at the McLintocks'. It was after dinner, and the drawing-room seemed full of the gravest, dullest, and—I had been told—cleverest old things I had ever seen collected together. They were mostly professors and archæologists, and owned unique collections of odd things like carved bones, and they sat about discussing tremendously learned subjects, and never smiled. Then Mrs. McLintock, in her grandest manner, sailed across to me.

"I have heard, Mrs. Molyneux," she began, "through our mutual friend Mr. Hanson, that one has missed a great pleasure if one has not heard you sing a comic song."

I gasped. "Oh, I couldn't, really," I said very firmly, and looked round the room. Inwardly I told Mr. Hanson exactly what I thought of him for giving me away. "You wouldn't like it a bit. I only did it to amuse some babies he had to tea with him one day. Let me sing you something else."

"I want the comic song," she said sweetly. She has a gracious, rather awe-inspiring manner, and has never been known to laugh; and as I continued to refuse, she crossed to the piano, opened it, and stood by it.

"We are waiting, Mrs. Molyneux," was all she said, but she was no longer smiling.

I am older now, and know what I ought to have done. I should have gone to the piano and then sung them something quite different. As it was, quailing under my hostess's displeased look, I very unwillingly began the comic song.

It isn't in the least vulgar, but it is written and has to be sung in Cockney. At the end of the first verse there wasn't a sound of applause, except a somewhat forced guffaw from Charles. I very nearly broke down at that—it was so pathetic. He was trying to back me up. The second verse I tried to "refine"—you can't

imagine what Cockney sounds like in a room full of Corots—and I put in all the h's and said "tail" instead of "tile." Any little fun there was in the song was totally missing in the second verse. The third verse I sang "prettily," as one does an Old English ditty. A more hideous fiasco, from every point of view, it is impossible to conceive. Then I stopped. There was a dead pause, till at length my host said courteously: "Thank you!" And my hostess, after a still further pause, suddenly cried out in clear, ringing tones, "To think that such a song should come from such a mouth!"

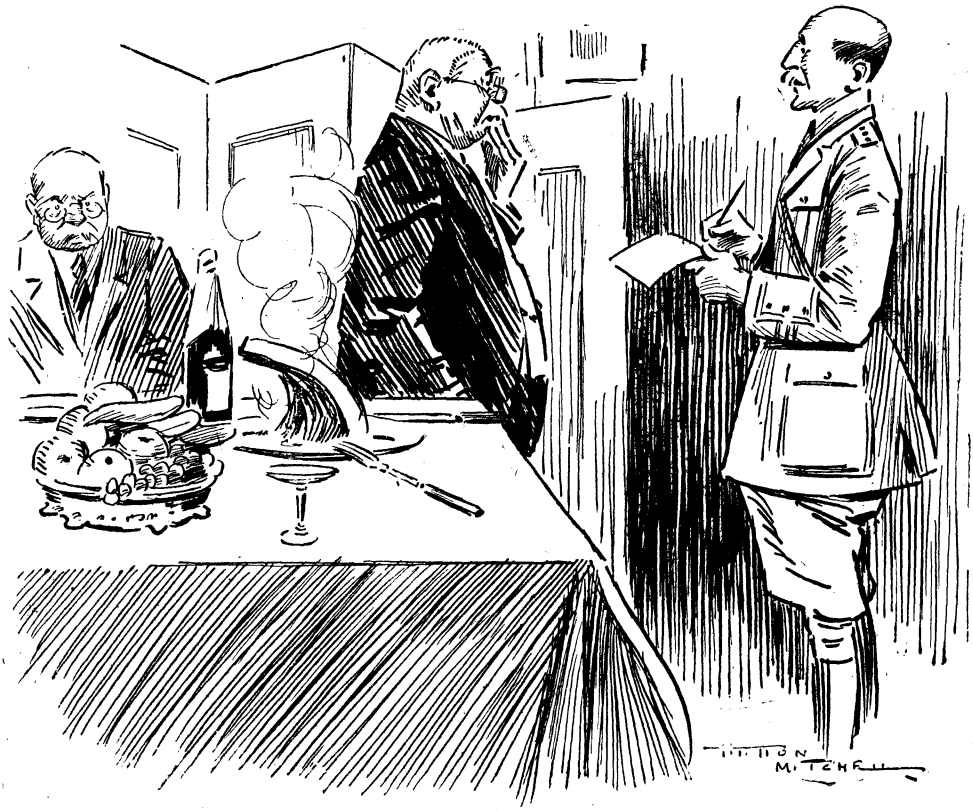
A BOY, on his way to school, was taking his father's dinner in a can, when one of his schoolmates came up and gave the can a kick.

"Do you mind me kicking your can?" said the boy, who was full of mischief.

"No, I don't," replied the other.

"Are you sure?" returned the mischievous rascal.

"No," again replied the boy with the can. "My mother borrowed it from your mother, and you will catch it, when you get home, for spoiling your mother's can."



THE BETTER LOT.

COMMANDANT: Any complaints?
INTERNED HUN: Pleece, I haf a brudder who vants to gome ofer from Chermany to be interned.

and everyone put up their lorgnettes and looked at the mouth. I don't remember much after that, except that it was ages before people broke into conversation again.

Afterwards I was allowed to sing a *real* song, and I took good care it was classical. When people started going home later, they came up to me and said: "Thank you so much for your—er—*second* song."

I don't mind telling you that in the cab, going home, I cried a little on Charles's shoulder. I wanted to go and kill Philip Hanson, but Charles says it is only because he has no sense of humour, and it isn't worth it.

A CERTAIN chairman of a company was much annoyed by a man who wanted a job as messenger at the company's offices. After the sixth or seventh visit, the chairman sent for the man who then held the position.

"Did you see that man just now who has been here so many times?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the messenger, with a grin.

"Do you know what he wants?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he wants your job, and, if he gets in to me again, he will get it."

The chairman never saw the applicant again.



"'A dog with a bone doesn't want company.'"

"But a man with 'Johnnie Walker' appreciates good company."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

AT A PARADE OF FASHIONS: A PRE-WAR SKETCH.

When old Lady Hadaway asked me to take her to one of "Ninette's" fashion shows—she was very anxious to see a parade of mannequins—I ought to have remembered that she is horribly unpunctual everywhere. But I didn't, and I consented on condition that she arrived at least an hour before the time it began, telling her she wouldn't get a seat if she didn't. Of course, the real reason I wanted her to be early was that her appearance is so unique that it is as well to smuggle her in early when one is taking her amongst strangers, especially when they are all ultra-fashionable and very critical.

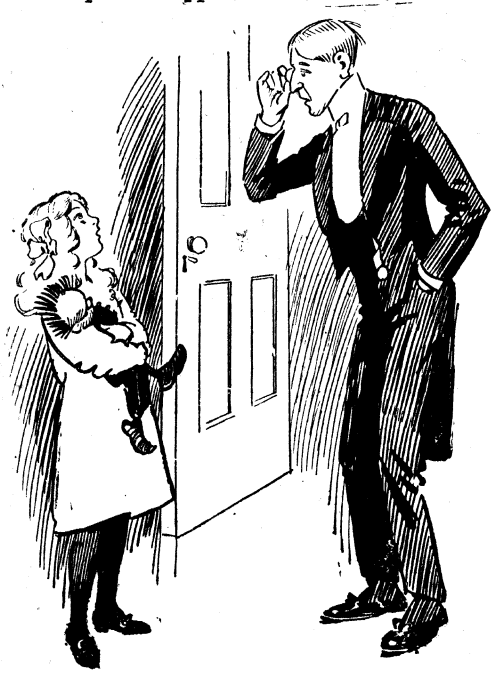
Well, we were all sitting waiting for the first mannequin to appear, and still Lady Hadaway hadn't arrived, when an extraordinary apparition suddenly filled the doorway. I can't describe it—it was just all the colours of the rainbow made into garments of fifty years ago, surmounted by a red wig and a wrinkly face and a screen of green feathers sticking up all round her head; and she carried in her arms an umbrella with a hanging handle that went "clack, clack, clack," as she walked down the room. Some of Ninette's patrons, I believe, had a horrid fear that it was meant to be a forecast of coming fashions, and that she had surpassed herself in originality; but most of them took it as a practical joke. Anyhow, for some reason or other—perhaps it was the unexpectedness of the thing—several people stood up and clapped, and then they laughed and clapped more, till at last everyone else, from having looked puzzled, began to smile and say what a witty woman Ninette was, and how original it was of her to be humorous on such a serious occasion. And then an awful thing happened. The "practical joke" sat down amongst the spectators and began chatting to friends—she found a seat at the extreme end of the room—and several people then saw for the first time that it was—— Well, yes, of course it was; you guessed that at once, didn't you?

The whole afternoon was completely spoilt for me. I kept inventing fatuous explanations to account for the clapping, when she joined me later, but, as a matter of fact, I needn't have worried.

"My dear," she exclaimed, as we found each other in the crowd going out, "did you see me come in? I was so late that I do believe that for one moment people thought I was part of the show."

"How *absurd* of them!" I said warmly, thinking of the laughter.

"Not at all, my dear," she said coldly. "After all, one has only to be tall and have a good figure to be a mannequin."



THE PROOF.

"You're going to marry my sister Mabel, aren't you, Mr. Biffins?"

"Well—er—really I don't know, you know. I—er——"

"Well, you *are*, because Mother says so."



INSPIRATION.

"And to what do you ascribe your magnificent heroism?"

"Well, mum, the fellow 'oo was in charge of the machine-gun was the living image of my mother-in-law."



Grown-up Sister: Jack, fancy making all that noise about swallowing a powder! Why, you never even hear me complain about such a trivial thing!

Little Jack: Yes, but it's all very well you talking like that; you've only got to put yours *on* your face, but mine has got to go inside!

TOILET ECONOMY

By MIMOSA

MY advice to smart women who demand the very best results is to let most toilet preparations alone. When facial applications are necessary, get only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. I will tell you in this column, from time to time, just what to get and just how to use it. Do not be persuaded into buying some cheap toilet preparation instead. Any chemist can supply you with genuine original concentrated ingredients, if he will, and I know that most firms make a speciality of supplying all kinds of pure ingredients neat, both direct and by post. I can point out to you, however, many useful hints which involve no expense at all.

"To Acquire Plumpness."—The very best thing I can recommend is to acquire the "milk habit." Drink at least a quart of creamy milk every day, and you will soon fill out those scraggy lines. A few coconoids might help. Chemists supply these.

"Care of the Hair."—Your hair needs the right kind of shampoo to bring back that softness and lustre. Get about two ounces of stallax from your chemist, and dissolve a teaspoonful only in a cup of hot water. This is plenty for each shampoo. After the shampoo rub a little boranium lotion into the roots of the hair. It is a remarkable tonic and hair stimulant. You can make it by mixing an ounce of boranium in a quarter pint of bay rum.

"Brittle Finger Nails."—Eating raisins freely every day will soon put your nails right again.

"Superfluous Hair."—There is nothing so unsightly. Get an ounce of powdered pheminol and apply a little directly to the hair, which will quickly shrivel up, fall away and leave no trace behind. It is quite painless.

"Slaves to Powder."—Face powders are not very satisfactory. You will find a solution of cleminite all that you demand. Dissolve an ounce in four ounces of water, and apply a little of this to the face in the morning, rubbing gently in till dry. There will be no more "greasy skin," and the effect lasts for many hours, even in a hot sun. Many ladies have discarded face powders entirely, and use this method only. It saves much trouble and defies detection.

"Don't Use Rouge."—If you really must have colour, just touch the cheeks with powdered colliandum, and you will be delighted with the change. It is quite harmless. It produces the hue of perfect health exactly, and is not obvious like a rouge.

"Face Peeling."—Yes, you can do it yourself at home, if you wish. Get an ounce or two of mercolised wax and apply it nightly like cold cream. Wash it off in the morning. The action is quite painless, and so gradual that no one can detect what you are doing. About ten days is the average time. It works by gently absorbing the worn-out scarf skin that gives the face its sallow look, but it does not affect the healthy active tissue beneath. It is used to clear the skin also of freckles and tan, and while some skins respond much more quickly than others to its action, I have never heard of a failure to benefit in the end. It cannot possibly grow hair.

"Blackheads and Enlarged Pores."—The sparkling face-bath treatment is the most pleasant and effective method of overcoming this trouble. Get a few stymol tablets from your chemist and dissolve one in a cup of hot water. Dab the face with the lotion, and the blackheads will pop out and the large pores close up and efface themselves quite naturally.

"Fading Hair."—Tammalite is the most satisfactory drug to restore grey hair to its original colour. Two ounces of the concentrate mixed with about the same quantity of bay rum is all that you require. Non-greasy, it does not stain the scalp or pillow. Apply with a small sponge.

THE AMATEUR COOK.

By John Payne.

My wife has left me. Not permanently. In fact, I have wired for her to come back, as I am feeling very ill. I am in bed, with curious pains and a headache.

The truth is this: She was asked to spend a week with a friend. I said I thought a change would do her good. Husbands often do encourage their wives to have a change; but wives grow cold if the man suggests that he "is thinking of spending a week with Jones anywhere." She does not like Jones. She says, "Why Jones?" and "What do you want a change for? You are looking all right." Difficulties are put in your way at every turn, so in the end you don't go.

But I, as the husband, was not like that. I understood how much hard work she has to undergo in looking after the house, keeping an eye on the servants, ordering the meals suggested by the cook, supervising the making of her clothes, while I slack away my time at the office, talking, lunching, and drinking tea made by the typist. So I said to her: "I am sure, darling"—I always call her "darling" when she needs encouragement—"that a change will do you good. I shall be all right. You go. Here's your fare, and good-bye." She seemed to think I was a little abrupt. But once a woman makes a real sensible suggestion, the thing is to hustle her into acting on it before she has time to change her mind and suffer agonies of remorse ever after.

So I saw her to the station; listened to many injunctions as to what I was to do and not to do; bought her some newspapers—and a book for myself; put her into her carriage; assured her she was in the right train, hoping she was, and away she went.

I arranged to dine out with Jones that night.

When I reached home to dress for dinner, I found the cook had gone off suddenly to nurse a sick mother—the maid was on her holiday—so there I was alone in my glory.

However, I dined with Jones.

When I got home—I say, when I got home—I remembered about the servants, but nothing seemed to matter then. The full realisation of what was before me penetrated my brain the next morning when I woke up—after my dinner with Jones—and went downstairs to boil water for shaving and tea.

Our flat has a gas range. I suppose it is called a range because you can range all over it and then not find the particular tap you want.

The extraordinary thing was, I could not find a kettle to boil the water in, and had to use a saucepan. I shall never boil water in a saucepan again to make tea—it is as bad as drinking lemonade out of a cup.

Still, the tea was made, and was quite a success, or would have been but for the brown sugar. I could not find any white. The only white stuff in the cupboard was sago.

Then came breakfast. I discovered some eggs, duly stamped, also some butter. The butter looked depressed, and so was I. But, unless the odds are very great, I am not a man to despair. I recalled my camping days of the past, and, looking at those eggs, I determined to scramble them.



OBVIOUSLY.

She: I am very sorry I can't marry you; you are much too extravagant.
He: But I'm not!
She: You must be if you want to marry me!

Everybody knows the acquired skill required for breaking an egg and dispersing the contents in the right direction. Our kitchen is small, there were six eggs, and with an effort I kept most of them inside the kitchen. What stayed in the basin I beat severely. I got my own back there; but, oh, it was a messy job! Then I melted some butter in the frying-pan, and looked round for some flavouring.

Scrambled eggs without flavouring are insipid, My appetite wanted stirring that morning, after dining with Jones. I found a mangy piece of ham, and chopped some up with a bread knife—the only knife apparently—and added it to the eggs; Worcester Sauce to season, as Mrs. Beeton would say—a little tobacco ash from my cigarette joined in the fray—a few sardines to help in the scramble, and, as it would keep

MARVELLOUS VICTORY OVER VARICOSE VEINS

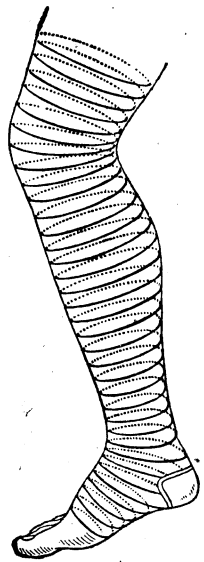
Wonderful New "Spirastic" Supports.

Old-fashioned Dangerous Elastic Stockings entirely superseded.

Mr. D. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a comlpete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances.



"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these, constantly pressing upon the distended blood-vessels, may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method, the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports are made in the finest thread or silk, and are spirally woven in one piece without seams or joins, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity.

Although specially woven to the individual measurements of each customer, they cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, are sent on approval

Already "Spirastic" Supports are being worn by thousands of satisfied customers, who constantly recommend us to their friends.

Amongst the many letters of appreciation received daily the following are a few interesting extracts selected at random :—

"I hardly realise I am wearing it."

PRIVATE WM. 'STEWART CURRIE,' c/o Mrs. Mount, Vicarage Lane, Elham, near Canterbury (Case No. 1635), writes: "Although I have only worn your 'Spirastic' Support for less than a fortnight, my leg has already improved, and does not tire me now on a long march. Your Support fits well and is quite comfortable; in fact, I hardly realise that I am wearing anything at all. Certainly use my name as being perfectly satisfied with your 'Spirastic' Support. I shall be pleased to recommend 'Spirastic.'"

"I have never worn anything so comfortable."

MRS. PRUE, The Rosery, Hardingstone (Case No. 3020), writes: "The 'Spirastic Stocking is a very great help and support. I have never worn anything so comfortable. It is many years since I have walked with such ease; as a matter of fact, I should not know I had anything more than my ordinary stocking on. I have also lost the heavy feeling in my leg. This is a great boon, as, since the war began, I have undertaken work which necessitates my walking nearly four miles every day."

"The 'Spirastic' Support has saved me an operation."

MISS CATHERINE M. SMITH, Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea (Case No. 6398), writes: "It gives me great pleasure to state I have found your 'Spirastic' Stocking in every way satisfactory. It is wonderful the support and ease it gives. I first noticed my varicose vein about ten years ago. Several Doctors advised me to have it out, as it was a bad one, but, thanks to your 'Spirastic' Stocking, I have done away with an operation. I find the relief marvellous."

"My Doctor recommended me to try 'Spirastic.'"

MISS JESSIE FULKER, Birch Hanger, Kingsley Green, Haslemere, Surrey (Case No. 9103), writes: "I had been laid up for fifteen weeks when my Doctor recommended me to try 'Spirastic' Supports. Previously I had had unsuccessful operations. I am pleased to say that the 'Spirastic' Stocking has proved satisfactory, and you are at perfect liberty to mention my name to all who suffer as I did from this painful and distressing trouble."

"My Doctor says 'Spirastics' are a big improvement."

Mr. W. COULL, 78, Prince Albert Street, Glasgow (Case No. 6395), writes: "Both my wife and I have worn your 'Spirastic' Supports, and we find them to give us far more relief than the old styles with their hard seams. I have been suffering for this last ten years, and have used both elastic stockings and bandages, but they never did me the good 'Spirastic' has done. I have shown them to my Doctor here, and he says 'Spirastic' Supports are a big improvement on other appliances."

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, write at once (a postcard will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd., Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances (Dept. 115), Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally daily (except Saturday), from 11 to 1 and from 2 to 3.

pushing itself forward, a little sago, just for luck.

I was Imperial in my ideas that morning, and my cooking partook of a French nature.

Then I flung the medley into the frying-pan and commenced to scramble with the bread knife. At that moment there came a knock at the door. I opened it, and found a postman with a letter from the wife, with twopence to pay. This annoyed me. I was flustered and hot from my efforts, and, besides, I hadn't got twopence, and he had no change for a shilling, and we began to argue the point. At that moment he sniffed. I sniffed, too—I couldn't help it. He sniffed again, and caught it full in the chest. He gasped, said he would call later, and staggered down the steps.

I shut the door and turned. Something had happened. What was it? It smelt as if all the drains in London had blown up. I fought my way into the kitchen. It was all right—only my scrambled eggs burning. At least, they were not scrambled eggs. In my absence they had turned into a flavoury pancake.

I ate a good half of IT, and then took stock of my surroundings—what I could see of them, because everything was rather muzzy—and then went out and wired for the wife to come back.

I wanted sympathy, and I believed she was the only person who might give it to me, provided, of course, I did not mention that dinner with Jones.

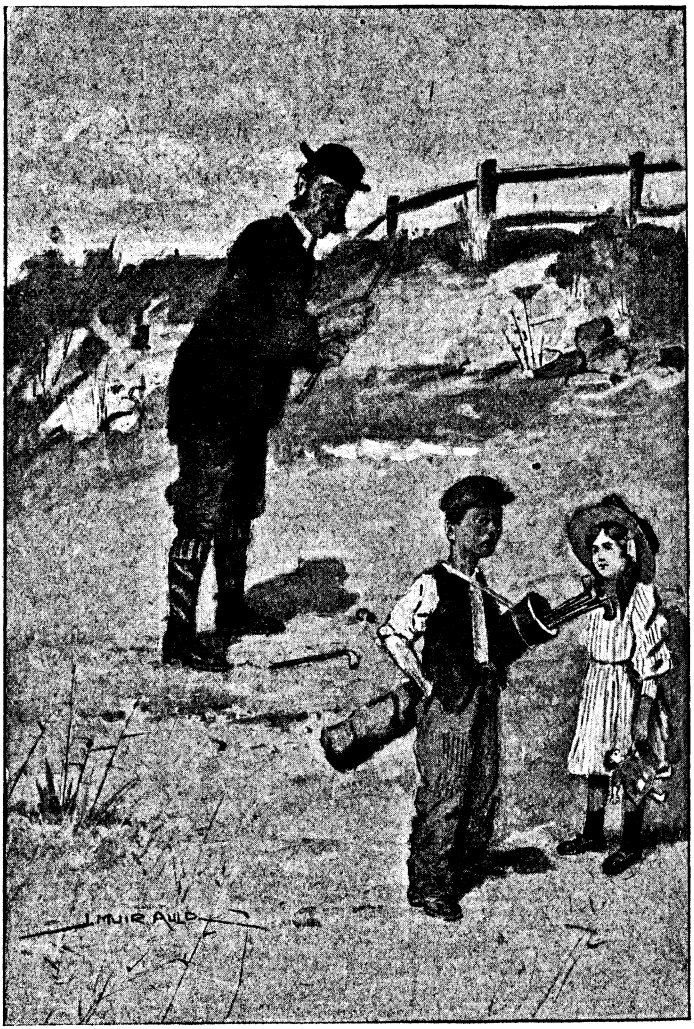
"No man is so well known as he thinks he is," says Enrico Caruso, the world-famed tenor. "While motoring in New York State," continued the great singer, "the automobile broke down, and I sought refuge in a farm-house while the car was being repaired. I became friendly with the farmer, who asked me my name, and I told him it was Caruso.

"The farmer leaped to his feet and seized me by the hand. 'Little did I think I would see a man like you in this here humble kitchen, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Caruso! The great traveller, Robinson Caruso!'"

During the hearing of a case involving a small domestic dispute, the magistrate declared that "a patriot is a man who refuses to hook up his wife's dress. And a martyr," he went on, "is one who tries and fails, while a hero tries and succeeds."

"Then how would you define a coward?" asked the barrister, who was a bit of a wag himself.

"Oh, a coward," replied the magistrate, "is a man who remains single, so that he won't have to try it."



OF COURSE NOT.

Professor (learned, but a novice at golf): Are you laughing at me, young people?
Young People (in prompt duet): Oh, no, sir!
Professor: But what else is there here to laugh at?

A small boy wanted a dog, and the rich uncle said—

"Well, Eddie, suppose I give you five pounds for a dog. Would you spend that whole sum on one dog, or would you buy a pretty good dog and put the rest of the money in the savings bank?"

"Well, uncle," replied Eddie, "if you leave it to me, I should buy as many dogs as could be got for five pounds."

Facing Third Cover.]

THE JULY WINDSOR



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"TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY." BY CHARLES BUCHEL.

FROM THE SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

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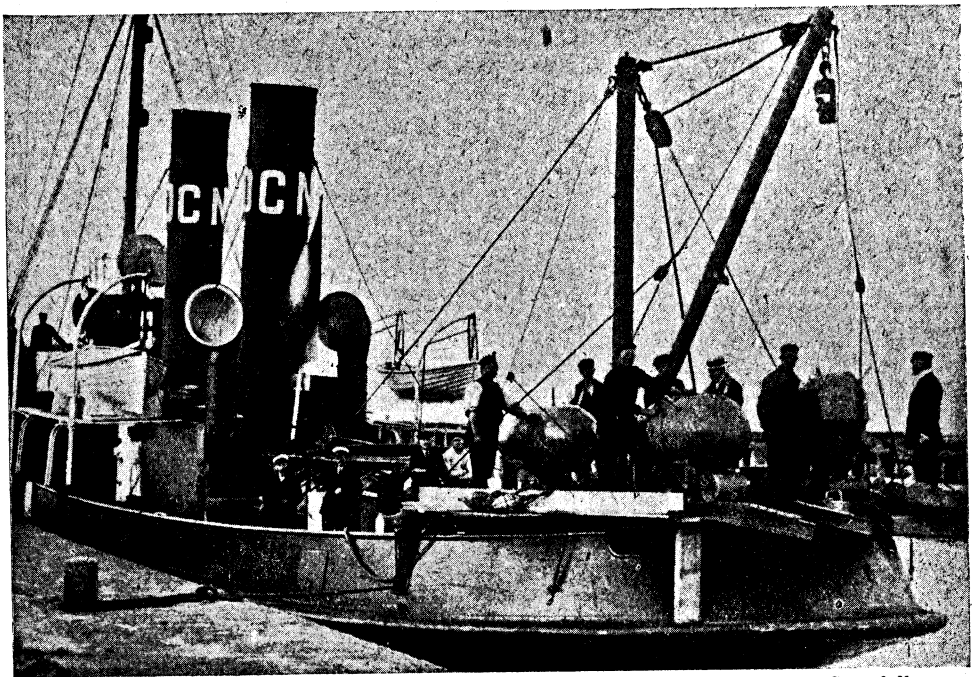


Photo by] [*Central News.*

A GERMAN MINE-LAYER WITH MINES READY TO BE LAID FROM THE STERN OF THE VESSEL.

THE FLOATING PERIL

By H. C. FERRABY

EVERYONE who travels by sea will be in peril of sudden death for months after the War is over. This is no mere scaremongering assertion. It is a fact well known to all the admiralties and all the shipowners of the world. It is a dangerous situation that will have to be faced by everyone whose business takes him on the great waters.

The peril will come from lost mines. Mines are lost nearly every day from one or other of the minefields laid by the belligerents, and once a mine is loose it drifts about at the mercy of the currents, an ever-present danger to shipping, more perilous than any derelict, and giving less warning of its presence than the smallest iceberg.

Mines have been used in this War as never before in the history of the world, and we have an example of what may be expected in the days to come, if we study the aftermath of the Russo-Japanese War. Neither side used one-hundredth part of the mines in that contest that have been sown in the seas since August, 1914, but even then there was peril. The Russian steamer *Varyag* struck a mine off Vladivostok on October 21, 1906—a year after peace had been signed—and of the 200 people on board only 60 were saved. There were other instances less disastrous, and wise men who remember those incidents are wondering what toll the aftermath of the Great War will exact from the world's shipping.

It was agreed by all the great nations in 1907 that the use of mines must be governed by certain safeguards for the sake of innocent shipping. Among the points agreed were the following—

"All unanchored mines must become harmless an hour after they are placed in the water.

"All anchored mines must become harmless as soon as they break away from their anchorage."

These, however, were only paper agreements. It was open to any nation without a conscience to disregard them, and Germany has done so consistently from the beginning of the War. In the same way she has ignored the convention that all torpedoes shall become harmless if they reach the end of the run without striking the object at which they were aimed. Time and again German torpedoes have been fished up from the waters of the North Sea and the English Channel that were still "alive" and dangerous to any unfortunate ship that struck them nose on. There have even been occasions — as the French Admiralty has officially indicated — on which German torpedoes have been found with the safety apparatus deliberately jammed, so as to turn the torpedo into a floating mine if it missed the ship at which it was fired.

Some idea of the extent to which mines break loose is given by figures published by the Dutch and Danish Governments. In two years more than 500 mines drifted ashore on the coast of Jutland. Up to March 1, 1915, according to the Dutch figures, 487 had been washed up on the shores of Holland, and by the end of the following twelve months the total had risen to 918. These were officially classified as follows: 484 British, 58 French, 175 German, 201 unknown.



Photo by] [*Central News.*

A MINE CAST UP BY THE SEA.

All British and French mines are clearly marked with the country of their origin, so that the inference is that the "unknown" 201 were German. The Dutch Government, being neutral, carefully avoided indicating in any way which of the mines were harmless and which were still "alive," but it was known in diplomatic circles that very few of the German mines were dead.

Again, the Norwegian Government has drawn attention to the fact that many mines break away from the waters round Heligoland and drift as far as the Norwegian coast, and since the British Navy has not laid any mines in the Bight, it is obvious that these wandering assassins must all be of German origin.

It is not only single mines that break loose. In March of last year the Swedish Government issued a warning that several hundred mines had become detached from their anchorage near Karlscrona, in the Baltic, and were drifting about, to the instant peril of all shipping.

Again, in the past winter Sweden had to issue a warning that a whole minefield had broken loose in the Baltic, and to warn ships not to proceed until an effort had been made to sweep the waters into which the mines were drifting. The Arctic has been strewn with loose mines more than once by German submarines, and anybody who knows the currents of the sea will realise how far those engines of destruction may be carried over the earth's surface before they stumble against the side of some ship. As showing the curious ways in which floating mines are distributed by the unchanging currents of the sea, it may be mentioned that there was at one time a large influx of mines into the comparatively sheltered waters of the Zuyder Zee.

There is scarcely an ocean of the world that has not some mines floating about in it. The Mediterranean is about as perilous as the North Sea, because of the Austrian mines that have floated out of the Adriatic, and the Turkish mines that were set loose in the rapid current of the Dardanelles to flow out into the Levant, and thence to wander with the tides. Furthermore, the Turkish minefields off Smyrna were a source of danger, and there must always be reckoned the mine-laying activities of the German submarines in the "Middle Sea." They have strewn the explosive globes indiscriminately throughout

the waters that wash the shores of Europe, Africa, and Asia, and in many cases it has been impossible for the indefatigable mine-sweepers of the Allies to be certain that all the fields have been cleared up.

Finally, the First Lord of the Admiralty has publicly stated that it had been necessary to sweep up mines laid off the Cape of Good Hope, the Gulf of Aden, and Ceylon.

The Pacific alone appears to have escaped the peril so far; but it must always be remembered that the Germans mined the waters in front of Kiao-chau while they held the place, and that the ultimate fate of all the mines laid cannot be certain, while it is within the range of possibility that German submarine mine-layers may appear in the Pacific before the end of the War.



Photo by] [*Cribb, Southsea.*

A MINE EXPLODING.



Photo by] [*Daily Mirror.*

EXPLOSION OF A MINE STRUCK BY A VESSEL.

This short survey of the situation will serve to bring home to many people who have never realised the widespread effects of a war the reality of the peril that is at large on the world's oceans. The seas are wide, and the chances that any particular ship will hit a drifting mine are, of course, small; but the deadly toll taken of neutral shipping by mines in the course of the War is a warning. Anyone who has a collection of newspaper cuttings referring to the subject, as the writer has, must be appalled by the frequency with which the reports of neutral ships blown up by mines recur.

The sea mine is probably the most ghastly engine of destruction invented by man. It

is unlike all the other lethal weapons in that it is utterly uncontrolled in its action. It is like the blind forces of Nature—an earthquake, an eruption, or a flood. It destroys impartially belligerent or neutral, friend or foe, man or woman. A shell is fired deliberately by a man at a definite target with a definite object, and, generally speaking, that object is to kill enemy fighting men. A torpedo is dispatched with the idea of sinking a definite and visible ship. A bomb is dropped to destroy enemy works or troops. Each may fail of its aim, and innocent people may suffer, but the occurrence is so rare as to be noteworthy, except in the case of Zeppelin raids.

It is an ugly-looking thing, as befits so ugly a customer. The body is a metal globe, which forms the buoyancy chamber and enables the mine to float. In the top of the globe is the explosive—290 lbs. of it in a large-sized mine, 200 lbs. in one of the smaller type. Out of the globe there stick four or six little horns, and one of these, if touched by the hull of a ship, will affect the detonator and cause the mine to explode. This is the effective part of the mechanism, and is the same both in the anchored and the floating types.

The former is encumbered with the anchoring gear. Before the mine is put into the sea the globe squats, as one might

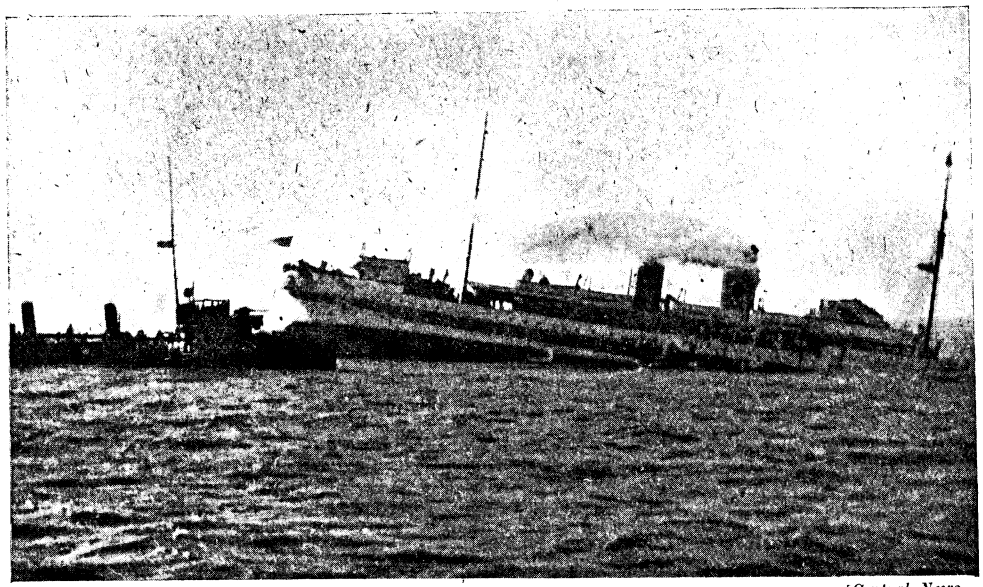


Photo by] [*Central News.*

THE HOSPITAL SHIP "ANGLIA" SINKING AFTER STRIKING A MINE IN THE CHANNEL.

But the mine is just so much canned death laid down to hit anything that comes its way. The man who lays it has no idea what ship it will hit, or when or how. He is probably far away when the explosion occurs.

It is no wonder that in the years that succeeded the Russo-Japanese War the civilised nations of the world endeavoured to arrive at some agreement to restrict the use of mines, or even to have them classed with explosive bullets as forbidden instruments of warfare. The endeavour failed, principally owing to the strenuous opposition of Germany; but perhaps, after the experiences of the past three years, the world will be more inclined henceforward to blacklist the mine.

say, between four metal uprights upon a round, flat weight to which it is attached by a short length of wire rope, the greater part of which is coiled round a drum inside the weight.

When the mine is put into the water, the whole contrivance sinks at once to the bottom. As soon as it touches ground, the bump releases a little catch which sets all sorts of wheels revolving, with the result that the four uprights fall outwards from the globe and stretch themselves out flat, like the tentacles of an octopus, gripping the sea-bed with the ends that were previously uppermost, and so anchoring the contrivance.

At the same time the buoyant globe is released, and begins to rise towards the

surface, unwinding the rope from the drum inside the weight as it goes, until a fixed length has been unwound. Then the drum sticks, so that the mine stops rising. It is anchored a few feet below the surface of the water, invisible to any ship coming along, but high enough up to be touched by the keel or some underwater part of the hull. It will be obvious that in heavy weather there is a strong chance of the anchoring gear being torn away from the sea-bed, as the mine near the surface rocks to and fro in the tempestuous sea.

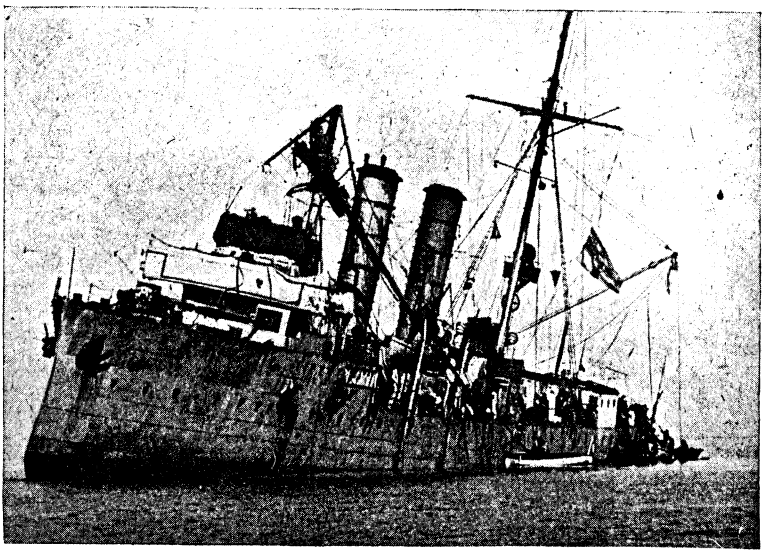


Photo by] [*Central News.*

A GERMAN MINE-LAYER AGROUND IN THE BALTIC FROM SHELL-FIRE OF A RUSSIAN CRUISER.

There is one type of floating mine which is as nearly intelligent as any inanimate object can be. It has no anchoring gear, and has the capacity of moving up and down to varying depths in the water. When it is put afloat, it stands upright, with the explosive in its head, and at its foot a small propeller. It is not altogether buoyant, and begins to sink very slowly. At a certain depth —which can be regulated before the mine is floated — the propeller begins automatically to revolve, and pushes the mine up to the surface again. Then the propeller stops, and the mine begins to sink again. This goes on for a prearranged time, which is regulated, of course, automatically, and at the end of that time a valve opens to let the water rush into the mine, and it sinks for ever to the bottom. One way in which this mine can be used with very deadly effect is to set it afloat in a

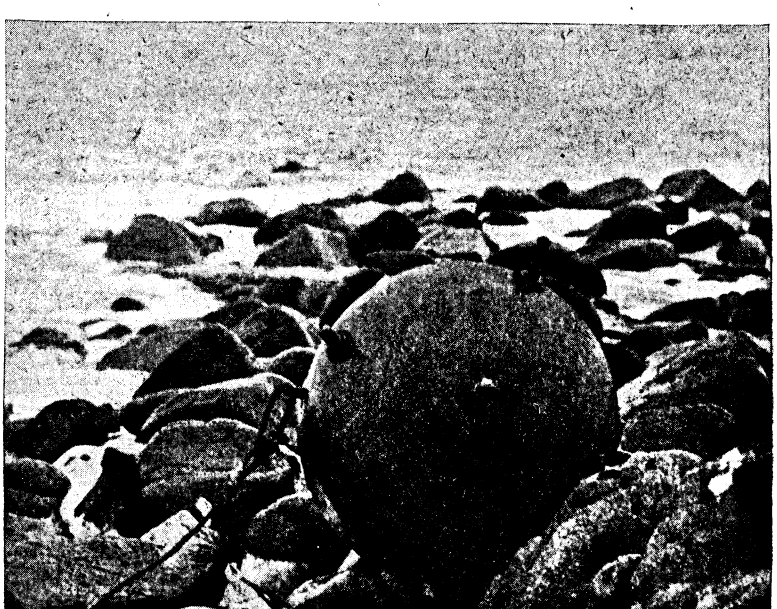


Photo by] [*Topical.*

A MINE LEFT ON SHORE BY THE RECEDING TIDE.

current flowing towards ships that cannot be reached by guns, and let it be carried among them. This happened at the Dardanelles, where several Allied ships were blown up by mines that floated down on the current.

A British naval officer, who was showing me some captured German mines recently, drew my attention to a curious detail in their construction. Every bit of the workmanship was perfect. Even little fixtures that had next to nothing to do with the efficiency of the mine, and had no effect whatever on its real usefulness—its explosive power—were as finely finished as if everything depended on their finish. It was an example of German thoroughness gone wrong. It meant that every German mine cost nearly £60 more than the British type, without being one whit more effective. The cost of that thoroughness, accumulated over the thousands of mines made in Germany during the War, must be enormous.

The fishermen of Britain have put all the world in their debt. Day and night, ever since the War began, men who formerly fished for herring and cod have fished for death. They have swept the seas as clear as possible of mines that threatened devastation to peaceful merchantmen. It has been perilous work. Scores of them have perished, and scores have been maimed. But the work goes on unceasingly, and will go on even after the War has ended, for then will come the task of sweeping up all their own minefields, as well as stray mines that have broken loose, and the hundreds of itinerant mines that the Germans have strewn casually and "ruthlessly" all over the oceans of the world.

A big volume would be needed to record all the heroic deeds of the men in the Royal Naval Trawler Reserve, which is the branch of the British Navy most concerned with mine-sweeping, but a few typical instances are well worth remembering.

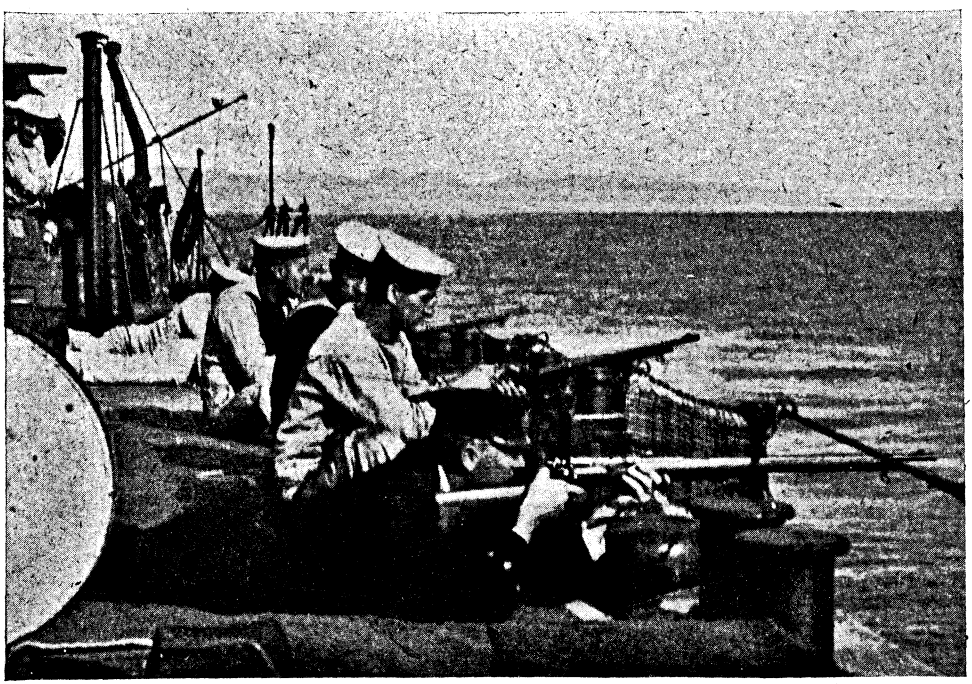


Photo by] [*Topical.*

FIRING AT A FLOATING MINE FROM A DESTROYER.

The work of the mine-sweepers falls into two branches—the defensive, which means the keeping clear of the channels most used by traffic; and the offensive, which means the sweeping away of enemy mines in order that our warships may advance. The first entails working in all sorts of weather, even when the bluff bows of the trawler are smacking into great green seas before which a peaceful fishing-boat would run for home, but through which the mine-sweeping trawler must continue the wearying search. If there have been frost-bitten feet in the trenches,

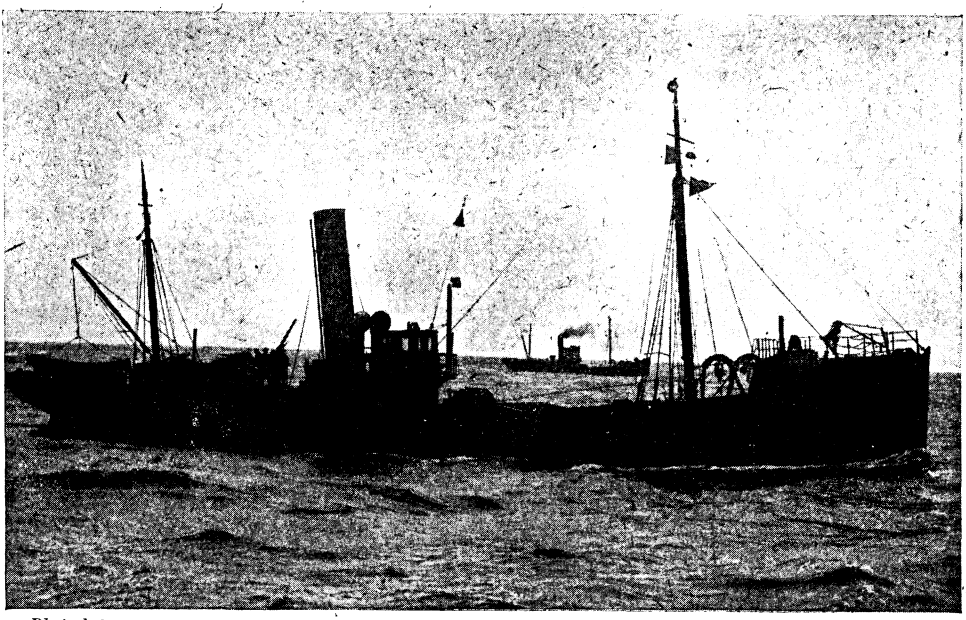


Photo by] [*Central News.*

MINE-SWEEPERS AT WORK, WITH THE CABLE USED IN SWEEPING CARRIED BETWEEN THE TWO VESSELS.

there have been many frost-bitten hands and faces on the mine-sweepers.

Even when the channel is clear for traffic, the mine-sweeper's work is not done. On-coming steamers may not know which is the clean water, and so "drifters" have to stay out to mark the right way; and some of them have passed awful nights, clinging desperately to their allotted beats, lest any steamer should be betrayed into death.

Sometimes, too, a vessel has stumbled among the mines and been holed in a storm. Then the call goes up for drifters to stand by the stricken ship, to take off the crew. They have first to find her, perhaps in the very centre of the minefield, with no lights showing. It is low water, which means that the mines are nearer to the surface than they are when the tide is high, and so the shallow draught of the trawler may not be

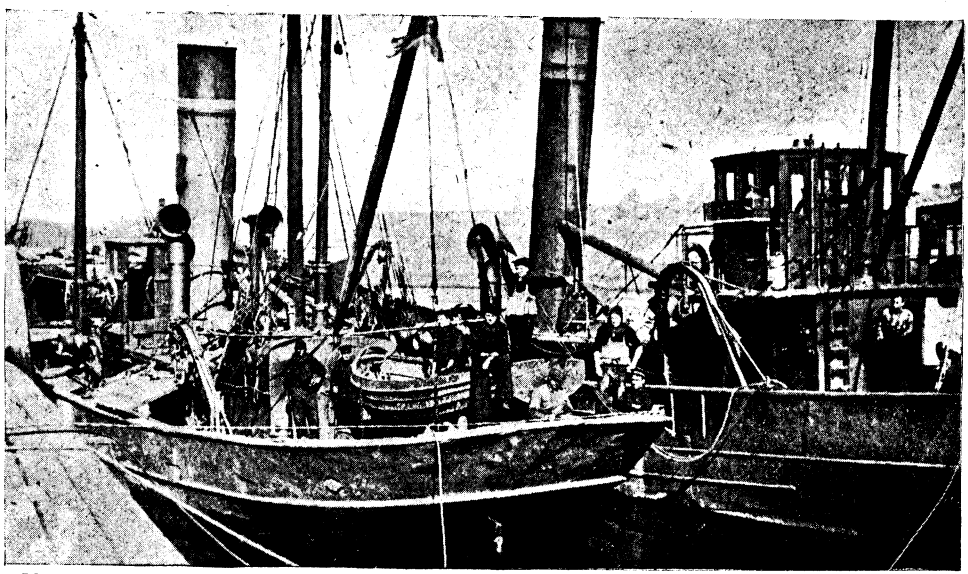


Photo by] [*Topical.*

MEMBERS OF A MINE-SWEEPING FLOTILLA.

enough to take her over the top of them. She has to pick her way slowly and carefully, the spume dashing in clouds into the faces of the skipper and the coxswain. The look-out man in the bows is nearly washed away by the waves that break over him as he peers into the blackness for the first glimpse of the sinking ship.

Then she is sighted—only her stern visible above water, sticking up almost vertically. The trawler's little dinghy is manned, and bobs away among the waves to try to save the steamer's crew, and any women and children there may be on board. How they get from the sloping deck into the tossing cork that sways so dizzily alongside, they never know; but the fishermen manage it somehow, and they pull away just as the poor old steamer flops over on her side and hurtles down to the bottom of the sea.

That is no imaginary picture. It has happened time and again during the past three years, but the world has never even heard the names of the men who have done these things.

Sometimes, however, the trawler does not find the steamer. Instead, her stout sides crash against the tiny knob that sets off a mine, and in a sudden glare and crash the little ship is shattered. Here is a true story of one such instance. The skipper of the trawler was crippled by severe wounds. Beside him, on the bridge, lay his junior, unconscious. The skipper crawled down to the boat deck, rallied his crew, and obtained help for the man who was bleeding to death on the bridge.

Here is another true tale. The explosion wrecked the bridge and smashed the engine-room telegraph. The skipper, who was in the armoured wheel-house, was nearly killed by a heavy iron plate that fell on him, but he picked his way down to the after-end of the shattered and sinking vessel to order the engines to be stopped. He kept up the spirits of the crew by cheery words, and did not leave the vessel until she sank beneath him.

A third tale is all we have room for, but it is a tale of heroism rewarded by success. Three violent explosions occurred under the stem of this trawler, and every man gave himself up for lost. Not so the skipper. He went below and crawled into the confined



Photo by] [*Central News.*

REPAIRING A "SWEEP" CABLE ON BOARD A MINE-SWEEPER.

space where the screw-shaft runs from the engine-room to the propeller, to find out what damage had been done. In pitch blackness he groped about, located the trouble, and, single-handed, plugged up the hole sufficiently to enable the pumps to cope with the water that leaked into the ship. Then he went back to the bridge and took his trawler and his crew safely back to port.

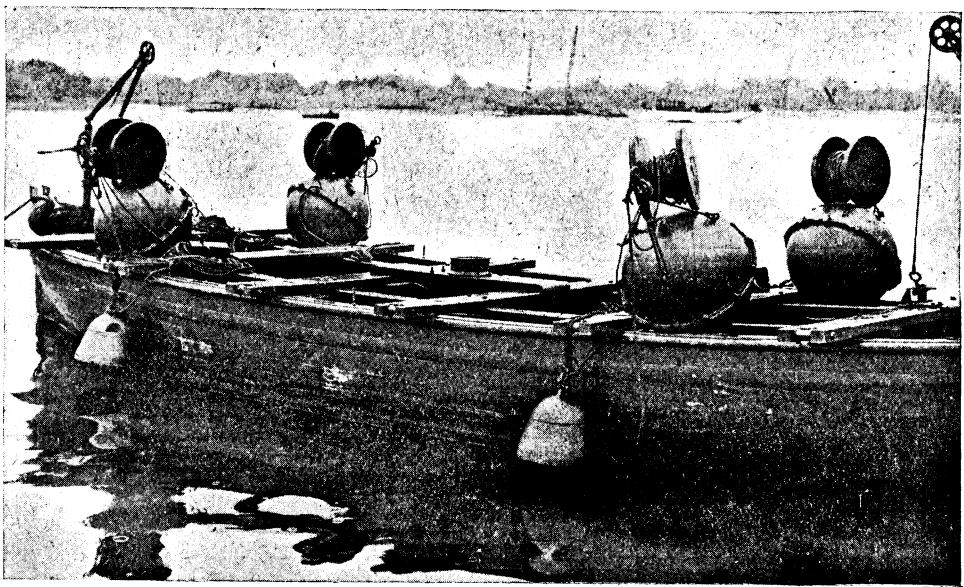


Photo by] [*Record Press.*

AN AMERICAN MINE-LAUNCH ON WHICH MIDSHIPMEN OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY ARE INSTRUCTED IN THE WORKING OF MINES.

THE SECRET THOUGHT.

I BEAR my secret thought through every day,
And in its gladness live mine hours anew;
And every night all old dreams slip away,
And leave me dreams of you.

I bear my secret thought, and so am glad,
In paths ungentle find my happy rest;
And every sad, disdainful thought I had
Has stolen from my breast.

What though sometime my dreams shall be forgot,
Loose on the breeze all that I held so fast?
I shall have had my lovely secret thought,
And loved you ere I passed.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

HEROES.

HEROES who died for our unworthy sake,
Whose lives, white blooms heaped high before
Love's shrine,
Redeemed our own, what answer can we make,
What holy vows upon us may we take,
What fetters haply from our spirits shake,
If thus we may repay that debt divine?

We cannot render back that sum of Love,
Its length and breadth and height. Let self-disown'd,
A daily losing life, to find above,
With you, O heroes, life eternal, prove
The only factor that our souls shall move
To say, when we, too, die: "I have atoned."

You died for us. Shall we not live for you?
Because you did not fail we dare not fail.
Let us attune Life's falt'ring harp anew,
And draw from it some echo, faint yet true,
Even of that song which leads you fearless through
The Gate of Death, to meet the Christ's "All Hail!"

Oh, happy ones! Yours in the short, swift way,
Glorious, though bloodstained, into Paradise.
Ours is the wearier road, whereon each day
We gain or lose a step. Pray, then, ah, pray,
Ye, our belovèd, that at last we may
Behold the enraptur'd greeting of your eyes.

AMY M. WELLS.

BONES AND A LADY

By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.

YEARS ago, before any tangible form of government came to the lands which form the watershed of the Big River, there was a missionary who was not like other missionaries, for he combined the rare qualities of zeal for his dark brethren with the possession of great wealth. He was the son of a rich New York financier, and was, in consequence, able to gratify his every whim; and whilst his brother's took the form of ballooning — at that time regarded as the smartest of hobbies—Henry T. Fellin's peculiar eccentricity lay in the belief that the difference between black men and white men was largely a matter of colour and environment.

He spent an exciting year in the Akasava district. His departure was rendered necessary by the failure of his brother's parachute to open at the psychological moment. He arrived in New York with two small boys, one from the Isisi and one from the Akasava, and the heartless reporters of the city suggested that he had brought his mourning with him.

One of those small boys died with the first shrivelling blast of winter, but the other thrived and justified Henry T. Fellin's experiment to a most remarkable extent. At the age of nineteen he had already won considerable distinction as a lecturer, and at twenty founded the Pan-Ethiopian movement and that remarkable chain of schools and colleges throughout the United States which was later to fall into some disrepute as a result of the Bouzier conspiracy, and was liquidated by order of the Supreme Court. Professor Zeburn, as Mr. Fellin's *protégé* was called, was undoubtedly a great educationist, and one of the most remarkable coloured teachers of all time.

Long before this story opened he left America "for his health." Then one morning a tall, thin, emaciated native, in a ragged pair of duck shorts, had stood before Sanders on the stoep of the Residency, and had explained, between paroxysms of coughing, that he had come back to the land to die.

"O man," said Sanders gently, "that is a bad end; yet you have seen many wonders in the far worlds, and you have memories."

The thin face of the returned exile twitched in a smile.

"Lord, that is so," he said simply, "and I am wise with the wisdom of vast peoples. For I have been to schools great and small, and I have learnt medicines and many tongues, yet none of these things is as wonderful as the sight of elephant grass by the river, and the weaver birds chattering in the Isisi palms."

Sanders had looked compassionately upon the man, for Sanders loved his people, and at this moment he appreciated the innate delicacy of the wanderer in refraining from the employment of English. He went away, this thin man, in a Government canoe laden with the provisions and the books he had brought from the great world beyond the blue waters. Sanders saw him rarely in the years that followed, for he chose for his habitation the banks of a forest stream, and took to himself a wife, one Sigibi, daughter of a certain genial chief of the Lower Isisi, that veritable home of ghosts and superstitions.

Sanders was sitting one afternoon on the

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stoep before his house. His feet were elevated to the rail on the verandah, and he was dividing his time between killing flies with a long-handled wire whisk, and reading a colourless report on the condition of the district, by an administrator who feared fever worse than the Devil, and had written his views on the Isisi from a distance.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Sanders brought his feet to the ground and stood up swiftly. There was not a soul in sight. The big garden which fronted the bungalow danced quiveringly in a heat haze. The broad, yellow path which led to the Houssa quarters was deserted, and between the thatched huts, set in four lines, not so much as a log stirred.

The Commissioner stood, a frown on his face, his head bent, listening. The harsh cry of parrots, the distant ruff-ruff-ruff of the breakers on the golden beach, the thin, shrill chirrup of a cicala—these things were the tone of a normal day. But piercing through the day noises came a faint rattle of sound, as though in the woods to the north some musician was rattling his drumsticks upon an upturned saucer. It was no more than a faint metallic tinkle, sustained and urgent—a mad little tattoo, half heard, half missed. Sanders blew a shrill blast on his whistle, and there was a faint patter of footsteps along the back verandah as Sergeant Abiboo, his orderly, came running.

"O Abiboo," said Sanders softly, "a *lokali* is sounding."

Abiboo might have said that the hollow tree trunk by which village signals to village does not sound in the daytime, but on the river there are few precedents which are not upset from day to day, and he bent his head, listening.

His ears, sharper than his master's, caught and translated the sound.

"'Men fighting on river,'" he read. "'Sandi's-man-in-canoe-running-from-spears.'"

Sanders's eyes narrowed and his eyebrows met in a frown of perplexity.

Then, nearer at hand and more distinct, he heard the hollow rattle of another *lokali*.

"Lord," said Abiboo, "this *lokali* says, 'one man flies and many follow'; also that 'he runs in the Eye of Sandi.' I think it is Ahmet, your lordship's spy."

He swung round, and his high-pitched voice rang across the square.

The guard-house disgorged six hesitating men, until Abiboo's voice put life and direction into their limbs. Then they ran, each man gripping his rifle, each making for the Residency wood.

Presently, from that part of the river which the woods concealed, came the "click-clock, click-clock!" of Mauser rifles, and then into sight there swept a long, narrow canoe, and the man who sat in the middle paddled with the weary energy of desperation.

Left and right and to the rear of the canoe little fountains of water spurted from the river, and the rattle of the Mausers was now incessant till——

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

From the hidden jetty where the *Zaire* lay berthed rapped the staccato laughter of a Maxim gun, and Sanders heard the shrill whistle of its bullets.

"Bones!" said an admiring voice at his elbow. "Good old Bones!"

"But the rifles—the rifles!" said Sanders, with a gulp. "In the name of Heaven, who gave the natives rifles?"

The man in the canoe had reached the bank and run ashore. He leapt out, not troubling to secure his craft—which turned slyly and drifted out to midstream—and walked with bent head and shoulders across the parade-ground.

Sanders hurried to meet him.

"Peace on your house, Sandi *baba*," said the man thickly. "There is a bad palaver in the Lower Isisi, and the people have guns."

He stumbled, and Captain Hamilton of the Houssas caught him.

He was bleeding from three wounds, for the marksmanship of his mysterious assailants had not been wholly unskilful, and Hamilton lifted him and carried him to the cool shade of the verandah. The rattle of rifles still continued in the forest, but the shots came more leisurely and at longer intervals now.

Abiboo, who had been sent to superintend the defence, came back with a story of four war canoes, each with twenty paddlers and two riflemen, which had turned about and were going up-stream at full speed.

"Shall I get steam in the *Zaire?*" asked Hamilton. "I could overtake them before night falls."

Sanders shook his head.

"They will take to the bush at the first sign of the boat," he said. "Whatever solution there is, must come from our friend."

Ahmet, the spy, was sitting with his back resting against the walls of the hut.

"O Ahmet," said Sanders gently, "what is this bad palaver in the Isisi?"

The man drank eagerly from the cup of water which Patricia Hamilton, brought to

the scene by the rattle of musketry, extended to him, and then spoke.

"Lord," he said, "there is a certain woman in the Isisi who has made a secret palaver with the Araby,* and has bought guns for her young men. This I found by the favour of God, for the Araby came over the border from the old king's land, and she met him with her young men, and traded ivory and rubber, and day by day in the Forest of Devils, where no man goes, she taught her young men certain drills."

Sanders frowned.

"What woman is this, Ahmet? For I know no woman on the whole of the river who has such magic with men since D'rona Bululu died."

"Lord, she is the chief M'Soba's daughter, and the widow of the wise man Z'buri."

A light dawned upon Sanders.

"I see," he said. And, giving orders to Abiboo for the care of the man, he turned abruptly into the bungalow, beckoning, with a jerk of his chin, the Captain of Houssas to follow him.

He went through the big dining-room to his little bureau, and Hamilton, waiting without—for Sanders's office was a holy of holies—heard the click of a key turning in the safe. Presently Sanders reappeared with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"Look at this," he said.

Hamilton took the sheet. It was covered with fine writing, written in a perfect hand.

"DEAR MR. SANDERS,—

"My husband, Dr. Z'buri, wishes me to explain that, owing to his long illness, he has been unable to collect the necessary hut-tax, and he trusts that you will agree to exercise the authority provided for in the 38th Clause of the Territories (Taxation) Law, and remit this levy.

"Yours very sincerely,

"SIGIBI Z'BURI."

Hamilton gasped.

"When did you get this?" he demanded.

"Six months ago—before Z'buri died. I nearly had a fit!"

"But, good lord, it's not possible!" expostulated the Houssa captain. "A native woman—I remember her as a slip of a child!"

"I used to wonder how Z'buri passed his time—now I know," said Sanders. "He was a wonderful teacher, and in his freakish humour he has educated the girl. You could do much in five years. Now, what are we going to do?"

"You can't go, of course," said Hamilton. And then, as a thought struck him: "Look here, sir, this is a woman palaver; let's ask Pat."

He went out of the room and returned with the girl.

"It's war, and the worst kind of war," explained Sanders. "If I go up, I must take every Houssa you have." He looked at Hamilton. "It may mean sending to headquarters for another battalion, and that is one of the things I have no wish to do."

"Send Bones," said Patricia Hamilton.

"Bones!" repeated her brother disapprovingly. "My dear girl, what can Bones do?"

"You'll laugh at me," said the girl earnestly, "but I have great faith in Bones. Bones has a star."

"My dear girl!" protested Hamilton, with a smile.

"Now, please don't be superior, dear," she said. "I somehow feel that Bones will blunder into the right kind of attitude, and the people of the Lower Isisi are very fond of him, and he is young, and, after all, it's a woman he has to deal with, even though she is a native woman."

The two men looked at each other thoughtfully.

"I don't like to do it," said Sanders quietly. "It may mean the end of Bones, and I would never forgive myself."

"Don't you think I care, too?" asked the girl. "Here he is. Let's ask him."

Bones strutted into the dining-room beaming. He clicked his heels and saluted, and his chest was swollen with pride.

"There is no cause for apprehension, dear old Excellency, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Single-handed I have destroyed, by barrage, important enemy forces which attempted to reach our lines. At the first hint of danger the jolly old machine-gun officer, sleepin' with one eye open by the side of his battery, leapt to arms. Certain elements which obtained a footin' in our advanced line were annihilated. On the rest of the front there is nothin' to report."

He saluted again.

"I heard your gun going," said Hamilton. "Did you hit anything?"

Bones eyed his chief with scorn.

"Oh, no!" he said sarcastically. "Oh, dear, no—oh, no, certainly not!"

"You did splendid, Bones," said the girl.

* The Arab trader. "Arab" is a word used rather loosely to describe alike the true Arab and the Zanzibarii.—E. W.

"I am sure that you were wonderful. But Mr. Sanders wants to tell you something."

Clearly and concisely Sanders reduced the situation to a few sentences, and Bones, with an unnecessary hand to his ear and with his face screwed up to represent his appreciation of the importance of the news, listened with no other interruption than an occasional "Bless my life!" and "Dear, dear, dear!" which he thought the occasion warranted. When Sanders had finished, he rose from the chair on to the edge of which he had sunk, carefully wiped the interior of his helmet with a gaudy bandanna, replaced his head-dress, and looked thoughtfully at the floor.

"Tact," he said.

"Exactly," said Hamilton. "That is what I am afraid of."

"Tact is my long suit, dear old sceptical captain," said Bones complacently. "I shall treat this good lady firmly, but gently, realisin', if I may say so, that I alone am qualified to deal with a most embarrassin' situation."

"You leave at dawn to-morrow," said Sanders, as the girl, at his inquiring lift of chin, rose from the table. "Do your best, Bones. If it is war, send for me *haec dum*—I'll have the pigeons put aboard. If it is possible, disarm the men—they have eight rifles between them—and remove the woman to headquarters."

Bones left at daybreak the next morning, after bidding an officious farewell to everybody. With a large leather portfolio under his arm, he made what he was pleased to term "official visits" to Patricia, Hamilton, and Sanders.

"I am sure, Bones, that you will be awfully diplomatic."

"We Shall Do Our Best," replied Bones, in capital letters.

Hamilton was writing in the orderly room when his subordinate appeared.

"His Excellency Lieutenant Tibbetts, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary," announced Bones.

"Good luck, Bones," said Hamilton, extending his big hand. "Don't make an ass of yourself."

"We Shall Do Our Best," murmured Bones, and bowed his way out.

Sanders was on the quay when the *Zaire* swung out to mid-stream.

"Anything but war, Bones," he said.

Bones waved a superior hand.

"We Will Do Our Best," he said.

Sanders waited until the boat was out of sight, then called his orderly to him. A few minutes later, with a very tame pigeon scientifically held in the waiting Abiboo's hand, the Commissioner wrote rapidly in the crabbed Arabic of the Coast, and this was the message that the wheeling bird carried to the north—

"In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

"From Sandi, where the river meets the sea,

"To Bosambo, Paramount Chief of the Ochori, in his city by the river.

"Peace upon your house. This day, the third before the rind of the moon, the lord Tibbetti goes to make a palaver with Sigibi, the daughter of M'Soba, of the lands near the Isisi, and the widow of Z'buri the wise. Now, I hear there is to be war, and a joining of all the peoples against my King, because of this woman. This to you, Bosambo, my friend: You shall take your spears near to the Forest of Dreams, which is by M'Soba's village, where this woman is, and if a call comes from Tibbetti, you shall strike without mercy, and destroy all the fighting men of M'Soba and the woman Sigibi also, and you shall put their villages to the fire, and hold their women and goats for my disposal, and I will be strong for you and be your shield against all men.

"Written at my large house of Government."

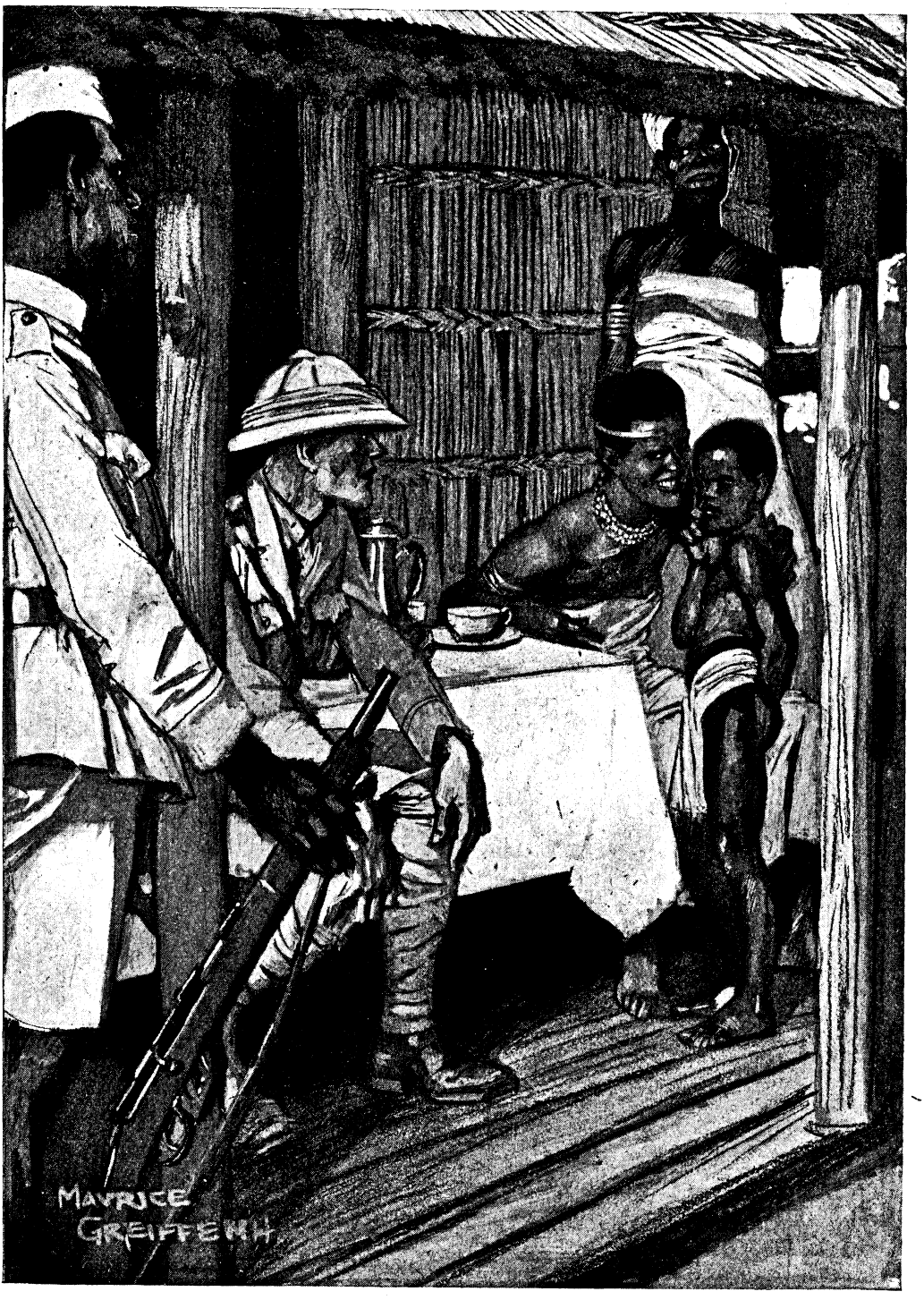
The *Zaire* made the bend of the river where the Isisi divides the N'gombi from the lands of the Good Chief, and no mishap befell her, in spite of Bones's system of navigation. He arrived in the dark before the dawn. It was a propitious hour to arrive, by the Isisi reckoning, for at this moment of half light all devils and ghosts die, and the stranger cannot import foreign and disastrous spirits.

Bones took counsel with his bodyguard and factotum, one Ali, whose youth had been well spent in the laboratory of an eccentric scientist on the Coast, and whose language was, in consequence, not only English, but the English of technology.

"Tact," said Bones, "is the only weapon in the jolly old armoury of the Diplomatic Service. Ali, you're goin' to see your employer an' patron in a new light."

The solemn fat-faced "Arab"—so he called himself, though, in truth, he was no more than a Coast boy with a touch of Kano blood—turned his glassy eyes upon Lieutenant Tibbetts.

"Tactful application of philosophy represents theoretical syllogisms," he said deliberately; "but if subject of tact should



"'Come, Harold,' she said, 'recite that little piece.'"

work adversely by violent demonstrations against tactor or tactist, precautionary loadment of artillery armament painfully desirable."

Bones shook his head violently.

"No war, Ali, you bloodthirsty old rascal—tact an' diplomatic pressure."

"Sir," said Ali gravely, "just as sword-fish (*Xyphias gladdius*) is provided with elongation of superior maxilla to combat shark (*Carcharias vulgaris*) when diplomatic intercourse *non est*, so Government artillery——"

"No war," said Bones loudly.

He dressed with extreme care, packed his portfolio with many virgin sheets and a fountain pen, and, with an escort of two Houssas, started off to interview the magic woman with rare confidence.

Ali met him at the gangway.

"No, Ali," said Bones sternly, "you're a naughty boy! I've told you this is a diplomatic——"

"Sir," said Ali, and slipped the loaded Browning pistol he carried into the coat-pocket of his employer, "in periods of peace preparations for belligerency are not only admirable, but demandable."

Bones walked through the village, and noted little cause for apprehension. The women were about their cooking-pots, the children were gathering sticks for the fires, and such men as were to be seen were engaged with their fishing nets. But if the serenity of the village was encouraging, there was this remarkable circumstance—his arrival had excited no unusual attention. The little crowd which gathered on the beach to welcome the *Zaire*, at whatever hour she arrived, was entirely absent. There was a sense of unreality—of careful rehearsal about the proceedings which caused Bones a certain uneasiness, since, for all his vagaries, he had that instinct which is the peculiar possession of all who have dwelt in authority in native lands.

He crossed the broad village street to a man he knew, and the native did not raise his eyes from the net in his hand.

"O N'lema," said Bones, "why is it that none came to the beaches to welcome the *puc-a-puc* of Government?"

"Lord," said the man, without looking up, "the woman Sigibi has said that all things should be as they are. And now this woman speaks the truth, for she was born on a night of storm and nursed through a bad harvest. Also two great Isisi ghosts are related to her."

"Where may this woman be?" asked Bones, accepting this impressive evidence of Sigibi's infallibility as inevitable, for as the saying goes, "As the hunter without a spear, so is the Isisi without a ghost."

The man pointed.

"Master, she waits for you; also her great soldiers with guns."

Bones followed the outstretched finger with a curious little tickling of his spine.

At the far end of the street were the chief's huts, and to the right of these a clearing had been made, and one great new hut stood in lordly isolation. But it was not the thatched dwelling-place that attracted Bones's attention.

Before the hut stood a girl, slim and straight. A length of blue silk was wound about her to breast level, and around her waist was a girdle of leopards' tails. He saw, as he approached slowly, that she was finer of countenance than any native woman he had seen. Her skin was chocolate-brown, the lips were full, but not negroid. About her short hair was a fillet of brass, whilst round her neck were three rows of pearls which Bones judged to be imitation, such as traders sell.

She looked at him with big, sad eyes, and came to meet him.

"O Sigibi," said Bones, in the Bomongo tongue, "we hear of your power and your fine soldiers, and my lord Sandi desires that you shall come to him that he may learn many things; also that you shall bring to him your warriors."

The girl smiled—a smile that transfigured her face. Bones looked round out of the corner of his eye for the riflemen, but they were nowhere to be seen.

"My dear Mister Tibbetti," she drawled in English, "how perfectly charming of you to visit us! I hope Mr. Sanders is enjoying his customary health?"

Bones looked at her in blank dismay. All his confidence, his inbred assurance, departed from him in a flash. Sigibi, the native woman, he could handle, be she witch or devil, but a proposition which drawled the conventional phrases of polite society had him beaten before he started.

"I hope you will stay to breakfast," said the girl. "Don't you find the weather fearfully trying? I suppose you've been hearing fearful stories about me."

She fanned herself with a tiny *abanico* she drew from the bosom of her primitive gown.

"The natives are *so* amusing," she smiled;

"they exaggerate, and they are so awfully credulous—are they not?"

Bones opened and closed his mouth like a fish out of water.

"My dear husband," she went on easily, as she led the way to the far side of the hut, "used to say that they were children who never grow up, and really they are no better."

Behind the hut was a table, which was unusual. It was covered by a white cloth, which was wonderful, and there was spread a respectable breakfast—steaming coffee, eggs, chicken ragout, and white bread.

Bones seated himself like a man in a dream. Throughout the meal he was silent. He took every dish the girl urged upon him without even worrying whether he was—as he was—covered by the rifles of his concealed enemy.

"I hate Browning," she was saying; "he is so elusive. Tennyson is sugary, don't you think?"

"My heaven an' earth!" said Bones involuntarily.

He knew—as though the written record were before his eyes—that there was danger. He felt it in the air, he sensed it in the averted glances of the native woman who waited at table. And he was helpless. Once or twice she looked at him keenly, and once she approached the subject with a directness which took his breath away.

"You do not believe that there is going to be a rising, Mr. Tibbetts?" she asked. "It is so absurd, but quite a lot of people think so."

At a sign one of the women disappeared into the hut and came out with a chubby little boy.

"Come, Harold," she said—Bones nearly swooned—"recite that little piece about 'La Marguerite sans peur.'"

That recitation was never to be given.

Bones made his desperate bid for the initiative.

"Sigibi," he said in the native tongue—it was his only hope of retaining her at a distance from which he could operate—"much is said. Now I tell you I will see the chief, your father, for he is a good man and the loyal servant of Government."

She laughed softly.

"He is asleep in his hut," she said. "Presently you shall see him."

A shrill cry trembled in the air—the shriek of a man in agony. It came from the river end of the street.

Bones jumped up, but before he was on his feet came a thunderous crash that seemed to split the heavens.

Bones knew that sound—it was the crash of the Hotchkiss gun on the *Zaire*.

He leapt into the middle of the street, his Houssas behind him, and he heard the switch of their breech-blocks open as they loaded.

The street was alive with armed men. Bones turned and saw the smile on the girl's face. He shut his eyes tight, then opened them to their fullest extent.

"My dear Mr. Tibbetts——" He heard her mocking tone, and then his pistol rang out, and he saw her drop.

"As per instructions!" he groaned, and broke for the king's hut.

It was the hut of the dead. The good chief had been speared in bed, and with him all the people of his household.

"O Mahmut," he said to his one remaining Houssa—the other lay dead, transfixed with a throwing spear—"fire carefully at their stomachs. I think I have killed the woman."

"Lord, she is alive," said the man. "I saw her running when Tipoo fell."

The *Zaire* was in the hands of the enemy—of that Bones was sure. He could not see the boat from behind the breastwork he had created.

It puzzled him that the spearmen did not attempt to rush him, but the explanation came when he saw the slim figure of the girl approaching. She carried a branch of palm and showed no evidence of fear.

She came closer until Bones raised his Browning, when she stopped.

"I'm afraid you have been inconvenienced," she drawled, "and please don't raise your pistol, because, if you do, you will be killed by my people. Mr. Tibbetts, I fear you are in a sad position, for my soldiers have your little ship."

Bones stood facing the girl and thinking rapidly. If ever there was a moment for the exercise of that quality of diplomacy on which he prided himself, that moment was the present.

"O Sigibi," he said mildly, "this is a very bad palaver."

"Speak in English," she smiled, but Bones ignored the request.

"If you kill me as you have killed my men, be sure Sandi will come, and there will be an end of you all."

She laughed, but nodded to him to continue.

There was only one chance for Bones, and it was in the faintest hope of seizing that

chance that he continued his oration in the native tongue.

"Be sure, too, O Sigibi," he said, "that I have a powerful ju-ju, more terrible than M'shimba-M'shamba."

"How childish!" she murmured, but kept her eyes on his. "My dear Mr. Tibbetts, how can you be so ridiculous?"

Yet there was something in her tone—an uneasiness, a tremulous petulance. Bones went on with relish.

"My ju-ju has eyes like great suns and a mouth like a pool of rocks, and when he speaks the river runs up the hills, and the big trees crack and shriek, and sickness falls on the land."

He saw the men behind her shrink back, their knuckles to their teeth; but, most wonderful of all, he saw her eyes open wide in a panic of terror, and her shaking hand go up to her heart.

"Tibbetti," she cried hoarsely, "this is a lie! Mr. Tibbetts—absurd! O Tibbetti *baba*——"

Bones's voice rose to a squeak.

"*Iwa!*" he cried, and at the dreadful name of "Death" the girl's knees trembled and bent. "Famine and sickness my ju-ju shall bring—death to the child and the woman and the man——"

With a shriek she flung herself grovelling on the ground before him, and when Bosambo's war canoes came sweeping down the river to save or avenge him, the Chief of the Ochori found his lord complacently sipping lemonade on the newly-washed bridge of the *Zaire*, eight Mauser rifles stacked before him, and a wild-eyed native woman hugging a naked child who alternately snivelled and recited scraps of "La Marguerite sans peur" in a shrill monotone.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.



"SUMMER PASTURES." BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.

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BELOW ZERO

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Frank Gillett

LORD RAYBURN turned the letter over in his hand, and a smile crept into those piercing eyes of his, for the great scientist permitted himself to be pleased.

"Now, this is a remarkable thing, Hayter," he said to his chief assistant. "Here is actually a letter from my great antagonist, Miguel del Viantes. He proposes to come and see me. I take it that this is an admission that all these years he has been attacking me unjustly."

George Hayter smiled behind his hand. He was well acquainted with the jealousies and bitter bickerings of scientists the world over, and there was not anywhere a scientist who was not aware of the deadly rivalry between Lord Rayburn and the eminent Spaniard. The fact that they had never met, and that they did not even know one another by sight, made little difference. Therefore Hayter listened discreetly.

"He wants to come and see me," the great man went on. "He says he is going to South America on an experimental mission, of which, of course, he says nothing, but he hints that possibly he may not return. It is his way of holding out the olive branch, I suppose. Anyway, he wants to see me, and, unless I wire him to the contrary, he will motor down here this afternoon. As the visit is entirely private—you will understand why he doesn't want people to know he has been here—you had better arrange for him to leave his car in the lane at the end of the shrubbery, and come here across the garden, through the conservatory. As he drives his own car, this should be easily managed. Then you can bring him here, and leave us alone together. You had better take the afternoon off, and come back about five o'clock. I am relying on your discretion, Hayter."

"Of course," Hayter murmured. "Does Del Viantes say what he is coming for?"

"Well, yes. He is deeply interested in those freezing experiments of mine. I gather that he particularly wants to have a look at the diamond that we are experimenting upon. But he does not say any more than that."

Hayter gave the desired assurance and vanished, leaving the great scientist to his own not unpleasant thoughts. This business was, in a way, the crowning glory of his career. It was soothing to his vanity to know that the great rival whom he had never seen was voluntarily seeking his advice—the advice of the man whom he had been attacking in the scientific press for years. The mere fact that the Spaniard was coming down to Tulham Place secretly made little or no difference.

So the pleased smile was still on Rayburn's face as he turned his back upon the laboratory and walked into the conservatory beyond. Both these buildings jutted out from the side of the house on to a sloping bank which led to a famous rose-garden, and the foundation consisted of a series of tanks and vaults, specially constructed, and something like a huge aquarium, in which Rayburn's freezing experiments were constantly going on. For Rayburn was a rich man, the head of an old family, and, apart from the estate, which would go elsewhere when he died, had a small fortune of his own, which he spent on his research work. And this small fortune would some day pass to his confidential assistant, George Hayter.

But Rayburn was thinking nothing of that at the moment. He wandered round the conservatory amongst his magnificent collection of orchids, of which he was, perhaps, more proud than of his scientific discoveries. He had an almost passionate love for those glorious blooms, and every

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hour he could spare from his life's work he spent amongst them.

He was still wandering, like some gigantic bee, from flower to flower, when a couple of hours later the far door of the conservatory opened, and from the concrete roofs beyond, which were approached by a flight of steps, Hayter appeared with a tall, thin, foreign-looking man in his wake. The stranger came forward with a smile behind his gold-rimmed glasses, and held out a thin, brown hand.

"May I have the honour, my lord?" he asked.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said the flattered Rayburn. "This is an historic meeting, Señor Viantes. I quite appreciate the broad spirit that brought you here, and I am only too delighted to ignore the past in the interests of our mistress, the Goddess of Science. Yes, I think you can go, Hayter. I don't think the señor and myself are likely to come to blows."

Hayter discreetly smiled and vanished. With his best manner Rayburn turned to his visitor. He was a very great gentleman, and, when he chose, his manner was as irreproachable as his scientific knowledge.

"I bid you welcome, señor," he said, "and I do hope you are in no great hurry."

"I sail to-morrow," Del Viantes explained.

"Oh, indeed. I trust that, at any rate, you can give me an hour or two. Now, are these flowers anything in your line? I am very proud of my orchids—in fact, I think I value them more than any possession I have. Every moment of my spare time is occupied in here. There is not a collector in the world who does not write to me when he has found anything new—at least, amongst the class of orchids in which I am interested."

"They are rarely beautiful," Viantes said, with a touch of real enthusiasm. "It is a charming hobby, and I can quite understand how it fascinates you. But, alas, I am a poor man, and have no money to spend on anything. But that plant over yonder is extraordinarily beautiful."

"Ah, you have hit upon the gem of my collection; you have a real eye for the beautiful. Now, this is an orchid of the class *Gynandria Monandria*. That is a marsh orchid from South Africa, and the only one of its kind yet discovered. I prefer them to the *epiphytes*, exquisite as they are. And that, of course, is a *cypripedium*."

As Rayburn spoke, he laid his hand almost lovingly on a long spike of bloom that shot upwards a foot or more in height in a series of shaded mauve blossoms with centres and cups graded away to the hue of virgin gold. The exquisite mass clung to the stem and trembled like a cloud of butterflies. Over it Rayburn hung with the rapt adoration of a mother bending over the cradle of her child.

"I am glad you can understand my enthusiasm," he said. "These blooms are almost sacred to me. Ah!"

As Rayburn spoke, his foot seemed to slip on the damp tiles of the conservatory, and as he jerked forward he touched the stem of the plant, and the topmost spray of blossoms broke off as if they had been severed with a knife. He whitened, with an expression almost of pain on his face, then recovered himself and forced a smile to his lips.

"Take that little spray," he said, "and put it in your buttonhole as a memento of the occasion. But I would not willingly have done that to oblige an emperor."

Viantes slipped the spray into his buttonhole and followed his host through the laboratory.

"Pray be seated," Rayburn said. "We have an hour or two before us, and are not in the least likely to be interrupted—in fact, I have respected your wishes to the letter. As you suggested, not a soul knows you are here, except my assistant, and I have sent him off for the afternoon. Your little car is in the lane, I presume, and nobody is likely to notice it there—in fact, the lane leads to nowhere, and is hardly used once a month—and therefore this meeting is as secret as it can be. I am not likely to mention it, unless you give me permission to do so, though perhaps some day this meeting may be historic. But that is for you to say, señor."

"I am profoundly grateful," Viantes murmured. "How deeply grateful I cannot say in words, but I think my presence here is a practical expression of my confidence."

"The feeling is mutual," Rayburn smiled. "And now pray tell me what I can do for you?"

The Spaniard hesitated just for a moment. "To be quite candid, my lord," he said, "I came down here consumed with curiosity to see that diamond which I understand you are experimenting upon. It is no secret, of course, because the scientific papers have been discussing it for weeks. Am I to understand that you claim to remove a flaw in a superimposed diamond by freezing it so many degrees below zero?"

"Well, I think so," Rayburn said

cautiously. "But I am not far enough in my experiments yet to speak with any confidence. Still, I have seen enough to encourage me."

"It is a very valuable stone, I presume."

"Very," Rayburn said—"a matter of twenty thousand pounds, I suppose. If I succeed, it will be worth at least three times as much, and if I fail, no harm is done."

"But," Viantes suggested, "you might damage it. It might fly into a thousand fragments if it was subjected to a very intense cold. What of that, my lord?"

"Then, in that case, I shall be the loser," Rayburn smiled. "I should have to find that sum of money, which, between ourselves, would absorb my private means, because, when I die, this place of mine and my income must go to my successor. And my assistant would be all the poorer, which would be very hard upon him, seeing that he knows of my intentions, and that he is going to be married very shortly."

As Rayburn finished, he rose to his feet and, unlocking a drawer in his writing-desk, produced a great diamond. It was a magnificent stone, and as it lay winking and sparkling on the table, Viantes' eyes narrowed behind his spectacles, and his mouth quivered like that of a cat stalking a bird.

"A wonderful gem!" he murmured.

"Yes, a royal gem. Now, it was lent to me by a firm of Court jewellers for the purpose of my experiment. You must understand that it is what is called a superimposed stone—that is, two layers placed one upon another, and joined by spirit gum or something of that kind, much as they join a series of glasses from which telescopic lenses are ground. Originally the diamond was much bigger; but it met with an accident—a fracture in the centre—so that it was necessary to split the stone in two and join it up again. Of course, this detracted from the value, but only an expert could tell and discern the tiny spot of moisture that was created in the process. Now, my idea, as you know, is literally to burn out that moisture by frost, and therefore, in one of my tanks which lie out yonder beyond the conservatory, I propose to subject the stone to a freezing process a hundred degrees below zero; and when that is done, I am sanguine that the flaw will have vanished. If you have another half-hour or so to spare——"

The sentence was never finished, for the Spaniard was on to Rayburn like a flash, as the latter leant over the table, a knife gleamed in the air, and the great man collapsed to the floor, stricken between the shoulders to the heart, and lay there dead without a single sound.

* * * * *

It was nearly six o'clock before Hayter, feeling a little uneasy, knocked at the laboratory door without receiving any reply. He flew round to the back of the house, with the idea of approaching the laboratory by a flight of steps leading up to the big tanks with their concrete tops. The motor-car in the lane had disappeared, and this only added to Hayter's uneasiness. It was nearly dark now, so that Hayter noticed nothing except that the lid over the manhole of one of the great freezing tanks had not been slipped back, and this he hastily readjusted.

"I suppose I am to blame for that," he murmured. "Well, it doesn't so very much matter."

Just by the conservatory door lay a spray of three or four blooms of the priceless *Gynandria Monandria*. Hayter stooped and mechanically placed it in his buttonhole.

"Now, how did that precious treasure get here?" he asked himself. "Lord Rayburn would as soon have cut off his own hand as given away one of those beloved children of his."

He forced the catch on the conservatory door and hastened into the laboratory. A moment later he was bending over the dead body of his chief with that calm, self-centred feeling that comes to most of us in the presence of sudden and unexpected death. There were certain things to be done, and Hayter went about them quite methodically. Then his eye caught sight of the open drawer with the key still in it, and with a strange suspicion in his mind he searched in the little cotton-wool nest for the big diamond which ought to have been there.

Five minutes later he had aroused the household and was holding Scotland Yard at the other end of the telephone, and barely half an hour afterwards he was telling his story to an inspector of police.

"Let me have that again, Mr. Hayter," Inspector Jones said. "I want to be quite clear. Señor Viantes came down here, at his own suggestion, to meet a man who has been his greatest enemy for the last twenty years."

"You have seen the letter," Hayter said curtly.

"Oh, yes. Now, what sort of a man is this Spanish scientist? As mad as most of them, I suppose?"

"Madmen don't steal historic diamonds," Hayter said. "I don't want to teach you your business, Inspector, but that man stole the diamond, and probably at the same time dropped the spray of orchid which I have in my buttonhole, and which I picked up, as I told you, outside the conservatory door when I was forcing it. To my mind, the thing is quite plain. Lord Rayburn has been murdered, and the murderer escaped in his car, which he brought down here alone for the purpose of getting away quickly. Now, it seems to me that it is up to you to go back to London and interview Señor Viantes without the slightest delay. That is my opinion."

"Perhaps you are right," the Inspector conceded. "And as you saw the Spaniard, you had better come along."

It was quite late in the evening before Hayter and Inspector Jones found themselves in Bloomsbury, face to face with the Spanish scientist in the latter's sitting-room. But directly Hayter entered the room his face fell.

"There is some mistake here, I am afraid," he murmured. "If this is Señor Viantes, then I have never seen him before. It was not he who called upon Lord Rayburn."

"That is very good of you, sir," said the slight man with the piercing grey eyes who stood confronting his intruder. "A policeman was here just now who refused to believe my identity. I am Miguel del Viantes, as I can bring a dozen people to prove, and I have been in London all day. Do you think I would stoop to go near Lord Rayburn? A clever man, no doubt, but a humbug, sir, and a good bit of a charlatan."

"I don't think we need go into that," Hayter said coolly. "And you, sir, are prejudiced, in any case. Still, Lord Rayburn has been murdered and robbed of a valuable diamond, and as you are apparently the gentleman you claim to be, we are wasting our time here. What do you say, Inspector?"

There was no more to be said, and nothing to be done but to make as graceful an exit as possible and lose no time in seeking a clue elsewhere.

But the days went on till a month had elapsed, and no trace had been found of the clever criminal who had so cunningly made use of the Spaniard to commit a successful crime and get away clearly with his prize. And it was by no means a pleasant month for Hayter, either. He was cognisant of the fact that he was being dogged and watched, and there were many signs that the police held him under suspicion.

For practically everything depended upon his uncorroborated testimony. Nobody had seen the murderer but himself, no one had ever seen the slightest trace of the car, and as to the letter which the Spaniard was supposed to have written, that might easily have been forged by anybody. And, again, the diamond had vanished. It would take all the dead man's fortune to make the loss of it good, so that all Hayter's dreams of a happy and comfortable marriage had vanished into thin air.

Still, he was allowed to go on with his research work at Tulham Place, and, indeed, he had had more than one plain hint to the effect that he had better stay there for the present. Inspector Jones had been mightily curious on the subject of what he called the clue of the broken orchid, coupled with the fact that the body of Rayburn had been found by his chief assistant, who had also discovered the fact that the diamond was missing.

And so matters drifted on till the end of November without the slightest clue to the identity of the real culprit. Who he was, and whence he came, no one knew, though Del Viantes had hinted vaguely at a foreign assistant who had been in his employ for some little time, and had been discharged for flagrant dishonesty.

It was a fine morning at the end of November when Hayter was interrupted in the laboratory by the entrance of one of his mechanics.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," he said, "but aren't you going to open Number Three Tank to-day? It's been frozen for the last three months at two hundred below zero, and that bacteria must be ready now. Shall I get on with it, sir?"

"Perhaps you had better," Hayter said languidly. "Draw the slide back from the roof and take the iron shutters down from the front of the tank. Let the light play on it as much as possible. I'll come along presently."

The assistant vanished only to return, a quarter of an hour later, with starting eyes and a peculiar green tinge on his cheeks that spoke of some unreasoning terror. He clutched Hayter by the shoulder.

"For Heaven's sake, come along with me, sir!" he said hoarsely. "No, sir, there's nothing wrong with the big tank, but when you see what is inside it——"

The slide on the top of the tank that flanked the outer door of the conservatory and the iron shutters had been removed.

Now that the light shone through the roof, and the sunshine glittered on the specially prepared glass front, the ten-thousand-gallon tank revealed itself in the shape of a huge block of ice as clear as crystal.

But Hayter was not thinking of that—he was gazing with protruding eyes and a strange creeping of his spine at an object crystallised in the centre of the ice. It was a human form with hands upraised and grey face congealed into an expression of terror that seemed alive and appealing mutely for assistance. Every limb and feature was as clear as it had been months ago, when the sham Del Viantes, hastening away from Tulham Place, had stepped in the gloom over the open trap-door that Hayter had left, and had thus gone unconsciously to his doom. The weight of his body, no doubt, had carried him through the upper crust of the ice in an early stage of its formation, and his feet had evidently stuck in the foot or so of gelatine at the bottom of the tank.

The man had been dead all these months, without the shadow of a doubt. He looked hideously and repulsively alive as he stood there, like a chrysalis in the centre of a transparent cocoon. Even a spray of orchids in his buttonhole retained their freshness and the delicate shades of mauve and gold.



"It was a human form with hands upraised."

"Well, I have had some curious experiences in my time," Inspector Jones said, an hour or two later, in somewhat shaky tones, as he stood before the unshuttered tank. "And, anyhow, it's all pretty plain now. Very likely his lordship gave a spray of his orchids to the man who murdered him, and the fellow, in his haste to get away, blundered into the tank. I shall be greatly surprised if we don't put our hands on the

diamond, too, before we are through with this business."

It was nearly twelve o'clock the following day before the conditions were favourable for the removal of the unknown murderer from the tank, after which the body was laid on the table in the laboratory. It was Inspector Jones's unpleasant task to go over it in search of the missing treasure, the finding of which would establish Hayter's innocence beyond all doubt. But for a long time there was no sign of the stone, till the Inspector removed the spray of orchids from the dead man's buttonhole.

"Wonderful how they keep their freshness, isn't it?" he asked. "Some time ago I saw a bouquet of flowers that had come all the way from Australia frozen in a block of ice, and they might have been picked the day before. Hullo, here we are!"

As he spoke, the Inspector turned over the spray in his hand, and with a grunt of satisfaction plunged his little finger into the centre of one of the deep cups, and displayed a small round object carefully wrapped in cotton-wool.

"The missing stone," he exclaimed, "beyond the shadow of a doubt. I am glad to have my hands on this, Mr. Hayter, for your sake, because, you see——"

"Yes, I know," Hayter said grimly. "You needn't say any more about that. The man lying there, whoever he is, came down in a little two-seater car. He came alone, because I met him in the lane. What became of the car?"

"Well, that puzzled me, too," Jones admitted. "But, of course, the fellow had a confederate. That sort of robbery was too big a thing for one man. Probably the confederate loitered about till he got alarmed, and went off to save his own skin, as such men always do. But really it doesn't matter. To prove the identity of this criminal will be another question altogether. Personally, I don't believe it ever will be proved."

And, as usual, Inspector Jones was right.



"THE ANGLER."
BY BIRKET FOSTER.



BRITISH AND INDIAN SIGNALLERS.

SIGNALS

THE COMMUNICATIONS OF AN ARMY

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THAT the communications between the various units of an army must be maintained, the public is fully aware; but of the actual method of their establishment and maintenance it is, for the most part, entirely ignorant. This cannot be due to any necessity for secrecy, for text-books on the subject in detail have been on sale for years. Text-books are invaluable to telegraphists and signallers themselves, but the mass of detail in them completely cloaks the main essence which is of interest to the average reader of War news.

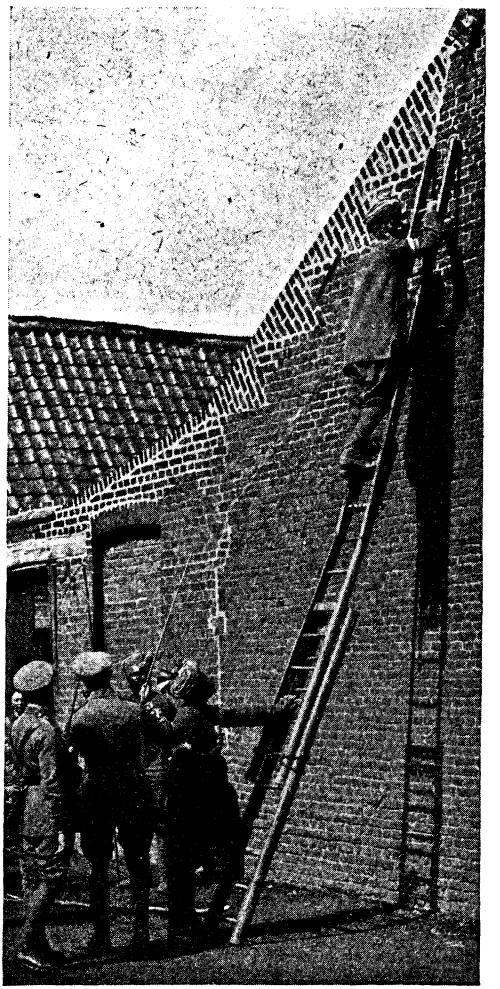
As this article is sub-titled "The Communications of an Army," it is necessary, for the benefit of the majority, to run through rapidly the organisation of that gigantic body known at the present day as an army. Roughly speaking, all British soldiers are said to belong to "The Army." Strictly speaking, they belong to the British Military Forces. The British Expeditionary Force, as everyone knows, is the official name of our armies in the field in France, and this force is composed of several armies. To deal with the system of communications of one of these armies is the object of this article.

Now, an army is composed of two or more army corps, and, again, an army corps is composed of two or more divisions. Each division has under its command three infantry brigades, each composed of four infantry battalions, brigades of artillery, an uncertain number of cavalry, Royal Engineers, field ambulances, and a bevy of smaller organisations. The number of men in a division is set out at about 20,000, but this,

of course, varies, being sometimes more, sometimes less, than the regulation number.

Communications between all these bodies are under the control of the various "signal companies" appointed to the army, army corps, and divisions respectively. Roughly speaking, the army signal company is responsible only for communications up to its corps, the corps signal companies looking after those to divisional headquarters, and the divisional signal company by arranging and setting up the entire system of communications from divisional headquarters to the battalion headquarters in the neighbourhood of the trenches.

The various systems of getting a message from one place to another may be divided roughly into three classes: (1) dispatch-riders; (2) visual signalling; (3) telegraphy. The majority of dispatch-riders employed in France to-day are mounted on motor-cycles or ordinary cycles. But pedal-cyclist dispatch-riders are, in reality, nothing more nor less than orderlies mounted on cycles, and the distances travelled by them are very short. Thus dispatch-riders, as a class, must be considered as composed of motor-cyclists only.

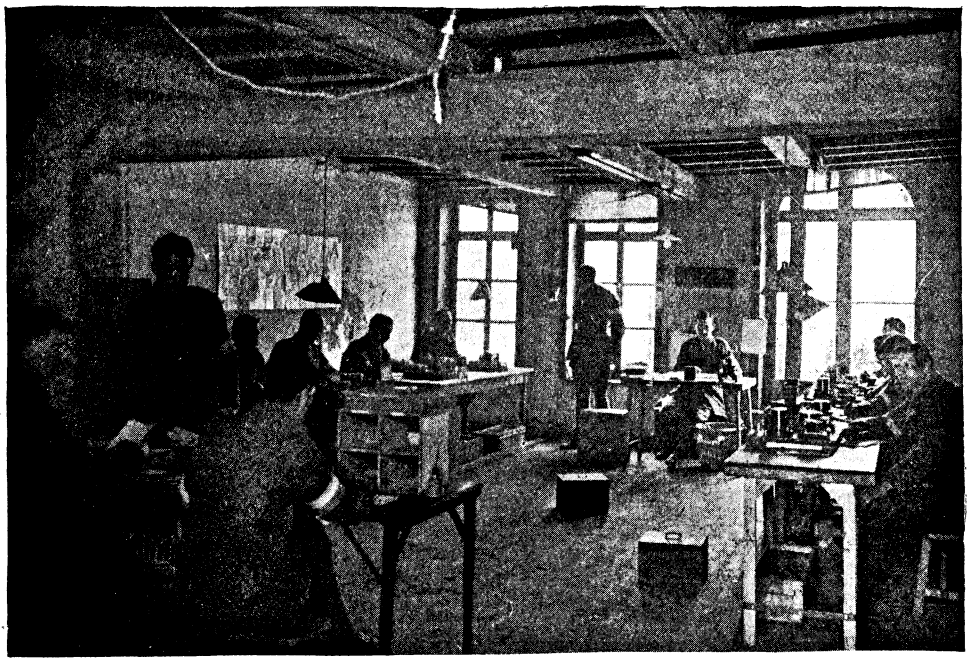


SIGNALLERS PUTTING UP A TELEPHONE WIRE ON A FRENCH FARM FOR COMMUNICATION WITH HEADQUARTERS.

The very conditions of warfare in France render it impossible for motor-cyclists to carry dispatches up to battalion headquarters; and, even were it possible for this to be done, it would be inadvisable, as a motor-cycle is by no means a silent machine, and a dispatch-rider in the vicinity of the trenches, confining himself, as he must do, to the roads, or what is left of them, would make an excellent target for the numerous enemy snipers. Moreover, however fast the daredevil motor-cyclist may travel, he must, for ordinary messages, be considerably slower than the "wire." Thus, in the main, bulky documents and "orders" are conveyed by the motor-cyclist; messages are "tapped through" on the wire.

The second class, visual signalling, to which, originally, a signal company owed its name, is now almost extinct. In the South African War visual signalling was much in evidence, but to-day, when to all intents and purposes a stationary method of warfare is employed, telegraphy is not only faster and more reliable, it is safer from a bodily point of view for the operators. The movements of a flag can be easily discerned by the enemy's snipers, and the position of the unfortunate signaller is soon dangerous in the extreme. Also messages can be easily read by those for whom they are not intended, and the use of code is almost essential. Visual signalling is, of course, useful if the entire telegraphic system breaks down, and for this purpose it is necessary that it should continue to be taught in our divisional signal companies; but it is only used as a last resource, and the old-fashioned idea of the signals of the Army being maintained by "a man with a flag" has died a natural death.

We come now to the main system of communication — telegraphy. Army headquarters, as most people know, are far from the shot and shell, and the signal office there is as large and complicated as the telegraph



DIVISIONAL TELEGRAPH OPERATORS IN A FRENCH TOWN.

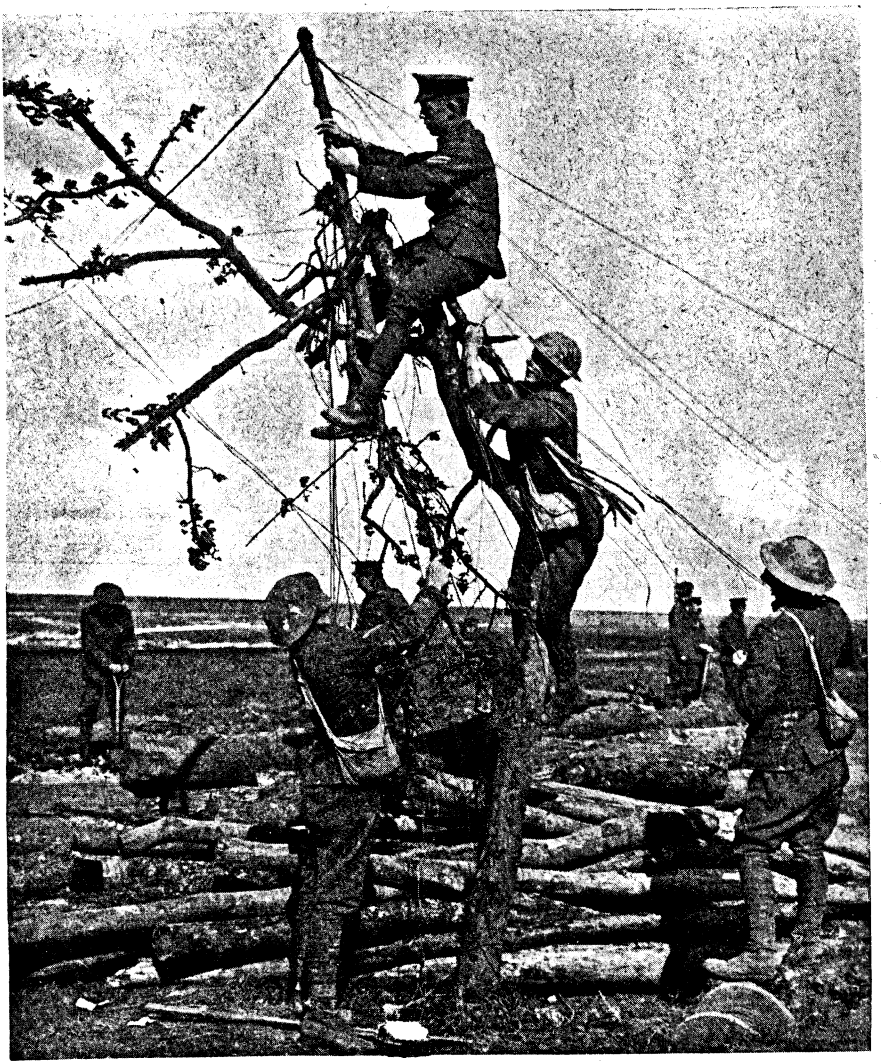
exchange of a fair-sized provincial town. The men employed are trained operators, recruited mostly from the Post Office or news agencies, and Wheatstone and other delicate instruments are usually part of the equipment. The army corps signal office is, of course, smaller and less complicated, but this, in the same way, is much akin to a post office exchange.

Divisional headquarters, however, are not



SIGNALLERS ESTABLISHED AT A FRENCH FARM.

by any means stationary. A divisional signal company is composed of slightly over 200 men, divided up into five sections—headquarters and Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. Headquarters and No. 1 section remain at the divisional headquarters, and attend to the signal office and communications up to the infantry with divisions and brigades, but it is impossible to deal with all these in the space of this article. The main "lines," the very root and centre of the systems, are from army to corps, corps to division, division to brigade, brigade to battalion, and, again battalion to companies.



PUTTING UP TELEGRAPH WIRES.

From a Canadian War Records photograph issued by the Alfieri Picture Service.

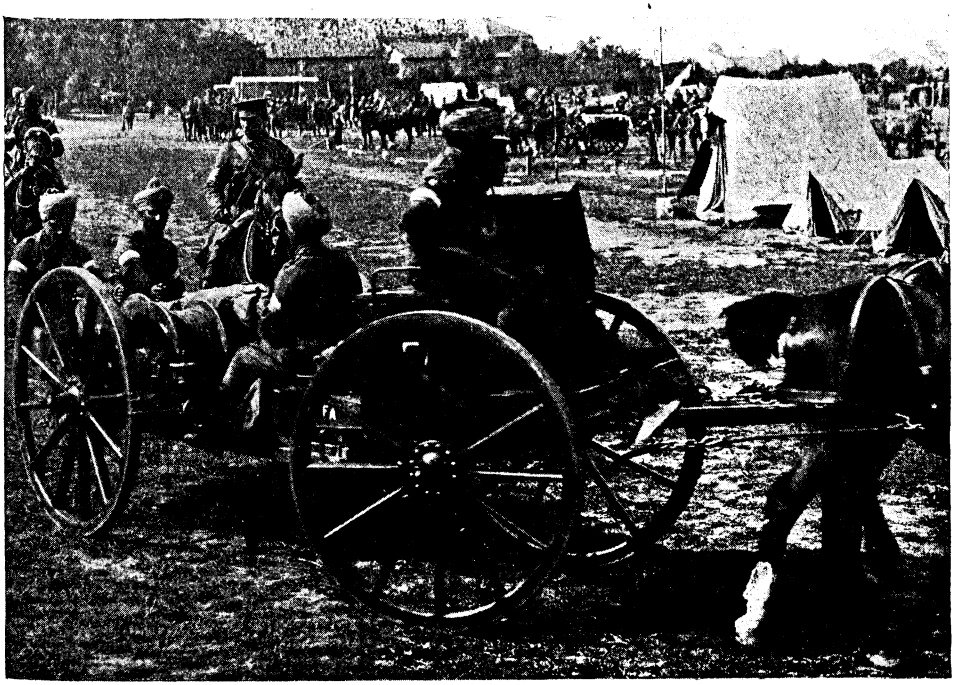
brigades. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 sections are attached to each of the three brigades, and are responsible for the signals from there to the battalion headquarters. There are, of course, many other units, such as artillery, R.A.M.C., ordnance, etc., which have always to be in telegraphic communication

The cable used by divisional signal companies is strongly insulated, and was intended originally to be laid on the hedges or trees at the side of a road from a specially designed cable cart. Unfortunately for this arrangement, however, the Germans have an unpleasant habit of shelling most roads, with



A FIELD TELEPHONE BUSY DURING AN ENGAGEMENT.

the result that the electric cable at the side thereof suffers considerably, and communication breaks down. As this has to be avoided at all costs, the safer means of reeling the cable off by hand, and taking it across country is generally adopted, and results obtained in this manner are found to be more or less satisfactory. The British soldier, no matter to what branch of the Army he may belong, is a very handy man, and with his jack-knife he soon cuts branches from the trees and fits up temporary



CABLE SECTION LAYING LINE, EACH WAGON HOLDING SEVERAL MILES OF CABLE.

telegraph poles, thus lifting the wire out of harm's way.

The wire from brigade to battalion headquarters has, however, to be laid in other ways. A wire running on poles up to the battalions would be in full view of the enemy—for Flanders is a flat country—and would be cut by rifle or shell fire at the very moment when it was most needed. Moreover, fixing up poles a few hundred yards from the trenches is dangerous work, to say the least of it, and the German snipers soon pick off any venturesome signaller. Brigade headquarters itself is probably out of range of rifle or machine-gun fire, so for some distance in advance of brigade the cable can be put up on poles as from divisional headquarters. But as soon as the trenches are approached, the cable must be laid on the ground, buried, or run along at the bottom of a communication trench. It is not far from the truth to say that there is no safe place for the brigade to battalion lines. Wherever they lie they are liable to some kind of injury. If they are laid on the ground, they may easily be cut by shrapnel; if they are buried, there is always a possibility of their being damaged by high-explosive shell-fire. Also a buried line takes a very long time to lay, and, if the ground is wet, may be responsible for a considerable leakage of current at the weak places of the insulation. A line pegged along the side of a communication trench, near the bottom, is considered by many to be in the safest position possible. But the traffic of men up and down is in itself a danger to the wire, and, if the authorities decide upon the widening or deepening of the trench, there is little hope of the line remaining intact. However careful the men of a working party may be, it is almost impossible for them to avoid cutting the wire or baring the insulation with their picks and shovels as they carry out their orders as to the alterations of the trench.

These are a few of the troubles of a brigade signalling officer. But, whatever his troubles, his duty is to maintain communication between his brigade and the four battalions, and the way in which he does this does not interest the brigadier-general. Therefore, in order to avoid failure, the signal officer lays spare lines. Exercising his ingenuity, he lays them so that, by one way or another, he can get through to each of his battalions in several different ways. When his main line fails, he works on the spare; when the spare fails, he works to the desired battalion through the office of another. Thus is success assured.



A SIGNAL SECTION STARTING ON THE DAY'S MARCH.

The only communications which are not under the direct control of the Signal Service are the inter-communications of the artillery. It is usually impossible for those men in the artillery employed in working the gun to see the results of their shooting.

Thus an artillery officer, looking out from what is known as an observation post, notes the exact spot on which the shell explodes, and telephones this through to the battery commander. It is obvious that for this most important duty good telephones and cables are required. The Signal Service, as a rule, has plenty of time in which to lay and protect its wires. The artillery, on the other hand, is handicapped by lack of time and men. There is often scarcely time for the line to be laid before the observation



A SIGNAL SECTION AT WORK NEAR A TOWER "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

officer is requiring it, and the firing has begun. This hurried laying of lines is, of course, avoided as much as possible, and well-laid artillery cables run up most communication trenches and to all spots likely to be used as observation posts.

A signal officer's life is by no means all milk and honey. He is one of those unfortunate people who are always blamed. Praise seldom comes his way. In certain districts in France there is an abundance of badly laid cable, which, once stretched across the road on the tree-tops, has become loose and sagged down to a height of seven or eight feet above the ground. These wires are, of course, a great danger to all men on horseback, and the probability is that they were laid by gunners who had no time to fix them up securely. But, no matter who is really at fault, the blame is always showered on the head of the unfortunate signal officer. In other places the cable may come loose from the side of a communication trench, and rest in coils on the ground, a pitfall for the unwary. The ordinary soldier sees and avoids it, but the general, should he come that way, invariably gets his foot entangled and comes heavily to the ground.

Again, even if his wires be in a position where nobody can get caught or entangled in them, and if his office is in good order, and his telephone speaking perfectly, the signal officer gets no praise. It is only when the speaking becomes weak, or a message gets delayed in transmission, that

his presence is requested by the general or brigade-major. This is not to be wondered at, for it is exactly the same at home. Who, for instance, takes the trouble to write to the Postmaster-General and inform him that his telephone has given no trouble for the last six months? But the moment his instrument breaks down, or he receives a curt reply from the exchange, he loses no time in penning a furious letter of complaint to the authorities.

There are many officers in the Signal Service who have received the Distinguished Service Order, and many men who have been given the D.C.M. There is no doubt that these men have been rewarded for particular instances of courage and good work. Yet it is often said that better things are done by men who receive no medals than by the recognised heroes, and this is particularly true in the Signal Service, which has only been placed in its present high state of efficiency by the hard work and devotion of every member. It is no exaggeration to say that the Signal Service is the most important in the Army. If the signals break down, an army, from being an all-powerful body, becomes a mass of detached units, each unaware of the doings of the other, and chaos reigns supreme.

The most severe test to which the Signal Service has ever been put was during the great retreat from Mons; and the fact that, in that time of stress, signals were maintained assures us that, whatever difficulties the British Armies may have to face in the future, they will never be handicapped by failure of communications.

AN INTERLUDE.

A PLASHY curtain of green down
Is hung between me and the town,
And wold-side becks glance in the light,
Awash with rain of overnight.

Now horse and man seek early toil
Upon the wet and shining soil,
And chimneys whirl their smoky spires
Into the blue above the shires.

The sun its hoarded treasure spills
Upon the grey slopes of the hills,
And sunny cloud-flocks drift on high,
Lark-haunted now in a warm sky.

It is good to watch, unsought, unseen,
This joyous fantasy of green—
Good to forget, and good to share
This silver light, this limpid air.

ERIC CHILMAN.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE

By MAXWELL LAURIE

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton

THE difference between the sexes is in few things more apparent than in the matter of having one's hair attended to. The essential appliances of the process are the mirror and the brush. As for the mirror, no man, not even an actor, was ever at home with his mirror. His glance at it has an element of shame; a knock at the door causes him to start, to blush, and finally to scowl fiercely in the effort to regain his self-respect. And his manipulation of the brush is a mere whisk-whisk, as coarse as it is frivolous. To this, too, is sometimes added a degrading ingredient of compulsion. To be set in a chair, to confront for many minutes an unavoidable mirror, in plain sight of a fellow-creature—these things are a humiliation to a man and bring bitterness to his spirit. But a woman is not so. Betty Roxburgh was not a vain girl, but she loved having her hair brushed.

To a woman a mirror is, or ought to be, a companion. If any woman deems otherwise, out upon her for a masculine wretch! The mirror as a picture, the mirror as a Romney, a Raeburn, even as a Franz Hals—the endless interest of it!

Besides that, there is the matter of hair itself *qua* hair—hair considered seriously. Betty's was of the Scandinavian sort, long and yellow-golden, and falling in undulations that welled soft and glistening after the tension of the brush had relaxed. Maggie Jessie, who had the brushing of it every night, was its most ardent worshipper, being a woman and able to realise the beauty of it. After her, in admiration of it, came Betty herself, and next to Betty, John Hammond, who was not yet very observant in these matters, but would pick up a little sense when he had married Betty.

To gaze dreamily into a friendly mirror, to feel that one's hair is being lovingly tended, to see the strands of fine gold gaining value under the touch of a skilled craftswoman—these things are soothing to a woman, and Betty had earned a little soothing. Not that she was a modern type—I speak of what was modern in 1830—not that her shoulders had the slope of a hock-bottle, or that she denied herself food in public, or that she used a vinaigrette, or swooned for infinitesimal causes. She was, through her mother, good clean-run Scandinavian, though her family had been a thousand years in Scotland, and she had as few nerves as anybody in an ordinary way. But to-day had been specially trying.

John Hammond, her Englishman, had come, a stranger, among strange folk, and Betty's father, the Laird, had shown a bias against John Hammond from the very outset. To begin with, the Laird had set his mind on a young neighbour for a son-in-law, and the young neighbour might have had Heaven knows what good fortune, had it not been for Betty's unlucky trip to London, where she met her Englishman. Moreover, the two men, the Laird and John, were antagonists by race, by training, by temperament—on the one side, a Scot both dour and fervid; on the other, an Englishman, imperturbable and stubborn. The Laird, with his apparatus of French and American ideas, collected in stormy youth, was in John's eyes a mere revolutionary, to whom John offered the stolid resistance of race and temperament. John was no orator or dialectician; he had neither the brains nor the fluency of his fierce adversary. The Laird's creed, which combined Catholic Emancipation, Reform, the Abolition of Slavery, the Rights of Man, the denunciation of Episcopacy and the championship of Queen Caroline, left John largely unaffected. Empty, the Laird thought him—empty and dull. But John was not empty, as Betty very well knew. John had a way of being right. On the other hand, it

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had to be confessed that he was hard put to it to give reasons for his rightness—so different from her father, who could always give a score of excellent reasons for some view which Betty knew instinctively to be false. Now, in character John was simply bedrock. Betty did not know to what extent intellect was a necessary ingredient of character. John, considered as an intellect, had always puzzled her, and had frequently irritated her. Still, there was something in John that convinced and satisfied her; it was personality, she supposed. Assuredly it was not cleverness; perhaps it was not even brains. John was—well, what was he? At any rate, he was John. There was no mistaking him for any other man.

And Betty had left the Laird and John at their wine. She had no fears on the score of the wine; they could carry their wine, for all that that accomplishment was worth. It was not two bottles or three that would upset either of them. And the custom of heavy drinking begot its own antidote, as all dangerous customs do. There was a convention that after-dinner quarrels should be drowned in the morning glass. There were no apologies, no retractations; the thing was dropped. The mention of a lady's name required, of course, immediate action; but there was another convention controlling the mention of ladies' names. So, on the whole, it was seldom that anything serious happened. But Betty had been fretting all day long over her men and their contentions, and her wits were at work on the probable doings of the morrow.

Maggie Jessie, too, had her wits at work, as well as her hands. The artist, working in a suitable medium, can hardly avoid exhilaration, and in the matter of hair-dressing Maggie Jessie knew herself an artist. Conscious of her mistress's latent anxiety, Maggie Jessie talked, partly to allay that anxiety, partly in the spirit of the conjurer whose tongue would fain keep pace with his busy hands, partly because she loved monologue, the rest of the day's work affording no such opportunity for it as the closing hour with Miss Betty.

"I bade Andrew hearken at the dining-room door," said Maggie Jessie. "I'm for none of your spy work, but there's times when it's as well to know what's going on. I doubt the gentlemen are not just as friendly as a body could wish. If they could but keep off the politics! Senseless trash! It's just argue, argue, and your father hits fell hard when his blood's up. He told Mr. John that his labourers in Kent were in precisely the same condition, mental, spiritual, and something else—economical—aye, that they were in the time of Jack Cade. Serfs, he said—no better than serfs. Mr. John didna like that. His labourers were fine fellows, some of them, he said, and no serfs, and they were as good at the farming as anyone could wish. 'Farming!' says the Laird. 'Your farmers in the South haven't an idea in their heads beyond corn and pasture!' Mr. John stood up for the corn and pasture, but the Laird was all for the new farming. 'Your land will deteriorate,' said he. 'Not at all,' says Mr. John. 'It's been worked the same way for five hundred years, and it's better now than ever it was.' Then the Laird told him he would find out what his land was worth when the Corn Laws were repealed. And so they got round to politics again—ding-dong—the Laird for the new, Mr. John for the old. Save us! It's a fearful night. Hearken to the wind!"

"Snuff the candles, please, Maggie Jessie. It's difficult to keep them burning straight on a night like this."

"Aye, it's a draughty old house. You'd better draw your bed-curtains to-night."

"I hate bed-curtains. I'd sooner sleep on the hillside than with bed-curtains."

"They're fine and cosy. I like the old beds with the heavy hangings. A good feather bed to sleep on, and thick curtains to keep out the morning light—that's my fancy, if I had the chance of it."

"It smothers me to think of it."

"Not that I'm complaining of my bed-closet off the kitchen. It's comfortable, and cook's a quiet sleeper."

"And no air except from the kitchen."

"There's a window into the passage."

"You might as well sleep with your head in the sink."

"Tut, tut! Naebody would sleep with their head in a sink. And, sink or no sink, I'd sooner be in my wall-closet on a night like this than I'd be up in the attics, with such a gale blowing the slates off the roof."

"I'd prefer the attics, slates or no slates."

"Aye, I dare say. There's queer ideas nowadays. Baths, for instance. Andrew was telling me that all the officers in the Company's service have a bath every day, or, maybe, twice every day, out in India, and when they come back to their own country, they want their baths. That's how baths has come into fashion. Folk maun hae a bath. They forget this is not India. I mind your grandmother coming from Edinburgh, and she wasna very well, and she

wanted the barrel for a hot bath. 'You canna have a bath,' says I. 'Your bath-gown's not in order.' 'Then I'll have it in my old flannel night-gown,' says she. 'It's a rickle o' holes,' says I to her, 'as ye very well know.' 'Pooh!' says she. She was a character, if you like. And I mind fine what your Auntie Jean said when she found you and Miss Meg at the bathing. 'Ye maun be dirty deuks,' says she, 'to be aye dab-dabbling in the water.'"

"Yes, I remember that. Auntie Jean was a little old-fashioned in some ways."

"Old fashions are good fashions. Your aunts were aye for the old fashions, and look at your father, the Laird — never happy unless he has a new bee buzzing in his bonnet."

"Maggie Jessie, you mustn't say such things about my father."

"H'm! There's some says worse. I was aye on your mother's side. The minute she came into the house I saw she wasn't strong enough for your father. She could fight, mind you—she had a spirit—but at long and at last he fairly wore her out, and she just obeyed him, and never as much as cheeped."

"Yes, Maggie Jessie, I'm getting like that myself. When mother died, she made me promise to obey my father, but it wasn't necessary. He can make himself obeyed. I'm not naturally obedient, as you know, but a father has an advantage."

"H'm!" Maggie Jessie grunted. "Is it a fair advantage? Anyway, he'll not make Mr. John obey him, or I'm much mistaken."

Betty and Maggie Jessie considered this statement for a time in silence. At last Betty suffered a faint smile to flicker on her face. She looked up demurely at Maggie Jessie's reflection in the mirror.

"Aye," the handmaiden resumed, "aye, Mr. John's a wise-like body. Ye'll no catch him blethering about the Rights of Man. It's a queer thing."

"What's a queer thing, Maggie Jessie?"

"It's a queer thing that the folk that's aye blethering about the Rights of Man is the greatest tyrants in their own households."

"That'll do, Maggie Jessie. Now, please run downstairs and ask Andrew how they're getting on in the dining-room."

Maggie Jessie slithered down the staircase in her soft shoes, returned in a few minutes, full of news—disquieting news.

"Save us!" she cried. "The Laird's been putting him through his religion!"

"Oh, Maggie Jessie! Oh, my poor John! Just imagine my John in a theological discussion! He's the best man that ever lived, and he knows no more about theology than one of his own horses!"

"Mr. John's a steady churchgoer, so his man tells me. What would he want with theology? And as for the Laird, I mind well the time when he was neither more nor less than a French atheist. It would puzzle me to say what he is now."

"My father's interest in religion is intellectual, you see. As for Mr. Hammond—well, John would simply hate the idea of being considered religious. But even in London he went to church."

"H'm! Maybe you went with him?"

"Yes, I did. Maggie Jessie, it was in church that he——" A pause.

Maggie Jessie squealed gleefully. Her eyes opened to their roundest, a wide smile lighted her face.

"Proposed? Dinna tell me he proposed in God's house!"

"No, of course not. But he——" Another pause.

"Aye, ye need say no more—I understand. You would be looking over the same book, maybe. The best marriages comes out o' keekin' at each other in the kirk."

They laughed, and as they laughed a knock came to the door. Maggie Jessie ran, her face full of anxiety. There was a tense whispering outside, then Maggie Jessie returned, desolation and horror in her face.

"He's off!" she said.

"Who?"

"Mr. John. He's leaving to-night. The Laird's turned him out of the house. It's a black disgrace!"

"Tell me, Maggie, what have you heard?"

"Andrew was hearkening at the door of the dining-room. He heard them very angry-like. Then Mr. Hammond says, very determined: 'That's a matter in which I will accept orders from no man.' 'Ye ken the alternative, Mr. Hammond,' says the Laird. Then Andrew went in with glasses, and the two gentlemen was glowering across the table at each other. They said nothing while Andrew was in the room, but when he went out he hearkened again. The Laird says, very cool and dangerous: 'Then ye'll leave my house to-morrow, Mr. Hammond.' 'I'll leave it to-night,' says Mr. John. 'That's as you please,' says the Laird. 'But, before I leave you, I bid you understand

that my daughter Elizabeth will carry out any orders I may be pleased to give her, so you need not try to influence her. And my daughter will get her orders immediately, in writing. I wish you a very good night, Mr. Hammond.' And out walks the Laird, very dignified. 'Was he sober?' I asks Andrew. Andrew says: 'He was walking straighter than was necessary in a sober man.' I bade Andrew stand by in the passage, in case we wanted him."

A horror-stricken silence held the room. Mechanically, Maggie Jessie picked up the hair-brush and resumed her task. But her hand trembled. Betty leaned forward, her face in her hands.



"Before she lost consciousness her last words were: 'John, save my father!'"

"It's a black disgrace!" said Maggie Jessie, white with anger.

Another knock came to the door.

"It's the Laird's orders," Maggie Jessie whispered, and went to fetch them. There they were, the ink freshly powdered.

"Mr. Hammond leaves this house to-night, owing to a disagreement. You will hold no communication with him before he leaves. You will receive further orders to-morrow morning."

"A black disgrace!" repeated Maggie Jessie.

Betty bowed her face into her hands. Maggie Jessie, desolated and overwhelmed, stood looking at her. Putting her hand forward, she touched lovingly the long golden tresses that fell in glistening waves over her mistress's shoulders and back.

"Poor lassie," she said, "poor lassie!"—and the tears filled her eyes.

Meanwhile John Hammond had been lending a hand to the Laird's men in getting out his coach. His training and traditions imposed on him a meticulous care in all matters relating to horses. Every working part of the carriage was tested by him, slowly and thoroughly and methodically. So also with the harness—straps, chains, buckles, collars, loops. Wherever there was a row of stitches, a splice, a tongue, a turnover, a join, John's eyes looked at it, and John's hands tested it. The lamp-glasses were polished again; fresh candles, and a spare pair to boot, were fetched. It was a night of storm and black darkness—there must be no mishaps. The Laird's men, unused to such scrupulous nicety of detail, might have been impatient, or silently derisive, had they not been overweighted by the solemnity of the occasion. As matters were, they carried out John's orders willingly, even officiously. They would hear the facts in the morning; all they knew as yet was that the Laird was off to his bed, and the English visitor was for the road. It seemed to them to have the appearance of an act of black inhospitality; but they reserved their judgment until a friendly talk with Andrew and Maggie Jessie should reveal the facts. It was a bad night to be taking the road. Even in the sheltered stable-yard the wind raged, so that the chaise would hardly stand still for the horses to be put to it. John, however, had been bred to insist upon perfection in certain matters, of which harness was one. The worse the weather, the greater the need of care; and he hurried himself not in the very slightest. The Laird's men looked on and had a lesson in honest work. They already respected Mr. Hammond, having begun by respecting his horses, which were in some ways a new breed to them. John's horses were not tall, and by the standards of the Laird's stables they were over-fleshed. But there was breeding in them as well as muscle. When the Laird's men turned to their master's tall bays, they noted the differences—plenty of bone there, but arranged in not quite the same way.

"Our forelegs comes out of the same hole," said one man disparagingly. "Look at this fellow!" He turned to one of John's horses. "What a chest! See the breadth! And see behind here! See how far the ribs reaches! What a lungs! What a girth!"

There were centuries of breeding there—centuries of breeding that had gone to produce the beast that will work; the beast that is not showy or flashy or even very graceful; the beast that is docile and yet spirited; the beast that responds to his master's voice and goes till his hoofs fail him, for his spirit never will; the beast that has set the standard for the world—the English horse.

So the Laird's men attended deferentially while John fingered buckle-tongues and the like small gear—fingered them once, or more than once. For John had an idea in his head, and that idea was Betty. Betty he knew to be resourceful and, away from her father, fearless. John had black rage in his kindly heart against the Laird, but he had an astonishing confidence in the Laird's daughter. Betty's flashing blue eyes, Betty's firm chin, Betty's ready tongue and nimble wit—these were things to trust in such an emergency as this. Freed from the *patria potestas*, Betty was a girl of girls, the woman of all women; and John had insensibly come to rely upon Betty with a completeness which would have shocked his independent spirit, had he ever realised the fact. At any rate, while John was engaged in his slow and thorough scrutiny of harness and hoofs, there was buzzing in his head a continuous refrain, of which he was only half conscious: "Betty will do the right thing. Don't hurry; give her time. My hands are tied. But trust Betty. Give her time." So there was twofold wisdom in the slowness of John's methodical scrutiny of hoofs and harness.

But at last John had to go. The chaise and pair moved out of the stable-yard, swung into the roadway, were checked for a moment by the fearful onslaught of the wind, turned to the left, and disappeared into the darkness. And, to be sure, John was troubled by a variety of darkness—there was the darkness of night through which he was driving; there was the darkness of a mind that saw light nowhere; there was the darkness of

his thoughts about the Laird. John's mind raged so that the rage of the equinoctial passed unheeded. Blackness and fury within and without. Poor John! "Oh, for five minutes with Betty!" was his desire. Stupid and obstinate mule that he was, he had made a sorry mess of things.

The horses trotted lightly. They seemed dancing or skipping. On the flat the carriage was driven forward by the wind on to their quarters. So easy was the work, that they could spare some attention for strange objects that loomed through the dark; they exercised their horse-imaginations on what they half saw. A whitewashed gatepost? There was no use pretending that it was anything but a whitewashed gatepost. A gatepost unwhitewashed? One might almost mistake it for a man. At any rate, one might go so far as to pretend to mistake it for a man. And with that chaise running on to them like a live thing, a little gaiety was appropriate. Steady, middle-aged old things, they became free colts again, and kicked up their heels in sheer exuberance, and then the chaise caught up with them and hit them across the hocks, and drove them forward into their collars again. John, in some moods, would have enjoyed this. The careful judgment of pace; the discreet and guarded use of the whip on fresh horses; the keen look-out for the rough patch on the road, for the mud-hole, the obtrusive stone-heap; the control of exuberance and, combined with the control, the judicious nursing, uphill and downhill, of that long, clean, springing trot, one hand ever ready for the sudden necessary brake. It would be different when he reached the main road and turned southwards into the gale, but for the present this was enough exercise to all his faculties of skill and caution. And while his eyes peered forward into the black darkness, his thoughts flew back to Betty Roxburgh.

An hour passed. The horses devoured the dark miles; the coach bounded after, light as a band-box; the wind hurled itself at the rear. John was unhappy, gazing hard but ineffectively into the blackness of night and of his own thoughts. He felt disappointed, almost injured. With Betty at hand, something ought to have happened, something more satisfactory than this. Things had a way of happening when Betty was about. What could he—John—do, bound hand and foot by Betty's loyalty to that old tyrant? He might write, but he had little faith in writing; writing made things worse than ever, according to John's experience. Personal interviews were what John believed in. But then consider his personal interviews with the Laird! The Laird had mocked him, played with him, from the beginning. It was easy work for a clever old devil like that to get a youngster fogged, to put him in the wrong, and that was what the Laird had set himself to do, and had succeeded in doing. John was humiliated and angry and bitter. Oh, for an hour with Betty, a minute with Betty!

Precisely at that moment John heard in his left ear the word "John!" and a wisp of silken hair flicked his cheek.

Betty was on the top of the chaise, among the boxes. She was leaning forward to the driving-seat.

"John, it's me—Betty!"

John gazed as at a ghost. When he recovered, he cried: "For Heaven's sake, come down out of that awful wind! William, climb back over the top of the coach and take the back seat. Miss Roxburgh will sit here."

Betty slid in under the tarpaulin rug and snuggled in close to John.

"My dearest girl, I was praying for this, but I didn't expect it. How did you manage?"

"It was easy enough, with so many friends in the stable. I was watching you at the harness. Then my father found out that I had gone, and you started just at that moment. I was afraid you were going to be too long altogether over that harness. But, John, you must whip up. My father is following. I have been looking out, and I have just seen the lights of his coach. John, you must keep your distance from him. If he gets near enough to give an order, I shall obey him."

"Why should you obey him now?"

"I promised my mother."

"I don't think that's fair, in the circumstances. I don't think you are bound."

"John, don't argue. If my father catches us up, and if he orders me to go back with him, I shall obey him."

"But——"

"John, don't argue. Whip up. You must get clear. What else would you do? Stop now and hand me over?"

A shout came from the rear seat.

"They're following close, sir. The horses are sweating. I can see the lamps shining on them."

John turned to Betty. "On your honour, Betty?"

"On my honour, John."

"Then here goes! Thank Heaven, here's a grand long hill in front of us! We'll gallop."

He clicked to the horses. The ascent began; the horses felt the collars again, as the coach fell back and the traces tightened. The horses felt even happier, seemingly, with the familiar pull, than they had when they had danced along with the band-box threatening their hocks. The click from their master puzzled them. Never a canter, surely? But they cantered. Another click. They galloped joyfully, and the coach bounded after them, and the gale hurled itself at the back of the coach.

"It's not what I should call good driving," John remarked, as they topped the long hill, "and I fancy your father's bays are of the same opinion. Who's driving them?"

"It will be Peter."

"Old Peter's not much good for a race on a night like this, and your father's bays are too leggy for this class of work. Look how my little chaps stride out! Real tubby ones, they are. Hearts of oak. They'll go all night."

"Yes, John. But we must keep clear. We must get to Nent Bridge Inn in time to change horses and get away before father gets there."

"Ah, I see! Well, it's a case of bottom against speed. How long do you think your father's coach would take to get ready?"

"I've never known old Peter harness under twenty minutes."

"Little enough, too. That means that they've been galloping."

"Peter hates that. He's a most careful driver."

"I expect the bays have shot their bolt already. However, we have to get to the bridge, with half an hour to spare. Are those the orders?"

"Yes, John."

"Right. See me do it. William," he shouted, "is the coach in sight?"

"No, sir."

"They walked that hill. Good old Peter!"

"Yes, Peter's an old dear. He loves his horses."

"Now I can take the last ounce out of mine. Then we get the best pair at Nent Bridge, and leave your father the second best. We must take two pairs, if necessary—hire the whole stable, perhaps. We must make him give up the chase at the bridge."

"Yes, John. And we must tell the people at the inn to air his bed and light a fire in his bedroom. John, what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, dearest. Just look how these little beggars step out!"

And so in time they reached the Nent Bridge.

"This is the long stretch," said Betty—"about a mile of straight road, and then the bridge."

Now, the Nent Bridge is one of those old stone structures which the thoughtless deride when they cross it in fine weather; for in fine weather the Nent River flows between well-defined banks, and is a mere hundred yards across, whereas the bridge is a good six hundred yards long, and its approaches pass over broad fields of arable alluvial before the bed proper of the Nent is reached. But those who built the Nent Bridge, in the fifteenth century, builded to suit the known facts of the case. They had many times seen themselves isolated from the world when the Nent rose above its proper bed; they had seen the old steep approaches melt away under the floods until the outer piers and arches had crashed in; and therefore they built an absurdly long bridge—a bridge six hundred yards long, with thirty arches, to span the Nent, which is a bare hundred yards from bank to bank in fine weather. But there is no bridge, Roman or British, in the world that will last five hundred years without attention; and, in any case, surely a bridge that has endured the elements for five hundred years may break down when it pleases, and no questions asked. Whatever the cause, it did so happen that there was, after half a thousand years, a weak spot in the bridge. Was it the fault of a workman, now nearly five centuries dead? No workman's fault, unless we are ourselves prepared to do something that will last longer than five centuries. There was a long drought, followed by fourteen days of heavy rain, and the Nent River came down in such spate as had never been seen; and to top it all was the pressure of this equinoctial gale. Whatever the cause, or the cumulative causes, a central arch over the bed proper was in process of collapse as John drove his chaise across it. A course on the weather side had sagged, the windward parapet had slid over into the flood, the road surface was crumbling away, bit by bit; and though there was room for the near wheels, and though the horses, by a noble shy, saved themselves, yet the off wheels had to leap a gaping

hollow. It was a good thing that John was a careful man with his harness. It was a good thing that the workman who had made John's harness had been a man of conscience. A few minutes of inattentive work, and John and Betty, for all the howling gale that helped them, would have been down in the roaring Nent; in five short minutes they would have been out to sea, had they kept afloat so long. Let us be good workmen, whatever else we are not.

The coach was at the Nent Bridge Inn by the time John got his horses in hand. The first words he heard were from Betty: "John, we must warn father."

A man in oilskins was sent to the far end of the bridge, to wait there until morning and stop all traffic. Head down, he bored his way through the blast; head up, leaning back on the blast, he returned to say that the arch was now gone altogether.

"There's a gap, and there's no saying how wide it is, for you cannot see to the other side of it. You can see nothing at all. And the wind is so strong, you have to hold on to the roadway with both hands."

Betty saw a picture in her mind—old dim-eyed Peter scourging the sweating bays; her father urging Peter to overtake the fugitives before horses could be changed beyond the bridge; the bays galloping blind-weary through the darkness; and then that fearful gap in the bridge, and the Nent roaring and surging below. Then Betty's eyes closed, and she swayed and held on to John, and before she lost consciousness her last words were: "John, save my father!"

The landlord of the inn spoke now. "There's the upper bridge."

"How far is that?" John asked.

"Five miles up this side and five down the other—ten miles. How much time have you?"

"Not enough for that. Is there no other way?"

"There's the ferry, a mile below this, but the ferryman couldn't handle his oars on a night like this. Besides, there's a good mile of water to cross when the river's in flood."

"Is there no other way?"

"No other way possible till the gap is bridged."

Then John said: "I must swim."

"It's a sheer impossibility. You'd be out to sea before you were half-way across. The current in the middle is a good ten miles an hour. Even when the Nent is at her ordinary, it takes me all my time, and I'm reckoned a fair swimmer."

"Then I must start higher up," said John.

"There's a way in fine weather, but not in a spate like this."

"What is the way?"

"It's fair madness to try it in a spate. You wouldn't have a chance with the undercurrents."

"Tell me. Quick, now! Every minute's precious!"

"Well, I'll tell you. You go upstream about half a mile, and the bank turns to the left. You go a bit further along the bank. Then you take to the water and swim out to mid-stream as hard as ever you can. If you get well out in the stream, then, when you are carried down to the corner where the bend is, the current shoots you right across to the other bank. After that the current swings across to this side again."

"Give me that man to show me the way along the bank." Turning to the guide: "Take off your oilskins. You'll have to run all the way. Strip! Come along, now. You go ahead. Double!" They vanished into the darkness.

Presently Betty came round from her swoon. "Where is he?"

The landlord hesitated. At last: "He's gone round by the upper bridge."

"Is there time?"

"I dare say. Dinna worry yourself. He's a fine lad."

John, as he ran, pulled off his great-coat, his coat, his gloves, his hat, his waistcoat, his neckcloth, and cast them to one side or the other. He unbuttoned his shirt and undervest. When his guide halted and pointed out a place from which John could take to the water, John said to him: "Take off my boots."

The heavy top-boots were soft and full of water; they slipped easily off. Then John stripped himself of his shirt, his undervest, and his buckskin breeches, and stood there, facing the River Nent, facing the equinoctial that gripped and held him back as if with strong hands—just John, with no lendings. He bowed his head, fetched a deep breath, raised his arms, and dived.

The dive was a mistake, for when John, with arched spine and upturned hands, sought the surface, he did not reach it. He had dived into an undertow. He opened his eyes and looked for the light, but there was no light. So he swam, with his longest

and strongest strokes, blindly, and reached the surface at the last possible moment, with bursting head and heart and lungs; and the Nent dashed solid waves down his throat as he panted and choked, struggling to get his breath again. He swam on, left shoulder to current, right cheek to the wind. He struck a log, then an island of floating water-weeds, then half a hayrick. He freed himself, but swam no more under water. The distance seemed endless. How many strokes had he made? He started counting; then the Nent and the equinoctial joined hands against him, and hurled wave after wave in his face and strangled him, and he lost count. He recovered his bearings, the wind on the right cheek, and swam with a Berserk rage, and the Nent, with a Berserk fury, wrestled with him, tumbled him over, gripped him by the throat; and ever the little human atom with the big heart came out uppermost. He had been swimming for hours in the dark, it seemed to him—swimming, fighting, gasping, swallowing water till it seemed he could swallow no more. It was his pounding heart that weakened him. How many more strokes could he manage? He started counting again. He felt dreamy, tired, careless, and suddenly the water was quieter. His knee brushed something. What was that? Something quite familiar—grass, to be sure. He had swum the Nent. He stood up, waist-deep, in a flooded hayfield.

Then he faced the wind and marched doggedly, staggering heavily through the water, exhausted, his hands pressed on his bursting ribs. He found himself under the shelter of a bank. He climbed the bank. Writhing and twisting, he forced his way through a thorn-hedge. He was in a ploughed field. Now for the high-road. He climbed rough stone walls which toppled under him, bruising his feet; he tripped over a bramble which whipped the skin off his ankles. What was that sound far up the wind? The clattering of hoofs. He looked, saw the lamps of a coach. He ran and leaped, monkey-like, desperate, at the last and highest wall, hit it with his shins, and was hurled down the road bank. He crashed down on his head, unconscious, on the road. The bays leaped over him, the coach jolted. Peter socketed his whip and pulled up.

The Laird put his head out of the window.

"Have you broken anything, Peter? Yon was a big stone."

"Save us, Laird, yon was nae stane! It was a man, if it wasna a warlock. Go away and see for yersell. He's back a bit on the road."

The Laird descended stiffly from the coach. Taking one of the coach lamps, he turned to the wind and made his way with difficulty along the road. A few paces back he saw the body of a naked man lying face downwards across the roadway. There was a broad band of mud across the hips, where the off-wheels of the coach had rolled over him. Long bleeding scratches marked the white skin.

The Laird shouted: "Peter, turn the horses up into the wind! Put on the brake! Come here! I want ye, quick!"

The Laird and Peter turned the body over. They examined the face. It was defiled with mud. The nose and forehead were scraped and bleeding. The Laird looked close.

"Save us! It's no possible. Peter, fetch some water out of the ditch, till we wash his face."

Peter brought his hat full of water. As he washed the face he said: "It's Mr. Hammond, nae less, and mother-naked. He fell in front of the coach, and I drove over him. He'll hae a stiff back the morn."

"What would he be doing, running in front of the coach? And where's Miss Betty?"

John Hammond opened his eyes, closed them again, breathed deeply, and said in a quiet, far-away voice: "Is that you, Mr. Roxburgh?"

"Aye, it's me, Mr. Hammond. Where's Betty?"

"Betty's safe on the other side. The bridge has broken down, but we just managed to clear the gap. There's no crossing now. The arch has fallen in."

"Betty's safe. And how did ye get back here?"

"I swam the neck about half a mile up from here."

"I know the place. And so ye came back to warn me?"

"Yes. Betty sent me."

"And you were just in time—to the second. And Peter here drove over you. Have you hurt your back?"

"No, thanks. I'm all right now—rather cold."

"And ye swam the Nent in a spate? Come away into my coach. I'll give ye some clothes and some French brandy. Ye'll be needing it. Peter can drive us round by the upper bridge. That poor lassie Betty will be fair demented. Could we not send

her word? I'll tell ye what. We'll all go to the bridge. It's but a bare two hundred yards from here. There's sure to be somebody waiting at the gap. Aye, aye, come along, laddie! And so ye swam the Nent in spate? Peter, d'ye hear that?"

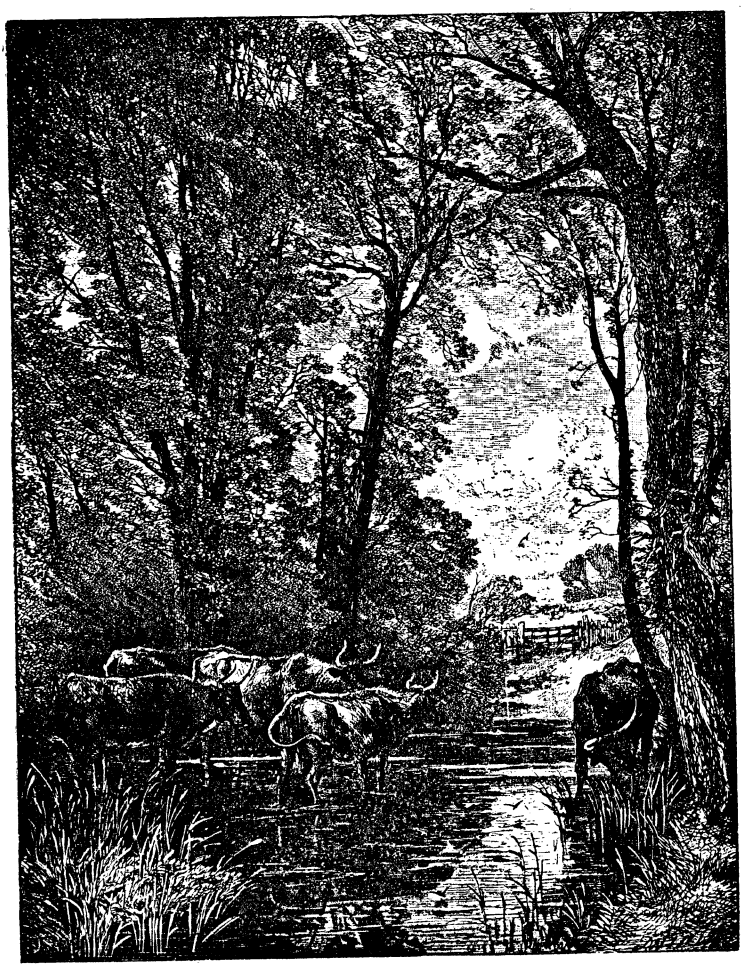
"Aye, I'm hearin'. Wull I bide by the coach, or come to the brigg?"

"Ye can come to the bridge. Can you manage it, Mr. Hammond? I'll no trust the horses on the bridge."

John, clad in a coachman's coat and a pair of woollen hose, walked between the Laird and Peter, holding an arm of each. The Laird and Peter each carried a coach-lamp. They reached the bridge; they neared the gap. On the far side were lamps and people; the landlord and the man in oilskins were there, one on each side of Betty. Their lanterns lighted her face.

"I'm coming, Betty!" John shouted down the wind.

Betty's answer was blown to the four quarters of heaven.



"WHEN HEAT FORBIDS TO BROWSE."

BY BIRKET FOSTER.

THE SECOND VASE

By WILLIAM CAINE

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

THERE was a small cross scratched on one of the two sovereigns which Jeremiah Harvey received from the cashier of his employers as his salary for the past week. Jeremiah did not notice this until, half an hour later, he was settling the bill of his landlady. He always did this on Saturday, for he was a most respectable man, and had a proper horror of debt. Obeying a mean little impulse, which prompted him to part with rather than retain a damaged coin, he laid this marked sovereign face downwards on the table, received his one shilling change from Mrs. Power, and watched her, with some satisfaction, throw the gold piece confidently into her cash-box and lock up the cash-box again in the drawer of her kitchen dresser.

He then went into his bed-sitting-room, ate his modest lunch of bread and cheese, and at once set to work rearranging the beer jugs after a scheme which had suggested itself to him that morning.

The beer jugs occupied the third shelf from the ground, between the window and the fireplace. Just above them stood the teapots, and just below them the sugar basins. I have not space to offer you here a catalogue of Jeremiah's collection of Harvey ware, and it would, in truth, make very dull reading. It is sufficient if I tell you that in this same bed-sitting-room of his there stood, on many shelves, the world's most important assemblage of the products of that little pottery at Wardle which, in the eighteenth century, had been the pride, glory, and livelihood of Jeremiah's ancestor—another Jeremiah Harvey.

This Wardle pottery had been a very obscure affair, though it had in its short day produced an exceptionally ugly lot of crocks. The very existence of Harvey ware was, therefore, so far as the modern Jeremiah knew, unsuspected by the world of collectors. I dare say he would never have heard about it himself had not a number of ancient books relating to the business been preserved in the family—"The Archives" they were called by the Harveys—four of which set out the particulars of every jug, vase, bowl or other piece having any claims to distinction which the original Jeremiah had created. These books were now in the possession of the modern Jeremiah, and for many years he had specialised in Harvey ware, spending every minute of his free time and every penny of his spare money upon its acquisition, until now he owned a whole roomful of the stuff, which for poor design, paltry colour, and completeness, was probably the superior of anything of the sort in the world. That it would fetch only a few shillings was of no importance to Jeremiah. His was that peculiar form of folly for which a thing—let it be as ugly as sin—has only to be unique to be exquisite, priceless, and a proper object of passionate worship. In brief, he was a collector.

This will explain to you why, that evening, Jeremiah, taking the air in Market Street—down which he had not been for a week—suddenly halted dead and darted over the road, at the risk of his life, under the very nose of a motor-car—at least, it will when I have added that he had discovered a new curiosity shop.

For a moment or two he stood, his nose flattened against the shop's window, staring with large pale-blue watery eyes into the dimly-lit interior. Then his heart stopped beating altogether, for he had discovered, half-way down the shop, and standing upon a glass table, the second vase.

Now, Jeremiah had been seeking the second vase for fifteen years.

The first, a large pink outrage upon taste,

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mean of form and execrably painted with a pattern of fuchsias, and the fellow to the second, was the *clou* of his collection. The story of this pair of vases was to be read in "The Archives." They were there fully described; there was written the name of the connoisseur for whom they had been specially made—a certain Henry Leynham, Esq., of Leynham Manor, Salop. Further, their price and the date of their leaving the pottery might be read.

One of these vases had been acquired by Jeremiah in the year 1897. Since then he had sought the other everywhere in vain, and to find it had now become the true object of his life. His most fearful dream presented the spectacle of the second vase lost to him for ever in some museum or, worse still, in some rival collector's cabinet.

And here it was in this new curiosity shop.

When he had collected himself a little, he entered the shop. A bell began to ring, and at once a cross-looking old man came out of his den and asked roughly what Jeremiah wanted. The appearance of the seedy Jeremiah gave no promise to this dealer of any large spending.

Jeremiah began to turn things over and price them and reject them. For half an hour he worked his way along the shop till he arrived beside the second vase. Then he asked to see some miniatures which were on the glass table, and picked up the second vase to enable the dealer to open the lid. The dealer, crosser and crosser, obliged him, while Jeremiah furtively examined the second vase and assured himself that he had not been the sport of an illusion. He could hardly hold the second vase, so deep was his emotion.

He put it down somewhere and looked at the miniatures. Then he said he didn't care for any of them. The dealer said something rude under his breath. Jeremiah turned to leave the shop, and pretended that his eye had been caught by the second vase. "That's a funny old bit of earth," he said. "Rather odd and pleasing. What is it?"

"Dunno," said the dealer, who had had enough of Jeremiah.

"Well," said Jeremiah, "I've troubled you to no purpose, and I'm sorry. Suppose I give you a shilling for this vase."

"A shilling!" cried the dealer fiercely. "A guinea, more likely." He knew now what Jeremiah had come in to buy.

Jeremiah's anxiety to obtain the second vase was so keen that he was at a hopeless disadvantage in the discussion which began. It ended with his agreeing to pay half-a-guinea for the second vase.

He picked it up and took out his purse. Then he said as confidently as he could: "Here's seven and fourpence, and I'll let you have the balance in the morning." His soul was shrivelling with hatred of the tailor to whom an hour earlier he had paid out the best part of a sovereign in settlement of his account, thus reducing his available cash to this inadequate seven and fourpence.

"Hold on," said the surly dealer. "I dunno *you*, do I?"

"Oh," said Jeremiah, less loftily than he could have wished, "make your mind easy!"

"Ten and six, paid now, 'll do that, mister. Nothing else."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Jeremiah. "Don't be absurd! Everybody knows me here."

"I know I'm nobody," said the dealer heavily, "but you don't carry that there vayse out of this shop until I seen me ten and six." So saying, he took the vase deftly from under Jeremiah's arm and locked it away in a cabinet. He had had such an easy victory about the price that he felt sure the vase was worth much more than half-a-guinea.

"I leave seven shillings and fourpence with you," cried Jeremiah wildly, "as deposit. Don't you dare to part with that vase until I return." He laid his entire fortune on the glass table and ran out of the shop, nor did he stop running till he reached his lodgings.

"Mrs. Power'll lend it me," he kept saying over and over to himself as he ran. Yet he could have borrowed the half-crown and twopence that he needed in at least five shops that he passed. But his perceptions were clouded by anxiety. Mrs. Power seemed the only person on earth to whom he could apply. He burst into the house.

On the ledge of the hat-stand was a letter addressed to him in Mrs. Power's handwriting. It said—

MR. HARVEY—

DEAR SIR,—I forgot to say as I am going out this night to the birthday party of me granddaughter, Rosie Willis, which is at Lumby, down the line, so I won't be 'ome till to-morrer, but shall 'ave your breakfast all right at 8.30 as usual.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. POWER.

Jeremiah tore this letter passionately across, threw it on the floor, and stamped on it. Foolish words, expressing the unkindest

thoughts about Mrs. Power, flowed for a few moments from his mouth. He even included Rosie Willis in the scope of his observations, which was ridiculous of him; but Jeremiah's judgment had all been stolen from him by anxiety concerning the second vase. Only, himself, as he struggled to force the lock, "is only a loan. If she were here, she would let me have the money, and I can pay her for the damage. But I must have it—I must absolutely have it!"

Two minutes later the drawer had been



"'I dare you to let him have it!'"

again, on this ground can I explain what followed.

For you are to know that all at once this miserable little man ran down the passage, entered the kitchen, and with a poker began to break open the drawer in which Mrs. Power kept her cash-box. "This," he muttered to forced, one blow of the poker settled the lock of the cheap little cash-box, and Jeremiah was in possession of the money he required. But as his fingers closed upon the coins he realised what he had done, and was struck with the chill of fear. The act which he had committed, and which a moment ago

had seemed to be nothing but a rather unceremonious method of borrowing half-a-crown or so, had all at once presented itself to his imagination in a perfectly different light. He saw himself a criminal, a burglar. Of course, he was not a burglar, not even a housebreaker, but the refinements of the law were unknown to Jeremiah. At any rate, he understood that he had done for himself in Mrs. Power's eyes. Even if she should accept his explanations, he would have to seek new lodgings; and he had been very comfortable with Mrs. Power, and Mrs. Power was a very cheap landlady.

While he stood there, biting his lips and wondering what had possessed him to do such a thing, he remembered the second vase, which had been driven from his thoughts by the shock of discovering himself to be a breaker-in to cash-boxes. At once he saw that he must waste no more time. With some dim notion of making his own borrowing look like the theft of someone else, and of subsequently returning the money to Mrs. Power by some safe method which he would no doubt be able to invent, he thrust everything that the cash-box contained into his pocket—it amounted to two pounds five shillings and threepence—opened the kitchen window at the bottom, dragged a muslin curtain to the floor, and rushed out of the room. His judgment was, indeed, very much impaired. Five minutes later he was back at the curiosity shop.

Inside stood a large young man talking to the proprietor. This young man was Herbert Driver, a person of means, a hunting man, who was spending the winter in a house on one of the low hills which surrounded the town where these events happened. The second vase stood once more on the glass table, and Mr. Driver was pointing to it with his stick. Evidently it was the object of his conversation with the owner of the shop.

Jeremiah sprang forward. "That vase," he shouted, "is mine! I've bought it and deposited money on it. You can't have it."

Mr. Driver looked curiously at the little spluttering, excited man.

"Well, well," he said, smiling, "what have we here? What is all this?"

"The gent," said the shopman, "seems to think as he's the owner of this vayse as you was saying you wanted."

Jeremiah saw red, green, and several other colours. "I am!" he screamed. "I dare you to let him have it!" Driver was amused.

"If you think," said the shopman heavily, "that I'm going to let *you* have it for ten and six when this gentleman'll give me a sovereign, you must be barmy!" He caught up the vase.

"I'll give you two!" cried Jeremiah. "Two—do you hear?" He pulled out his purse and laid two sovereigns which belonged to Mrs. Power on the glass table. "There's your money!" he shouted.

"Well, sir," said the shopman, turning to Driver, "you hear what the gentleman offers?"

"Yes," said Driver—he looked no longer amused—"and I'll give you three. You can send it to my house to-night, I suppose?" He was not going to be baulked of his magnificent fancy by any little cad in spectacles, not he. Jeremiah could only gasp like a fish.

"Well," said the shopman to Jeremiah, "and what's your answer to *that*, mister?"

"Four!" said Jeremiah, idiotic with anxiety. "I'll give four!"

"Where *are* they?" said the shopman.

"You shall have them to-morrow—to-night—when you please," said Jeremiah. He had not the remotest chance of being able to find two more sovereigns on the morrow, still less that night.

"*Now*," said the shopman, "is when I please."

"I can't——" began Jeremiah, and lost the use of his tongue, for the shopman had spoken his decision.

"It's yours, sir," he said to Driver. He had taken a dislike to Jeremiah, and thought it better to stand well with the more prosperous-looking customer, with whom, as he lived in the town, he ought to do further business.

Driver produced three sovereigns and handed them to the dealer. "I think," he said, "that I'll take that vase home myself. Our friend here might waylay your messenger and murder him. Good night." He picked up the second vase and went out of the shop, laughing at his wit.

"Who is that hulking brute?" cried Jeremiah. "*Who* is he? Where does he live?" He laid hands on the shopman's coat-sleeve and shook the arm violently.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the shopman, in a fury. "You'd better fish and find out, governor. And now take yourself off, if you please, or you'll find yourself in trouble."

Jeremiah darted out into the street, and through the darkness followed Driver home to his hunting-box on the hill. Driver never

looked back all the way. He was not worrying about Jeremiah in the least.

Jeremiah went into the garden of the house and hid among some bushes. Soon a light appeared in one of the ground-floor rooms. Through the French windows Jeremiah saw Driver put the second vase on the chimney-piece and light a cigarette. Then the blind was pulled down.

II.

A LITTLE before three next morning Mr. Driver stirred in the big arm-chair where he had fallen asleep over "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," opened his eyes, and looked dully round him. The fire was dying, the reading-lamp had gone out, and the room was cold and nearly pitch dark. Outside, a high wind was blowing, and the rain was lashing the windows. It was a moment or two before Driver knew where he was. He stretched stiffly, yawned, shivered, and got up. He pulled a tiny electric lamp from his pocket, made it shine, looked at the clock, noted the time, swore, pocketed his lamp, struck a match, and put out his hand to the cigarette-box which stood on the chimney-piece beside the second vase. As he did so, he stiffened suddenly, only turning his head slightly towards the window. The match burned his fingers, but he dropped it without a wince, and continued to stand there quite without movement, listening with all his ears.

Then, very softly, he picked up the poker, made his way, by the dim light of the red coals, to the window, and slipped behind one of the heavy curtains.

Time went on, and so did those faint sounds which had caused Mr. Driver to act in this cool and resourceful way. Someone was trying to open the window from the outside. For a long time the scratching and cutting continued. Driver, smiling unpleasantly, bided his time among the curtains. It was not Driver who was going to spoil sport by warning the burglar that he was expected. Driver had always wanted to tackle a burglar; he was a thorough sportsman.

At last something definite happened. The glass of one of the panes gave way and fell with a tinkle on to the floor of the room. A gust of cold air swirled in after it. Mr. Driver's fingers stiffened upon the poker.

After this there was a very long pause. The scoundrel out of doors was evidently waiting to see if the noise had attracted attention. Mr. Driver easily possessed his soul in patience. This was much more amusing than even waiting for a shot at a moose.

At last he knew that the key of the window was being softly turned by a hand passed through the broken pane, and soon the window itself began to be opened cautiously. Then Mr. Driver heard the person who was behind these events creeping through; the blind was raised with a crackle, dropped again, the curtains were parted and fell together. Mr. Driver peered out from behind his shelter. In the dim light a short man was to be seen carefully tip-toeing towards the fireplace.

Mr. Driver stepped out from his curtain and said in his most hospitable voice: "Won't you sit down?" At the same time he turned the light of his electric lamp on to the chalky face, turned guiltily over shoulder, of Mr. Jeremiah Harvey.

"Well, well," said Driver genially, "it's the freak who wanted the vase!"

Jeremiah said no word and made no movement. He remained looking at Driver over his shoulder; his eyes seemed to shine green in the blaze of the light.

"Please sit down," said Driver, but Jeremiah never moved.

Driver showed him the poker which he carried. "I have the means," he said, always pleasantly, "of compelling you to accept my invitation, but I don't wish to proceed to extremities. I suggest to your notice that large arm-chair beyond the fireplace. You'll do well to take it." He moved threateningly at Jeremiah, who, with a gasp, ran to the chair indicated and collapsed into it.

"That's right," said Driver. "And now let's have a look at you." He put a few dry sticks on the fire, thrust the poker in, and stirred deftly. A little flame sprang up, illuminating the room; it increased; the wood began to crackle. Soon there was quite a blaze. Driver added some small logs. All this he did with a careful eye to his visitor. Meanwhile Jeremiah maintained silence, but he shook horribly with hatred of this big, lusty, rich man, who had robbed him of the second vase and trapped him into penal servitude. For all of Driver's geniality, Jeremiah knew that he had little to hope from him.

Driver sat down in the other arm-chair and, toying with the poker, addressed his man. "So," he said, "this is how you get your money for pink vases, is it?" He was, of course, quite unaware how his shot told on Jeremiah.

With that Jeremiah began to speak. His words came in a confused, babbling stream, for he was shockingly demoralised and hardly knew what he was saying. Dimly he perceived that his only chance was to make the enemy understand that this was not a commonplace burglary; that he, Jeremiah, was really a most respectable man; that nothing but his collector's passion to complete a unique pair of vases was responsible for his proceedings. Dimly also he nursed the hope that Driver, even if he did not fully understand, might take pity, let him go, even cede the second vase to him. Nothing than this can more fully illustrate the stupidity with which rage and despair had smitten the brains of Jeremiah.

He spoke for, I suppose, ten minutes, while the clock ticked and the fire crackled and Driver sat listening to him, smiling incredulously and playing with the poker. At last he ran down.

"But why, Mr. Harvey," said Driver then, "why should I give you the vase and let you go?" Jeremiah groaned; he had simply been wasting his breath on the fool. He knew that he could never explain—never.

"You say," said Driver, "that the vase is necessary to you to complete a pair. Granted. But I don't see how that excuses you for breaking into my house, Mr. Harvey. I'm prepared to believe that you have an unblemished character, have served your hat factory for twenty years without a word ever having been breathed against your integrity, and that you have never, never, never tried anything of this sort before. That does not appeal to me as a reason for not making sure that you shall never try anything of the sort again—at least, for some years. No, my friend, I'm afraid you've got to go to quod. It's a pity, but you should learn to keep your appetite for pink Harvey ware vases under control."

"But," said Jeremiah, "*you* don't want the vase. *You're* not a collector." He glanced round the room, where, indeed, nothing more curious than Leech's hunting pictures and a couple of foxes' brushes were to be seen.

"Quite right," said Driver. "I'm not a collector; but the lady whom I'm going to marry in the spring *is*."

"But," said Jeremiah again, "*she* doesn't go in for Harvey ware."

"I don't know anything about Harvey ware," said Driver, as he lit a cigarette; "but she's got a lot of jugs of the same colour and with the same mark on their bottoms as that thing"—he indicated with his poker the second vase—"and she's asked me to buy anything of the kind that I ever see and send it along to her. And that one," he concluded, "is going to her to-morrow, so you may as well say good-bye to it, my very poor friend."

Jeremiah now knew that the second vase was destined for the collection of a rival amateur of Harvey ware. Only this fact can account for the piece of sheer madness which he now attempted.

Regardless of the position of Driver between himself and the window, regardless of the possession by Driver of a poker, regardless of his own confession concerning his name and place of business, he leaped to his feet, snatched the second vase from the chimney-piece, and rushed blindly for the window.

Driver, acting entirely on instinct, put out a foot and tripped him cleverly. Jeremiah came to the floor all his length, and the second vase was smashed to pieces.

"You silly little fool!" roared Driver, infuriated by the loss of his gift to the girl whom he was going to marry in the spring. He fell upon Jeremiah to pin him to the floor. But Jeremiah had now much more than his ordinary strength; the breaking of the second vase had made quite a little super-Jeremiah of him. He turned on Driver with a curse, and they began to roll about together savagely near the fireplace, snarling and grunting and behaving like two beasts, which, indeed, they for the time very nearly were.

I say very nearly, because to no beast would a large sharp piece of broken crockery suggest itself as an ally in a rough-and-tumble with another beast. To Jeremiah, however, such a piece of the second vase suggested itself with irresistible seduction, and immediately afterwards he had caught it up and jabbed at the face of Driver, just then close above his own. Driver's hands were on Jeremiah's throat at the moment, and Jeremiah's effort was his last before he lost consciousness.

When he came back to life and looked about him, he discovered that he had killed Driver by severing with the piece of the second vase one of the great veins in that sporting young gentleman's neck.

III.

THE house remained quiet; that was something. It gave a man time to think. Jeremiah began to try to think, but he could only shake.

After a long time he got up weakly and went to a side-table where were two decanters, one with whisky in it, the other containing brandy. Jeremiah swallowed a stiff dose of whisky; then he did the same by the brandy, noticing the change neither of bottle nor of taste.

Then he could think. He sat down accordingly and thought.

The spirits had wonderfully helped him. His brain was clear and active, clever, resourceful, as he had never known it. In five minutes he had his plan. He took another glass of whisky, and set about carrying the plan out.

First he carefully collected every scrap of broken crockery and put them into his handkerchief. Then he went softly out of the window, crept through the garden, and raced home down the hill, the pieces jingling as he ran. He let himself into his house, carried the broken pieces up to his bedroom, put them away in a drawer and locked the drawer. He had not dared to waste the time necessary to carry them to the canal and so rid himself of them. That must be managed later on. Then he picked up the first vase and ran with it back to the house of the late Driver. Once more he entered the sitting-room. He put the first vase on the mantelpiece, kissed it—poor fool!—and fled away. When he got home, it was nearly half-past four o'clock, and he was foolish with terror and weariness.

Habit got his clothes off, and he fell into bed and was instantly asleep, for he knew that all was well. The first vase had saved him. There was nothing to connect him with the death of Driver—nothing whatever. But had the first vase not been there to save him, what a story could not the curio dealer have told?

Yes, he fell asleep at once, for not only was his mind perfectly at ease, but he was very drunk. A respectable man like Jeremiah cannot mix brandy and whisky in large quantities without sooner or later being affected. While he was busy and terrified, the brandy and whisky could do nothing to him, but the moment he was in bed they claimed their own. As I say, he slept.

Next morning he was awakened by a loud calling of his name, and, looking out of his heavy eyes, he saw Mrs. Power standing by his bedside. "Oh," she was crying, "oh, do, please, wake up, Mr. Harvey! Oh, do, please do, wake up!"

"Why, Mrs. Power," he said, "whatever——" Here he remembered what he had done on the previous night, ceased speaking, and lay slowly stiffening and growing colder and colder.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Power, who, not being in his confidence, imagined his sudden silence to be due to a lack of interest in her misfortunes, "someone's been and burgled my cash-box, Mr. Harvey! Some wicked scoundrel's been and broke in below, in the night, and stolen all my money, and the rent to pay this morning and all, and I'm sure I don't know what to do! Oh, do, please, Mr. Harvey, please, tell me what I'm to do, because the rent falls due this morning, and I haven't a penny but what was in that cash-box, saving a sixpence what I got in change for me railway ticket yesterday afternoon; and this means ruin, for the landlord's a 'ard man, and he's warned me twicet for being behind with his money, and he said he wouldn't stand it again!"

The woman's clamour suddenly maddened Jeremiah, who was in no condition to hear reiterated complaints concerning a matter of such infinitesimal importance as being turned out of doors.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "stop that noise! How much do you want?"

"Two pound the rent is," sobbed Mrs. Power, "as *you* know very well, Mr. Harvey; and it was all in the box, every penny of it, two pound five and threepence, the two pound what you give me yesterday, and the odd money, too, and now it's all gone, and the landlord'll put me in the street, and I don't know what'll become of me—and me so happy and all last night at little Rosie's party, and I'd 'a' done all right to Saturday next, when you pay me again, because my brother-in-law George'll be sending his sovering Thursday, what he lets me have each month for the sake of my dear husband's memory, as *you* know, Mr. Harvey, sir, and——"

Jeremiah, quite unequal to further endurance of her lamentations, stretched out his hand and took his purse, with the money in it which he had stolen from her on the previous evening, and, emptying it out into his hand, he gave her her two sovereigns and said: "There, there, Mrs. Power, don't worry. It'll all come right, and you can repay me entirely at your leisure." This he said, to do him justice, meaning never to receive a penny back from Mrs. Power.

The poor woman burst into further tears, but this time of gratitude. "Oh, dear, Mr. Harvey," she cried, "how am I ever to thank you for your goodness?"

"Oh, please, don't thank me, Mrs. Power,"

he succeeded in saying. It cost him a terrible effort not to scream to her to go away. Mrs. Power was not at all inclined to go away; the need of expressing her gratitude was strongly upon her.

"And," she continued, "I do hope and pray that it won't be long before I can give it you back; for the robber'll be found, I'm sure of it."

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"I've sent Mrs. Sidney's little girl round to the police-station for an officer," she went on, not heeding his question, "and he'll be here in a moment, and I've a clue for him."

"A clue!" whispered Jeremiah.

"Aye," she cried triumphantly, "a clue! We'll be able to trace the scoundrel all right, you see if we won't. Why, one of them sovereigns you gave me yesterday was marked, Mr. Harvey. I noticed it as I was getting my fare out of the box, and I left it there, only taking as much out as would pay my fare, as I told you, Mr. Harvey. A cross on the King's head it was. So you see they'll be able to trace the robber, certain."

She held out to Jeremiah one of the sovereigns which he had given her, and pointed to the place where she wished him to know the cross had been. "Just here it was——" she began, and stopped dead.

The coin she held had a cross on it.

For a few seconds they looked at one another with ghastly eyes. Then Mrs. Power began slowly to back away from Jeremiah till she reached the door, and here she halted.

"*Oh!*" she said. "Mr. Harvey!" Then she violently screamed "You dirty little 'ound!" and her eyes became large with anger and astonishment. Jeremiah said nothing. A loud double knock sounded on the house-door.

Mrs. Power smiled joyfully. "Ah," she said, "there's that girl back with the officer. I'll just bring him up to have a look at *you*." She disappeared. Jeremiah heard her run down the stairs and fling the door open.

Totally unable to move, he lay and listened to the babble of her hurried, indignant explanations, into the course of which the policeman's gruff voice broke once or twice. There was also a shrill exclamation of astonishment from Mrs. Sidney's little girl. The house-door closed, and feet began to come up the stairs. Mrs. Power and the policeman entered the room just as Jeremiah, in his long white night-shirt, with some idea of doing something to stave off destruction, was dragging open a drawer with one hand and lifting out of it, with the other, a bandana handkerchief, its corners knotted together, bag-like, in which something was seen to be contained.

As the policeman spoke his name, Jeremiah gave a scream and dropped what he held from out of his useless fingers.

It tinkled as it reached the floor. Mrs. Power sprang upon it. In everything now she saw a clue.

At once the knots were untied, the handkerchief spread out on the top of the chest of drawers, and its contents exposed to view.

"Bits of crockery," said Mrs. Power, as she cast a scornful eye round the groaning shelves of Harvey ware.

"What's this nasty stuff on the big bit?" said Mrs. Sidney's little girl, who, quite against orders, had followed them into the room.



"THE INCOMING TIDE." BY B. W. LEADER, R.A.

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THE MAN WHO —

By LINCOLN TREGENZA

Illustrated by Norah Schlegel

JIM DARLING, subaltern, due for France on the morrow, lolled luxuriously back against the punt cushions and gazed in wondering admiration at Barbara, white-clad and dainty, who was polling him easily down stream. The sun was full high aloft, and he watched with delight the effect of its rays upon her brown, curly head. He noted, too, the round curve of her throat, the heavily-lashed dark-blue eyes, and the cunning little dimple in her chin, that appeared and disappeared as she concentrated on each stroke of the pole.

Although he had known Barbara Dainton for just as long as he could remember, Jim rejoiced in these things for the first time. His ears still rang with the magic words she had shyly murmured only an hour ago. "Wonderful!" he thought. "She loves a rotter like me!"

And Barbara, at frequent intervals, smiling down at Jim's long, sprawling figure, thought how splendid he looked lying there. His brown face was upturned to the sun, the deep-set grey eyes were half closed, and, as he worried the stem of an old briar pipe, his mouth faintly twisted into a smile of complete content.

"Bay," he said, after a while, "shove her up under the trees, and we'll talk. I've been thinking——" He paused as she deftly swung the punt round, and, sitting up, busied himself with the mooring chain.

When they were comfortably settled in the shade, reclining face to face in the half-lying, half-sitting position well known to punt dwellers, he continued: "I've been thinking about being engaged, you know. Would you mind very much, darling, if we kept it a secret, just between ourselves?"

Grey eyes and blue eyes were close together. Both were very serious.

"Why, Jim?" Barbara asked simply.

"Well, it's because I should hate to feel you were 'tied,' if anything happened. It's difficult to explain, but supposing I got really badly crocked—— Oh, of course I shan't," he hastily assured her, as he saw the blue eyes narrow as imagination ran riot. "But *if* it did happen—if I came back useless for anything—I should like to feel you were quite free. Do you see what I mean, little one? Is it selfish of me, do you think?"

"Not selfish, of course, Jim," she answered, "and I quite see what you mean; but it somehow seems like not trusting me, because how could anything make any difference? I couldn't help loving you, however much you were hurt."

But Jim was not to be shaken in his idea. He had been at the Front, and had seen the results of modern artillery; he had witnessed sights that he could hardly bear to remember. He stuck to his point, and eventually it was agreed that no one should be told.

"You see," he said gaily, "it won't be for long, and then how ripping it will be to crash round and tell people!"

Barbara smiled wistfully. "I wonder how long. How long do you think, Jim?"

"Oh, well, the old War can't go on for ever! It may be over in a few months, and then we'll be married. You will be Mrs. Jim Darling, darling. Doesn't it sound funny?" Suddenly he dived into his pocket. "Look here!" he exclaimed, producing a tiny silver billiken. "I've been keeping this little chap for luck. I'll decapitate the little devil, and we'll each keep half."

"I'm the lady who has the head!" cried Barbara, as she watched the execution unmoved.

"Here you are, then," he said, handing it to her. "And I'm the man who keeps his body and soul."

Each carefully stowed away the treasure;

then Jim spoke quietly: "It will be all right, Bay darling, I feel sure of that, but you are free, you understand. It won't make any difference; we both know, and shan't forget."

Barbara's eyes were misty as she answered steadily: "No, we shan't forget. And, Jim——"

"Lovely one?"

"It's to be good-bye here, isn't it—not at home?"

As she spoke, a distant church clock chimed the hour. Silently they listened, then Jim answered solemnly: "Yes, it's to be good-bye here, and we must begin it now."

* * * * *

Six months later Professor Morgan, the famous brain specialist, was one day descending the steps of a large private nursing home in Kensington, when he chanced upon a friend. The two stood and chatted for a space, and the Professor spoke of the case he had just left.

"Young fellow called Darling," he said. "It appears he was buried by a mine explosion. Not a scratch anywhere, but the shock has had a peculiar effect on his brain—memory, you know, all to pieces."

"Ah," remarked the other, "there are a great many cases like that."

"True," agreed the Professor, "but this case is rather unique. My patient's memory is sound enough up to a point. He remembers people and incidents until the time he left school—about ten years ago, I suppose—after that his mind is a complete blank till he found himself in the field hospital. Strange, isn't it? He didn't know there was a war until they told him."

"First he'd heard of it, eh?" laughed the other. "Can you do anything, Morgan?"

"No, I think not; it's one of those things that must be left alone. Very likely, in time, his memory may return, possibly quite suddenly; on the other hand, his brain may never be quite normal again—always that ten years blank."

"It's certainly a most remarkable case," the friend observed. "Poor chap! It will be awkward when he meets people he ought to know and doesn't."

The Professor smiled grimly. "It will, indeed. Well"—he extended his hand—"plenty to do, these days, you know. Good-bye." And he hurried off.

Jim did not stay very long in the nursing home—he did not wish to. Everyone was very kind, but it all seemed so strange. He wanted to go home, and felt that once there, in the old house he knew, he might be able to remember things. The doctors agreed that it was no use keeping him any longer, as physically he seemed perfectly well, and, as one suggested, "perhaps, after all, the home influence——"

So Jim went back to the old house where he had lived with his widowed mother all his life, and was glad. But although far happier in the familiar surroundings, everything seemed somehow different. Many who greeted him warmly were as strangers to him; faces he knew and remembered appeared to have altered—they were older-looking.

"Mother," he said one day, "I don't think you have changed a bit—just a wee more grey, perhaps, but that's pretty—but other people! Well, it feels as if I've been away for years and years!"

Mrs. Darling smiled at him lovingly. "Try not to worry, dear," she said. "I feel sure it will all come back to you some day. I only thank God you were spared to me."

Jim's first meeting with Barbara was a strange one. He remembered her only as a child, and was amazed to find the little girl-friend had grown into a beautiful woman.

"Great Scot, Bay," he burst out, "I never knew you were so pretty!" It was a sad meeting for Barbara. She longed to be held tightly in Jim's strong arms, to charm away the wondering look in his eyes, to tell him that she had not forgotten. But, alas, she saw she was almost a stranger to him; he was glad to see her, that was all. She determined that he should never guess how his laughing gallantry wounded her, and smiled bravely into his face as she answered his joking question about being "too old to be kissed."

During the weeks that followed they saw a good deal of each other. Jim enjoyed taking her about with him; he felt she was a link with the past, and jokingly called her his "little encyclopædia"; and Barbara, glad enough to be with him, did her best to help him with the things he had forgotten. She could tell him everything but one—the thing that mattered so much. That was a secret—once their secret, now only hers. Sometimes she would look straight into Jim's friendly grey eyes and wonder if it was possible they were the very same eyes that had once gazed so tenderly into hers that day on the river, that wonderful day, less than a year ago. Perhaps she had dreamed it all; perhaps it had never happened. There were times when she almost felt it must be so. "Has he ever

been different?" she asked herself. "Ah, yes, of course he has, just for a day—the day before he left!" And she would fiercely stifle her doubts.

One afternoon, after having enjoyed a *matinée* together, they were taking tea in a secluded corner of a quiet little tea-room near to Victoria Station. Jim was feeling particularly cheerful, and rattled away merrily, criticising the play they had just witnessed in general, and the players in particular. "My word," he said, "if a chap can't make a better show of love-making than that, he ought to be shot!"

"Could you do it better, do you think?" Barbara asked quietly.

"I? Oh, rather! That is, I suppose I could—may be rather an artist, for all I know." And he laughed gaily at the absurd position of not knowing his standing in the world of lovers. Suddenly his eye caught the silver head of the billiken swinging disconsolately from a plain gold band encircling Barbara's left wrist. "Hullo, what's that little chap doing minus his body?" he asked.

Barbara turned suddenly pale, and then, flushing, bent her head to hide the quick rush of hot tears that sprang up unbidden.

"Sorry," apologised Jim gruffly. He only saw the flush, and instinctively turned his head. "I wonder who gave it to her?" he thought. And then, for no apparent reason, his heart began to thump; faster and faster it went, and then suddenly almost seemed to stop as he realised the truth. How he longed to take her in his arms and tell her of the wonderful discovery he had made! But she had blushed when he asked about the billiken, she hadn't answered, and to Jim the inference seemed obvious—there was someone else. If Barbara had looked up, she would have seen and understood—Jim's eyes told their own story. But her head remained lowered, and Jim, misinterpreting her silence, pulled himself together and remarked casually that they had better think of going.

Later that evening, when they said good-bye, Jim again returned to the subject. "I'm sorry I butted in about the billiken; I didn't know, you see——" He paused, thinking that perhaps she might explain, but after a short silence he continued bitterly: "You mustn't mind what I say; I'm only a useless kind of half-witted fool, you know."

Barbara laid a little hand on his arm and answered quietly: "You mustn't say that, Jim; it's not true. Only, you see, you don't quite understand, and I—well, I can't explain."

Jim smiled grimly. "I see," he said. "Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"So I don't understand," he reflected, as he strode homewards. "Oh, yes, I do; but surely she might have told me about him, confound him! I'll ask the mater if she knows of anyone."

But Mrs. Darling, when questioned, could give no information on the subject.

"No, dear," she said, "I certainly have not heard of anyone." Being a wise woman, she said no more, neither did she ask Jim why he wanted to know. He appreciated this, and cheered up a little. "After all," he reasoned, "perhaps some old uncle gave it to her." This was, no doubt, over-bold optimism, but it comforted him, and as he had promised his mother a week at Brighton, he started off with her on the following day in fairly good spirits.

The subsequent week seemed a long one to Jim. He voted Brighton a "rotten" place, and soon tired of aimlessly parading to and fro, listening to the strains of the band. He took no interest in the people his mother introduced him to, many of whom he was supposed to know. Everyone he met was anxious to know if he really did not remember them; they would glance at one another and smile at so unique a case. "Hang it all," he thought, "they think I'm a kind of walking monkey show!" He was sick of it, and wanted badly to go home; but when at last the week came to an end, and they were actually in the train *en route* for home, all his doubts and fears returned with redoubled intensity, and by the time the house was reached he felt more hopeless about it than ever.

The uncle theory, he decided, was ridiculous; he must have been mad to have thought of such a thing. No, it was as clear as daylight she was fond of some other chap. No doubt she liked him well enough, just as an old friend, that was all.

He found a few letters lying on the hall table, also a small parcel. He glanced at the lot without interest, idly turning them over. There was one green envelope marked "On Active Service." He picked it up, opened it, and read—

"France,
"Sunday.

"DEAR DARLING,—I heard yesterday that you probably won't be coming out again, so I'm posting you some of your belongings that I've been keeping. I'm awfully sorry, old chap, that you've had such a rough trip,

but cheer O! You can bet your Sam Browne you'll be fit as paint in no time. Only wish I could forget a bit!

"Hope you get the things all right.

"Yours,

"JIMMY MESSENGER."

string of the parcel, and, removing the paper wrapping, withdrew a small cardboard box. He lifted the lid and turned out the contents. A couple of pipes, a tobacco pouch, a penknife, a fountain pen and—— "Hullo, what the deuce——" He picked up a small silver object and closely examined it. "Little



"If Barbara had looked up, she would have seen and understood—Jim's eyes told their own story. But her head remained lowered."

"And who the devil is Jimmy Messenger?" he wondered.

He put his hands to his head and struggled to get a grip of the past. Sometimes he felt it to be very near—almost as if there was nothing but a thin curtain shrouding his memory; and then the curtain would recede, become thicker, and all would be as black as before. It was no use. He sighed, cut the chap's lost his head," he thought. Then faintly he seemed to hear Bay speaking: "I'm the lady who has the head!" and as in a dream he answered: "I'm the man who keeps his body and soul!"

He shut his eyes and stood perfectly still, holding the billiken. A wonderful thing was happening—almost too wonderful to be true. Wave upon wave the past came

surging back. He passed like a flash through the forgotten years, and stood bewildered with joy as he realised that the "someone else" was himself; he was the man who——

Half an hour later Barbara, seated at the piano in the Daintons' drawing-room, heard the door open. She played on, thinking her mother had entered. Somebody crossed the room, and, standing behind her, spoke gently: "I'm the man who has remembered, little one!"

She turned swiftly and found herself a prisoner. One quick look into the grey eyes, and, with a little choking sigh of utter happiness, she whispered: "I'm the lady who can't breathe, but, oh, Jim, it's wonderful!"



"A VIOLIN CONCERTO." BY JOHN GULICH.

From the picture in the National Gallery of British Art, reproduced from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.



"SLENDER AND ANNE PAGE IN 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.'" BY SIR AUGUSTUS CALLCOTT, R.A.
From the original in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

PICTURES FROM SHAKESPEARE

II. SCENES FROM THE COMEDIES

WHEN we turn to the comedies of Shakespeare, we have no longer to admit the superiority of any foreign artists' work in the pictorial rendering of the poet's characters or themes, as we did in the case of more than one of the tragedies, for in the main, and with a few notable exceptions, English art has shown a finer instinct and a truer touch in the illustrating of both the comedies and, as is but natural, the plays from English history than it has hitherto brought to the interpreting in terms of paint of the greater of the tragedies.

This estimate applies equally to the earliest pictures on Shakespearian themes, both in book illustration and on canvas, to the Boydell group of painters, to such Early Victorian artists as Charles R. Leslie, Augustus Egg, Sir Augustus Callcott, C. W. Cope, and others, and, in ensuing years, to the still more important work of later artists such as Millais, Holman Hunt, Sir John Gilbert, Edwin Abbey, and other distinguished nineteenth-century painters. In the case of Millais, for instance, against his one fine work from a Shakespearian tragedy, his beautiful "Ophelia," we can set more than one important picture from the comedies—notably the lovely "Rosalind and Celia" and the delicately imaginative "Ferdinand Lured By Ariel." And Holman Hunt enters the Shakespearian field for the first time among the comedies with his noble "Claudio and Isabella" and his delightful forest scene from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Sir John Gilbert's "The Taming of the Shrew" surpasses any of his illustrations to the tragedies, with the single exception of his very fine "Timon of Athens," and that admirably vivid painter and fine colourist John Pettie gave us of his best—and his best is very good indeed—in his excellent "Touchstone and Audrey" and his "Imogen," whereas his one scene from "Hamlet"—illustrating the prince's description of Osric in the words "Dost

know this Waterfly?"—did not make a sufficiently important contribution to the gallery of pictures inspired by the tragedies to show the painter at his best. Pettie's fellow-Scotsman, too, Sir William Quiller Orchardson, was far more successful with his "Christopher Sly" and "Imogen in the Cave" than with his "Hamlet and Ophelia"; and Rossetti's "Mariana" illustrates the moment chosen from "Measure for Measure" with a more Shakespearian quality than one finds in his otherwise beautiful "Hamlet and Ophelia" or "Desdemona's Death Song."

Even of Maclise one may say that his picture from "Twelfth Night" is more entirely satisfying than his powerful but not sufficiently poetical works from "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." Other artists, too, according to their several temperaments and talents, have succeeded most happily with themes from the comedies, while their tragic subjects have fallen short of the full stress of passion, or the poignant beauty of the words in which it is expressed by the poet.

Turning to individual plays, we find that the comedy which has inspired the most varied total of pictures is undoubtedly "As You Like It," for though a small legion of



"BEATRICE OVERHEARING HERO AND URSULA, IN 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.'" BY THE REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A.



"MRS. FORD AND MRS. PAGE, IN 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,' READING FALSTAFF'S LETTERS." BY THE REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A.

canvases has been painted on themes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in the former they have nearly all dealt with the same moments in Titania's bower, and in the latter they have mostly been chosen from two scenes only, either the foolish wooing of "Sweet Anne Page" by Slender, or the concealing of Falstaff in the buck-basket by the two Merry Wives. From "As You Like It," on the other hand, with its early scenes of court life, its exquisite pastoral moments and idyllic love-story, and the mingled wit and wisdom of so much of its text, painters of successive generations have found a wide range of subject-matter, including not only the central theme of the courtship of Rosalind, but the quaint philosophy underlying the words of other characters in the play, "the melancholy Jacques," Touchstone and his Audrey, and the perfect imagery of the several songs put into the mouths of others of the *dramatis personæ*.

Perhaps the earliest moment of the play represented in any picture of separate importance, as distinct from illustrated editions of it, which include Mr. Hugh Thomson's happiest of all work of the kind,

is Daniel Maclise's mannered but attractive painting of Orlando and the Duke's Wrestler, which was last seen in public in the loan exhibition at Whitechapel. The ensuing moment of Rosalind's reward of the victorious Orlando with the gift of the chain from her neck and the words—

Wear this for me; one out of suits with Fortune
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means

—was painted for the Boydell series by John Downman; but the artist's Rosalind is too artificial, and no better instance of the advance of nineteenth-century art in the interpretation of Shakespeare can be shown than the difference between this earlier work and the gracious beauty and tender feeling of Mr. Harold Speed's entirely charming picture from the same scene, with Rosalind's already dawning interest in Orlando, suggested in her words to the youth, who is too modest about himself to understand them—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.



"FALSTAFF." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

Then we pass with the artists to the woodland delights of the Forest of Arden, and the first-fruits of their spoils from these incomparable scenes of the poet's give us the ingenuous beauty of character as well as outward form so delightfully realised by Millais in his "Rosalind and Celia," one of the pictures that may be accounted entirely worthy of the poet's text in its expression of character by delicate touches. Other Rosalinds of beauty and charm are presented in James Archer's diploma picture in the National Gallery of Scottish Art at Edinburgh, and in canvases by R. W. Macbeth, Sir James Linton, W. S. Hartrick's "Rosalind" in the Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, and Mr. Dudley Hardy's more recent work, here reproduced; and from the last of these embodiments of the heroine of the play we may pass to the clever characterisation of her faithful follower Touchstone by the same distinguished artist. Then, while the development of the strange wooing of Rosalind and Orlando

leaves Touchstone pretty much to his own devices, we may turn aside to the fortunes of the secondary characters of the play, as represented in John Pettie's admirable "Touchstone and Audrey," Charles Buchel's genial picture of the same oddly-assorted couple, which is reproduced as the frontispiece to this number, and the Hon. John Collier's less vivacious, yet still duly sententious, rendering of the same characters in another moment of the scene. Audrey alone was painted by Phil Morris, and Touchstone talking to the shepherd by Sir John Gilbert. For the courtship of Sylvius and Phœbe we return to the accomplished art of John Pettie, with regret that an instinct for the illustration of Shakespearian comedy so true as his did not lead him to choose subjects from sundry others of the poet's comedies. The meeting of Orlando and Oliver in the forest was done by West for the Boydell series.

Pictures based upon the words of the songs of this play have mostly been more of the character of book illustrations; but the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon has the graceful work of Fred Davis from the song "What shall he have that killed the deer?" and more than one picture of true lovers has found its title in the opening line of the song "It was a lover and his lass." More definitely projected as interpretations of the poet's text have been the attempts of various painters to represent the successive scenes visualised in the famous speech of Jacques concerning the seven ages of human life. In the Boydell series each of these phases is represented by Robert Smirke in a separate picture, quaintly and pleasingly, though with a feeling that is more Georgian than Elizabethan; but at a later date that fine colourist William Mulready typified all the stages of life described in the speech in one animated scene, as though human beings of each age in the speaker's list happened to be unconsciously contributing to its illustration, in the course of an ordinary, everyday scene, in the street of some country town. This picture, which now hangs in the South Kensington Gallery, is very ingeniously conceived and cleverly realised, so that "he who runs may read" its expression of the poet's philosophy, and it has the beauty of design and colouring which characterises most of Mulready's work. But only by an artistic license could all the events described in the speech find "a local habitation and a name" thus simultaneously, and therefore this interesting work remains a symbolical rendering of the poet's words rather than an illustration of their actual text. More definitely illustrative of the very words of another speech that is also something of a catalogue is the clever work of W. L. Windus, in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, representing Touchstone's flow of verbal niceties as he nominates the different degrees of the lie.

The clearing up of the transparent mystery of the plot, with Rosalind's revelation of herself once more in woman's garb, has found fewer painters than the Ganymede scenes, and one recalls only William Hamilton's somewhat conventional picture of Rosalind's double declaration to her father and to Orlando—

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

For the rest, the painters appear to have obeyed her statement: "'Tis not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue."

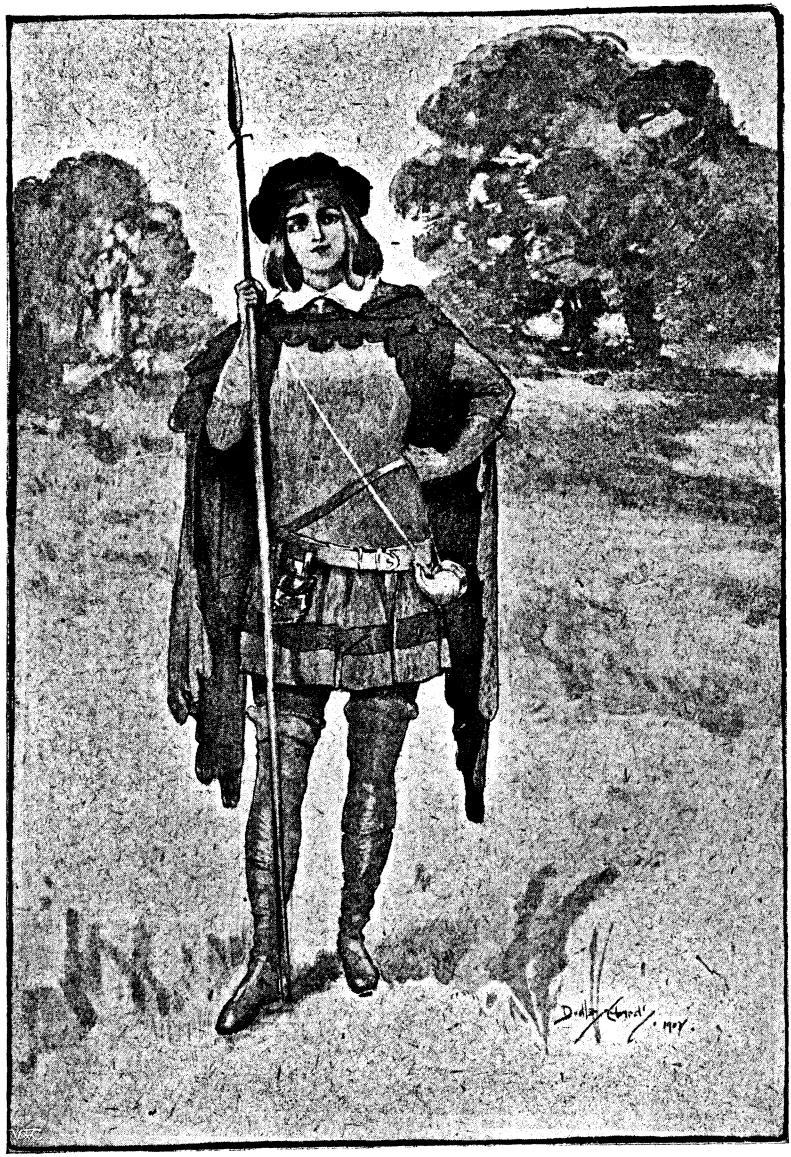
Without quitting, at any rate, the atmosphere of the Forest of Arden, we may pass from "As You Like It" to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for Shakespeare's "wood near Athens" slopes still to the banks of the soft-flowing Avon, and Bully Bottom and his "rude mechanicals" are typical Warwickshire rustics; but to the painters' vision the fairy element in this play has largely predominated over the human interest, except in such illustrated volumes of the whole play as the charmingly decorative editions done by Mr. Anning Bell and, more recently, by several other artists. In this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy Mr. Anning Bell returns to this play with a quaintly mediæval lunette of Titania and the Indian child over which she quarrels with her lord. "Titania Reposing With Her Indian Votaries" is the title of a work by George Romney, now in the Stratford-on-Avon collection, for which Lady Hamilton is said to have sat for the fairy queen. The two lovelorn maidens, Hermia and Helena, have been painted by Sir Edward Poynter in a gracefully classical rendering of their schoolgirl comradeship before Cupid and Puck, between them, have interrupted their friendship; but the story of their wanderings in the wood has not been as popular in picture as upon the stage, and most artists, from Henry Fuseli to Landseer and Noel Paton, and then on to the late Robert Fowler and Mr. J. C. Dollman, have devoted themselves to one or another of the scenes of Titania's sudden love for the "translated" Weaver with the donkey's head, and the homage



"SHYLOCK, SALANIO, AND SALARINO IN 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.'" BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

From the original in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

that she commands her fairy retinue to pay him. Puck and the fairies in the scene before Titania's first entrance have been painted by Robert Huskisson, Richard Dadd, and Sir Noel Paton. Maclise chose the ensuing moment of wrangling between Oberon and Titania, but Sir Noel Paton painted both this early scene of quarrel between the fairy king and queen, and another delightfully fanciful rendering of their reconciliation, after the charm has been removed from the fairy queen's eyes. In the latter picture one of the Athenian wanderers, who have also been bewitched by Puck, lies asleep in the foreground, ready for the reconciliation of the human lovers, which is to follow that of the fairy monarch and his queen. But by this time the interest of our painters has passed on to other plays, with "fresh woods and pastures new," save for Maclise, who did a picture of Puck disenchanting the sleeping Weaver.



"ROSALIND." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

If our fancy elects still to remain under the greenwood tree, we may do so by leaving on one side for the moment the more popular of the comedies, and passing with the artists into the less familiar stories of "Love's Labour's Lost" and the woodland scenes of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." From the former of these two lesser comedies we have Thomas Stothard, in his always graceful and attractive manner, illustrating the episode of Biron playing the eavesdropper to his friends from his coign of vantage in a tree above their heads, and William Hamilton's picture of the Forester speaking to the Princess. The droll scene in which the simple rustics present their masque of "The Nine Worthies" gives us the art of Stacy Marks at its quaintest. From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" we have Holman Hunt's beautiful painting of the lovers in the forest, now one of the trophies of the City Art Gallery of Birmingham. This play



"ROSALIND AND CELIA IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN." BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

Reproduced from the large plate published by Messrs. Henru Graves & Co., Pall Mall, S.W.

was one of the two which brought Angelica Kauffmann into the Boydell series, for which she did the lovers' dispute in the forest.

The scenes of town life at Milan in this play have found their best illustrations in Augustus Egg's humorous work "Launce's Substitute for Proteus's Dog," which belongs to the Public Art Gallery of Leicester. Egg also did a very pleasing picture of Julia reading the letter, but Silvia has found more favour in artists' eyes by reason of the lovely lyric sung in her honour, which has inspired pictures also in her praise by John Pettie, C. E. Perugini, and several other painters of note.



"TOUCHSTONE." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

Although "The Merchant of Venice" has always been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays, it does not happen to have inspired any one picture of the first importance as a work of art—nothing so distinguished as the pictures by Millais, Holman Hunt, or Pettie, for instance, from others of the poet's comedies. The Portia of Millais has a certain graciousness of beauty, but not quite the Shakespearian quality of his Rosalind picture, and Charles R. Leslie's Portia, now in the South Kensington Gallery, is an interesting specimen of the artist's always skilful work, as is also the Portia of that painter of many Italian subjects, Mr. Henry Woods. There are also sundry portraits of well-known players in the principal *rôles* of this comedy; but the wide range of pictures from Shakespeare compels us to leave on one side, in making the present series of reproductions, the many interesting paintings which are primarily portraits of players in Shakespearian *rôles*, from early works representing Edmund Kean, Master Betty, "The Infant Roscius," the Kembles, and Mrs. Siddons, to portraits of the principal players of Shakespearian characters in our own generation.

Among pictures, not of the theatre, but of the studio and the art gallery, drawn from "The Merchant of Venice," one of the earliest in the plot of the play is the "Shylock, Antonio, and Bassanio" of that young artist of much promise Douglas Cowper, who came from Gibraltar to exhibit at the Royal Academy while still in his teens, and died at the early age of twenty-two. His three Shakespearian pictures were notable achievements for so youthful an artist. Then we may pass to J. M. Leigh's clever "Launcelot and Old Gobbo," which hangs in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, where also may be seen Robert Smirke's picture of



"AUTOLYCUS IN 'THE WINTER'S TALE.'" BY CHARLES R. LESLIE, R.A.

From the original in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.



"FLORIZEL AND PERDITA IN 'THE WINTER'S TALE.'" BY CHARLES R. LESLIE, R.A.

From the original in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

Shylock giving Jessica his keys with the words—

> But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
> Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
> My sober house—

while Launcelot watches his opportunity to warn Jessica to look out for her lover. The Shylock of this picture is curiously young and virile in appearance, and the Launcelot Gobbo, on the other hand, is older than more recent convention has made him, in picture or on the stage. Another picture of the same moment of the play was done by C. W. Cope, and yet another by Sir James Linton, who painted several pictures from this comedy even before he illustrated the whole play in book form.

Then comes the subtle water-colour by Sir John Gilbert of the scene of Shylock's passionate recrimination with Salanio and Salarino after the discovery of his daughter's flight, one of the best pictures that any artist has painted on a Shakespearian theme; and then, with but few works to represent the intervening scenes at Belmont—among them Frederick Barth's picture of the casket scene and Sir James Linton's version of the same episode, as well as his "Portia Sending the Letters to Her Cousin by Balthazar"—we pass to the trial scene, of which one of the earliest pictures was painted by that popular eighteenth-century Academician Philip J. de Loutherbourg, more generally known by his pictures of naval battles. His picture, which is in the Memorial Collection at Stratford-on-Avon, represents the moment in which Bassanio asks the Jew why he whets his knife, and receives the grim answer—

> To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

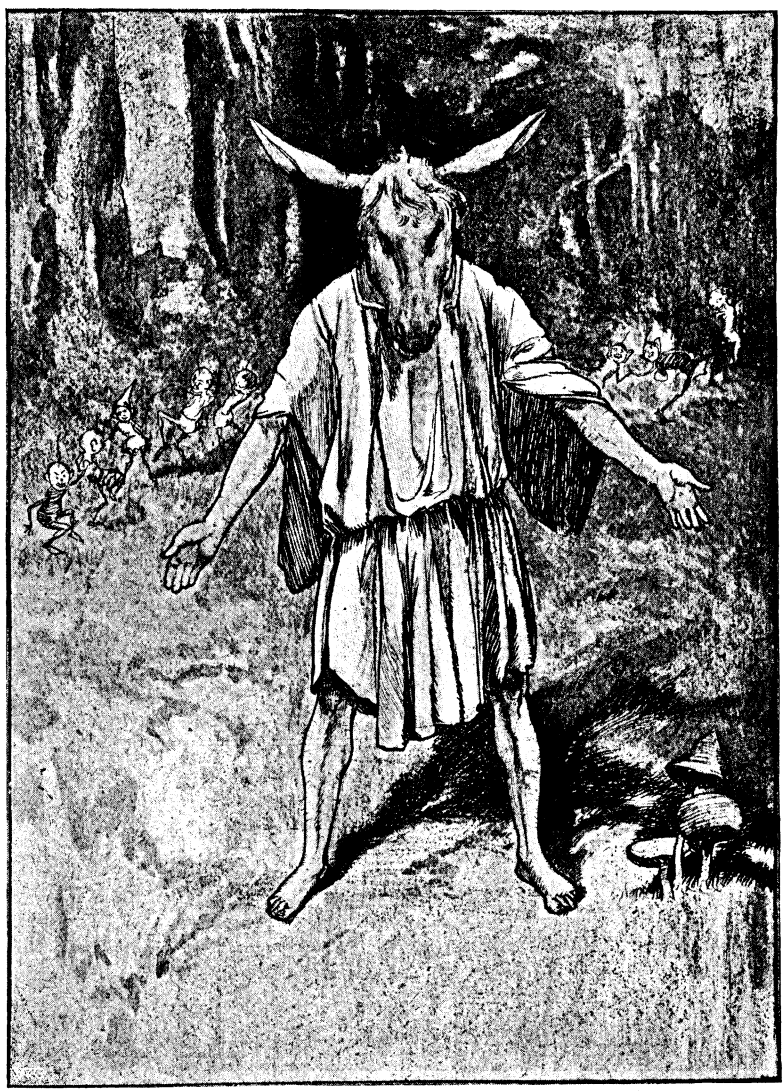
Then there are Sir James Linton's picturesquely staged rendering of the same scene, with its thrilling interest and triumphant climax, and Sir John Gilbert's vivid "Shylock After the Trial," and so to Belmont, where various artists, from William Hodges, of the Boydell group, to Sir James Linton, have essayed to set forth the beauties of the wonderful night described in that lovely antiphon of speech between Lorenzo and Jessica. Of Jessica herself there is the graceful painting by Sir Luke Fildes, and another interesting single-figure subject from this play is the Duke of John Pettie.

In the case of "Much Ado About Nothing," apart from the "Beatrice" of Mr. Frank Dicksee, the most interesting of modern pictures is one inspired by a production of the play upon the stage, an early work by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, representing the wonderful effect obtained in the church scene of Sir Henry Irving's famous production of this play. Besides being the best picture painted by the artist, who at that time had but lately exchanged a possibly distinguished career as a painter for the art of the actor, and himself figures in his own picture in the *rôle* of Claudio, the scene includes other portrait studies of the principal players—Irving as Benedick, Ellen Terry as Beatrice, and William Terriss as Don Pedro—which give an added interest to what would have been a notable work, even without this element of portraiture. The original now belongs to the Garrick Club.

Of earlier pictures inspired by this play, the most attractive is that of the clergyman-artist, the Rev. Matthew William Peters, representing the scene in which Hero and Ursula discuss Benedick's alleged love for Beatrice, whom they know to be listening to their conversation. As an expression in paint of animated talk and jest, the picture has remarkably successful vivacity; but, like other eighteenth-century artists, the painter has made at least two of the characters too mature to be quite the mischievous young women that the play requires them to be, in contrast to the somewhat older Beatrice, and if the picture, with Beatrice listening in the background, did not tell its own story, the Hero and Ursula might more naturally be taken for the two Merry Wives of Windsor. The same scene gave W. P. Frith the subject for one of his experiments in Shakespearian illustration. A dramatic rendering of the church scene by William Hamilton is one of the best of the Boydell series, and in the Guildhall Gallery hangs Mr. Marcus Stone's sympathetic picture of the same moment. Then, for the unravelling of the plot which causes that poignant drama, we may turn to the picture by Robert Smirke, which hangs in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, representing Conrade and Borachio brought before Dogberry and the Watch.

Smirke's Dogberry lacks something of the English rusticity which makes so quaint an effect in this Renaissance setting, and therefore the picture is not as satisfactory as the same artist's work, in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, dealing with the grimmer humours of the scene in "Measure for Measure," in which Froth and Pompey are brought before the Duke by Elbow and the officers. Also from "Measure for Measure" Robert Smirke did

a picture of the scene of Isabella appealing to the Duke, which now hangs at Stratford-on-Avon in company with a more modern rendering of the same moment by Fred Davis. William Hamilton painted the great scene between Isabella and Claudio with more emotional sincerity than most of his contemporaries gave to the tragic themes of the poet, but for the best rendering of that poignant duologue between the brother and sister we turn to what is, perhaps, the finest picture that Holman Hunt painted—one of the most perfect achievements of the Pre-Raphaelite group. Rossetti also painted his best picture from Shakespeare from this play, in his "Mariana" with her page-boy singing the most exquisite of all Shakespeare's songs: "Take, O, take those lips away!"—a line which also gave the late Mrs. Stanhope Forbes the theme and title for one of her most imaginative paintings. One of Edwin Abbey's fine water-colours also represents the boy's song to Mariana. Then there are the "Mariana" of Val Prinsep and the "Isabella" of Mr. F. W. Topham. The last moment of the play represented in any picture shows the scene before the Duke, in the last act, with Angelo veiling his face,



"BOTTOM THE WEAVER." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

of which Thomas Kirk did a forcible, if somewhat theatrical, version for the Boydell series.

The romantic play of "Cymbeline," which, like "Measure for Measure," contains a theme almost too poignant for description as a comedy, yet is certainly not to be grouped as a tragedy, inspired one of the greater artists of the Boydell group, Hoppner, to a notably pathetic picture of Imogen drawing the sword and offering it to Pisanio, and Richard Westall's picture of the subsequent moment in which Imogen is about to enter the cave, sword in hand, done for the same series, is a far more distinguished piece of work than the same canvas upon which two distinguished Scottish artists, Pettie and MacWhirter, collaborated.

Another comedy with an all but tragic plot, which yet arrives at a happy ending, "The Winter's Tale," has found more illustrators of the rustic scenes incidental to the rearing of the unhappy queen's daughter as an unknown shepherdess than of the poignant story of the noble Hermione's cruel repudiation by Leontes. Indeed, the only pictures one can recall from the main motive of jealousy are Opie's scene from the second act, and the somewhat academic but gracfully designed work of William Hamilton, representing the unveiling of the supposed statue of Hermione by the faithful



"TITANIA'S BOWER IN 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.'" BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

artist's Lady Macbeth. Imogen sheltering in the cave has been painted by Maclise, and more recently in a very charming work by the late Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, which is now in the Public Art Gallery of Plymouth. The same scene is beautifully presented in an early work of Sir William Quiller Orchardson's which is now in the Dublin Gallery. The touching scene between Imogen and her newly-discovered brothers is represented in an early work of that curiously allegorical painter B. F. Poole, which is now in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon. Notable among single character studies of Imogen herself, as distinct from moments of action in the play, are paintings by Herbert Schmalz and a Paulina, to the repentant and now amazed King, with Perdita, a youthful replica of her beautiful mother, kneeling in wonder on the steps of the statue. The most successful thing in this elaborately grouped work is the personality of Paulina, whose very attractive character is excellently realised.

Turning to the rustic scenes of the play, we find some of the most satisfactory of all pictures on Shakespearian themes in the delightful work of Charles R. Leslie, representing Autolycus selling his goods to the village maidens, which may be seen, in all the charm of its colouring, at the South Kensington Museum, and the same artist's equally attractive Florizel and Perdita. The Autolycus of Augustus Egg, which



"THE WRECK OFF THE ENCHANTED ISLAND IN 'THE TEMPEST.'" BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

hangs in the Guildhall Gallery, is its artist's most successful work. It is rather more Victorian in manner than Leslie's version of the same moment, but still shows a great advance upon the more artificial rusticity of the eighteenth-century artists, as represented by Francis Wheatley's picture of Perdita distributing her flowers at the shepherds' merry-making.

If we pass from the pastoral simplicities of "The Winter's Tale" to the broader humours of the more sophisticated country-town folk of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," we again find a good deal of artistic talent well employed in depicting the poet's characters and plot. Charles R. Leslie again stands out as entirely happy in his admirable picture of Slender's bashful wooing of Sweet Anne Page, the moment chosen being that of the first approach, supported by Justice Shallow, while Anne indifferently toys with a flower. Sir Augustus Callcott did an excellent picture of the later moment in which Anne asks her timid suitor into the house to join her father and his other guests. That English artist of rare promise among his associates in the French Romantic group, R. P. Bonington, chose the same incident, and so did the Scottish artist Thomas Duncan.



"ADRIANA'S APPEAL TO THE DUKE IN 'THE COMEDY OF ERRORS,'" BY THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.



"BIRON OVERHEARING HIS FRIENDS' SPEECHES IN 'LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.'" BY THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

Bonington's work makes us lament anew the arresting of his career by death at the early age of twenty-seven. Another rendering of this scene, now in the Stratford-on-Avon collection, is one of the best of Robert Smirke's pictures from the comedies, the artist's idea of Slender being far more that conveyed by the text than either his Falstaff or his Dogberry. The Rev. Matthew William Peters, too, is at his best in his vivacious pictures of the two Merry Wives showing each other Falstaff's letter, and of the later scene in which they pack the fat knight into the clothes-basket. The wild and whirling fun of this latter scene has found other illustrators in Hans Makart, Margaret Lowe, and Edgar Bundy, of whom the last-named made this the Shakespearian moment being acted upon the stage in his typical scene of a performance at the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's own day, with the audience, not only on floor and balcony, but seated on the sides of the stage itself, in the fashion of the time. And from among portraits of well-known players as the two Merry Wives and their victim, there stands out the Hon. John Collier's group of Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Sir Herbert Tree, as a pictorial record of the brilliant revival of this play at His Majesty's



"MARIANA, IN 'MEASURE FOR MEASURE,' WITH THE PAGE SINGING 'TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.'" BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

From a photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

Theatre, which showed us the two player-queens in *rôles* which gave full scope to their great gifts of comedy, after the lapse of years had, all too soon, banished some of their younger impersonations from the stage.

A selection from pictures illustrating "The Taming of the Shrew" makes a brave beginning with the entirely admirable work of Sir William Quiller Orchardson, representing the bedroom scene of the induction, with the bemused and amazed Christopher Sly recovering from his slumbers, only to be further astounded by the homage of his apparent retainers, and the arrival of his alleged wife, a scene also treated with real humour by Robert Smirke. The stormy wooing of Katharine and Petruchio has been passed over by artists for later moments in the story, the first of them being the scene of the blustering bridegroom's forcible abduction of his unwilling bride from her

father's house, amid the protests of her family and friends, of which Francis Wheatley painted a very spirited picture; and other incidents in which Katharine and Petruchio appear have been painted in ensuing generations by Douglas Cowper, Alfred Elmore, C. W. Cope, and Sir William Orchardson. Sir John Gilbert's well-known picture in the Birmingham Art Gallery gives us the arrival of the bridal party at Petruchio's house, with Katharine, half frightened, half indignant at her husband's blustering treatment of the servants and Grumio, a willing contributor to the fray, and with the various developments over supper and the dismissal of cottage. The scene is, of course, a fanciful one, based chiefly on the novel "Judith Shakespeare," of William Black, since all that we know of Shakespeare's one daughter is that she married Thomas Quincy, a vintner and magistrate of Stratford-on-Avon, and that at her death, forty-five years after that of her great father, she left three sons.

In spite of her popularity upon the stage, Viola, the lovable heroine of "Twelfth Night," has not fared as handsomely at the hands of painters as Rosalind, the character whom she most resembles, for in the case of this play most artists have passed by the main love story for the fantastic humours



"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

From the original in the Birmingham Art Gallery, reproduced, by permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Birmingham, from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

the tailor, we come to the excellent piece of foolery represented by Charles R. Leslie. Single character studies from this play include the fine Katharine of Augustus Egg, who was always at his best in Shakespearian subjects; and one of the most charming works inspired indirectly by Shakespeare's words, and not by any actual incident, is a picture by J. Young Hunter, with its title from Petruchio's words of promise, "We will have rings, and things, and fine array," which the painter took for his picture of Judith Shakespeare, the poet's daughter, on a visit to her grandmother, at the door of Ann Hathaway's

of Malvolio, or the broad comedy of his fooling by Sir Toby and his comrades. Malvolio displaying to his mistress the blandishments and decorations which he has been fooled into assuming by the letter written for his undoing, forms the subject of the best picture that Daniel Maclise painted on any Shakespearian theme, and is done with more suitable characterisation than earlier works representing the same moment by J. H. Ramberg and W. P. Frith. Ramberg, for some reason, made Maria appear quite as grand a lady as her mistress in costume and general appearance, which robs the excellent comedy of her

part in the plot of some of its homely vivacity, but his Malvolio is a good piece of characterisation. There is, however, no justification in the poet's text for the placing of this scene indoors, with the plotters eavesdropping behind a screen, instead of showing it in the garden. Augustus Egg's Maria is more in keeping with the text, although his Viola is too insipid to be as good as his other Shakespearian heroines, and her ringlets are too Early Victorian for more modern taste. The Malvolio of Dudley Hardy gives us a good deal of the inner man's mingled vanity and Puritanism, the pompous gait being well suggested without the farcical extravagance of some other artists. The humorous details of the duel between Viola and Sir Andrew have been painted by both W. P. Frith and G. H. Boughton. The necessary scene of explanation of Viola's masquerade, after the return of Sebastian and his marriage to the Countess, was painted by William Hamilton in a picture which presents the women and the puzzled priest—who has just performed the marriage ceremony for Olivia and Sebastian—with some skill, but is spoiled by the stagey surprise of the Duke. Most satisfactory of all pictures from this play, however, as an expression of its general spirit and atmosphere, is one inspired, not by any moment of action in the story, but by that delightful song "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?" which gave Edwin Abbey the subject and title for the picture by which he is most widely remembered, in the form of popular reproduction, out of all the wealth of his brilliant work of Shakespearian illustration.

An altogether homelier interpretation of the motive of the same song, transposed into the key of rustic courtship, is to be seen in the whimsical "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" of Stacy Marks.

"The Comedy of Errors," with its complicated story of physical resemblances and mistaken identities, requires the swift

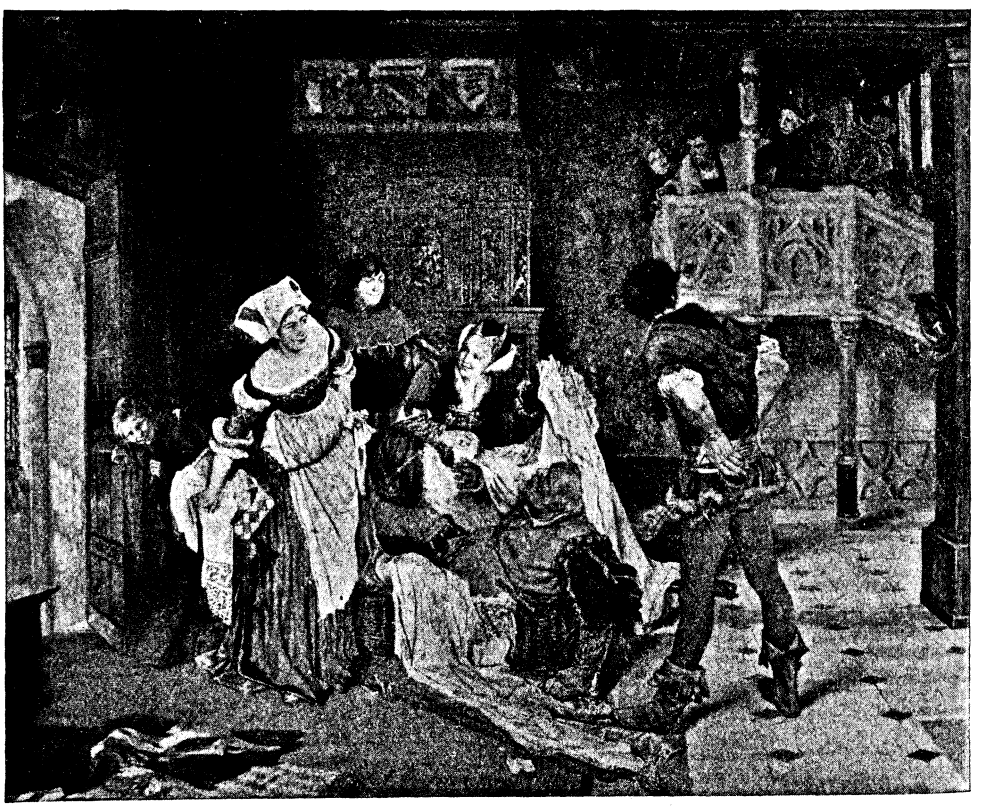


"MALVOLIO IN 'TWELFTH NIGHT.'" BY DUDLEY HARDY.

movement of stage representation, perhaps more than any other of the poet's plays, to be convincing; and therefore, apart from Rigaud's picture of the Abbess making her speech of explanation to the Duke, it has seldom supplied an artist's theme for paint. In black-and-white, however, it has found illustrators in Thomas Stothard, Sir John Gilbert, Edwin Abbey, and Byam Shaw.

Much the same may be said of another minor play, "All's Well That Ends Well," and so we may pass, in conclusion, to the more important pictures which have found their theme in "The Tempest."

Of these, the earliest are the "Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban" of the Rev. Matthew William Peters, and Romney's graceful design which, with some adapting of the possibilities, shows us the wreck of the ship off the enchanted island. There are several pictures from this play done for the Boydell series by Henry Fuseli, Joseph Wright, and Francis Wheatley, and, from a later generation of painters, we have works by Maclise, Sir Noel Paton, Robert Huskisson, and H. J. Townsend. Then we come to the beautiful picture by Millais, showing Ferdinand lured into the island by Ariel and a fairy escort, and the poetical representation of Ariel by the late Robert Fowler, which hangs in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool. Frederick Goodall, from whom, as the painter of so many Egyptian subjects, one would rather have expected a Cleopatra, did one of the few pictures which seek to represent Miranda herself instead of a whole episode from the play, and in book form "The Tempest" has been happily illustrated by both Anning Bell and Edmond Dulac. This play also finds Mr. Byam Shaw at his best, in so far as his illustrations to the comedies are concerned; but for his most finely imaginative work in Shakespearian illustration we shall pass, in our next article, to his themes from the historical plays.



"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, MRS. FORD AND MRS. PAGE, HIDING FALSTAFF IN THE CLOTHES-BASKET." BY MARGARET LOWE.

Copyright.

THE GAME-WARDEN

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

YOUNG Johnny Baxter was a game-warden in the old, sane, peaceful days before the War. The region under his official protection comprised two hundred and fifty square miles of land and water, more or less, including a twelve-mile section of the great River St. John, many large islands frequented by duck, a number of good trout-brooks, a number of slow-running streams beloved by moose for the store of luscious lily-roots in their brown mud, ridges of thick timber alive with red deer, and tangled partridge-covers innumerable. This favoured region also contained two villages of Maliseet Indians and hundreds of white settlers, who seemed as dull about comprehending the game laws of the Province as their smoky-faced brothers.

A game law is about the last kind of law that the average rustic will observe, be his skin white or red.

Johnny Baxter's duties kept him busy.

And there was Abner Quinn!

Abner Quinn lived on the south bank of the Oromocto River, five miles from its mouth. He was famous for his daughter Edith, and notorious for his happy indifference to the game laws. He was a farmer; but the roasts that graced his board at all seasons of the year were seldom of beef, mutton, pork, or lamb. But he was more than an ignorer of game laws. He was a "hard ticket" in general—a dangerous character. An honest neighbour once informed on him for killing a doe in June; and though the charge could not be proved, and the wrath of the law did not consume Abner, yet the honest neighbour was short in the tally of his live-stock to the extent of two steers when he rounded up his young cattle in the following October, and Abner had eaten more beef that summer than was usual with him.

Johnny Baxter first met Edith Quinn at a Baptist Church picnic on Big Ox Island, in July 1914. Edith possessed a degree of good looks almost amounting to beauty; and, as she had been visiting friends in the city recently, she displayed a dress and a hat and a trick of wearing them which at once captivated and bewildered the young game-warden. That first meeting was followed by another within the week. Edith was kind—kinder to Johnny than to any other of her numerous admirers.

Johnny speedily decided to show the world what had happened to him by going openly up the Oromocto and calling on the girl in her own home. He had paid many visits to the vicinity of her home in the past, but always to spy around in his official capacity. Now he would go as a lover, and would keep his eyes fixed upon the object of his love. He knew all about Abner Quinn, but now he was determined to regard Abner and his affairs in an entirely new light.

Johnny Baxter went up the Oromocto in his canoe on a clear, sunshiny morning in early August. One had only to see his necktie to know that it was not a working day with him. Also his chin and cheeks had been rigorously shaved that very morning, and his neat brown moustache was cocked up a little at the tips. Though he smoked his everyday pipe while he paddled, the coat which lay folded across a bar in front of him contained a dozen three-for-a-quarter cigars in its inside pocket.

He paddled steadily, with a swing of his body to every stroke, as the Indians paddle. Seventy-five minutes after rounding into the mouth of the Oromocto, he slid the nose of the canoe to the muddy front of Abner Quinn's place.

A voice hailed him from a clump of alders.

"You keep off this shore!" cried the voice,

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with a tremble in it that told of extraordinary excitement.

Baxter recognised it as the voice of one Peter, Edith's twelve-year-old brother. He had met Peter at more than one picnic, and had treated him to popcorn and ice-cream.

"What's distressin' you, Peter?" he asked. "Why can't I come ashore?"

The boy's head and shoulders appeared from the bushes. The freckled face and round eyes were tense with suspicion and excitement, but at the sight of the warden's sky-blue tie and fancy shirt the expression of mouth and eyes relaxed and changed.

"What d'ye want?" he asked.

Baxter laughed pleasantly.

"That don't sound overly hospitable, Peter," he said. "If ever you come down to Baxter's Crick to call on me, you won't be asked your business before you've a chance to step ashore. What are you up to, anyhow, hidin' in the bushes like a wicked old fox layin' for an innocent rabbit?"

The boy felt highly flattered at being likened to a wicked old fox. It sounded manly.

"Oh, I ain't layin' for anything," he answered, blushing behind and between his freckles. "If ye've come a-courting Edith, then ye're welcome to land, for all I care. But if ye're come here for anything else, Johnny Baxter, then ye can just stop where ye are."

The game-warden sighed. Peter was making it very difficult for him.

"You've guessed it," he said. "I've come to see Edith."

At that the boy issued from the bushes.

"You stop in the canoe till I come back, and I'll go up and tell her. Promise—cross yer heart—ye won't follow me."

Baxter promised. Peter turned and darted across the grassy flat and up the low bank.

Baxter kept his place in the canoe. He felt embarrassed and distressed. Something unlawful was afoot, beyond a doubt, else why had the boy been posted in the alders overlooking the muddy landing-place? He felt a sudden, biting rage towards Abner Quinn. What right had that graceless rascal to be the father of such a wonderful girl as Edith? he wondered. The wave of hot anger passed. He thought of his duty, he thought of Edith, and he continued to squat motionless in the canoe.

Peter reappeared, accompanied by his father. Abner Quinn hastened towards the canoe, his bold and rat-like face twisted into what was intended to be an expression of the most cordial welcome.

"Come ashore out of that, Johnny Baxter!" he cried. "The boy here says you sent him up to the house to say you was comin' to see Edith. Now, I call that downright unneighbourly of you. Do you think you're the Governor, Johnny, that a man's got to quit his work an' come an' fetch you?"

Baxter laughed awkwardly and stepped ashore.

"I didn't mean to fetch you away from your work," he said.

"You're always welcome," replied the other, eyeing him keenly. "Night or day, man, you're welcome to drop into Abner Quinn's place; but if you expect the whole push of us to change our clothes and slick ourselves up every time you call, then you've sure got the wrong sow by the ear."

Baxter had nothing to say to that. He knew that Abner was playing with him. He felt hot with anger. But what could he do? He was all for peace at any price. He was here as a private gentleman in love, not as an officer of the Crown. He made a mighty effort to seem at his ease.

"I thought maybe Edith would be put out if I was to land at the kitchen door unexpected," he mumbled, when they were half-way to the house.

Abner laughed and poked the lover playfully in the ribs with a thumb as hard as a thole-pin. His laughter was nothing more than a series of cheerless hoots, starting very loud and high, and swiftly dwindling and lowering. His playfulness was not convincing.

Edith was churning on the back porch. She was enveloped from her rounded chin to her slender ankles in a big blue overall. Her clear face brightened and her bright eyes softened at the sight of Johnny Baxter. She extended her left hand, still maintaining her hold on the dasher of the churn with the other. The warden grasped her hand as a drowning man grasps a life-belt. They both blushed.

"I've taken a day off to come up an' see how the Oromocto is lookin'," he said.

"I am glad you stopped off to see us on your way up," she replied.

Baxter released her hand.

"I didn't figger on goin' any further up to-day," he said. "I reckoned I'd stop hereabouts till evenin'."

"But you can't see the whole crick from this farm," returned the girl.

"I ain't interested in any more of it than just this," he mumbled.

The girl's glance lowered. She grasped

the dasher of the churn with both hands and fell to work. The sleeves of her cotton dress were turned back to her dimpled elbows. A sweet confusion tinged her cheeks and showed rosily even on the white of her rounded arms. Abner Quinn uttered a series of mirthless hoots. Johnny Baxter, sharing Edith's confusion, and wishing Abner away to the devil, drew two cigars from his pocket and offered one to the farmer. That unworthy sire accepted the weed with a wink, bit about an inch off the end of it, and lit it with resounding sucks and puffs.

"Reckon I'll be gittin' back to my turnips," he said. "I was right in the middle of a row when yer lordship arrived. Make yerself to home. Set right here on the porch. Dinner'll be at twelve; but I guess Edith'll find ye some milk an' ginger-bread if ye feel hungry afore then."

Baxter mumbled his thanks and lit his cigar. Abner Quinn walked away and vanished around the corner of the house. Mrs. Quinn appeared from the kitchen. She greeted the visitor pleasantly, but her eyes were tired and anxious. She did not look happy. There was a suggestion of furtiveness in the movement of her head on her frail neck. She constantly turned her face this way and that, as if she were looking and listening for something she was afraid of seeing and hearing. She looked like Edith—like an unhappy, careworn, frighted, and faded Edith. Baxter's heart twinged with pity for her.

Now that he was with Edith amid the domestic surroundings of her own home, under the tired glance of her mother, Baxter found himself tongue-tied. Amid the excitements of the picnics on the river he had been able to say a little of what he felt, and to look a great deal of it; but now he was at a loss for a word or a glance. And yet the girl had never appeared so sweet and desirable and wonderful as now. With a muttered word of excuse, he left the porch to go in search of Abner. He did not enjoy Abner's society, but he felt that a chat with him might quiet his heart and limber up his wits. After that he would return to the girl on the porch.

Baxter had no more than rounded the corner of the house than he came to a sudden halt. There before him lay a patch of young turnips, full of weeds, untouched by a hoe. Abner was not in sight. Neither was the boy Peter. Why had Abner lied to him? There might be another patch of turnips somewhere, of course, but Johnny knew enough about his host's methods of farming to doubt it. Quinn and his kind grow turnips only as vegetables for household use, never in bulk as food for their cattle.

"He's sure up to some devilment," said the game-warden.

He was about to return discreetly to the porch, when the antics of a black-and-white pup caught his eye. The innocent and irresponsible young animal was having a fine time, tossing something into the air, alighting upon it with sprawling forefeet and slobbering jaws, bouncing and wriggling and then tossing it again.

Baxter's clear glance fastened upon the object of the pup's joyous attentions. His jaws hardened, for the pup's plaything was unmistakably the shin-bone of a large animal, with the black cloven hoof and about six inches of hide and hair still attached. The fringe of sinews and hide which the pup's little teeth had been busy at showed red and fresh. A less astute observer than the game-warden would have recognised the thing as a portion of a foreleg of a moose. The month was August, and the season for moose-shooting does not open until the middle of September.

"Blast him!" exclaimed the warden. "Confound him! It would be like him to have moose-roast for dinner, just to dare me before her."

He turned his glance hastily and guiltily away from the pup's plaything, and went back to the porch, trying to comfort himself with the thought that, after all, he could not give his Bible oath that it was the shin-bone of a moose.

To Baxter's great relief, the dinner-table was guiltless of unlawful meat. A pair of chickens were served in his honour, roasted to a wish; and though the pies which followed the poultry had been made by Edith's own hands, the visitor did not enjoy his dinner. His inner self was being worried all the while by two powerful and conflicting emotions—by the blind glow of love and by the cold urge of duty. But love, as usual, had the upper hand in the affair.

Dinner over, Abner and the boy went out about their business. After the dishes were washed, Edith went upstairs to change her dress, and Mrs. Quinn tried to entertain the guest. She found him a poor hand at small-talk, and immediately upon her daughter's reappearance she vanished.

Baxter seized the girl by both unresisting hands.



"He entered the lamp-lit kitchen without knocking,

"I love you!" he exclaimed. "Marry me! You got to marry me, and before winter!"

She saw that he meant it. His eyes shone, and his keen, honest face was red as fire.

"I love you, too!" she whispered.

He caught her in his arms, drew her to him, and held her close.

"I'll marry you as soon as you set father straight," she said, with her face against his beautiful necktie.

"Straight?" he queried, without relaxing his embrace.

"Before the whole world. You can do it, for you are the game-warden. You know what people say about him."



and deposited his dripping burden at his feet."

The young man's wits were at sixes and sevens.

"What?" he asked.

"That he breaks the game laws."

"But what can I do?"

"You know it is a lie. You can tell other people it is a mean, unjust lie."

"But it is true."

He hadn't meant to say it. He hadn't been conscious of intending to say anything except "I love you!" again.

She wrenched herself from his embrace and stood off, regarding him with flashing eyes.

"It is not true!" she cried.

"You don't know?" he asked incredulously.

"I do know. I know that it is not true."

"What does it matter? You and I——"

She flamed at that.

"But it does matter! He never breaks the game laws, or any laws. His enemies tell these lies about him, and it is your duty, as game-warden, to deny them."

"I can't do it," said Baxter dully. "Don't ask me that, dear. I can shut my eyes, but I can't deny that Abner Quinn is a—that he breaks the game laws."

"If that is so, why haven't you arrested him before this?" she asked bitterly.

"Never caught him at it, and now I ain't tryin' to catch him."

"You never caught him, and yet you believe these things about him? You have no right to think bad of any man unless you *know* bad of him. And now you are willing to shut your eyes, and now you are not trying to catch him, because you want me to marry you. You are not being honest either to me or to your duty."

Johnny felt dazed and angry. He had no gift of argument.

"Then I'll catch him," he said

Without another word he went down to his canoe, launched it on the sluggish stream, and paddled away. He felt very unhappy. He thought of the joyousness of the morning with miserable wonder.

It was six o'clock in the evening when he reached the mouth of the Oromocto. He ran the canoe ashore, climbed the bank, and entered the village, having decided to spend the night there and commence his campaign against Abner Quinn next day. He would catch that old fox with the goods on him, and then, perhaps, Edith would come to her senses.

In spite of the hour, which was that of the evening meal, an air of alertness pervaded the village. Driscoll's store was crowded with men and women.

"What's the excitement?" asked Baxter.

"There's a bunch of militia officers here at the hotel," said Driscoll. "They're goin' to hold a meetin' in the Orange Hall to-night, and ask the young fellers to sign on to fight the Germans."

"That so," returned Baxter.

He stood silent and motionless for nearly half a minute, staring intently at the store-keeper's waistcoat without seeing it.

"To fight the Germans?" he said at last. "Well, I guess a man who goes to fight the Germans isn't making much of a mistake."

Then he left the store and walked quickly to the hotel. He found Major Brown and Captains Mitchell and Sprig smoking their pipes in the office, and waiting for the supper-bell to ring.

"I can't come to your meetin' to-night, so I want to swear in and sign on right here," he said.

The officers were delighted. They took Baxter upstairs.

"Your name tops the list for Sunbury County," said the Major, after the oath had been administered and the papers filled in. "Good work, Johnny Baxter! From now on you'll punish the Germans for breaking the laws of humanity, instead of hunting light-triggered farmers and Indians for breaking the game laws. I feel confident that you will do your duty as a soldier as thoroughly and fearlessly as you have always done it as a game-warden. Report to the officer in command at Fredericton before to-morrow night."

From the hotel Johnny marched off to the home of Squire Gill. He felt at once relief, bewilderment, and sorrow for what he had already done and for what he had yet to do. He stuck out his chest, though his heart was heavy.

"You'll have to appoint a new warden, Squire," he said to the magistrate. "I'm off to try a fall with the Kaiser."

What the Squire said matters no more to this story than it did at the time to Johnny Baxter.

Fifteen minutes later the premier recruit of Sunbury County found himself beside his canoe. His feet had carried him to this spot without any help from his confused wits. He launched the canoe, embarked, and again headed up the sluggish Oromocto.

He plied his paddle automatically. His thoughts were on Edith Quinn, on injustice, on love, on war—on almost everything under heaven but the business in hand. And so it happened that, in the act of avoiding a black snag of water-logged timber that stuck up from the bed of the stream, he lost his grip on the paddle. He had no second paddle aboard, but only a pole. This pole was not a correct canoe-pole, but an iron-shod pike-pole, tipped and spurred with long spikes. He should have turned immediately and recovered the paddle, but the one thought in his feverish mind was to continue his journey up-stream without an instant's pause. So he swung close inshore, stood up, and plied the pole. The bed of the river was deep, clinging mud, and his progress was slow.

Night had settled down on the Oromocto when Johnny Baxter had at last reached

Abner Quinn's front. It was at this point that he nearly pulled himself into the river in trying to withdraw the pole. He regained his equilibrium with a sharp effort. He braced himself and pulled again. But the pole held fast in the hidden depths. He moved forward to the middle bar of the canoe, crouched, and lifted cautiously on the pole. It gave a little, but did not come away. Then he knew that the spikes were foul of something or other. He twisted the pole this way and that, but failed to get it clear. Then he put his back into it and hoisted straight and steady.

"I'll have a look at it, whatever it is, seeing as I can't drop it," he said.

With the canoe listed sharply, but steady as a barge, he brought the pole straight up, hand over hand, close against the gunnel. At last something rubbed softly against the bottom of the canoe. He held the pole with his left hand, and thrust his right arm deep into the black water. His hand encountered a mass of rope and sacking entangled about the spikes. He worked it free, gripped it tight, and let the pole fall into the canoe. Then, with both hands on the tangle of sodden rope, he hoisted with a will, leaning far back so as not to overturn the canoe. A shapeless mass swam reluctantly to the surface. He pulled it aboard, struck a match, and looked at it. It had been wrapped in old potato sacks and weighed down with odds and ends of iron; but the sacks had been sadly displaced by the tearings and twistings of the spikes. The thing was the head of a full-grown cow-moose.

"Blast his eyes!" exclaimed Johnny Baxter.

II.

BAXTER knew that this was the head of the same animal of which he had seen a leg and a hoof that morning.

He went ashore, detached the rusty iron sinkers from the head, then made his way to the farmhouse, carrying the damning trophy along with him by a hairy ear. He entered the lamp-lit kitchen without knocking, closed the door behind him, and deposited his dripping burden at his feet. He said not a word. For the life of him he could not think of a word to say. His mind was a blank, his heart was an aching void.

Every member of the family was in the room, and every eye became fixed upon that wet and daunting mass at Baxter's feet. Mrs. Quinn looked, groaned, then bowed forward in her chair and covered her bloodless face with her thin hands. Edith stared, bewildered and incredulous. Abner licked his dry lips and got slowly to his feet. His lean and rat-like face was the colour of putty, but there was a light of menace and derision, and no fear, in his glowing eyes.

"So that's what you was after!" he cried. "So that's what brought you here—spyin' around to catch me, and pretendin' to be after my daughter! Well, you've found it, and now what do you mean to do about it?"

Baxter looked at the girl.

"I found it by accident, a few minutes ago," he said. "I wasn't lookin' for it, nor for anything like it! I come up this morning with my eyes shut, to ask you to marry me, and you know what you said. But, marry me or not, your father's dirty tricks are nothing to me now. I ain't game-warden for Sunbury County now. I'm sworn in for a soldier, to go and fight the Germans. Signed on just about supper-time, in the village, and then come back to say good-bye, and dug this up when I was landing."

Abner backed to his chair and sat down heavily. A tint of blood returned to his cheeks.

Edith stood up, regarding the ex-warden with dilated but clouded eyes. She advanced two paces, then paused, then advanced again. She halted within arm's length of him.

"I am sorry," she whispered. "I didn't know. Honest, I didn't know. I was a fool!"

"What does it matter?" said Baxter. "He's safe now, for all of me. I can't deny what he is, any more than I could when you asked me to, but I can quit the country and leave him to break the laws undisturbed. And that's what I'm doing—to-morrow."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. She turned slowly, swaying a little, and then Baxter stepped forward and enclosed her slender shoulders in a desperate, unstudied embrace.

"But I love you!" he exclaimed. "Do you care—at all?"

She turned in his arms at that, and so they were face to face. For a second their glances held, and then she bowed her head. Her arms stole up, her hands fluttered on his shoulders, then clasped behind his neck.

"It may be a year before I come back," he whispered. "It may be longer . . . . I'm going to fight . . . . It's a—chancy game—I guess."

And then Mrs. Quinn motioned to Abner and the boy Peter. The three went noiselessly away, leaving the lovers and the head of the unlawfully slaughtered moose alone in the lamp-lit kitchen.

MORE KIN THAN KIND

By ELLEN ADA SMITH

Illustrated by Harold Copping

THERE was consternation in the Morgan household because of an undercurrent of mystery which created an uneasy atmosphere. For somehow it was forced upon them that Uncle Walter, whose life had appeared such a transparency, was keeping a secret. Divers letters in strange handwritings came for him, which he perused in private, while a certain air of guilt, entirely strange to him, pervaded his efforts to answer the postman's knock himself, which he was seldom allowed to do, as his brother's wife had a keen curiosity, and Uncle Walter was considered the private property of the whole household.

The mere fact that he paid his way, with very few shillings over, made him, to a certain extent, an object of their charity, or so they felt, and there was condescension in their attitude towards him on that account. For nothing so begets high moral grounds as feeding, even for a consideration, the poor relation.

But they were very fond of him, too—much fonder than they realised. In a sense, too, they were rather proud of him, for whereas Philip Morgan, fifteen years Walter's junior, plodded on as a bank clerk, with little or no chance of becoming manager, the elder man was on the staff of a weekly journal, and a regular contributor. Nobody at Sunrise Crescent, Peckham, took the trouble to read what he wrote, but they felt vaguely that such an occupation was genteel and above the average, even if the emoluments were not large. The practical Philip affected to despise its precariousness, and to deem it the busy idleness of a fine gentleman; but secretly his vicarious association with letters rather pleased him, and he would boast somewhat to his acquaintances about "my brother Walter, who writes for *The Domino*."

And now, instead of being grateful and confiding for all mercies vouchsafed, Uncle Walter was turning secretive, and by no means exhibiting that intimate frankness which the family considered its due. Even the children noticed it, and little Maidie, the only girl, who was first favourite with Uncle Walter, could not understand his grievous preoccupation, which appeared to make him forgetful and half oblivious of her.

"Walter has something on his mind," Philip's wife said to him, not for the first time. "I am as sure of it as I stand here. If he was younger, I should almost think he was in love. I am not sure even now that he isn't, although he made such a fuss over losing his wife."

Mrs. Philip Morgan was a pretty woman, and domestically a very clever one, but she had a way of putting things which often jarred painfully upon the somewhat sensitive Walter, and even her husband, better bred, or less voluble, which may amount to the same thing, occasionally toned down the exuberance of her expressions.

"Draw it mild, Hetty! There is no romance about poor old Walter at this time of day. Perhaps he is ill, or worried."

"Oh, of course I know it is ridiculous to fall in love when you can't keep a wife, but Walter never was worldly wise. And it can't be illness which makes him fly out to intercept the postman and snatch the letters from him. And he seems to get such a lot, too!"

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Philip smiled the twisted smile of the man who has his pipe firmly between his teeth. "Hardly the love-letter sort—the few I've sampled. And the handwriting's too mixed, to say nothing of typing. I suppose there is something up. Perhaps some of his wife's people want to look him up—only he would have told us in that case."

"I think he ought to tell us in any case," answered Hetty, with almost angry decision. "We do our very best for him, and he ought to have no secrets from us. It isn't right that he should, especially as *we* tell him everything."

For so possessive had their attitude become towards Walter Morgan, that the woman at least quite thought that any reservations of his were not only unkind, but also unlawful in one who was getting such substantial comfort in return for the modest sum he paid.

Perhaps she failed to realise why it was their habit to tell Uncle Walter everything, or to understand, until she had to do without it, how his quiet counsel and sympathy helped to oil the household wheels and keep them from harsh grating. He was really the angel in the house, if they had only known it—but who does know it until the visitation is past?—and his influence, like his music, had a benign influence. Not that he was a taught or skilled musician—far from it—but he played simple things with feeling and taste, and in winter twilights he would thrum merry mazurkas and the like, while Maidie danced in and out of the shadows, with the firelight glinting on her fair hair. For Maidie and Uncle Walter were sworn allies, and if her pet kitten wanted a little extra milk which was not in the appointed diet chart, it was Uncle Walter who would find the sesame key to the milk-jug; if she herself lacked anything that it was in his power to get her, she had never to weary him with importunity.

And then the clouds which had been gathering for weeks over No. 6, Sunrise Crescent, burst suddenly into a thunder-clap. Uncle Walter announced at supper that he intended—that it was advisable, indeed, for him—to go away for a time.

He was rather a handsome man—far handsomer than his younger brother, who was of the British bull-dog type—and just then the uneasy flush on his face, instead of its usual pallor, made him very striking-looking. Philip would sometimes make sarcastic reference to him as quite the gentleman of the family, but too genteel to have the push and drive necessary in the battle of life. More than once lately Hetty had alluded to poverty and pride—which in Walter's case meant reticence—as incompatibles. But she had not said it to his face—not yet!

After the thunder-clap came the ominous pause which usually occurs in Nature, and then the woman spoke disagreeably.

"And where may you be going, if it isn't a liberty to ask?"

And, despite his obvious uneasiness, he answered her with the courtesy which had muzzled her free speech and turned away her wrath a thousand times. But then, of course, nothing so untoward as this had ever happened before.

"It is no liberty, Hetty. How could it be? I am thinking of going to—to Blackpool. My lumbago has been troubling me of late, and I am recommended to—Blackpool."

Was Uncle Walter lying? If so, he was doing it hopelessly badly. Besides, lumbago, like murder, can with difficulty be hidden, and, although he had been looking pale and troubled lately, no one had observed a limp in his gait.

"If you really *are* suffering from lumbago," suggested Philip, with dry suspicion, "I should have thought some sort of spa more in your line. I couldn't spend a month at Blackpool; I should be deafened with the noise."

"And you will find it very expensive," chimed in Hetty. "You will have to pay double what you do here, and have far less comfort."

Both these speeches made him wince; but he had imposed reservations on himself, or, rather, they had imposed themselves, and he could be strong in silence.

"I know," he said patiently. "I quite understand that among strangers I shall not meet with the same kindness that I experience here; but all such considerations must yield to the demands of—of health."

He spoke with an air of finality, although he played very nervously with his bread. He felt, as only the sensitive can do, the cold atmosphere of displeasure and consternation which was enveloping him.

"When do you go," asked the housewife, "and how long do you think of staying?"

Walter's uneasy flush deepened unmistakably. "I cannot say exactly how long—that will depend on how I get on. I am expected—at least, I want to get there—to-morrow."

The suddenness of this was a secondary shock, almost as violent as the first. Philip whistled an entirely false note, and Hetty's flushed anger turned pale.

"You can't go to-morrow," she said sharply; "your things are not home from the wash."

He looked at her in a pained way, for she had always been Martha to him and never Mary, although she had often followed his counsel.

"Never mind, dear; it does not matter. I must do without, or get others."

It was just a man's vague way of shuffling out of a discussion which was painful to him. They thought it so sinfully extravagant, that the same suspicion flashed into both their minds. The not entirely unexpected had happened—Walter had come into money, and was leaving in order to better himself. Not only this, he was taking a very abrupt departure in order to avoid pertinent questioning and the possible discomfort of being found out. Neither of them voiced this suspicion, for hitherto there had been something about Walter, a gentle uprightness and probity of conduct, which had won their respect and affection far more than they realised. The meal was finished in bitter silence—very quickly finished after that—and as Walter Morgan left the room, he buttoned his coat over nervously, something as a man might who wanted none to see that he had been wounded. The two, left alone, looked at each other, and their mutual suspicions fused themselves into a moral certainty. Philip nodded darkly and forgot to light his after-supper pipe. "Hetty, I expect his sister-in-law has died and left him money. She was rich as blazes, and she always said she would remember Walter in her will, because he had been such a kind husband to her sister. Walter used to laugh, because she was ten years younger. I remember now seeing her name in the obituary column, but it is such a very common one that I never gave it a second thought. Well, I thought I knew the world well enough not to be much surprised at anything, but I must confess I thought better of my brother."

There were tears in Hetty's eyes, but they were tears of anger and indignation. "And to think he has been living almost on our charity, as you might say! For where else could he have got the comfort that he gets here for so little money? He has been more than willing to share his poverty with us, but when it comes to his prosperity—no, thank you! He must go off and have it all to himself. And to be so secret and underhand about it all!"

"That is just because he is so thoroughly ashamed of himself, and I don't wonder. And now I suppose he is going to enjoy himself and spend his money, whilst we can go to the workhouse, for all he cares!"

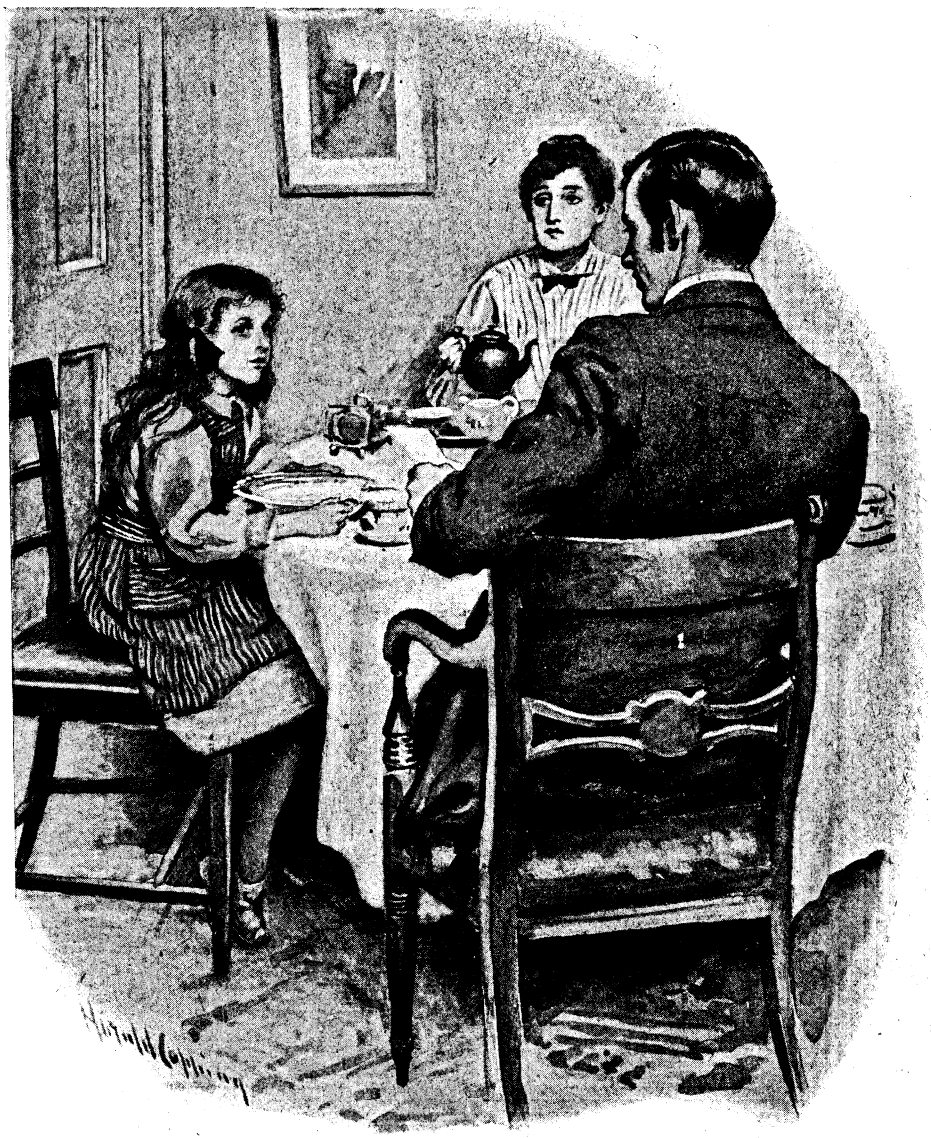
This was merely the exaggeration of bitter feeling, for Philip Morgan and his family had no nearer prospects of the workhouse than any other prudent, thrifty people in a like position. But they were grievously hurt and offended, and from them Walter received but a frosty farewell. He himself appeared both pale and agitated; but they thought it was the agitation of a guilty conscience, and only Maidie knew, as she clung to him in tears, with what a passion of tenderness her kisses were returned, nor how hard he found it to set her gently down and hurry away. For they had told the child that he was only going for a few days—they dared not say otherwise.

After his departure, which seemed to leave such a wonderful, stunned blank in the house, they found that he had left a month's money in lieu of a longer notice, also gifts. They were not expensive gifts for a man who had come into money, but they included all, even Maidie's kitten, which was presented with a little wool ball.

Philip alluded sarcastically to the money as "conscience money," and flung the kitten's ball contemptuously on the fire. For in going Walter had not left only that blank which the removal of a kindly presence always leaves, but already they had filled it up to overflowing with jealousy and bitterness of spirit. The place left empty had its evil possessions, and although they were, in the main, God-fearing and honest people, the evil weeds planted themselves and grew with them, just as they sprang up in the little garden which Walter had kept so neat and full of flowers. For not until his departure did they realise a tithe of those services which he had rendered, not in return for material comfort, but because he was fond of his brother and his brother's family. Only by his absence and the things left undone could they realise how he had much more than paid his way, and the glaring inconsistencies of the past and present Walter confounded them every day.

For Philip Morgan had verified the fact of the sister-in-law's death, although she had died abroad. Putting two and two together after his shrewd and suspicious

fashion, there could be little doubt that, as an extremely rich widow with a free hand, she had fulfilled her word, and left Walter handsomely provided for, and that, in order to escape sharing a prosperity and said nothing of coming back, and this omission caused fiercer heartburnings at every fresh occasion. The breakfast table was additionally gloomy when these missives arrived, and the skeleton abandoned his



"'Isn't Uncle Walter coming home?'"

thereby making it less, he had retired, like another Jack Horner, to eat his plums by himself.

He wrote fairly often and always kindly, although his letters were brief and lacked all details of a personal nature. Above all, he cupboard, if he had ever had the decency to retire there, which is doubtful.

"He says nothing about his lumbago," said Philip, on one of these occasions, with a sarcastic laugh which was no laugh at all. "I expect he has forgotten he was ever

supposed to have had it. Good address that—Marina Court; I am told it's the most swell part in all Blackpool."

"Such ingratitude to squander his money like that!" exclaimed his wife bitterly. "But I suppose it is a case of the beggar on horseback, and that, when he has spent it all, he will be thankful to come back here again—if we let him!"

But Philip was not without his family pride, which, despite righteous anger, rather smarted at this contemptuous summing up of his own brother.

"Hang it all, Hetty, Walter was never a beggar—he always paid his way, and more than paid it, as you know. He may be behaving with beastly selfishness, but we mustn't overshoot the mark."

But what angry, hurt woman ever hesitates about overshooting the mark? Certainly not Hetty Morgan, who could have put the money that was being squandered at Blackpool to a hundred good and useful purposes.

"He has behaved *shamefully*," she asserted, "and if he ever wants to come back, I think we should treat him as he has treated us, and keep the door shut!"

It was Maidie who interrupted here—Maidie, who had never danced since there was no Uncle Walter to play for her.

"Isn't Uncle Walter coming home?" she almost wailed. "Won't he *ever* come?"

And then she burst into deep, unchildlike sobs which frightened them all, for Maidie had been very silent lately, with all her grief pent up and unspoken. They comforted her as best they could, and agreed among themselves that they must be more guarded in the future, because the child was fretting and growing thin.

When Walter had been gone three months, and a Bank Holiday was imminent, Philip made a sudden suggestion to his wife that they should take an advertised cheap excursion to Blackpool and look Walter up.

He made the suggestion rather shamefacedly, but Hetty accepted it eagerly. For avid curiosity, the desire to pounce upon the culprit red-handed, so to speak, and underneath, buried deep in bitterness and envy, real and wounded affection impelled them both upon this adventure.

"Only we mustn't tell Maidie," Philip warned her. "She would break her heart if she knew, and we left her behind."

"I wouldn't dare tell her," answered Hetty, whose mother's heart was very heavy concerning her little daughter. "Walter will have something to answer for—the way he has treated that child. And, of course, we will not trespass on his hospitality—we will take sandwiches."

So, armed with sandwiches, they got up at dawn on an uncomfortable spring morning, and found themselves at Blackpool about midday, with the wind blowing tempestuously and a pandemonium of pleasure reigning, in which they could scarcely hear themselves speak.

"How a man like my brother, who hates noise and bustle, can exist in a place like this beats me," remarked Morgan. "I should have thought it would have driven him mad. And now for Marina Court."

There was no difficulty in finding Marina Court—it was so magnificent and so central, in the best part of the town. The ground floor of the hotel consisted of handsome shops, and the number they were in search of was a library and stationer's shop. But when they asked for the man they wanted, the assistant could give them little information.

"Mr. Walter Morgan does not live here nor in the hotel. He merely has his letters addressed here, and calls for them. I cannot tell you his real address."

Conscious of being intruders, because the shop was not really open, they retreated, feeling checkmated, and up against more perfidy on the part of the plutocrat, who had so entrenched himself behind his new prosperity that he was not even to be found.

"Phil," cried his wife half affrightedly, "I begin to fear he is in bad company; it certainly looks like it."

"Nonsense!" answered Philip, with sharp irritation. "Prosperity may have spoilt him—I fear that it has—but Walter was never *that* sort of cad. Women have no sense of proportion."

They wandered irresolutely and miserably about, not knowing what they should do, until a sharp shower of hail and sleet put an end to their hesitation. Taking his wife's arm, Philip drew her under shelter.

"Come in here. We will pay for two seats. It will be cheaper than getting drenched."

They found themselves in the obscurity of a very third-rate picture palace, with lurid melodrama depicted on the screen, which was helped out by descriptive music from an ancient piano. When the loud pedal was most in action, Mars usually held

the stage. When treble arpeggios tried to suggest a softness that was not sharp, love-making of a somewhat florid description relieved the martial tension. But the chance patrons, nonplussed and chagrined, had no interest in the proceedings. They were too dejected to eat their sandwiches, or even confer with one another as to how the miserable day was to be dragged out until the return train at midnight. Looking anywhere but at the paltry performance, which jarred upon her, Hetty's wandering eyes fell indifferently upon the provider of the music, who was banging hard to get some tone out of his hopeless instrument. Suddenly her indifferent eyes narrowed into a close scrutiny, and the nervous tension of her hand on Philip's arm startled him.

"Philip, the man who is playing the piano—he's *Walter!*"

Still more startled, Philip tried to peer through the gloom towards the piano with its half-shaded lights. But his daily custom of close ledger work had not left him the good eyesight which was Hetty's. He could discern the figure, but not much detail, until, with nervous haste, he produced his glasses and put them on. After taking a good look, he drew a deep breath of relief before scolding his wife for her silly imaginings.

"For a moment you gave me quite a shock. He may be something of Walter's style, but he is bent and old—years older than my brother!"

"Philip, *can't* you see? It *is* Walter!"

She insisted under such stress that he could doubt no longer, and his business mind, which had been led away by personal rancour, leapt to the truth—quite a simple, everyday truth for many.

"Then he must have lost his job! Good Heavens! Imagine Walter reduced to thumping that execrable piano for five or six hours every day in an atmosphere like this! No wonder the poor chap looks ill! Why upon earth didn't he tell us?"

He was greatly troubled, but Hetty was speechless. Perhaps, with a woman's finer intuitions, she understood why Walter, in his proud, shy poverty, had withdrawn himself from the charity which might have been so cold, in order to preserve his independence, even by a daily penance that must have been an abhorrence to him, to say nothing of its unwholesomeness.

"Then I suppose that woman hasn't left him a penny, after all her promises," said Philip, in a low, fierce whisper, "and she rolling in money! I suppose we must sit this beastly thing out before we can get at him."

They had to; but almost before he had sounded the last execrable chords of the National Anthem, they were upon him, and in the moment of his recognition the blood rushed to his face, and again there was that nervous movement of his hands, as though he winced aside from a sharp and curious gaze upon his wounds. All three were painfully agitated, but, after the first shock, Walter seemed to draw that quiet self-possession about him which had made them seek his counsel and kindness in any difficulty. Taking a hand of each, he spoke to them both.

"In one way I am delighted to see you. I should have been glad every way if I could have given you a better welcome."

Philip's grip positively hurt him, but Hetty's hand was trembling, for she saw how ill and changed he was. She also saw, with an indescribable pang, the same stricken look upon his face which had made them so anxious about Maidie, who never danced now.

"The welcome is good enough for us," returned Philip very gruffly. "Is there any hole and corner in this place where we can hear ourselves speak?"

"Yes. Come to my rooms and have a cup of tea."

The rooms were not far off, nor in an expensive locality; but little was said until their comparative privacy was reached, and then Philip could keep silence no longer. He even banged an agitated fist upon a table hardly constituted to bear it.

"What is the meaning of this absurd nonsense? And why did you run off at a few hours' notice, leaving us to think all sorts of things? Did you lose your regular job? For, come to think of it, I haven't seen *The Domino* about on the stalls lately."

His anxiety was so plain that Walter, sensitive alike to coldness and renewed affection, could take no offence.

"You are right," he answered quietly. "*The Domino* has gone, with other old-fashioned publications, and, as I am old-fashioned, too, I had to take what I could get."

"Nonsense! You are a clever chap with your pen, and you can still do freelance work, even if it is a bit more uncertain. And do you mean to tell me that Eliza Hunt never left you a penny, after all her promises?"

"Eliza Hunt? My sister-in-law? Why, I did not even know that she was dead!"

"She has been dead for months—more shame to her! Well, Walter, the long and short of it is that you return to Peckham with us to-night. We won't hear anything different, will we, Hetty?"

And Hetty, already contemplating good beef-tea and beaten-up eggs, assented with a vigorous nod, for her lips were trembling. Looking from one to the other, Walter saw into their hearts—deep down to where the love was.

He had not known how much was there for him; neither had they, until the call had wakened it. The expression of his thanks showed him deeply touched, but Philip himself, with his more dogged nature, could not have been firmer. He would remain where he was and do the thing he could do, in order to live without being a burden to any.

"As a freelance I might earn my bread and cheese," he told them, "but most likely I should not, and at my age I can't run risks. I am even able to put a little by, so I shall continue as I am until——"

"Until you kill yourself!" burst in Hetty rather wildly. "You must come back, if only for Maidie's sake, for she is ill with grief. She looks almost as ill as you do. You must come back! The house has never been right since you left, has it, Philip?"

"The house has been beastly," answered Philip, low, "and we've been beastly, too!"

Hetty turned desperately to the obdurate one, and although her face was red and fierce, he had never seen it so genuinely moved.

"Aye, that's true! Uncle Walter, you shall know the worst of us—the very worst! We thought you had come into money, and taken your prosperity and yourself away from us. We thought you had been willing to share your poverty with us, but not your wealth. We've said unkind things about you in Maidie's hearing, and, unless you come back with us, she will never know or understand how sorry we are—how much we love you. Nothing will ever be right again unless you come back and—and forgive us!"

So, in Maidie's name, they conquered, although Walter would not leave the employment he loathed without a proper notice. A week later he heard, through the official medium of a leisurely solicitor, that Eliza Hunt, who had died worth thirty thousand pounds, had left him seven of those thousands. Perhaps it was well for all concerned that this information had arrived somewhat tardily, for the flowers soon flourished again in the little Peckham garden after the return of Maidie and Uncle Walter from a farmhouse ten miles from a railway station.

JULY.

I CAME on July as she lay
Sleeping in the fields to-day.
The wheat-blades green
Peeped out between
The scarlet folds of her bright dress,
And trembled at their wantonness.

June upon her bosom threw
The roses Time could not renew.
April's laughter
Echoed after
The May-time song of youthful love,
Memory's faithfulness to prove.

But she lay unmoved by all
These memories that would enthrall
Her peaceful heart,
And so impart
A grief for beauty gone, which is
The deepest of life's miseries.

Then through the open gate there strode
August with his harvest load,
Woke July
With his cry,
Took her hand and lit her eyes
With his fruitful promises!

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY

By MARGARET PEDLER

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon

SOMEWHERE a clock played a little chiming tune, following it up by nine silvery strokes, as Brent Latimer let himself into his house with his latchkey. He was a tall, grave-looking man, some forty-three or four years of age, and his keen, hawk-like eyes, jutting-out chin, and firm-closed mouth, with its sensitive corners, all denoted a certain quiet determination of character.

At the sound of his entrance an elderly man-servant hurried forward from the rear of the dimly-lit hall, and proceeded to help his master off with his rain-soaked overcoat.

"Mrs. Latimer out to-night?" queried Brent.

"No, sir. Mrs. Latimer dined at home this evening. She is upstairs now, and she has just sent down a message saying she would like to see you when you came in."

Brent nodded.

"All right. Dinner for me in half an hour, Burton. I'll get a bath first. Munitions"—smiling briefly—"make one in a devil of a mess."

When he had bathed and dined, Brent made his way upstairs, pausing outside one of the second-floor rooms. From within came the sound of hands lightly clapped together, followed by that of a pretty, petulant voice exclaiming—

"They're the very thing! But, oh, Fanchette, what a price!".

The clear, rather high-pitched tones reminded Brent of the silvery voice of the clock that had greeted his arrival; they had the same shallow note, sweetly metallic.

He frowned, and, rapping irritably upon the door, opened it brusquely as someone bade him enter.

The room within was ablaze with lights, and in front of a big oval mirror sat his wife, her head thrown back admiringly, while between her lifted hands swung and glittered a necklace of some vivid green stones linked together by a dull gold chain. Behind her chair stood her maid, shrewdly demure.

As Brent entered, his wife half turned towards him, holding the necklace up to her throat, the big stones gleaming like green fire against the white skin.

"Look, Brent!" she cried. "Did you ever see anything more lovely? And don't they suit me well?"

They did. The crease between Brent's brows deepened as his eyes absorbed the picture before him.

The electric lights were blazing down upon the woman seated opposite the mirror, but even from beneath their crucial glare her beauty emerged triumphant. In her warm, red-brown hair there shone another of the great green jewels like those of which the necklace was composed, and a dull gold snake, with a similar stone sunk into its flat head, encircled either rounded arm. Taken in conjunction with her gown, heavily embroidered with gold thread and curious, opalescent beads, the whole effect was barbarically resplendent.

Brent spoke sharply.

"What are you doing? What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"I'm choosing some ornaments for my Cleopatra costume," replied his wife, indicating with a gesture of her small, ringed hand the jeweller's tray of specimens that rested on a table beside her, its contents flecked with little, twinkling points of light.

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"Your Cleopatra costume? I don't understand," Brent said slowly.

"Oh, stupid! For the big Red Cross bazaar. I'm taking the Egyptian stall, and all the stall-holders are to be in costume."

"And you propose buying those things"—with a jerk of his hand he indicated the gems she was wearing—"for the occasion?"

"Yes"—airily. "Have you any objection?"

"Every objection. This is not a time to be spending money on new jewellery. Surely you must realise that?"

She smiled his argument aside.

"Oh, but this is for a good cause. I told you, it's in aid of the Red Cross."

"You won't be helping the Red Cross much by spending several hundred pounds at the jeweller's," observed Brent grimly.

His wife's slim body tautened perceptibly, and a little spark lit itself in each of her warm, tawny-brown eyes.

"You think not?" she answered lightly. "Well, I'm going to do it, all the same."

"You're not!" exclaimed Brent, with sudden violence. "I forbid it."

She raised her eyebrows disdainfully.

"You—forbid it? Oh"—as she caught sight of the listening maid's reflection in the mirror—"you may go, Fanchette." Then, when the door had closed upon the reluctant maid: "You—forbid it, did you say?"

"Yes," retorted Brent, "I do. Look here, Claire, you're a well-known beauty, I'm aware, and as such you've been allowed a lot of rope—a deuce of a lot too much, as I'm beginning to realise. You spend money like water, and you live for nothing else in the world but your own amusement and pleasure. Your one aim in life appears to be to pander to your reputation as 'the beautiful Mrs. Latimer.'"

"Well?" she inquired delicately, as he paused for breath. "And what is all this rigmarole leading up to?"

"It's leading up to a full stop," asserted Brent significantly. "I'll have no more of it. This is not the moment for extravagance and folly. We're at war, and every decent-minded woman realises it. Butterflies like you are at a discount these days."

"But I've told you," she said fretfully, "these"—touching the green jewels with caressing fingers—"are for the Red Cross bazaar."

"You mean the Red Cross bazaar is to serve as an excuse for buying them. But I won't pay for them. Tell Fanchette to pack them up and return them."

Claire rose and stood at bay.

"I'll pay for them myself, sooner!" she cried excitedly. "I *must* have them!"

"Pay for them yourself?" repeated Brent. "I think not." He drew a slip of paper from his pocket and unfolded it. "I've just heard from the bank that your personal account is overdrawn much beyond the limit I gave you."

"Well"—sullenly—"I suppose you can place some more money to my credit?"

Brent's keen grey eyes assumed a curious steely glint.

"No," he said, with decision, "not unless you will agree to return those ornaments."

Claire's small hands clenched themselves.

"Oh," she exclaimed, in a stifled voice, "you are mean—*mean!*"

Brent was silent a moment. When he spoke again, there was a new note in his voice—a note of entreaty.

"Claire," he said, "you know it is not meanness that makes me refuse you. Oh, my dear, can't you understand? It is that now—now, when we're up against the big realities of war and all the suffering it brings, I can't bear to see you still absorbed in all these rotten, trivial things—costumes and jewellery and the like. No one cares two straws nowadays whether you're 'the beautiful Mrs. Latimer' or not, or whether your costume at the Red Cross bazaar is going to beat everybody else's to a frazzle or not. All that matters is what you can do to help—what use you can be."

Claire stared at him with contemptuous astonishment.

"Really, Brent, you are absurd! Do you suppose that I'm going to alter my whole mode of life because our country is at war?"

"I hoped you might," he answered simply. "I hoped you might cease devoting all your thoughts to dressing up and enjoying yourself, and—and become a real woman, instead of a soulless doll!" he finished up, passionately in earnest.

His wife regarded him unmoved.

"You're very complimentary," she said derisively. "I wonder why you married—such a soulless doll?"

"You weren't like that when I married you, Claire," he answered very low. "You were as fresh and sweet as a bunch of spring flowers. It's this cursed artificial Society life that has spoilt you." He looked at her eagerly, as though hoping for some response to his thought, but her expression was quite indifferent.

"Perhaps you would like me to take up munition work," she suggested sneeringly,

"and go down to the factory with you every morning? It would be a touching picture, wouldn't it? 'Mr. and Mrs. Brent Latimer setting off together to do their bit!'"

He glanced at her delicate beauty and slender, useless-looking hands, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "I shouldn't recommend munition work. I don't even ask you to take up *any* work," he continued earnestly. "You can help in another way. Only check your extravagance—help to husband the resources of your country."

Claire shrugged her shoulders angrily.

"Oh, don't preach! If only you were a pretty woman, you'd understand the absolute necessity for frocks and jewellery and things. However, of course"—bitterly—"you hold the purse-strings, so I shall have to let those ornaments go back to Thorow and Good's to-morrow, I suppose."

Brent looked at his wife a moment in silence. Then very quietly he left the room.

Alone in his own study, smoking a last pipe, he let his thoughts slip back across the years to the time when he had first met Claire Westerbrook. He had been spending a holiday fishing in the West Country, and had chanced to put up at the village where Claire's father was established as the local doctor. Owing to an accident, by which he had contrived to embed a fish-hook in the fleshy part of his thumb, Brent perforce had had to avail himself of Dr. Westerbrook's services, and thus the acquaintance was begun.

Like many country practitioners, Westerbrook was hard put to it to make both ends meet, and when, after an acquaintance of only three weeks' duration, Brent had presented himself in the guise of a suitor for his eldest's daughter's hand, the doctor had thankfully given his sanction to the marriage.

In those days Claire had been, as Brent declared, as fresh and sweet as a bunch of spring flowers. But the change from small means to unbounded wealth, from the simplicity of village life to the social whirl of London, where her rare, exotic type of beauty had secured for her unstinted admiration—and equally unstinted jealousy—had transformed the lass from the country into a typical Society woman, avid of flattery and amusement, always seeking to outshine the others of her sex, and wildly extravagant in the means she took to gratify these aims.

Whatever love she may have had for her husband seemed to have gone down in the general shipwreck of her good impulses, and Brent was conscious that the years of their married life had gradually set them ever further apart from each other instead of drawing them closer together. Unwillingly he had had to stand by and watch his wife making an idol of her own beauty.

When the War had come, with its ruthless overthrowing of habit and recognised values, he had experienced a sudden hope that, plunged like the rest of the nation into the crucible of burning realities, Claire might yet find herself and learn the true fulfilment of her womanhood.

But as the weeks slipped by and added themselves to months, he realised that her spirit was as untouched by the world upheaval as is the body of a diver, cased in his diving kit, by the deep waters around him.

Serenely unmoved, she went her way, merely adapting, with a pliant genius peculiarly her own, the changed circumstances into fresh excuses for the spending of money and the adornment of her person.

Brent stifled a sigh as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. If even the iron horror of war had failed to waken the soul within her, he wondered bitterly what other more crucial means remained.

II.

MRS. LATIMER stepped out of her landaulette and disappeared a little furtively into Thorow and Good's establishment.

The jewellery submitted had all been returned, in accordance with her husband's orders; but, nevertheless, Claire had no smallest intention of renouncing the big green stones upon which she had set her heart.

Messrs. Thorow and Good, comfortably assured of Brent Latimer's sound financial standing, raised no difficulties over the matter of deferred payment. They were well aware how often their fair clients ran their banking accounts to a temporary halt, and when, as in this case, they knew that there was a husband in the background whose enormous rent-roll was a solid and indubitable fact, they were prepared to extend an almost unlimited credit.

So, after a brief and pleasant colloquy with the suave and sympathetic Mr. Thorow, Claire tripped out of the big jeweller's shop with a smallish package clasped in her hand, stepped into her car once more, and gave the order "Home, and drive quickly!"

Bond Street, however, was, as usual, very crowded, and the chauffeur was able to

make but slow progress. As he approached Piccadilly, the tide of traffic from the west came surging forward to join the stream pouring out of Bond Street, and a constable was standing ready to raise his hand and stem the flow of the narrower line of cars and carriages. There was just one chance of slipping through before the autocratic arm of the law went up, and Claire's chauffeur, mindful of his imperious mistress's injunction, put on a sudden spurt and shot into Piccadilly, expecting to clear the motor omnibus that was lumbering up at a good swinging pace on his right.

But in some unaccountable way he miscalculated his distance, and the next moment there came the grinding of brakes applied too late, followed by a sickening crash, as the smart private car crumpled up beneath the impact of the heavier vehicle.

Claire was conscious of an instant's blinding pain, as something struck her violently across the face, and then a merciful darkness closed about her, blotting out all sense of thought and feeling.

III.

It was many weeks before Claire was able to emerge from the tendance of doctors and nurses. A broken nose was one of the lesser injuries she had reaped from the accident which had befallen her. Far more serious was the injury to her eyes, and for some time the great oculist consulted had despaired of saving their sight.

At length, however, skill and science conquered, and Claire was told that her vision would be unimpaired. She laughed rather feebly.

"I'm glad to hear it," she had replied. "I should have looked a pleasing object in big black goggles!"

Brent Latimer winced as he heard her answer, recognising that the old self-conscious vanity was still as keen and vital as ever. Indeed, as soon as she was well enough to take an interest in anything beyond her own pain, Claire's first query had been regarding her appearance.

"Shall I be disfigured?" she had asked, her fingers sensitively seeking the bandages that swathed her face.

"Oh, we'll hope not," the nurse had answered cheerfully. "Of course, there'll be a mark for a little time, but it will soon disappear. You must give the doctor credit for patching you up better than that, Mrs. Latimer."

When at last the bandages were finally removed, Claire's instant demand was for a mirror. But the autocratic little nurse brushed the suggestion aside.

"Certainly not," she said gaily. "You must possess your soul in patience till we've made a good job of you."

Perforce Claire had to obey, but day by day her anxiety gathered until it amounted to positive terror. She thought she detected a conspiracy of silence on the part of those about her—a conspiracy to keep her in ignorance of the fact that her beauty was gone—and at times she could hardly control the panic which assailed her.

After weeks of weary waiting came at length the day when for the first time she was permitted to go downstairs, and she thrilled, half in hope, half in desperation, at the recollection of the many mirrors she would find there.

Nurse had abolished every looking-glass within the patient's vicinity, but now, in a few moments, not even the little white-capped martinet of the sick-room would be able any longer to stand betwixt her and a knowledge of the truth.

"I want you to put this on."

As she spoke, the nurse deftly slipped something soft and veil-like across Claire's face.

In an instant it was snatched away, and Claire stood staring down confusedly at a stiffened strip of grey silk. It was slit with two almond-shaped holes that seemed to stare at her like sightless eyes.

"But—but this—*it's a mask!*" The words came stutteringly, rising with a jerk on the last syllable to a thin, anguished scream.

The nurse nodded cheerfully.

"Yes. It will keep the cold air from your face just at first. Let me put it on again."

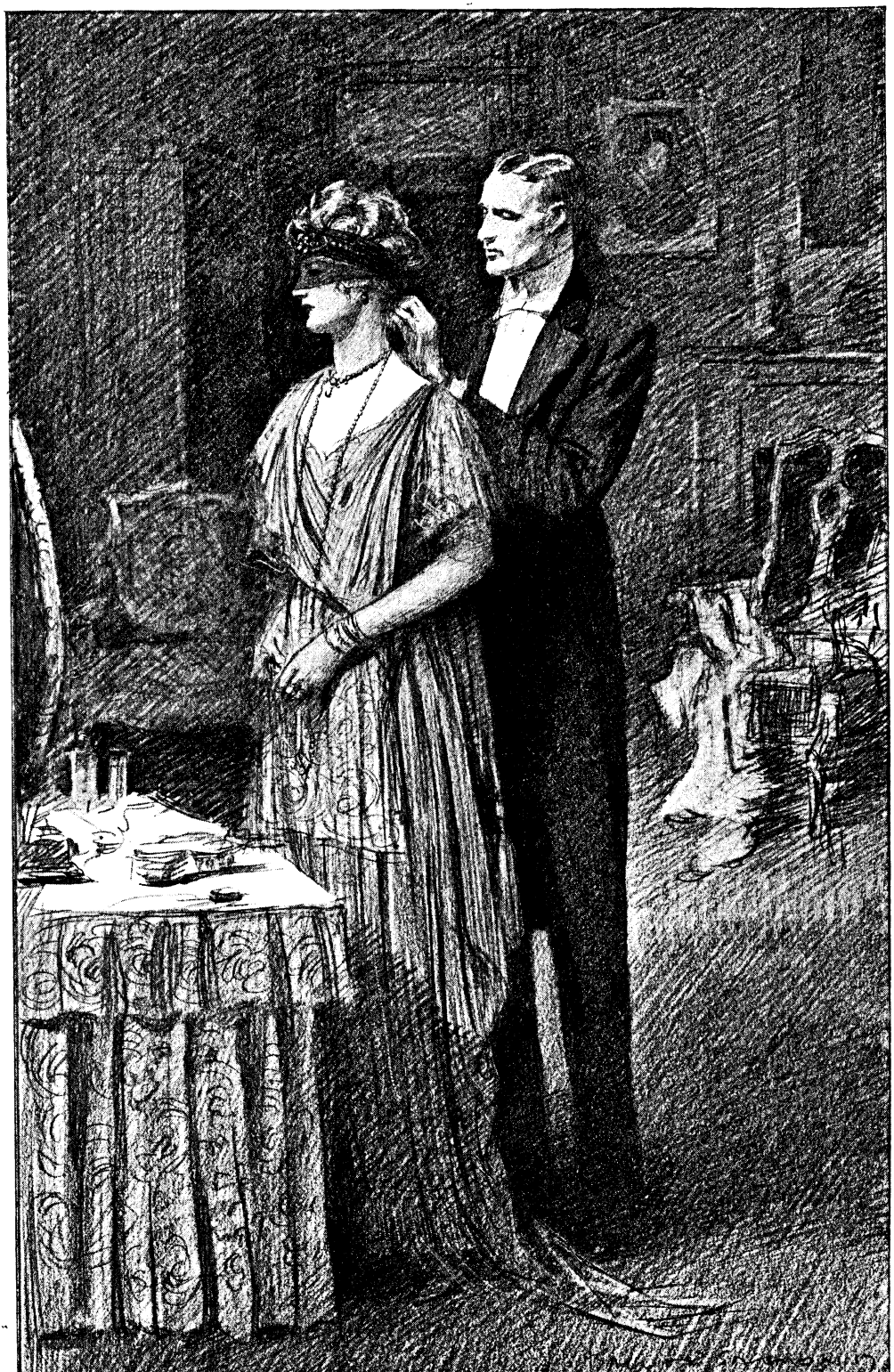
Claire laughed suddenly and harshly.

"You might have told me I was disfigured," she said loudly.

The nurse repossessed herself of the mask and adjusted it quietly in its place. As Claire turned to leave the room, she looked after her with a wistful sympathy in her eyes, and, when the door had closed behind her, she murmured to herself—

"Poor soul! What a torture it will be!"

Claire stole downstairs, taking infinite precaution that her husband should not hear her. She wanted to reach a mirror unobserved. She must be alone—quite alone—when she faced the fact of her disfigurement. With a little, noiseless rush



"He readjusted the band at the back of her head."

she crossed the hall and flew into her own sitting-room, where on one of the walls she knew there hung a fine antique mirror in a carved frame. Holding her breath, she turned towards the remembered place, then paused in stupefaction. There was no mirror there! In its place hung a picture,—a peaceful woodland scene—at which she stared with dumb, frightened eyes.

Her throat contracted with a horrible presentiment, her gaze sweeping the four walls of the room at racing speed. There was no mirror anywhere!

Very quietly she turned away and passed into the other rooms, deliberately examining them one by one. They were each and all absolutely destitute of looking-glass; not a single mirror of any kind remained.

The inexorable significance of it gripped her very soul. It was not merely that her beauty was gone—her face must be so marred, so horribly distorted, that it would not bear looking upon! The grey silk mask was designed to spare her fellow-men and women, the absence of mirrors to safeguard herself. With a choking cry, she caught up the mask and fastened it on once more with shaking fingers; then blindly, stumblingly, like a hurt and frightened child, she fled in the direction of her husband's study.

He must have heard her coming, for, as she flung across the hall, his door opened, and she looked up with hunted eyes to see him standing there waiting for her, his arms outstretched and on his face an expression of infinite tender kindness and understanding.

IV.

To Claire the months that followed her realisation of what had befallen her were months of almost unendurable mental agony.

With the loss of her beauty, the whole meaning of life seemed to have been wrenched away from her. She had lived so entirely for that exquisite face of hers, subordinating all else to the occupation of augmenting its charm by her choice of clothes and jewels, that the days spent broodingly behind the grey veil of her mask seemed endlessly long, punctuated only by sharp periods of desperately bitter reminiscence and rebellion.

Never now did she seek to raise that veil. At first, in her wild revolt against that which had befallen her, she had determined to know all that the mask implied—the full extent of her calamity. But her husband had opposed this with a quiet, resolute persistence, and had finally prevailed upon her never to remove the mask when within eye's reach of a mirror.

"I haven't made many demands upon you in the past, Claire," he said. "Perhaps it would have been better—better for both of us—if I had. But this one thing I do ask."

And acknowledging, with a new, unwonted humbleness of spirit, the unuttered reproach his words implied, she had yielded, the more easily in that Brent's urgently-expressed desire intensified a hundredfold her dread of what the mask's withdrawal might reveal.

She found herself now intensely dependent on her husband. Social life, as far as she was concerned, must be henceforth a dead letter, and she shrank uncontrollably from meeting anyone who had played a part in her former butterfly existence.

To the men she knew herself devoid of attraction, and, as far as the women were concerned, she suspected them — at one time her discomfited rivals — of secretly triumphing over her downfall. In no circumstances could she have endured the inevitable note of pity in their voices.

Thus it was Brent to whom she instinctively turned for companionship and for the help of which, broken as she was, she stood in such sore need. And unfailingly he responded.

She had never hitherto interested herself in art or music; books had meant nothing more to her than half an hour's amusement snatched from some Society novel. But now Brent, a student by temperament, drew her across the borders of these unknown territories and made her free of all their riches.

Imperceptibly, week by week, husband and wife grew nearer to each other, and Claire began to find an alleviation of her misfortune in making afresh, as it were, the acquaintance of the man she had married fifteen years ago.

She was conscious of a sense of surprise in discovering the strange zest this occupation afforded her. It brought her back a vivid recollection of the days when she had been merely Claire Westerbrook, the country doctor's daughter, and when Brent Latimer had suddenly sailed in on her horizon, invested with all the glamour of romance and riches and the gay, transporting dominance of youth's virility. Sometimes she could feel herself thrill to his touch, her pulses shake at the sound of his voice or his step. It was all strangely familiar, yet strangely new and unsettling.

It was as though her heart, so long atrophied within her by the custom of her life, had suddenly reawakened to a fresh vitality, quickened to re-birth by a new understanding of the man who, when ill-fortune had assailed her in so terrible a form, had rallied to her side with a devotion that could only have been dictated by supreme love. In the darkness and loneliness that enveloped her, cut off from her fellows, she had stretched out her hand gropingly for help, and he had taken it in his with a tender firmness that had imparted a sense of security even in the midst of the awful chaos of her life.

And out of the rush of gratitude that welled up in her heart towards him was born a new selflessness. She began to envisage the consequences of her accident upon Brent. He, too, must suffer, she reflected, tied to such as she had become.

"I wish I had been killed outright," she said one day, pursuing the sequence of her thought.

Brent laid his hand over hers.

"Thank God, you weren't!" he answered fervently. "Think what that would have meant to me!"

Claire regarded him steadily.

"It would have meant that you could marry again — marry some other woman whom at least" — bitterly — "you could look at."

"I didn't choose my wife to look at," he replied quietly; "I wanted—a helpmate."

Claire's lips smiled satirically below the grey silk of her mask. The lower portion of her face had escaped injury, and the mouth and chin still retained their lovely lines.

"I'm afraid I didn't fulfil your requirements as a helpmate," she observed.

"Not always in the past, perhaps."

She bent forward eagerly.

"In the past!" she repeated. "In the past! What do you mean, Brent?"

"Why, lately"—smiling at her—"it has seemed to me sometimes as though I'd found again the Claire Westerbrook of years ago."

Claire rose abruptly.

"I'm—I'm sorry she was ever lost, Brent," she said, her voice shaking a little, and went quickly out of the room.

* * * * *

A few days later, as Claire was searching one evening for a letter she wanted to answer, her hand came in contact with a packet thrust away at the back of a drawer.

Wondering curiously what it might be, she cut the string and removed the paper wrappings, exposing to view a jeweller's leather case with the name Thorow and Good stamped on it in gilt lettering.

Instantly her mind leaped back to the day of her accident, when she had had with her the forbidden ornaments. The overwhelming misfortune which had followed had completely obliterated from her mind the recollection of her purchase. She supposed now that, when she was brought home, the parcel was probably handed to her maid, who must have placed it in the drawer for safety and then forgotten all about it.

She snapped open the case, and the big green stones blazed up at her with all their old fire. They were unchanged, as beautiful as ever, whilst she——

She looked toward the mirror which faced her. Since she had promised her husband never to take off her mask in front of a glass, the various mirrors about the house had been restored to their respective places. Claire had often found them an almost unbearable temptation, but, having given her word to Brent, she had kept it religiously. She felt she owed him that, and it was an indication of the awakened soul unfolding within her that she had resisted the temptation for no other reason than that it was his wish.

And so now she made no movement to raise her mask, but stared back at the veiled face in the mirror, with its coronal of burnished hair, and at the white, slender throat devoid of ornament.

"Put them on," said Brent's voice behind her. He had come into the room unnoticed, and now lifted the necklace of green stones from its velvet bed.

Claire shivered.

"No, no, I couldn't!" she cried hastily, in a choked voice. "Don't ask me, Brent! It would be a farce—now!"

Apparently he failed to notice her agitation.

"To please me," he persisted. "See, I'll fasten them on for you."

There was a momentary struggle in Claire's heart, then she yielded. In the long, dreary months which had succeeded her accident she had learnt surrender. But her lips were white as she felt the light, cool touch of the necklace against her throat.

A minute more, and the great green jewel in its golden band was blazing in her hair, and the snake bracelets twined about her arms, the matchless gems shining and

glittering as bravely as on the day she had first worn them.

"That centre stone in your hair isn't quite straight," observed Brent critically, regarding the effect in the mirror, and she felt his hands fumbling as he readjusted the band at the back of her head.

The next moment something snapped apart, and the mask slid suddenly from her face and fluttered down on to her lap.

For an instant Claire sensed again the same awful certainty of catastrophe which had gripped her when first the nurse had fastened the strip of silk across her face. As it dropped flutteringly downward, and before her eyes had actually focussed her reflection in the glass, she had time to anticipate, and dread illimitably, the knowledge about to be thrust upon her.

Then—

"Brent! Brent!" She clutched at his arm, swaying where she stood.

For the face that the mirror gave back was the beautiful face she had known, unblemished, flawless as it had ever been.

"What does it mean?" she asked shakily. "What—what's happened?"

Brent looked at her very steadily.

"Nothing, dear," he said. "That's just it. Nothing happened to you that day, except what the doctors were able to remedy."

"But—but why did you make me wear a mask?" Then as suddenly the realisation of what had taken place flashed upon her: "You deceived me! You were deceiving me all the time!"

"Yes," answered Brent quietly, "I was deceiving you all the time. Listen, and, when you know the reason, perhaps you will find it in your heart to forgive me." He paused a moment, as though seeking words to express his meaning. "Claire, do you remember I once told you that you cared for nothing but your reputation as 'the beautiful Mrs. Latimer'?" She nodded voicelessly. "Well, I recognised then that your beauty, and your worship of it, were spoiling our lives—setting us apart, turning you from a real woman, the woman I loved, into a mere doll. We were drifting further and further away from each other, and I didn't know where it would all end. Then came your accident, and just at first the doctors really did think your face might be scarred, though it soon began to heal better than they could have hoped. But that gave me an idea. If only you could be brought to believe that your beauty was gone, your whole attitude would be changed, and there would be a chance—a bare chance—for me to get near to you again. While you remained 'the beautiful Mrs. Latimer,' I was a negligible quantity in your life—just one amongst the satellites of a star. That might satisfy some men; it didn't satisfy me. So—I robbed you; I robbed you of your beauty for the time—for all time, as you believed. And instead I gave you all—all that a man *can* give to the woman he loves. Claire"—his voice vibrated hoarsely as he caught her by the shoulders, forcing her to face him—"was it enough? Was it enough?"

And Claire, understanding at last how calamity—or what had been equivalent to calamity, since she had believed it fact—had broken down the barriers that an artificial life had raised between them, bent her head in mute assent.

"And you forgive me?" he asked.

"There's nothing to forgive, dear," she said, and her eyes looked honestly and squarely back into his. "I'd lost my way, and you showed me the road home."

FOR THE BOY'S SAKE

By L. G. MOBERLY

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

HE came to her in daffodil time, and it was in daffodil time that they brought her the news which blotted out all the sunshine of her life. He was her only son, you see—Elizabeth Carpenter's only son—and she was a widow. And so, when they broke it to her very gently, very quietly, with overflowing sympathy for her sorrow, that her boy would never come home any more, she felt that the end of her tether was reached. It seemed to her as though she had travelled to the edge of the Universe, and was looking down into some bottomless abyss.

"He was such a dear baby!" she said, her eyes quite dry and tearless, looking into those of her sympathetic friend. "He was always so brimming over with gaiety and life—he was so full of life!"

She was sitting in the little boudoir which was her favourite room in the rather grey London house which was her home, and to Elizabeth's friends the boudoir always seemed typical of her own gracious charm. Not even the dulness of the foggy London day could spoil the sunny brightness which characterised that room. The apricot-coloured wallpaper gave an effect of perpetual sunshine; the sketches hanging upon it were all of restful, lovely landscapes; the very carpet and curtains and chintzes carried out the impression of harmony and peace. Elizabeth looked round the pretty room now with those dry, tearless eyes of hers, and flung out her hands in a pitiful little gesture which made her friend's heart ache.

"Tony loved this room," she said; "he loved everything bright and sunny. He was so full of life. Even when he was a tiny baby he was so alive, and now—and now——"

"He is still alive," Elizabeth's friend said gently and firmly; "he has only gone on into fuller life."

"But I want him here!" Elizabeth cried out desperately. "I want my boy back, my little boy who was my baby such a short time ago—such a short, short time ago!"

"I know," her friend said softly, very softly, because she had been along this same road of sorrow herself, "I know. And somehow the years of his manhood slip away—after all, they were so few—they slip into the background, and you remember him only as your baby, as your little boy."

"He was such a strong baby," Elizabeth went on dreamily, "so strong and vigorous and eager. His darling little limbs were never still; he always wanted to be doing something, moving somewhere. And when he was quite a tiny boy he was so eager to learn, so eager to find out everything—he was so full of strength and vigour. Nothing ever tired him. He was such a strong little fellow—so full of life!" Again she said those words in the dull, level voice which stabbed at her friend's heart. "There were daffodils upon the table in my room when he was born, and now—there are daffodils again." She glanced towards a vase filled with the stately golden flowers, and suddenly her voice wavered, the tearless misery died out of her eyes, she broke into a rain of tears. "Tony was the very incarnation of spring," she said presently, her fingers touching the daffodil blossoms; "it did not seem possible that he could ever grow old. Sometimes I tried to imagine what he would be like when he was a middle-aged man, with a big moustache, and his eyes grown graver and less full of laughter. Only I believe Tony's eyes would

always brim over with laughter." Then she broke off suddenly with a little dry sob. "I forgot," she exclaimed, "just for a moment I forgot! Tony will never be the man I pictured. I shall never see him with his own boys round him—that was another of my dreams—boys with Tony's eyes, Tony's laugh, and Tony's dear ways, so full of gaiety and life. *Life!*" There came a great tiredness, a great bitterness into her voice. "Tony has done with this eager life he loved. Tony is dead!" The three last words wrung her hearer's heart—they were so full of unspeakable anguish, they held such a world of pain. And because Elizabeth Carpenter's friend was very wise as well as sympathetic, she did not say anything more by way of comfort. She herself had gone along the darksome path of grief; she knew when it was best to leave a stricken soul alone with its sorrow. So she only kissed Elizabeth very gently and looked into the appealing, anguished eyes with her own serene and restful glance. And then she went on her way, feeling that presently the time would come when, perhaps, she could bring some tangible source of comfort to the sorrowing woman. And presently the time came.

It was on a June afternoon, when even the London streets were full of the scent of roses, that Elizabeth Carpenter's friend put out her hand tentatively to help Elizabeth. Diana Scrope—that was the name of Elizabeth's friend—came to her on that June afternoon, when the world was full of the sweetness of roses, and, sitting in Elizabeth's sunny drawing-room, she said suddenly—

"I should so like to take you with me to-morrow to my beloved School for Mothers."

A little shiver ran through Elizabeth; she looked into Mrs. Scrope's face with startled eyes which had not lost their haunting sadness.

"School for Mothers? Do you mean the place where there are lots of babies? Oh, no, Diana, I couldn't go with you. I could not bear it! I feel as if I could never bear to touch a baby again, when my own baby——" Her voice trailed into silence. But though there was a pitiful expression in Diana's glance, her lips closed with a certain firmness.

"My dear," she said, and though her tones were firm, they were exceedingly gentle, "I sometimes think it is just we mothers who have lost so much in the War who should be the ones to help those other mothers."

"What other mothers?" Elizabeth's voice sounded sharp and nerve-racked.

"The mothers who do not know how to make their babies fit to come after our boys who have gone on before—the mothers who have so much to learn. I feel as if helping them would be our thank-offering."

"Thank-offering? Thank-offering for what—for having our boys snatched away in the very flower of their boyhood?" Elizabeth's voice was bitter.

"A thank-offering that they gave their lives like gallant gentlemen in the cause of right," Diana answered quietly. "And because *we* had everything in our favour and theirs, when we brought them up to be what they were, I want to help those others who have so little in their favour. The babies are so precious, and they die so fast. And we want to save them to be the best men and women, the best in body and soul, so that our nation may remain a nation—so that Englishmen may still keep the noble reputation of our race."

"Aren't you a little bit idealising what you can do in your School for Mothers?" Elizabeth smiled faintly. "It seems such a wonderful tree to come from such a small seed."

"Not more wonderful than the oak that grows from the acorn," Diana retorted. "And why should we not see a splendid fruit from our labours if we hammer on and on without discouragement?"

"It looks like the task of a Sisyphus," Elizabeth said rather wearily—"such an expenditure of exertion and so little return."

"So much return, you mean," Diana retorted eagerly. "I know of no work in the world which gives one such a sense of satisfaction as Infant Welfare work. You see the results growing before your eyes. You see the healthier babies, the better-kept mothers. In some work you have to wait for years and years—perhaps for a lifetime—to see any result for all the labour and love you have poured out. Sometimes you never reap any reward at all—the whole effort seems to have gone for nothing. But in this, not only is the work before you, but the reward is *with* you. Whatever disappointment comes, nevertheless, so much is achieved."

"But *babies!*" Elizabeth said, with another little shiver. "How could I bear to work amongst babies?"

"For Tony's sake," her friend answered softly. "Because of him, you love every baby. You want every baby to be as strong and sound in mind and body as your boy was strong and sound. The nation needs the babies who are dying now when they need



"'Perhaps he knows,' Elizabeth said tremulously. 'Perhaps he wants to tell me he is sorry.'"

not die—dying because so many mothers are ignorant. But we can give them knowledge. Come and help the babies for Tony's sake!"

Somehow there was a quiet persuasiveness about Diana, and Elizabeth allowed herself to be persuaded, at any rate, to go and see the School for Mothers, the work which was so near to her friend's heart.

Just for a moment, when she saw the rows of babies—some healthy and smiling, some small and weak and sickly—she drew back towards the door with a feeling that she could not possibly go in, that the work and all pertaining to it would break her heart. And then a tiny babe, very white, very wan, very tiny, sitting wrapped in a dressing-gown on its mother's knee, held out two thin hands to her and looked into her face with dark, appealing eyes. And suddenly the band of ice which ever since Tony's death had lain about her heart seemed to melt away, and she stooped and took the little white babe into her arms. All this time her arms had felt so empty; but the little scarecrow form she held now filled them strangely, and though her eyes were so dim with tears that she could hardly see the mother's face, some of the worst bitterness had gone out of her heartache.

"'E do seem to 'ave took to you," his mother said, with surprise in her voice. "'E don't take to everybody, bein' delicate like, but 'e 'ave took to you."

"Perhaps he knows," Elizabeth said tremulously. "Perhaps he wants to tell me he is sorry."

The mother glanced at Elizabeth's black gown, and at the sadness in her eyes, and a world of sympathy looked out of her tired, faded face.

"There's a lot we all 'ave to bear now, ain't there, ma'am?" she said. "But my little chap, 'e do seem to want to comfort you like, and I'm sure I 'ope 'e will."

"I think he will," Elizabeth said, as the small hands stroked her face. "I shall like to see him getting strong and big. I want to help him."

"'E's always bin a bit of a trouble through delicacy," the mother said, and, tired and faded though her face was, she was very neat and tidy, "but there's some of the ladies think I may get a prize in Baby Week, cos I've got 'im so much better than what 'e was, all through the things I've learnt 'ere." And she glanced round the room—full of babies and mothers, workers and nurses—with a proudly possessive glance. "When my other little one got burnt, and I dressed the place, the doctor 'e says: 'Where did you learn to do this?' And I says: 'At our School for Mothers, sir.' And 'e says to me: 'Then I wish there was more Schools for Mothers about.' That's what 'e said to me."

"And why do you talk about Baby Week?" Elizabeth asked, with a mystified look.

"Oh, well, there's goin' to be a whole week from July the first to the seventh, and there's goin' to be meetings and lectures and what not, all over the land, to try and make people understand how the babies has got to be saved and took care of. And there's goin' to be a competition for us mothers—questions to answer, and a letter to write about mothercraft, and needlework, and cooking prizes, and such. And then we show our babies, and it isn't the fattest or biggest baby what gets the prize, but it's the mother and child that show they've really learnt a lot at the Schools for Mothers. And maybe me and 'im"—she nodded at the baby—"will get it, for I've worked good and hard, day and night, to save my little chap."

"I'm going to help you all I know," Elizabeth said gently. "I am coming to work here; I am going to give myself up to trying to save the babies, because of my own boy, who has—gone on. I will do my best now for all the others."

And when, an hour later, she and Diana walked along the street, with the fragrance of June roses drifting to them from the flower-sellers' baskets, she said very quietly—

"I am glad you made me come, Diana. I am going to do what you asked me: I am going to help all babies, because of my own baby—for the boy's sake!"

THE COSSACK'S LAMENT.

HAVE you forgotten all the vows we made,
And all the secret thoughts at last revealed,
All those fresh garlands round your neck arrayed,
Those looks of admiration unconcealed—

The roseate, happy days, when, idling, we
Would find the sotnia as even fell,
And all the crimson sunset splashed the lea,
The warmness of your master's heart to tell?

Have you forgotten? Won't you raise your head
And give a parting look ere off you speed
To join Natasha, Ivan, lying dead?
Just say good-bye, my own beloved steed!

DRAYCOT DELL.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AND SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES

By F. A. HADLAND

THE stirring events of the Great War, and the entry of our cousins across the Atlantic into the fray, have given fresh proof of the power of music and poetry to rouse the latent enthusiasm of civilised nations on the side of freedom. National songs and marches have ceased to be merely the objects of critical interest, and have suddenly manifested their true power at an epoch which will for ever rank as one of the greatest in the world's history.

In some instances the sources of both words and music of a national song are quite definitely known, and in many cases are comparatively modern, as in the case of La Marseillaise, La Brabançonne, and the Russian and Austrian National Anthems. But, generally speaking, their origins, like folk-songs in general, are beyond the reach of the most patient researchers. In this category must be classed "Yankee Doodle," for it has been the subject of many a disquisition, but absolutely nothing reliable about its early history has been discovered. The best ascertained fact about the tune is that it is not American. A Dr. Shuckburgh set words to it in 1755 or 1756, during the French-Canadian War. The tune, under the name of Yankee Doodle, is to be found in a comic opera, by Dr. Samuel Arnold, called "Two to One," which was published in London in 1784. The song begins with the words "Adzooks, Old Crusty," and it was sung by a Mr. Edwin in the character of Dickey Ditto, and this seems to be its first appearance in print. Dr. Arnold was organist of Westminster Abbey, and was also a composer of church and dramatic music, some of the former of which is still highly valued. As he was a skilful adapter, it is quite likely that he was not the composer of the air, but that he took it from an older source. One theory is that it came over with the British Army bands during the revolutionary war.

The earliest really patriotic song in America is probably a "liberty song" which was advertised in *The Boston Chronicle* on October 16, 1768. It begins with "Come, join hand in hand," set to a tune in the key of C, which is identical with Dr. Boyce's song "Heart of Oak," except that the latter is, in the old copies, in the key of D. It occurs in the opera "Harlequin's Invasion" (1759) to the words "Come, cheer up, my lads."

Mr. Elson, who has explored the subject of the national music of America, and published a book on it, does not appear to have known Boyce's air, for he is disposed to give the credit of its composition to a lady, Mrs. Warren, who certainly did write the words.

"Hail, Columbia!" was composed as a march in honour of the election of Washington as President in 1789, and was called "The President's March." Judge Joseph Hopkinson wrote the words to it, in 1798, for a young actor friend named Gilbert Fox, who sang it at a benefit performance, and "brought down the house." The merit of having composed the tune has been claimed for either Johann Roth or Professor Phylo or Fyles, a name which may properly have been Pfeil. It seems to have been a favourite in Nova Scotia. It has certain resemblances to "The Duke of York's March," which is most certainly by John Camidge, who was organist of York Minster, having been a pupil of Handel and Greene. The march is still heard almost daily at the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, when the old guard marches out. Mr. F. H. Martens,

writing in "The Musician," published at Boston a few years since, declared that of the representative national songs of America one only may be said to be of American origin, and that was written by a German! Perhaps Mr. Martens did not know Camidge's march.

It may fairly be claimed that another famous tune is purely American. "John Brown's Body" is one of the finest marching tunes in existence. It figured largely in the Civil War of half a century ago, and since then it has often inspired British troops with renewed energy. The composer is said to have been a William Steffe, but this does not seem to be absolutely certain. It was a favourite at the camp meetings in the Southern States in the 'fifties.

There is no need to quote the serio-comic words with which it is identified, and the tune is transfigured by the noble verses of Julia Ward Howe, which first appeared anonymously in "The Atlantic Monthly" for February, 1862, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The author was a philanthropist and a pioneer of women's emancipation in the States, and the song was first sung in the height of the Civil War. The words have been translated into many foreign languages, including Italian, Spanish, and Armenian. Three verses are here given—

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgment Seat,
O be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet,
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

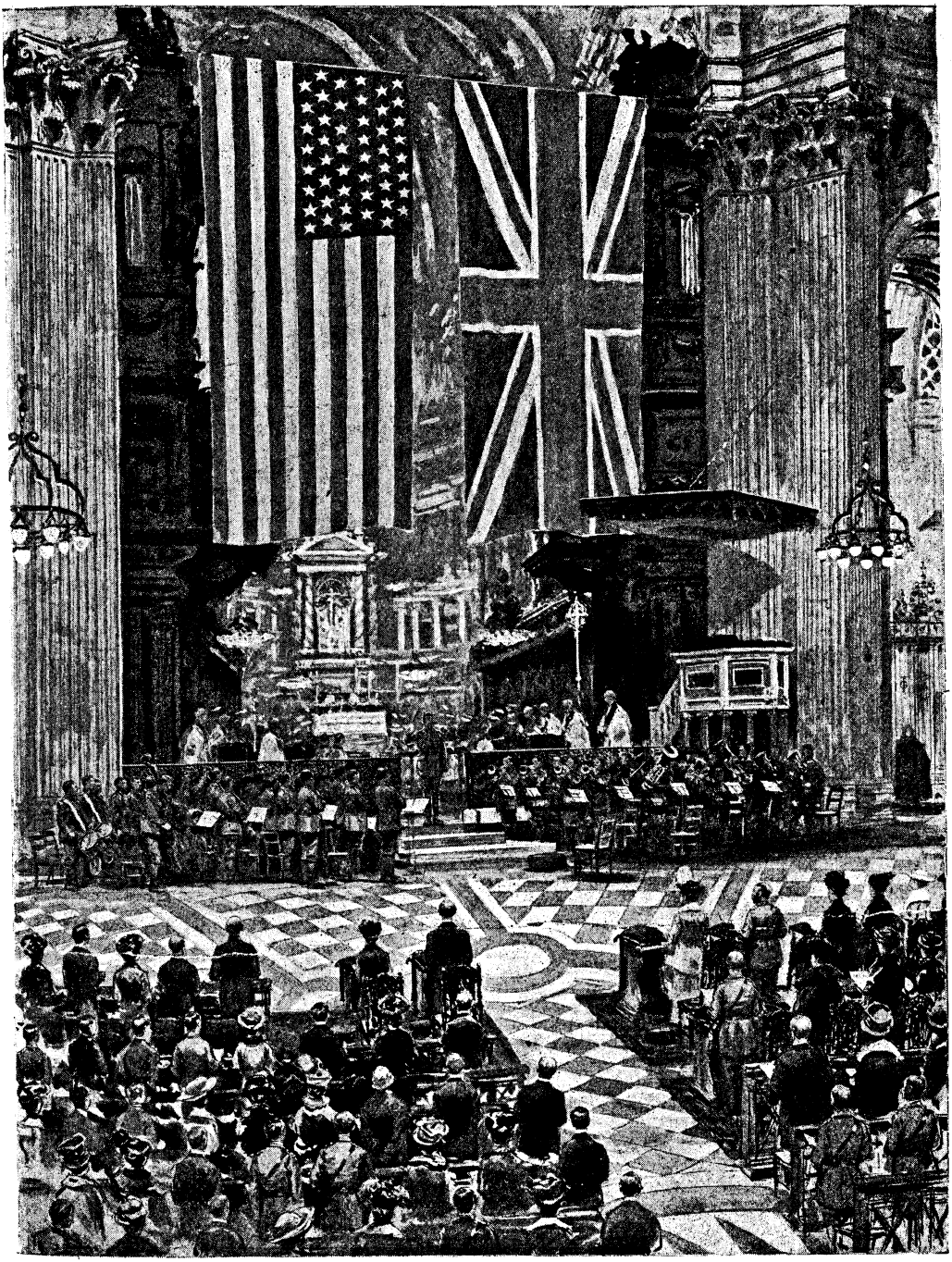
One feels tempted to linger over the interesting points which this fascinating subject presents; but space is limited, and it is only possible to name "My country, 'tis of thee," sung to the tune of "God save the King," which has long since found its way to the heart of every true American.

London has always been noted for good fellowship, and towards the close of the eighteenth century a great focus of conviviality was The Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, now, alas, gone the way of so many other old houses under the march of improvement. At this tavern a club called the Anacreontic Society of London had its headquarters, and gave fortnightly suppers. Admission to the society was eagerly sought after, and there was always a "waiting list." The Duchess of Devonshire occasionally patronised it by attending its gatherings. John Stafford Smith and Dr. Samuel Arnold were among the members. The former was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal and a pupil of Dr. Boyce. He succeeded Dr. Arnold as organist of Westminster Abbey. It is asserted that a certain tune with bacchanalian words to it originated at the Anacreontic Society's functions, and was sung over the punch bowl in an atmosphere of hilarious jollity. This tune was probably the production of either Stafford Smith or Dr. Arnold, and the honours are divided, as perhaps both had something to do with it. At any rate, it became a favourite, was printed in collections of tunes, and found its way to America.

We now come to the strenuous days of 1814, when a state of war existed between England and the United States. It was during the military operations at Baltimore, when the attack on Fort McHenry was witnessed by Francis Scott Key from an English man-of-war, that the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were thrown off in a few inspired moments, and Key took rank as a national poet. There was at that time at Baltimore a musician named Durang, who, as soon as he saw Key's words, there and then determined to find a suitable tune to sing them to. He turned over the leaves of a collection of airs, and suddenly came upon the old "Crown and Anchor" song of the London Anacreontic Society. Shouting "I have found the right tune!" he rushed into the street and, mounting a chair, gave the first public performance of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The crowd, in a wild access of enthusiasm, caught up the melody, and the United States National Anthem was born.

It is dear to the American heart, and it is dear to the British heart also, for it stands for the righteous defence of liberty, and is a strong link between two great nations.
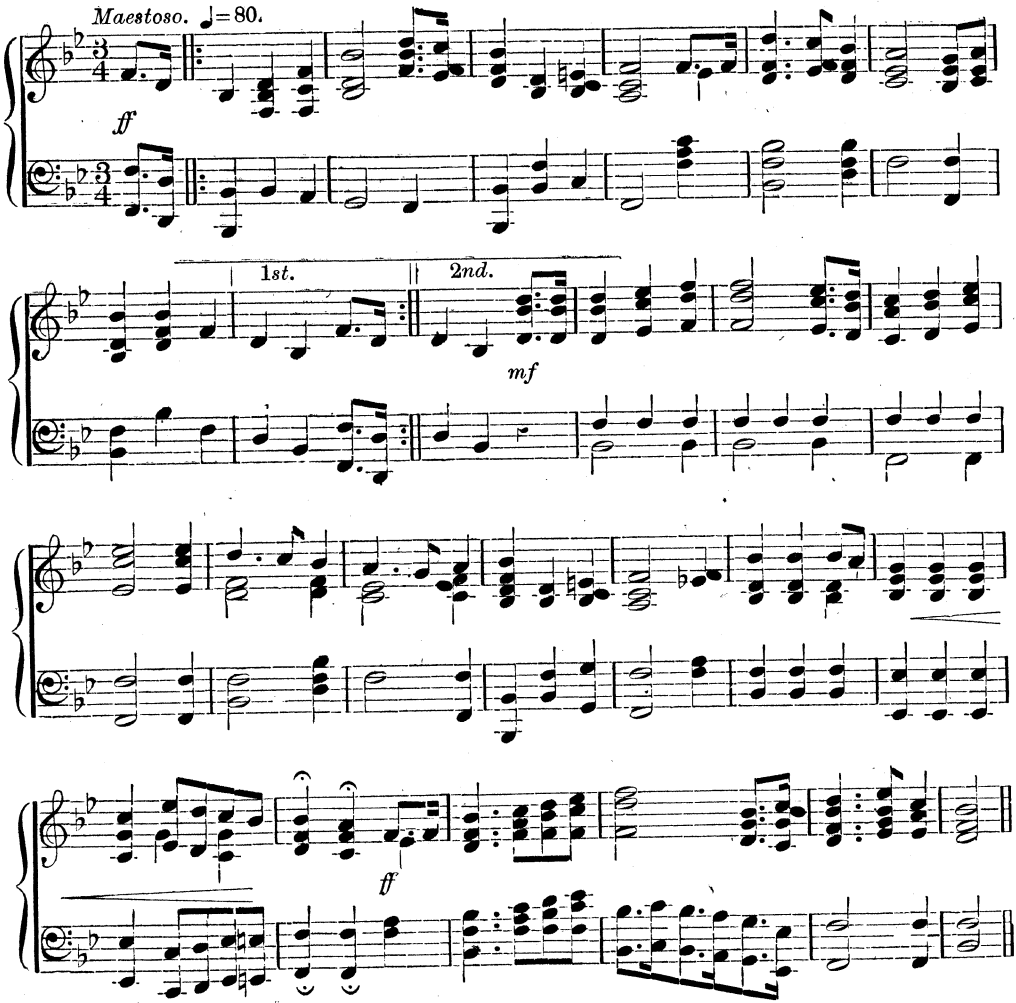
Francis Scott Key's ancestors were of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, London, and in 1726 Philip Key emigrated to America and prospered. Francis Scott Key died at Baltimore in 1843.



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM SUNG IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AT THE SOLEMN SERVICE IN CELEBRATION OF THE ENTRY OF THE UNITED STATES INTO THE GREAT WAR FOR FREEDOM.

FROM A DRAWING BY S. BEGG.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Francis Scott Key.

The origin of the Stars and Stripes is involved in some uncertainty. Attempts have been made to connect it with the coat of arms of the Washington family, but this

supposition so little coincides with the known facts of history as to render its acceptance difficult. The flag at first had horizontal stripes, with the old British Union device in the same position as it occupies in the British ensign. But after the declaration of Independence in 1776 Congress ordained that the number of stripes should be thirteen, red and white alternately, and that in place of the British Union device there should be a blue field with thirteen white stars, the number of both stars and stripes corresponding with the number of States of which the Union then consisted. By the year 1808 there were twenty States, and the number of stars was increased to correspond, still leaving the thirteen stripes. It was also decided that a new star should be added for every State entering the Union. The admission of Arizona in 1912 brought the number of stars up to forty-eight.

The version of the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" here given is set, by permission, from the edition published by Messrs. Boosey & Co.



SAMUEL SMITH,

Author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee."



DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD,

Organist of Westminster Abbey, who is thought by some to have been the composer of the tune to which the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were afterwards sung.

A contemporary portrait by George Dance, reproduced from a photograph by Emery Walker, Ltd.



"THE HAY WAIN." BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

From the original in the National Gallery, reproduced from the plate published by Messrs. Braun & Co., Great Russell Street, W.C.

ANN AT WAR

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

WHEN the tenth "1916 Model" pram had passed, pushed by a nurse in uniform, the kind lady spoke.

"Are you in pain, my dear?"

The girl at the other end of the seat looked up.

"It's chilblains," she said, "and I daren't scratch them." She saw the old lady eyeing the low shoes that made the feat quite possible. "I don't mean I can't. I mean I mustn't, because of my stockings; it will wear them out. Can poverty be more desperate—too poor to scratch chilblains?"

"I am sorry you are poor," said the old lady.

She glanced in perplexity at Ann—at her bitter little face under the small black panne hat. Ann did not *look* poor.

"You are very good," said Ann indifferently. "I'm quite used to it, but I don't like it—I never shall. Some days I feel fierce about it. I can't ever remember feeling more absolutely *fierce* than I do to-day."

The old lady was kind, startled, and bewildered. In all her comfortable, well-upholstered, well-nourished life she had never encountered anyone who looked or spoke like Ann.

Two waves of bright red hair curled back brilliantly and crisply under the *chic* black hat. The old lady, who would never have engaged a parlourmaid with similar tresses, and could hardly remember the colour in her young days, felt that it gave Ann a certain latitude—it was the hall-mark of the excessive modernity that characterised her.

"Have you always felt like—like this?" she said.

"No"—Ann shrugged—"I haven't always been poor. My father was quite a prosperous dentist, near Windsor. He wasn't prosperous when he died. I came to London, and went to Sandringham and Saunders as saleswoman and model. I figured in the 'dress parades' of new styles they used to make a feature of. They've dropped the feature and reduced the staff. *Voilà*—all dressed up and nowhere to go!" She turned her vivid little face, small and gay, with a cleft chin and bright grey eyes, on her questioner. "I've spent most of the day at shops, looking at the things I shall never be able to buy, and keeping warm."

"I—I hope you had a sensible lunch," said the old lady inadequately.

"It couldn't have been sensible in any case," said the girl slowly, "because I couldn't have paid for it. I had a bun early, so that the waitress should think it was a mid-morning snack. I've been in the West End all day—among women who really wear underclothes like those delicious *Vogue* illustrations. I've watched them drifting in and out of cars and *cafés*, and *buying—buying*—and it's somehow got on my nerves. I'm at war!" said Ann, her eyes very brilliant in her piquant face. "I'm at war with *things as they are*—I'm a bunch of tangled *whys!*"

"You want a proper lunch, my dear," said her companion, in a homely voice.

Ann looked at her—at the plain, comely old face, at the fat, comely old lady—and her flood of rhetoric suddenly dried up. Tears came into her grey eyes and furrowed slowly and suddenly down her pale cheeks.

"I've never done this before," said Ann. "I must be hungry, or tired. I've always prided myself on being rather a sport. I shall be mad with myself when I get home."

"Where is your home?"

"Near Chalk Farm—between Chalk Farm and Camden Town; you—you wouldn't know it. I have a furnished bed-sitting-room, with 'There's No Place Like Home,' in green lettering on a white ground, over the bed. The shopwalker at Sandringham

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and Saunders would have married me before he joined up. I almost wish——"

"Why didn't you?" said the old lady curiously.

"Well, dad was rather a nice dentist. He had ideas, and I suppose I imbibed them. The shopwalker didn't quite fit in with those ideas—not even when they gave him a commission."

"I am going to tea with some soldiers," said the old lady. "My nephew is in the cadet corps. He wears a white hat-band, you know, but privates needn't salute him yet. He is bringing two of his brother-officers to tea at the Savoy with me. An old lady is very dull company for three young fellows. I was wondering if I could persuade you to come and amuse them."

"Because you are sorry for me?" demanded Ann fiercely.

"Because I am sorry for them," answered the old lady adroitly.

"And I shall be sorry for this to-morrow," said Ann. "I shall be sorry I gave way—I shall be disgusted with myself that I let you pity me—but I am rather cold, tired, and hungry, and so I am grateful. That doesn't sound very gracious, does it? And yet I will be glad to come."

The lady had a queer feeling of unreality as she walked through the Park beside her young companion; unconventionality in any form was so foreign to her type that she mistook it for romance.

There was nothing romantic about Ann as she sank back in the taxi and looked speculatively at the dumpy little figure beside her.

"I am trying to imagine what it feels like to be able to watch other people fighting for a bus while you call a taxi," she said thoughtfully.

"My dear," said the old lady, "is it healthy to—to be so—so rebellious?"

"I thought I told you I was at war," said Ann. Her whole personality seemed very bright and vivid in the interior of the darkly upholstered taxi. She appeared like a very brilliant, very lovable, little Oriental bird neatly caged. She put an impulsive hand on her hostess's.

"I proclaim peace," she said. "And you are a dear!"

"I'm sure I hope so, my dear," said the kind old lady, quite fluttered. Then convention jogged her elbow. "There will be introductions, my dear, and I don't think I know——"

"Ann Ingram," said Ann, and laughed.

II.

ANN had never been to the Savoy before, but she took to it instantly, absorbed its atmosphere, and became of it. Possibly the consciousness of her *chic* black panne hat and her short, full, black coat-frock helped.

Some places receive you; these include a few churches, some of the newest cinemas, and most of the feeding-places of the rich. They hold out well-upholstered, nicely-coloured, warm, luxurious welcome — they absorb you.

Ann let the Savoy absorb her; she began to sparkle, her eyes and her hair and her teeth seemed to gleam.

Ann was charming, and the old lady slightly perturbed when she introduced her nephew and two fellow-officers, one with the carefully pipe-clayed hat-band of probation, one in a tunic that had seen Mesopotamia.

She couldn't whisper the history of Ann, and the whole affair, in the light of Ann's revealed fascination, appeared more dangerous than romantic.

"Where did you dig her up?" whispered her nephew.

"Well," answered his aunt, relieved at the opening, "that just explains it——" But he was already re-engaged on Ann. "Still, she will go home, and they will go back to camp," thought the old lady, and digested her fifth cake the more easily for the thought.

The man in the tunic that had seen Mesopotamia knew Eton and Windsor.

"It's a great little place!" he was saying, with shining eyes. "I haven't seen it for years. You know, I joined up from Nigeria. My only relative lives down there." A queer expression flashed across his face for a minute. "Fancy, and you were born and lived near there!"

"On the road to Slough," she said, her voice constrained and not quite so gaily natural. "She was thinking of him as a little Eton boy—a boy who grew so rapidly that his jacket never quite fitted him. She felt sure he had been to Eton.

"You know Eton?" she said.

"Rather! I used to go to school there." She looked up, to find his face scarlet, and she wondered why.

"I wonder if we ever met when we were kiddies?" she said carelessly.

She knew that they had not; their worlds—the world of the dentist's daughter and the little Eton boy—had lain very far apart. Ann



"'There,' he said, 'that funny little house—with—with the shop underneath.'"

snapped her fingers at actuality, knowing the actuality was ranged against her; but Ann was at war, and however many enemies are ranged against you, your mental researches attune themselves and remain the same.

"I like to think we did," he said. There was the simplicity about him that seems to belong to big men.

Ann liked him extraordinarily. She talked to the other two—apparently there was no difference in her manner between the three—but her mind was talking to the man from Mesopotamia all the time.

"Do you remember that statue in the church, and the amber window?" he said to her once, in an interval. "When I was a little boy, I used to think it the most beautiful thing in the world. Do you remember the rooks' nests and the tops of the trees from the Terrace, and the winding town below you, and the winding Thames far away? Do you remember the base of the Round Tower in the spring—tulips and daffodils?

Somehow I'm awfully glad you knew it and loved it, too, when you were a little girl."

And a Christmas Day hush came on the war in Ann's heart, and little wisps of memories came and pottered about in it—she felt them stirring in the stillness.

"Yes," said Ann, her eyes very soft. And then the war broke out again, and she said: "I expect they're growing potatoes and onions at the base of the Round Tower this year." And the dreams flew, startled, from his eyes.

Ten minutes later she was standing beside the old lady in the Savoy courtyard, waiting for taxis. The man from Mesopotamia said quietly—

"May I drive you anywhere, Miss Ingram?"

She knew she should have let the curtain drop then. She knew there could never be any satisfactory last act; the material was all wrong—the shop-girl, and the dentist father, and the great big man who had been a little boy at Eton.

Ann liked the man from Mesopotamia better than anyone she had ever met in her life.

"Oh, thanks so much," she said. "I wish you'd give me a lift to my club." She mentioned a smart club to which many of Sandringham and Saunders' customers belonged.

They said good-bye, and she avoided the old lady's eye. She felt in the smallest corner of her innately honest little soul that she was not "playing the game." But surely she was carrying both game and players into her own field; the old lady's team would be left intact. They would never even meet again. They were wishing the man from Mesopotamia good luck.

In the dimness of the taxi interior he addressed her very humbly.

"One reads that convention has gone to the wall." He was regarding the flame of her hair, brilliantly winging her pale face, anxiously. "I don't think it ever could quite with a girl brought up as you have been. I am going to suppose it has, and ask you to be very kind to a lonely soldier, and come out to tea with him to-morrow."

She had to go into the club, because he stood by the taxi door watching her. At random she asked for a woman she knew—by her connection with Sandringham and Saunders—to be a member, and suffered a perfectly horrible five minutes while the page went in search of her.

She could have embraced him violently when he told her that the lady could not be found in the club.

She walked down the steps and saw a sunset behaving as sunsets do. It was the most wonderful one she ever remembered. A boy passed calling news of a submarined vessel. A wave of optimism engulfed her unreasonably. The War would soon be over.

Ann was going out to tea to-morrow with the man from Mesopotamia.

III.

THE foundations of friendship are made in a second, which, perhaps, explains the instability of the relationship. It is possible to have more genuine affection for the stranger who picks you out of the muddy road, and assures you you are not run over, than for the family friend who dines with you on Tuesday.

On the second day Ann Ingram and Maurice Ritchie were great friends—each was the greatest the other had ever seen.

Friendship is the foundation of love. It has to start that way; the only trouble is to keep it always in the same direction.

When Ann and her man stood on Paddington platform the third day, waiting for a train to take them to Windsor, they were in love.

Ann *knew it*—a woman always knows it first, in order that she may get used to the idea sufficiently to direct the man when he first stumbles on the fact. Nature takes no chances.

It had been a delightful, whimsical, fantastic idea, this pilgrimage to the scene of their childhood; but for Ann it was spoilt by one little fact—from the Terrace of the Castle she knew that she could see the little red roof of the insignificant house where her dentist father had carried on his beneficial profession. For Ann that spoilt everything. She knew that she *would see nothing else.*

She was in the position of an actress who, playing the part of the princess of a fairy play, can see the face of her Bloomsbury landlady in the front row of the stalls every time she looks towards the footlights.

Ann knew exactly what kind of life the man from Mesopotamia thought she had had. It was the life that belongs to the women of little boys at Eton. She knew that the life exists largely in the imagination of the nice men of the upper classes, for no woman could be content with an existence so tamely sweet, so inactive, so sheltered and innocuous. Yet Ann, whose hard little life had been sheer

crystal in its deliberate honesty, wished passionately and rebelliously and bitterly that she was the little rose-leaf *débutante* he thought her.

A pale blue day waited for them at Windsor, and Windsor is not real in pale blue days in April. It is an etching—spires and towers made of smoke, a mist of green, a soft muddle of delicate colour. It is not real. Even the German accent in the hilly streets could not make it quite natural, and now that is gone, it is more fantastic than ever.

This is not a story of what he said to her and she said to him. I wish it were, for they are the easiest to write; but the beginning of love is made of the things they do *not* say to each other, but *want* to.

They did not visit the colleges. He did not seem to want to. She kept him from the Terrace—the Terrace that looks down on the rooks' nests, on the playing fields and the river—and the little house on the road to Slough.

Sunset came, and if war were in London and the enemy at our gates, peace would be in Windsor with the sunset on it.

It was nearly the end of the most perfect day they had either of them known.

"We can see the sun go down from here," he said, and led her to the Terrace.

And Ann looked down at the little house on the Slough Road. Other people lived there now. She could see it through the sway of the budding branches. But the mist was not entirely of their making, and Ann looked the little dumpy house squarely in the face, *and she knew she was going to explain it.* She could not let this warm, wonderful day fade away with a smudge on its shining face.

And Ann looked at the little aristocratic boy who had played on the playing fields with other little hereditary rulers and such-like, and he seemed wonderfully good and great in her eyes—the greatest and best thing her life had ever contained—and she wished passionately that she were of the peaceful band to which his women-folk belonged.

"I can see the house where I used to live from here," she said. "You said at the Savoy that day that your only relative lived down here. Can you see her house?"

The sunset was fading in limpid green—the faint, pale spring green of the branches seemed almost to sparkle against it.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I can see her house. I was wondering if I would show it to you. When you spoke, I had just decided against. Now I am not—sure."

It struck her, standing there with the lovely gentleness of the evening in her heart, how little concrete information they had bothered to obtain about each other, and how little it mattered.

"You mustn't take men for granted," he said. "Of course, the type and class of man you meet may be taken for granted, but you mustn't make a habit of it." He did not look at her.

"I don't," said Ann.

"You do," he said savagely. "You took me for granted because I was with those other fellows, They took me for granted. It's become the thing to do during the War, and it's wrong, because it gives fake values and creates false positions. You accepted me because I wore officer's uniform and appeared to have the usual standards of behaviour. I was wrong to let you. The fault is mine. You see, I don't belong to your world at all."

She looked up and saw with great surprise that he was quite, quite white.

"Show me where you lived," he commanded brusquely, "and I will show you my home."

"You see that tiny house," said Ann, and her pointing finger shook—"I lived there with my father, who was a dentist. The old lady we had tea with at the Savoy that day—whose name I still don't know—picked me up on a public seat in the Park, and—and—and carried me along because she was sorry for me, and I interested her. I was a shop-girl—out—out of a place!" Her voice broke a little. "Now show me your ancestral halls."

"There," he said, "that funny little house—with—with the shop underneath: you can just see Martineau Ogilvie written on it. Mary Martineau Ogilvie is—is my aunt. I funked showing it to you. I was ashamed to own up to it. I wanted to—to be an heroic H. G. Wells' sort of character, and take you there to tea. You didn't know, but I led you *past* the door five times."

The first stars were enmeshed in the branches; they were not brighter than her eyes.

"I had to leave to-day honestly," she said. She had a flare of feminine insight. "Not to would have been like leaving muddy footmarks on a saint's shrine."

"I'm glad!" he owned, with a long breath. "I'm so *terrifically* glad, my dear!" He looked at her. "I wonder if you know," he said, "how absolutely wonderful you are?"

Her lips quivered.

"I want to take you down and introduce you to my aunt," he said slowly. "She's a dear old soul—Ann."

The Terrace was deserted. He kissed her. The rooks and the stars and probably the sentry saw, and were not surprised.

"We will go down the steps," he said, "into the real world. On every step I will tell you something about myself. There are hundreds of steps, dear. You know all the big, essential things; now you shall learn all the little things that other people think you ought to know about the man you are going to marry, so that you shall not meet my aunt unequipped."

"And what about me?"

"You shall answer all my aunt's questions about yourself, and I will learn the answers as you give them. On the last step but one I shall propose to you formally; by that time you will know everything about me!"

"And on the last step?"

"In our case," he said, "it is the last step that counts, not the first. The last step is for your answer."

"When I was young," said Ann, "I think they shut the gate somewhere early. I think we ought to go, Maurice."



"MOLLY." BY T. CURRIE BELL.

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NO GOOD.

"THAT 'ere food plot, mister——".
"Yes?"
"Well, it ain't no bloomin' good.' I've dug it over twice, and I ain't found a single blinkin' pertater!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

JAMES.

By Grace Mary Golden.

I DISLIKE Miriam's aunt intensely. She has a way of ferreting out one's secret sins and turning them inside out, and keeping one up to the mark, and being generally disturbing; and, personally, I prefer to deal with my own sins in my own time. When I went to tea with Miriam the other day, I looked forward to spending a pleasant hour talking about clothes and theatres, eating unpatriotic sweet cakes, and pretending there wasn't a war on. And the aunt was there! You can't do that sort of thing with her, or she thinks it is your permanent state, and goes home and prays for you; and, although I can stand a lot, I do draw the line at being prayed for by Miriam's aunt. So we talked goodly about the military situation, and the political situation, and the price of food, and war economies, and khaki wool; and I said no, only the very *tiniest* bit of sugar in my tea, thank you, and refused a third piece of cake, and got more and more ill-tempered.

Of course, we got round to the question of man-power in time, and Miriam's aunt made us a present of her opinion of those people who continue to employ men-servants to minister to their wants when they ought to be doing more essential work for their country.

"Any person keeping a male dependant for purely domestic purposes at the present time is guilty of little less than treason," she said darkly, and fixed me with an accusing eye, as though she had detected me in the act of concealing two or three footmen and a butler under my hat or in my muff.

Of course, I blushed and looked guilty; I always do when people look at me like that, and it's not a bit of good trying to prove innocence afterwards—the blush condemns me for ever.

Miriam caught my eye.

"What about James?" she said slowly and regretfully, as though she hated to betray me.

"Of course," I admitted, "there's James."

I sighed.

Miriam's aunt said "Ah!"

You may think she could not have said less, but I assure you she could not possibly have implied more.

"This James," she added, after a short and painful pause, "is he of military age?"

"Oh, *no!*" I answered hastily. At least, there is a limit to my depravity.

"Not that that is the point entirely," went on the inexorable voice. "This War will be won, not *only* by the devotion of the men in the trenches, but by the strict subordination at home of all interests to the business of producing war material."

She says that rather well. I have heard her do it before—I think she got it out of a newspaper. I, like a wise criminal, said nothing.

"How old is—er—James?" She glared at me again.

"He's—he's in the prime of life," I owned reluctantly. I had to—Miriam's aunt hypnotises the truth out of one.

"And fit?"

"Perfectly fit."

"Ah!" she said again, and stopped. I saw she was taking breath to say something really adequate, and I felt I could not bear it.

"I'm afraid I must go," I said weakly to Miriam.

"I will speak to James as soon as I get home," I muttered shamefacedly, as I slunk away from those accusing eyes, that condemnatory voice.

But on the way home I faced my own weakness. I might speak to James, but I knew it would break my heart to tell him to go; and he, for his part, would never leave me unless he were absolutely pushed out and prevented by force from returning. It would mean the laceration of both our hearts, and I had not, alas! the stern, determined moral strength of Miriam's aunt. However, when I got in, I went straight and found James.



TREASURE TROVE.

JONES finds a lump of sugar between the bars of a disused bird-cage.

"James," I said very firmly, "why aren't you making munitions?"

James made no direct answer, but I understood him to indicate that he was very comfortable where he was.

"Oh, James!" I said—more, you understand, in sorrow than in anger.

James, realising that I desired conversation, stood up and yawned magnificently, arched a majestic back as he stretched himself, and then, rubbing a soft black head against my boot, purred a welcome.

No, it's no good—I *can't* part with James.



THE EXPLANATION.

"HALLO! 'Ow did you get that job?"
"Oh, influence—just influence!"



ON NEWLY-CAPTURED GROUND.

"EVER seen anything like this before?"
"Yes, it reminds me of the garden of a house I once took, down Tooting way."

TOMMY (whose nurse possesses a very florid complexion): I do feel so sorry for Nursie, mummie. She'll never get a medal like the other nurses you were reading about yesterday.

MOTHER: Oh, but I'm sure she would, dear, if she belonged to the Red Cross, for she is exceedingly good and kind."

TOMMY: Yes, I know, mummie; but although Nursie is always very red, she's never, never cross!

"ARE you of the opinion," asked a slim-looking man of the druggist, "that Doctor Smith's medicine does any good?"

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I want each of you to write me a composition on the subject 'What I should do if I had five thousand pounds.'"

One youth sat idle until the papers were called for, when he sent in a blank sheet.

"What does this mean?" demanded the teacher sternly. "Where is your composition?"

"That's it," said the boy. "That's what I'd do if I had five thousand pounds."

OLD LADY (to young fellow milking cow): I say, my lad, why ain't you at the Front?



THE LURE.

"WELL, marm, where do yer want ter go? This is fer Oxford Circus. No good? Well, what do you say to Mesopotamia? Will that do yer?"

"Not unless you follow the directions."

"What are the directions?" asked the man.

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."

THE following notice was recently posted in a Minnesota village by the up-to-date marshal:—

"I have been instructed by the Village Council to enforce the ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the side-walks.

"Harry Shells, Village Marshal."

YOUNG 'FELLOW: If you know more about the bally cow than I do, you'd better milk her at the front. I don't.

BROWN: Does Williams still go to Miss John's lectures?

JONES: Yes. He married her,

BROWN: Go on. That's news. Does he still allow her to go about lecturing, then?

JONES: No, but she continues to do it in private.



THE MODERN TENDENCY.

CHOIRMASTER: Now we'll try Number Twenty-five. You sang the last much too quickly. Please remember that this is not a rag-time hymn!

"Is there," said the teacher, "any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms?"

"Yes," said a pupil promptly. "Hash."

SPURGEON was once asked if he thought that a man who learned to play the cornet on the Sabbath Day would go to heaven.

The reply of the great preacher was characteristic.

"I don't see why he should not," he answered, "but surely the question is whether the man who lives next door will."

A PAINFUL scene was being staged, with Johnny, his father, and a slipper in the principal *rôles*. Father gave voice to the ancient platitude. "This hurts me, Johnny, far more than it does you," he said.

Johnny gritted his teeth. "Then," he wailed, "keep it up—I can stand it!"

POTATO PANEGYRICS.

GROWING potatoes is comparatively easy; the brain fag and mental anxiety come in when trying to select the proper kind from the seedsman's catalogues.

How is the distracted amateur, even when assisted by elegant illustrations, to decide between rival claims like the following:—

Acme.—An extraordinary handsome potato, healthiest, earliest, and best. Skin falls off in the saucepan.

Perfection.—A great improvement on the above. Very strenuous in the haulm. Beautiful complexion. Multiplies itself by ninety-nine if treated kindly.

Champion.—Lovely eyeless oblate spheroid. Mashed or boiled has no rival. Keeps on winning gold medals.

Excelsior. — World's champion. Never had a day's illness. Flowers often mistaken for orchids. Requires no attention; earths itself up and jumps out of the ground when ready.



A SUGGESTION.

As parcels cannot be sent home, why not make use of the voluminous pockets which are now fashionable?

MRS. PERKINS AND THE FOOD SUPPLY.

"I SEE," said Mrs. Perkins, "that Lord What's-'is-name 'as been a-writing to the papers to tell people to keep rabbits and grow cabbages in their back-yards to keep up the food supply of the nation.

"I only 'ope 'e'll do it 'imself, and I wish 'im joy. I don't want to dash no 'opes, but I tried it myself in a 'umble way, you understand, last summer.

"I gave a pair of Perkins's boots and fourpence for two small rabbits, and that just left room in my garden for a dozen sprouting broccoli.

"For the first three weeks I thought the broccoli was going to die of heart disease; but as soon as they started to sit up and sprout, the rabbits broke out of their hutch and ate every blessed one up, and expired next day of internal combustion.

"All I got out of it was the rabbit skins, which I will say make a 'andsome necklet.

"When I wear it on Sundays, I 'ear people saying: 'Fancy 'er buying them expensive furs in war-time!'

"It's 'ard to bear, but I reckon I've done my bit towards increasing the food supply."

OFFICER (aged five): Form fours! Oh, there are only three of you. Well, get level of that tree, can't you?

Born 1820—
still going strong.



"'Look before you leap.'"

"Yes! Always look for the 'Johnnie Walker' label on the bottle before you leap to the conclusion that you have got the best whisky."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

THE JOBBING GARDENER.

By C. Marriage.

PAUL has got a new hobby. Instead of doing all his own gardening, he employs a man once a week to do it for him—or, rather, he did. I will tell you about it.

Paul's latest pet is the front garden, which he has had paved with broken flagstones. When it was finished and I was called out to look at it, I didn't like to say what I really thought, but Paul made me.

"That shows that you've missed the whole point," he said irritably. "The spaces between the stones are *meant* to be there, of course. I had great difficulty in impressing that upon the men. They wanted them all to fit tightly, like you do. Don't you see? They're for little mossy creeping things to grow in. Every time we go into the country I shall bring back something that grows on walls and in cracks. That's the whole charm of a flagged garden."

It was ages before we got anything to grow in the cracks, but at last Paul hit upon one or two things that didn't actually die. Soon afterwards the jobbing gardener came.

Just as Paul went off to town after breakfast, I heard him say—

"Now, I want you to take cuttings of those" —here followed a Latin name which I was pretty certain the gardener had never heard of —"mow the lawn, roll it, dig up the two long beds thoroughly and put a good load of manure into them, replace the roots and bulbs you find in them, and prune the fig-tree. I understand you can do that, eh? Oh, and——"

"I should think that's about all he'll get through with in half a day," I ventured to put in, and Paul grunted and left.

At about eleven o'clock I looked out into the garden. There was a peaceful atmosphere about everything, and an entire absence of the sound of work, or, indeed, of any sound except a gentle munching underneath my window. I went out.

"Just tidying up a bit," came a voice slightly muffled with food, and the first sound of work—a slow swish of a broom—followed. Later, at twelve, I met him in the front garden. He looked brighter.

"Rare lot o' weeds 'ere," he said. "Done some tidying up, I 'ave, and no mistake. Just cleared up all this 'ere yard and swept it round a bit."

I looked round hastily.

"You haven't touched——" I began anxiously and then stood looking at him in horror.

"All these 'ere cracks were full of 'em," he went on. "Not the usual kind they weren't. More like mosses, some of 'em. A bit damp 'ere, I reckon, in the winter. But I've made a nice tidy job of it now. Got a bit neglected, that's all.". And then, as he went off: "You might tell the gentleman I 'adn't time for any o' them jobs this week. Started to do a bit o' mowing, but there's something wrong with that machine o' yours."

"It was all right last time it was used," I said.

"Well, I started takin' it ter pieces, and couldn't make nothink of it. It's in the shed there. So I've just 'ad a good sweep round to-day, and done a bit o' tidying up."

* * * * *

Paul, as I said before, has a new hobby. He is trying to get his garden kept in order for him, *and* employs a jobbing gardener. So far he has only done the latter, and he's stopped doing that now.



THE MISSING LINK.

CUSTOMER: Our airmen are doing well, aren't they?
BARBER: What! With a head like yours for fourpence!

"WHAT an awful motor accident it must have been!" said the wife, laying aside the newspaper. "They say it is beyond description."

"Pah! Bosh!" exploded her husband. "Beyond description, my eye! A mere figure of speech. Recall, for instance, the big fire of a few weeks ago. I read in one paper that the havoc was beyond description, and then followed—on the same page, mind you—three or four columns of the most minute details they could publish! 'Beyond description,' indeed! Nothing can happen here that the papers will find past describing, take my word for that!"

"I think you're wrong, John. I know one thing that even newspapers will be unable to describe."

"What can that be?"

"The end of the world!"

"MAN," said the long-limbed curate to the Sunday-school class, "is composed of body, soul, and spirit. Now, then, what is the most important part of man?"

There was a dead silence.

"Well, take me, for example," he proceeded. "What do you think is the most important part of me?"

A little girl near the front gazed earnestly at him and held up her hand.

"Well, Ethel?" said the curate encouragingly.

"Legs!" cried Ethel triumphantly.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH.

THE DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE TREATMENT.

Consumption is a disease of the worst possible character as to its ultimate results; its prevention and cure have occupied the attention and absorbed the best energies of the highest medical authorities, with little material benefit to the sufferers, until the discovery by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, of a curative treatment which has proved eminently successful, so that now, happily, the cure of consumption as a disease can be recorded as an established and incontrovertible fact.

The enormous value of this specific treatment, which has been instrumental in restoring to perfect health a large number of persons who, but for its aid, would have met premature death from phthisis, lies in the fact that the inhalations are administered by a method which ensures their penetrating to the actual seat of the disease, and consequently treat it locally, which in by far the greater number of cases means complete eradication.

Up to the present time an incalculable amount of permanent good has been accomplished by the use of these inhalations, not only in instances of persons suffering from actual consumption, but also in cases of bronchitis, asthma, and similar ailments, and there is no doubt that as time goes on the treatment discovered by Dr. Alabone (known as the "Alabone" treatment of Consumption and Asthma) will become still more extensively employed.

It would require an impossible amount of space in which to print all the testimonials of prominent professional men, nurses, and others regarding the remarkable success which has followed the adoption of the "Alabone" treatment of Consumption and Asthma.

This case, previous to adopting the Treatment, had been in a sanatorium, and had tried Tuberculin Injections.

Worcester.

The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment.

Dear Sirs,—I was yesterday examined by my doctor, who was very pleased with the result of the examination. He said that he could not find any trace of active disease, and that, in his opinion, I could now discontinue the Alabone Treatment.

I should now like to put on record my appreciation of the benefits I have received from your Treatment. I am sure it has been the means of restoring me to a state of good health and strength again. You may be sure that I shall recommend the Treatment to anyone suffering from Consumption with whom I may come in contact.

I remain, yours very sincerely,
W.S.

One cannot do better than advise any reader desiring further particulars regarding this successful treatment for the cure of consumption to communicate with the Secretary, the Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. 5, who will gladly answer any inquiry; from the same address Dr. Alabone's important book, "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians, now in its 49th edition, 174th thousand, can be obtained for *2s. 6d.*, post free. This work contains invaluable information upon this vital subject.

Does it CLEAN as well as POLISH?
Is it LIGHT in weight?



The number of enthusiastic comments and practical enquiries (such as the above) which we have received regarding our Ronuk Home Polisher, indicates the vast amount of interest that has been aroused in this wonderful new time and **labour-saving** appliance.

RONUK
HOME POLISHER.

Price Complete, 5/6

One lady asks: "Does this polisher put the Ronuk on the floor as well as do the polishing, and do you wash it when dirty?" Another writes: "Have you a device for putting the RONUK on with? This seems to me the hardest part of the work, as you have to kneel to rub it in."

Complete and satisfactory answers to all these queries are given in our beautifully illustrated booklet "There's the Rub," which may be had FREE from Ronuk, Ltd., Dept. 44, Portslade, Brighton.

There's nothing like RONUK for polishing floors, keeping your linoleum bright, or polishing the woodwork of furniture. It gives a beautiful dry, lustrous surface, does not smear, and is most ECONOMICAL in use.

Of Stores, Grocers, Ironmongers and Oilmen, in large, medium, and small tins. Also LIQUID RONUK in upright tins.

RONUK, Ltd., Portslade, BRIGHTON.



An elderly parishioner applied to the vicar of a North-country parish for a pension from one of the church's charities.

"But," said the vicar, "to enable anyone to get this pension, the first condition is that the applicant should be a good Churchman. Now, are you a good Churchman?"

The applicant straightened himself up and replied impressively: "I am, sir, sure. None better in this parish."

"How is it, then," said the vicar somewhat severely, "that I never see you at church?"

"Well, sir," responded the applicant, with modest pride, "it's true I haven't been inside t' church for twenty years, but, all t' same, I'm a good Churchman. On fine Sunday mornings I take my chair an' sit beside t' chapel door yonder; an' when I see the crowds going in theer, I'm fair sick o' them, I am, an' I turn my back!"



"SOME" SUM.

DADDY: Hullo, Tommy! What's the matter? Lessons wrong again?
TOMMY: Yes, daddy. It's the arithmetic—that sum I asked you about last night—how much are a million shillings? You said "a deuce of a lot"—it's the wrong answer!

Private Thomas was six feet four in his socks; the sergeant was much shorter. The sergeant looked along the line.

"Head up there, Thomas!" he cried. Thomas raised his head.

"Up higher," said the little sergeant. "There, that's better. Don't let me see your head down again."

"Am I always to be like this?" asked Thomas, staring away above the little sergeant's head.

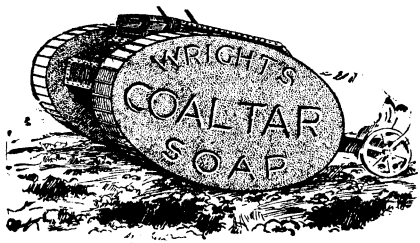
"You are," was the answer.

"Then I'll say good-bye to you, sergeant, for I'll never see ye again."

Telephone exchanges seem to be a trial all the world over, and a certain country town is no exception. The other day the exchange was rung up and asked for Number 27. The subscriber was put through, but found it was to the wrong number. He angrily rang the exchange up and complained of the mistake, and, strange to say, he was not pacified when he received the answer that, as Number 27 was engaged, he had been put through to Number 28, that being the nearest unengaged number.

This story comes from a provincial city, where the speed of the cable-trams is notorious. A conscientious objector, whose appeal was recently dismissed, determined to save himself from slaughter by committing suicide, so he laid himself down on the tram-line in order to be run over. But before a car came that way he had died of starvation!

A couple of interesting pictures from the Front.



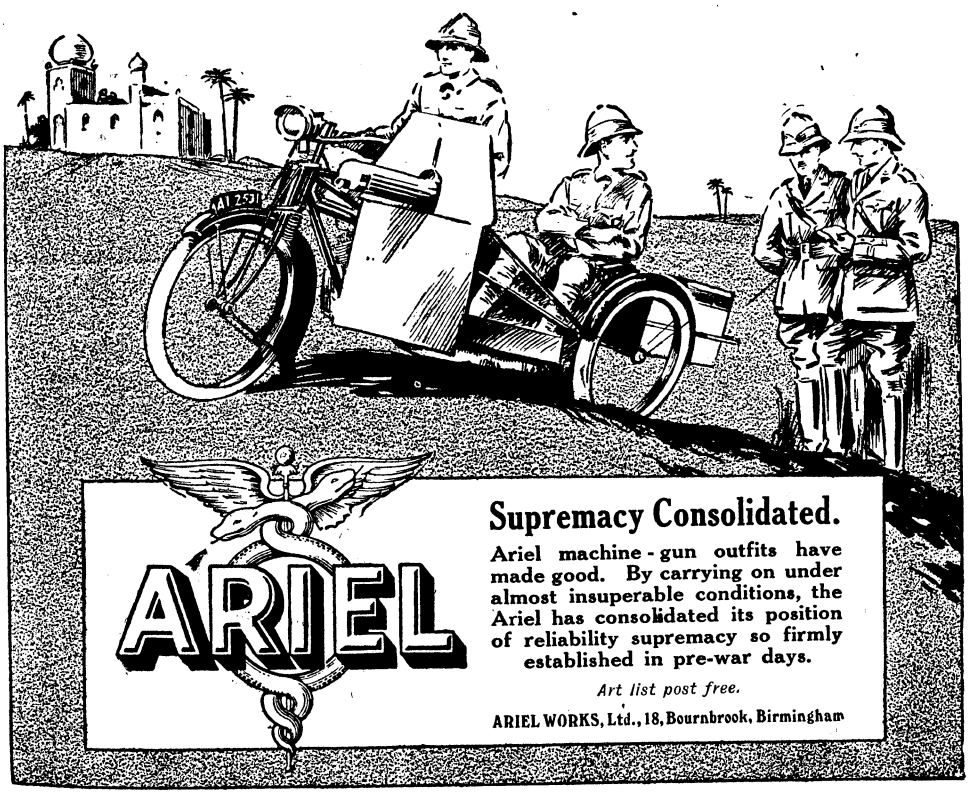
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The SOLDIER'S SOAP

Include a supply in the next parcel to your Soldier Friend.

4½d. a Tablet



Supremacy Consolidated.

Ariel machine-gun outfits have made good. By carrying on under almost insuperable conditions, the Ariel has consolidated its position of reliability supremacy so firmly established in pre-war days.

Art list post free.

ARIEL WORKS, Ltd., 18, Bournbrook, Birmingham

THE POINT OF VIEW.

By Charles D. Leslie.

I. From Mr. H. Partington-Pearton, of 36, Battenford Villas, Upper Sydenham, to Mr. F. Annaly, 38, Battenford Villas (his next-door neighbour). Delivered by a servant, 11 a.m.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly request the member of your household who strums on the piano every morning from eleven till one kindly to defer the exercise till the afternoon? It is my custom to spend those hours in my study, and serious work is impossible while nerve-shattering discord proceeds from the room the other side of the wall.

Faithfully yours,
H. PARTINGTON-PEARTON.

II. Mr. F. Annaly to Mr. H. Partington-Pearton. Delivered by a servant, 12 noon.

SIR,—The member of my household who, as you ignorantly call it, "strums" is, as you must be aware, my daughter Regina. Had you even a rudimentary musical ear, you would not have used so extravagantly silly a designation of her performance. She is a professional pianist of high standing, and was for months accompanist to the renowned singer Madame Sophoniski, and had the honour of playing before the late Grand Duchess of Muskerry, shortly before her death.

Oddly enough, I was about to write to you to complain, courteously, of the gramophone which blares Italian songs almost nightly in your drawing-room. The noise harrows my artistic soul.

In spite of the offensive character of your letter, I am willing to strike a bargain. Muzzle your gramophone, and I'll ask my daughter to practise in the afternoon.

Faithfully yours,
F. ANNALY.



THE USUAL.

BROWN (who has strayed into the local signal-box): 'Arf o' birrer an' Burt'n—quick!

III. Mr. H. Partington-Pearton to Mr. F. Annaly. Delivered by a servant, 1 p.m.

SIR,—I note that the performer to whose playing I take exception is your daughter Regina, that she played before the Grand Duchess of Muskerry, and that the poor lady died soon after. I am not surprised to hear it.

I also note that you were about to complain of my gramophone. Had you a rudimentary musical ear, you would have recognised that no gramophone—I do not possess one—could produce the sounds you hear. The "blaring," as you vulgarly put it, is my son Reginald singing and accompanying himself on the piano. Reginald is an amateur vocalist of high



The Gramophone Wanted at the Front!

The Boys at the Front never tire of the music and fun of the Regal Compactophone. In the Trenches — at the Base — at every odd moment. They like it because they can take it with them—it's so strong—so portable—it carries its own records. Send one out to-day.

The REGAL Compactophone

Prices—

£5 : 5s. and £7 : 10s.

Write for Lists—

THE REGAL COMPACTOPHONE,
108, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.



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DAINTY CROCKERY

direct from the Potteries.

A BARGAIN. DINNER AND TEA SERVICE, 30/-

We are making 20,000 of this entirely new shape and design in the **Famous Swansea Blue.** Send **30/-.** We will then send you these services on approval. If you are not quite satisfied, return same, when your money will be instantly returned. It is only the great quantity that we intend to sell makes it possible to sell at this low price. **Sound delivery guaranteed.** We can send you a sample Pudding Size Plate for 4 penny stamps. **THE "FLORENCE" SERVICES** are as follows:—

30/- the Lot, Packed Free, 30/-

6 Dinner Plates	**12 Tea Cups**
6 Pudding Plates	**12 Tea Saucers**
6 Cheese Plates	**2 Cake Plates**
3 Meat Dishes (3 sizes)	**12 Tea Plates**
2 Vegetable Dishes & Covers	**1 Slop Basin**
1 Sauce Boat	**1 Cream Jug**

30/- ALL TO MATCH.

Tea Set Finished in Best English Gold. Fit for any Table.

Teapot to match, 1½ pints, **2/6** Matchings supplied.
Goods Shipped to all parts of the World

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Art Pottery Album, 35 Colours and Gold, showing Dinner, Tea, Breakfast, Chamber Services, &c 500 Illustrations. Also Glass Suites and Cutlery.

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'GUIDE TO HEALTH' FREE!

A BOOK WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

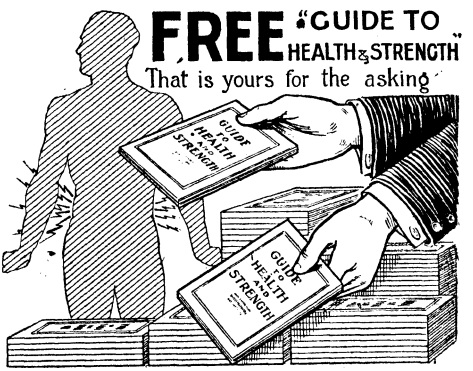
Sufferers from Nervous and Functional disorders are invited to write for a Book that is really worth its weight in gold.

Every page is filled with valuable information to those who are the victims of nervous weakness and its attendant array of functional disturbances and disorders.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

It is written and published with the object of offering to the suffering public information and advice in health troubles which was hitherto confined to those who could afford to pay the expensive fees imposed by the great West End specialists. It explains just how and why Electrological Treatment succeeds where all other methods fail.

Even to-day medical science is only slowly agreeing with the wonderful discovery made by Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher that in electricity, skilfully applied to the weak or ailing body, can there be any hope of a complete and permanent restoration of lost nervous energy.



This book has been written in non-technical language that can be understood by all. It contains many interesting and informative illustrations. Apply to-day on the special coupon below for your free copy.

This book contains health information for all who suffer from—

Neurasthenia, Debility, Insomnia, Lassitude, Failure of Memory, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation, and the numerous functional disorders that arise from the loss of vital force.

There is a complete rejuvenation—almost, indeed, a re-birth of the whole system—under a course of the Pulvermacher System.

Write to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, 22, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. Those who can call personally are cordially invited to do so, when a consultation on their health trouble may be secured absolutely free of charge and without obligation between the hours of 10.0 and 6.0 daily. Those who are unable to call, however, can save trouble and time by using this

FREE COUPON

By posting this Free Form To-day you will receive the "Guide to Health and Strength," and particulars of the Pulvermacher Appliances. You place yourself under no obligation whatever.

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Address.....

.....

Post to The Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd. (22, Vulcan House), 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

standing, and, did he choose to abandon the City, could make a large income on the operatic stage. Tempting offers have been made him by several managers. I decline to "muzzle" him, and if the piano strumming nuisance is not mitigated, I shall consult my lawyer.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
H. PARTINGTON-PEARTON.

IV. Mr. F. Annaly to Mr. H. Partington-Pearton. Delivered by a servant, 2 p.m.

SIR,—Your vulgar reference to my daughter's playing is beneath contempt. As for your son Reginald, the information that he is an amateur vocalist is quite unnecessary. I cannot conceive anyone paying to hear him. The tempting offers you allude to were probably in the nature of a bribe to keep him off the stage.

Yours,
F. ANNALY.

V. Mr. H. Partington-Pearton to Mr. F. Annaly. Delivered by hand, 3 p.m.

SIR,—You try me too far. My son's musical gifts were known far and wide in Upper Sydenham long before you inflicted yourself on the neighbourhood. No charity concert is complete without him. He is also the local champion tennis player, and holds the record for speed at the Sydenham Rink. I will not brook your offensive remarks concerning him, and am writing my lawyer to sue you for libel.

H. PARTINGTON-PEARTON.

VI. Mr. F. Annaly to Mr. H. Partington-Pearton. Delivered by hand, 4 p.m.

SIR,—Since you are about to appeal to the law, I may as well tell you I am writing my lawyer to sue you for libelling my daughter. She, let me tell you, is not only a gifted professional, but holds the high dive record of the local ladies' swimming club, and was the goal-keeper of the local ladies' hockey club. The law will teach you the penalty of cracking vulgar jokes about her.

F. ANNALY.

VII. Mr. H. Partington-Pearton to Mr. F. Annaly. Delivered by hand, 6 p.m.

MY DEAR MR. ANNALY,—Will you permit me sincerely to apologise for the foolish series of letters I have showered upon you to-day, and unreservedly to withdraw all aspersions on Miss Annaly's playing? Your daughter is a very talented and charming young lady. I state this on the authority of my son Reginald, with whom I have just had a conversation on the subject. I was quite unaware that he knew her, but it seems they have met frequently at the Rink and elsewhere, and that, in fact, something in the nature of an engagement exists between them. I was also unaware that Miss Regina is a god-daughter—in fact, the favourite god-daughter—of Lady De Hilltopper. Reginald talks of bringing me to see you and Miss Regina at 8 p.m. this evening. Shall I be welcome?

Believe me, yours very sincerely,
H. PARTINGTON-PEARTON.

VIII. Mr. F. Annaly to Mr. H. Partington-Pearton. Delivered by hand, 6 p.m., simultaneously with Number VII.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"I couldn't get no margarine, mum, so I bought 'alf a pound of butter as a substitute.'

HOW SOLDIERS BANISH ANY BAD FOOT TORTURES.

Harry Lauder's Practical Help to the Boys in the Trenches.

WINDSOR MAGAZINE readers suffering from various painful foot troubles, such as aching, tenderness, callouses, corns, &c., may be interested to learn what soldiers do for these, also to stop rheumatic pains in a few minutes, or relieve muscular soreness and stiff joints. They simply rest the feet in hot water containing about a tablespoonful of an ordinary saltrates compound, concerning which Harry Lauder recently said:



Photo] Hana.

Harry Lauder

"Hearing Reudel Bath Saltrates mentioned as being a likely comfort for the boys in the trenches, and knowing from personal experience that it is excellent, I have sent out several packages, which have been much appreciated."

Sergt. C. S. Turner, of the R.A.M.C., wrote: "I could hardly credit the evidence of my own eyes when I saw what this remarkable natural curative water had done for 'trench foot,' corns, and other very serious foot afflictions."

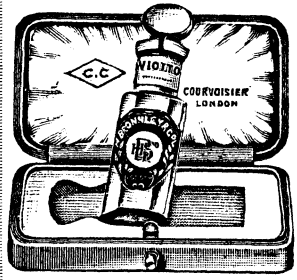
Corpl. T. S. Wilburn, also of the R.A.M.C., wrote: "For rheumatic pains I have found this medicinal saltrated water marvellously effective."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates should not be confused with ordinary patent medicines, ointments, &c. It is a well-known standard compound, exactly reproducing the curative constituents of famous natural medicinal springs, and forms similar highly medicated and oxygenated water. All chemists keep this fragrant and refreshing toilet preparation ready put up in convenient half-pound packets, at very reasonable cost.

COURVOISIER'S

CC Perfumes

Concentrated without spirit.



LILY OF THE VALLEY

and all floral odours, as:

ROSE,
SWEET PEA,
CARNATION,
VIOTTO, &c.

The concentrated fragrance of a thousand blossoms picked at the very moment of their perfection.

One drop only, applied with the perfuming rod, is sufficient.

Price 3/9 per vial.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS & STORES.

Wholesale:
H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD.,
London, W. 3.

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE"

CIGARETTES

THE PINK PACKET
10 FOR 5D.

THE BLUE PACKET
10 FOR 4½D.

Splendid Value to the Smoker

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to Wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P694 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

MY DEAR MR. PARTINGTON-PEARTON,—I much regret that in a moment of irritation I adversely criticised your son's musical powers. Of course, my allusion to a gramophone was intended for sarcasm. I really admired his playing and singing. The truth is, I was quite unaware Regina knew him, as she has just informed me, and that a sentimental attachment has sprung up between them. He seems, from what I can gather, a very fine young fellow. To be making five hundred a year at twenty-four proves him a man any father would be proud to trust his daughter to. You must permit me to call upon you to talk matters over in a neighbourly way. Shall we say this evening?

Believe me, yours very sincerely,
F. ANNALY.

MRS. BROWN: Has he? He may have outside his home, but in it he whines most of the time.

MRS. SMITH: H'm! I suppose it is a case of when the whine is in, the wit is out.

GUEST (sarcastically to new waiter): Do you know, my good fellow, that your thumb is in the soup?

NEW WAITER (affably): Much obliged, sir, but that's all right. The soup's not very hot, sir.

A SCOTTISH minister was explaining the difference between the man who had the mote in his eye and the man who had the beam in his eye.

"Now, boys," said he, "supposing one of you had got a mote in your eye, what would you do?"

"Blaw my nose, maister," instantly replied a smart little fellow at the back.



THE DAY!

THE SEER: I have to warn you, my dear madam, that you will have a rather serious illness at the age of thirty.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY: Well, my man, how was it that you first became a tramp?

TRAMP: Well, mum, I think it was the doctor first—he advised me to take a long walk every day. I have done so ever since.

DAUGHTER (reading letter from brother in France): Dear mother and sister, the pudding you sent was "it."

MOTHER: What a shame! With one of those shrapnels, I suppose.

MRS. SMITH: Your husband, I hear, has a great reputation for wit.

Two Tommies were passing in front of a house, the roof of which was in a very precarious condition. Shells were bursting all around, and the air was full of smoke.

"Shouldn't like to come along here on a windy day," remarked one.

"No," agreed his mate. "Might easily get a blooming slate on yer 'ead."

Facing Third Cover.]

THE AUGUST WINDSOR

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No. 272 SEVENPENCE NET VOL. 46

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED: LONDON AND MELBOURNE

'To CURE—is the Voice of the Past.
To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper of the Present.'



INDOOR WORKERS

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood, and indigestion.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st: Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd: *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.*" These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' CAN NOW BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.



IF YOU KNEW

a simple inexpensive but SURE way of KILLING BUGS, FLEAS, BEETLES, MOTH in clothes, and all kinds of Household Insects you would use it.

A FACT.

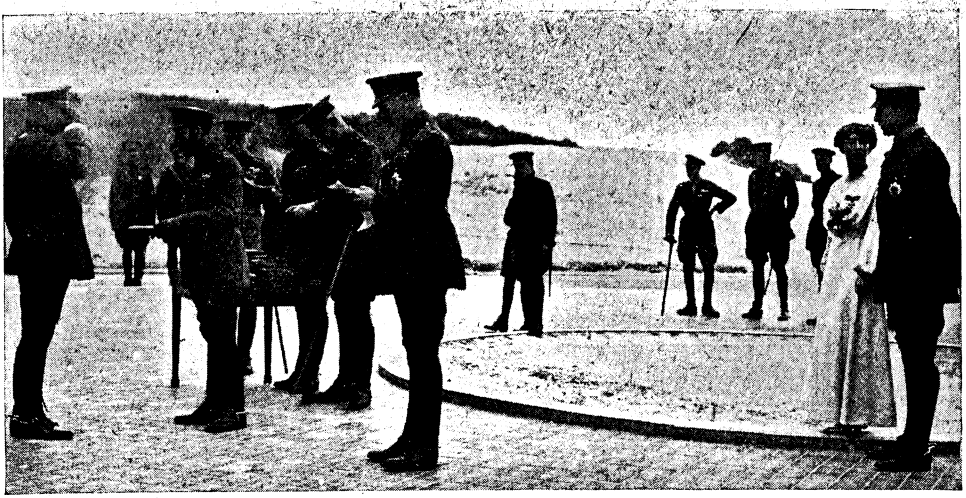
Keating's Powder kills EVERY BUG, FLEA, MOTH, FLY, BEETLE, etc., provided only "Keating's is brought into proper contact with it. "Keating's" contains no poison, and is harmless to everything but household insects and vermin. Sold everywhere in tins—not loose. But remember—Insist on having

KEATING'S POWDER.



"THE SEVENTH DAY: AN IMPROMPTU SERVICE ON THE WESTERN FRONT." BY A. C. MICHAEL.

A detachment not engaged in firing being ministered to by a "padre," while the rest of the battery is engaging the enemy. On the right are guns in their small embrasures and a signaller in a dug-out. Also on the right, towards the foreground, is a supply cartridge dump in a shell-hole. The chaplain stands slightly above the men, towards the left. On his right is a bell from a ruined church, now used to give warning of gas attacks. On the right a German heavy explosive shell is bursting. Drawn from details received.



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS BY KING GEORGE TO BELGIAN OFFICERS.

From an official photograph taken during the visit of His Majesty to the Western Front, and supplied by L.N.A.

"FOR VALOUR"

DECORATIONS FOR HEROIC DEEDS IN THE WAR

By E. D. USHAW

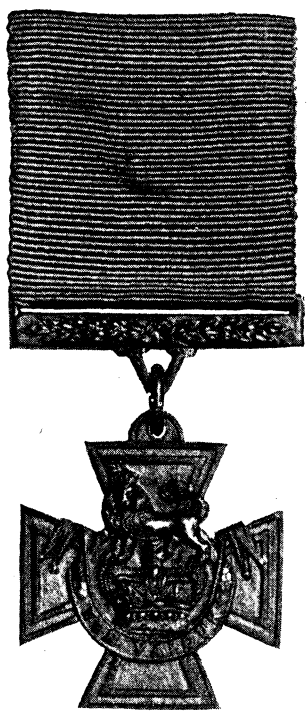
THIS is a subject to be approached with caution by the ablest recorder, because his material, alike in quantity and quality, is apt to submerge him and lead to *longueurs* which would be absorbing enough in a book, but out of place in a magazine article. Consider for a moment the historic investiture held by the King in Hyde Park, on a glorious day this summer, to the skirl of martial pipes, with protective planes floating miles overhead, weaving slow circles through the sunlit clouds in perfect echelon. There were eleven V.C.'s to be presented before that vast concourse, nine D.S.O.'s, eleven Distinguished Service Crosses, fourteen Military Crosses, one hundred and nine Distinguished Conduct Medals, fifty-five Distinguished Service Medals, one hundred and sixteen Military Medals, three Meritorious Service Medals, and eleven Royal Red Crosses — these last to nurses of Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand.

There were fathers and mothers and widows of heroes who had passed in sacrifice, deliberate and sublime—young Cates, who threw himself upon a bomb; John Erskine, who used his own body as a shield for that of his wounded officer; and Thomas Mothershead, who, "though suffering extreme torture," brought his blazing plane from a height of 9000 feet, thinking only of his observer during that awful flight, and the military knowledge he had gained. So these men died, and their King was visibly moved as he handed the coveted Cross—rarest of all distinctions—to tremulous folk who received the grave, earnest Royal words with emotion too deep for tears.

What a muster was there that day, with serried ranks of supermen like Major Henry Murray, that famous hero of the Anzac Army, who now added the V.C. to his double D.S.O.! His was a charmed life indeed, a record for "sheer valour" which stirred even *The London Gazette* to more

than the barest words. Major Murray "made his presence felt throughout the line—encouraging his men, heading bombing parties, leading bayonet charges, and carrying the wounded to places of safety."

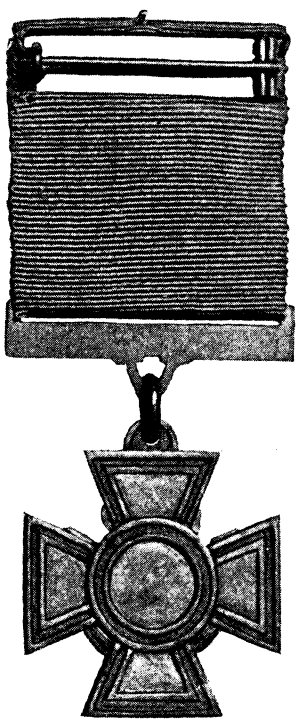
There were captains courageous, like Ambrose Peck, of the *Swift*, and Edward Evans, of the *Broke*, men of classic renown the world over for that desperate "five-minute" battle at dead of night with six German destroyers. How the *Swift* drove straight for the enemy with intent to ram; how the *Broke* swung round like a maddened eagle, and locked herself in the third boat "at full speed," fair and square abreast the after funnel—these things belong to naval history for all time. So does the hand-to-hand fight with swarming German seamen on the *Broke's* deck, with Middy Gyles and the gunners stemming the murderous torrent with cutlass and bayonet and pistol.



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

"I'm going off duty now, sir," said Able-Seaman Rowles to his captain, and collapsed in the act of salute with four hidden wounds from shell fragments in his indomitable body. What man who went through that night will ever forget the headlong swoop of the *Swift* and *Broke* after their flaming quarry? German fire-gongs clanged in the blackness, their upper works were eerily aglow with furious stoking for flight and safety. A famous victory, in truth—a battle that was fought o'er again by tens of thousands of spectators at that Hyde Park investiture, which was a scene made historical by some of the most gallant men of our race.

Now let us note a surprising thing. Awards and decorations for heroism have never been a conspicuous feature of our Government, as the briefest historic survey will show. The Greeks of old gave laurel chaplets to victors in the Pythian Games and to warriors who climbed "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." The Roman leader had his triumph, his crown of grass and wild flowers, his wreath of myrtle and oak-leaf garlands—this last carrying with it exemption from all the usual burdens imposed by the State. Rome had her golden circlets, too, and her naval awards. In mediæval days we see champions of helm and sword and spear resplendent with many insignia of valour, with heroic devices displayed as crests and coat-of-arms, or wrought upon banners and shields by fair ladies or artist-armourers whose work amazes us to-day in the museums of the world.



THE VICTORIA CROSS: REVERSE.
Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.

As early as the twelfth century the Order of St. James was founded in honour of Spain's patron saint; it was even conferred upon women. Russia had her St. Catherine Order for similar bestowal; and strangest of all was the Turkish ribbon and star of the Chefekat, which was given to the beautiful Mrs. Goelet, an American lady and a philanthropist of international note. It was not till 1862 that Queen Victoria introduced a decoration for women in the Victoria and Albert Order, a ribbon of Chinese white with a medal bearing the Queen's head and that of her Consort.

More than twenty years later came the Royal Red Cross, "for women only," and chiefly as a tribute to the pioneer nurses of the Crimea. It is a red and blue ribbon—symbolical of both Services—with a scarlet

cross inscribed with "Faith, Hope, and Charity." We have always lagged behind other nations in this matter of awards, always regarded sacrifice and duty as things understood, but not to be expressed by any outward show. "I don't know what all the fuss is about," said David Lauder, of the Royal Scots, with one foot missing and nine wounds in his left leg. This ex-steel worker of Glasgow has the Serbian Gold Medal as well as the Victoria Cross, yet his modesty is

day twelve. Three prostrate soldiers were shot dead whilst Mr. Mellish bent over them in gentle ministration. How he loved his Cockneys, this brave Deptford curate! How they revered and admired his smiling *sans gêne* amid all that ghastly tumult!

"Wot's 'is religion?" was the feeble query of one whom Mr. Mellish had rapt from certain death. And he was told. "Then that's mine, too," the stricken man decided with sudden fire; his anti-religious bias had



Photo by] [*News Illustrations Co.*

KING GEORGE DECORATING CORPORAL J. CARR-COMYNS WITH THE FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE, SENT TO ENGLAND FOR THAT PURPOSE.

no pose at all—not learned, but native, like the springtime song of the birds.

Recall the heroism of the Rev. Edward Mellish, V.C., whose general pinned the crimson ribbon on his breast in a flowery meadow of France. "The ground was deluged with shell-blasts and machine-gun fire," writes an officer of the Northumberland Fusiliers, "and into that tempest the parson walked with a Prayer Book under his arm, as though on church parade." One day he brought in ten wounded men, another

always been a fierce point among his fellows. "An', wot's more, the bloke that says a word agin' our Church'll 'ave his 'ed bashed in!" Such potent sway can heroism win in the least likely quarters.

But the poet Pope was wrong to picture "Britain, conscious of her claim." She was *not* emulous of Greek and Roman awards and decorations: "In living medals see her wars enrolled." It would puzzle Pope or any other recorder to write a coherent and unbroken "Medallick History" of these

signs and symbols of our martial race. Little is known of Elizabeth's medals. One can find no earlier proof of an award for land service than the warrant which Charles I. issued to "the Wardens of our Mint at Oxford." It grieved the Stuart King to think that "soldiers which have been forward to serve us in the Forlorn Hope are not looked upon according to their merited valour and loyal service." So upon horse and foot Charles would thenceforth "bestow special tokens of our princely favour." And woe to those who bought and sold such decorations!

In 1649 the Long Parliament passed an Act "for the encouragement of mariners." Cromwell himself had a poor opinion of medals and crosses. He told the War Office how surprised he was they should send the engraver Simon to him in Scotland—"so great a journey about a business importing so little!" Lord Howe's victory over the French Fleet on June 1, 1794, produced naval medals and massy chains for the admirals engaged. Nelson was decorated after the Battle of the Nile, and right stoutly did he defend the claim of Troubridge of the *Culloden*, which went aground and so was out of action in the fray. "My heart," declared Nelson, "is warm to my gallant friends." The hero's own medal for the glorious tragedy of Trafalgar was given to his family; and thereafter such awards were more freely given, for they were indeed stirring times. Wellington proposed a medal for every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man who fought at Waterloo. It was expedient, he told Earl Bathurst, the War Secretary. It would have the best effect, and "they well deserve it."

War decorations were becoming democratic after a longish interval of reluctance and jealous restriction to men of rank. For fifteen years the Naval Medal was strictly limited to post-captains; it was withheld

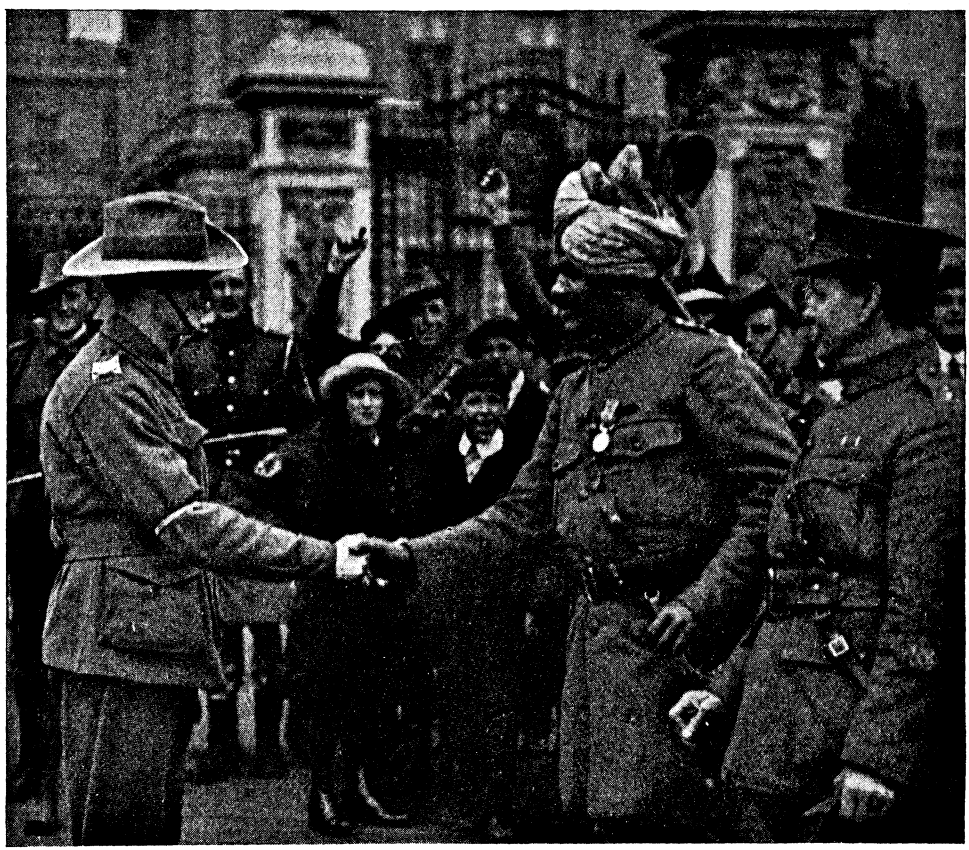


Photo by] [*Alfieri.*

BADA SINGH, D.S.O., CONGRATULATED BY AN ANZAC AFTER HIS DECORATION BY THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



Photo by] *[Topical.*

THE ST. GEORGE'S CROSS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY PINNED ON THE BREAST OF A RECIPIENT.

from junior officers, even those who took command after the death or disablement of their chief, and fought through to glorious victory. The Military Medal was given to no officer below a major's rank, despite the arguments of Wellington himself. The looseness and lack of system in this matter became very marked. An eloquent plea was put in for three hundred and twenty officers of the Peninsular campaigns who averaged thirty years of service without a single badge of military distinction to show for it. "They fought their way for six years through toil, sickness, and privation, from the lines at Torres Vedras until the banner of Britain was planted on the walls of Toulouse."



Photo by] *[Alfieri.*

BRITISH SOLDIERS RECEIVING FRENCH DECORATIONS FROM GENERAL JOFFRE.

It was this shabby treatment which made Wellington change his mind about these war decorations. "They should be granted," he said later on, "for important actions only, and to those engaged in them in a conspicuous manner, whatever may be their rank in the Service." That was the guiding rule thenceforth. Earl Bathurst and the Duke corresponded about crosses and clasps and stars. How was a medal to be worn in the field? An admiral on his quarter-deck might wear these gewgaws round his neck. "But it is very awkward to ride in. We on horseback should wear it in the buttonhole till the last distinction is received." Long service and good conduct medals were slow in coming to the lower ranks, and not until 1830 do we find such regular awards. Even then, by a serious error, it was ordained that no man should receive this distinction until he was discharged from the Service!

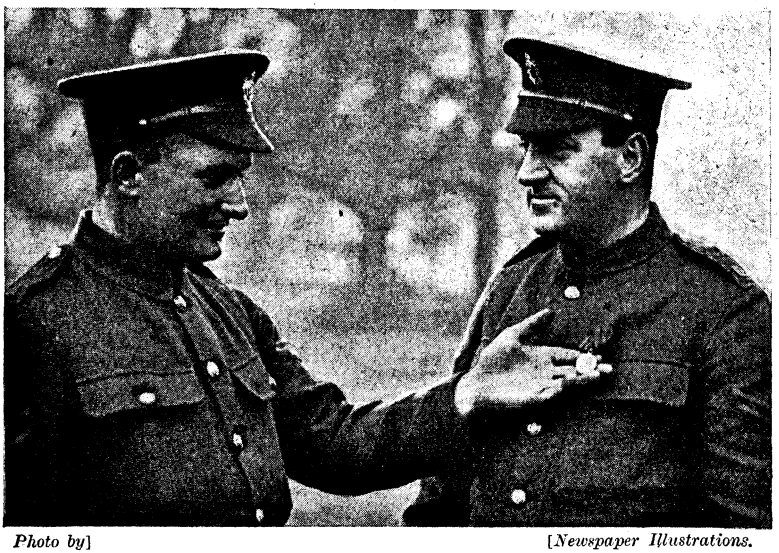


Photo by [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

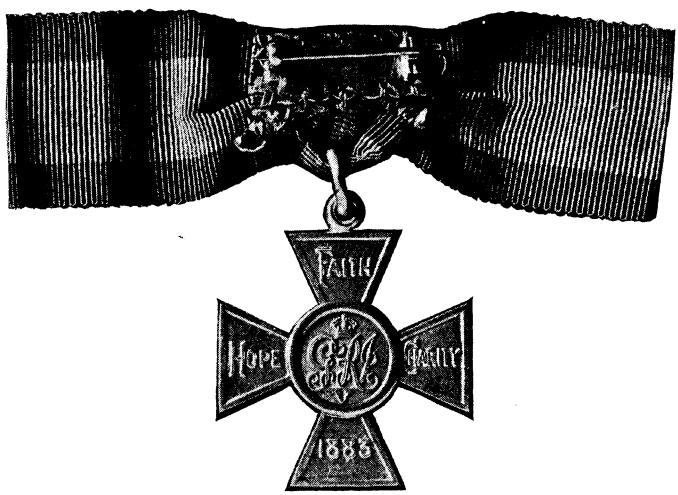
CORPORAL GAZE WEARING THE RUSSIAN MEDAL OF ST. GEORGE, CONFERRED UPON HIM FOR CARRYING AN IMPORTANT DISPATCH THROUGH TO HILL 60, THOUGH WOUNDED IN THIRTY-FOUR PLACES, AND RESCUING A COMRADE WHOSE LEG HAD BEEN BLOWN OFF, WITHOUT WAITING TO HAVE HIS OWN WOUNDS DRESSED.

But if the Crown was lukewarm in this regard, trading companies, commanding officers, and even private individuals could and did confer honours that were worn. The old East India Company gave medals to its army for the siege of Seringapatam, and instituted, besides, two Orders of Merit for the native troops. After the Battle of the Nile a Mr. Davison was allowed to give medals to every officer and seaman present; and a Mr. Boulton made similar gifts after the crowning victory of Trafalgar. It is certain that official apathy in this direction worried Nelson, especially after the attack on Copenhagen on April 2, 1801. We find him writing from Merton to "My Dear Sutton," who commanded the frigate *Amazon* in that battle. Nelson was surprised that the City of London should ignore this fight. He understood from Lord St. Vincent that "we were to have medals . . . Now he tells me he has always thought it improper to recommend the measure to the King . . . You may judge my feelings . . . But I am fixed never to abandon the fair fame of my companions in danger . . . I am not well, and this thing has fretted me."

It was very different in the Victorian era, which commenced in 1837 with a Military Order for the native officers and men of our Indian Army. This was an eight-pointed star with crossed swords and a wreath with the words: "Reward for Valour." The white five-rayed star of Napoleon's Legion of Honour had long been a standard decoration, and carried with it a pension according to the five classes of the Order. It was to fulfil a similar need in our own annals and achievements that Queen Victoria instituted the famous Cross which bears her name. Sixty years have passed since the first distribution was made to sixty-two officers and men on the Horse Guards' Parade. Not many V.C.'s have fallen to the senior Service, yet it was a naval officer—Charles David Lucas, afterwards Rear-Admiral—who was the very first recipient, for seizing a live shell on board H.M.S. *Hecla* and hurling it into the Baltic.

That was a memorable day in Queen Victoria's life. She rode to the investiture in amazonian scarlet and gold; she pinned on the Cross with her own hands, and each hero, saluted by the Prince Consort, "withdrew a proud and happy man." Her Majesty took the greatest interest in our

supreme decoration, and returned the original drawings to Lord Panmure with anxious notes of her own. "The Queen has marked the one she approves with an X; she thinks, however, it might be a trifle smaller. The motto would be better 'For Valour' than 'For the Brave,' as this would lead to the inference that only those are deemed brave who have got the Victoria Cross."



THE ROYAL RED CROSS FOR NURSES.

The new decoration instituted by the King. Recipients of the medal are entitled to the letters R.R.C. after their names. Photograph by Central Press.

For gallantry in the Crimea one hundred and eleven Crosses were awarded. The Indian Mutiny produced one hundred and eighty-two V.C.'s, and from that time down to 1914—despite many little wars in our vast Empire—only two hundred and twenty-four more Crosses had been bestowed, the South African War accounting for seventy-eight of these. Beyond all question the V.C. is the most carefully guarded distinction for valour in the whole military world. It carries a pension of £10 a year and £5 for each bar; in cases of disablement as much as £50 a year for life goes with this rare award. A double V.C. is held by Surgeon-Captain A. Martin Leake,

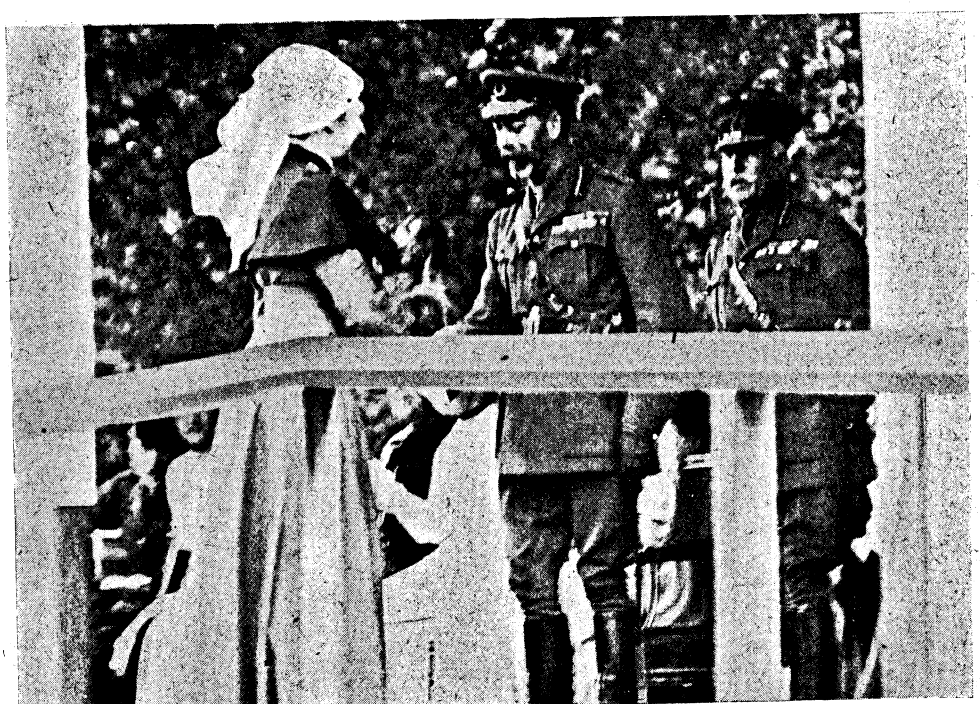


Photo by] [*Topical.*

THE KING PRESENTING THE ROYAL RED CROSS TO MATRON E. STRICKLAND, OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE.

R.A.M.C., who first won the Cross at Vlakfontein, in the Boer War, where he tended the wounded, although three times shot and drenched with blood, barely a hundred yards from the enemy's line.

But General Sir Charles Gough is a quadruple V.C.; his Cross has three bars, and is, therefore, absolutely unique among war decorations. One can give no more than mention to the medals of our China campaigns and those of Abyssinia, Ashanti, and Egypt. Gallant lads won these and many a badge besides; doleful prophets recalled those heroes of the past and contrasted them with our "decadent" race of 1914, when we were said to be sunk in pleasure-loving ease and sloth. The truth is—and may be stated bluntly—that our defenders of to-day face terrors which make the Crimea an altogether smaller affair, the Dervish an insignificant foe, the Boer sharpshooter himself a wily fellow using the olden tools more cunningly than others had used them. But there can be no rational comparison between the valour of to-day and that of the old campaigns, so appallingly have the conditions changed.

The "decadent" Briton of 1914 was abruptly called upon to face flaming technics of war before which a Napoleon might have blenched, a Nelson gone down in cruel defeat before dastard engines hid in the sea's heart and not visible above at all.

What shall be said of Captain L. W. Rees's lonely fight with ten enemy planes at a vast height? He dispersed them all, firing at close-contact range, and returning safely to our lines. What would the old heroes say to Albert Ball, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., Knight of St. George, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour? At the age of twenty this heroic boy was, perhaps, the greatest bird-man in Europe, with over forty vanquished aeroplanes to his credit. Due home on leave, the young airman turned aside to bag four more German victims! This wonderful life has passed, with others of kindred fame. Ball is to have a statue in his native Nottingham, as Nurse Cavell is in London, near St. Martin's Church.

The women, by the way, nobly increase the records of the present subject, and accentuate the difference between this and all other wars. Their names appear in the Honours Lists — "wounded, but still at duty," like Miss Mabel Tunley, who received the Military Medal as well as the Royal Red Cross. The names of six heroines appear



Photo by [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

THE LATE MRS. HARLEY, SISTER OF LORD FRENCH, DECORATED WITH THE FRENCH MILITARY CROSS BY GENERAL SARRAIL AT SALONICA.

in a single Supplement of *The Gazette*, including that of Lady Dorothie Feilding, the Earl of Denbigh's daughter, whom the French style "a Jeanne d'Arc in khaki." This lady wears also the Order of Leopold, conferred by King Albert himself in the field, and the French Croix de Guerre for "giving almost daily the finest example of contempt of danger and devotion to duty."

There are twenty foreign orders open to our women. The late Mrs. Harley, Lord French's sister, who was killed at Monastir, was furiously bombed, killing many of the patients. With Lady Ralph Paget's work in Uskub one cannot here deal for lack of space, nor with Lady Sybil Grey's on the Russian front. But mark well the fact of woman's shining service in this glorious record For Valour.

Another interesting feature of the present record is the "international award," such as the presentation of a Russian Cross to one of our own V.C.'s. This decoration was handed to the King by the Russian Ambassador, and presented by His Majesty,



Photo by] [*Central News.*

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE PRESENTING DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDALS TO BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE.

received the Croix de Guerre from General Sarrail at Salonica. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart is a *decorée* of several nations, Dr. Elsie Inglis wears the Serbian White Eagle, and Miss Kathleen Burke the Order of St. Sava, as well as the Golden Palms of France for lectures and collections in the United States, which brought in thousands of pounds. Florence Nightingale at Scutari never faced horrors so fearful as those which confronted these Englishwomen in the vile and verminous typhus wards of Kragujevatz. In the Serbian retreat several of our nurses were shot, and the hospital in which they lay

at Sheffield, to Corporal Wilfred Fuller, V.C., of the 1st Grenadiers, the heroic bomber who, entirely alone, captured fifty Germans in a communication trench at Neuve Chapelle. Another international investiture took place at Salonica, where General Milne decorated General Bailloud for services to the British Army in Gallipoli. After the ceremony was over, the French Commander handed our General several Médailles Militaires and Croix de Guerres, requesting him to decorate certain officers and men who had earned these by gallant conduct in those tragic gullies under Turkish fire.

Look closely into the records, and you are amazed at the unlikely heroes you encounter, as well as a democracy of valour wide as the Empire itself, with astonishing range of class and character between each extreme. A poet and a Cambridge scholar, like young St. Clair Tisdall, won the V.C.; so did a convict with twenty-seven convictions to his name! A shoeing-smith also won the supreme award; and so did a drummer-boy, a shop assistant, miners, doctors, and sailors of all ranks, not forgetting Lieutenant Norman Holbrook,



Photo by [*News Illustrations.*

THE KING INVESTING GUNNER GEORGE GATES, OF H.M.S. "BROKE," WITH THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS.

of the *B* 11, whose feats at the Dardanelles moved the French President to make him also a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur in recognition of "underwater" courage of superhuman quality.

This international decoration of brave men has long been a regular feature among the Allies, as may be seen by the distribution of Russian honours to our naval officers who fought in the Battle of Jutland. To Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty went the Order of St. Anne, to Sir Cecil Burney the St. Vladimir, to Admiral Heath the St. Stanislas Order with Swords, and so on, down to surgeons and Fleet paymasters. No longer are ribbons and crosses an "aristocratic" preserve, since valour knows no class distinctions. The Chief Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools mentions three V.C.'s among the "bad boys," eight commissions to officer rank, twenty mentions in dispatches, and twenty-five D.C.M.'s.

Scotland Yard even shows a Roll of Honour of the criminal class. Here are seventy now honourable names, mostly of men killed in action, with a wonderful V.C. among them, and a Russian Cross of St. George. Framed in oak, the Roll hangs in the private room of Mr. Basil Thomson, of the C.I.D.; and below the scroll is an apt quotation from Pericles to the Athenians: "Even those who come short in other ways may redeem themselves by fighting bravely for their country; they may blot out the evil with the good, and benefit the State more by their public service than ever they injured her by their private acts."

The Great War seems to have found our Empire short in the awards of honour. Even the Distinguished Service Order goes no farther back than 1886, and other distinctions have been instituted since 1914, notably the Military Cross. Foreign officers are eligible for the honorary award of both D.S.O. and M.C. A delicate matter, and one wholly beyond the layman's ken, is where the V.C. standard of heroism stops and the D.S.O. begins. Meanwhile the valour of our race in all elements of the world-war was such as to embarrass the fount and source of honours. It is manifest that not all great deeds are marked with the V.C. "Lots of our fellows have done as much—or more," remarked a hero of the Cheshire Regiment.

It is this incorrigible spirit which distinguishes the British soldier in war, and doubtless also accounts for the backwardness of his country in providing varied and profuse awards suited to each event. Now the double V.C. has become a problem, and a recent Army Order deals with it and the less rare decorations. In future the V.C. who wins a bar for a subsequent deed will wear on the ribbon a miniature cross in bronze. If he holds two bars, he wears two tiny crosses, and so on. A small silver rose will distinguish the double D.S.O., the M.C., D.C.M., and men who have already gained the Military Medal. These emblems do not form part of the decoration, and are not to

be worn when it appears in full on tunic or jacket.

A typical D.S.O. is Captain Grant-Dalton, of the R.F.C. Returning from escort duty, his observer sighted one of our machines which had been forced to land in an enemy zone owing to damage by hostile fire. Captain Grant-Dalton landed and destroyed our machine, which was already past repair. Then, swooping skyward again with the marooned pilot and his own observer too, he flew ninety miles to his aerodrome and reported "All well."

The records of the Military Cross show a still wider sphere of action, and throw new light upon many phases of scientific war. Captain N. L. Joynt is a doctor who went into a deadly mine-gallery choked with foul gas through the explosion of a *camouflet* by the enemy. There were semi-conscious men to be rescued, and not a moment to be lost. It called for coolness, knowledge of the apparatus, and great physical strength. Moreover, that poison-pit was enough to daunt the bravest man who ever faced a foe above-ground. Captain Joynt himself brought up two sappers and ensured the quick recovery of many others.

Lieutenant G. G. Nanson beheld a strange scene. A four-horse wagon was blown by shell-fire into a deep ditch, and in a trice the water was a crimson chaos of drowning and kicking horses, with the wounded driver struggling for life among them. No more thrilling rescue was ever seen in the war zone than that effected by this young bearer of the Military Cross. This new decoration was struck at the Royal Mint from a design by Mr. Henry Burke, C.V.O., the Norroy King-at-Arms. It is in silver, about an inch and a half square, with the letters G.R.I. in the centre, and the Imperial Crown on all four arms. One Honours list published in *The Gazette* included twenty-one D.S.O.'s and seventy-five M.C.'s to officers of the French Army, and one hundred and fifty-four D.C.M.'s for non-coms. and men, together with two hundred and five D.C.M.'s for our own rank and file. This is decidedly the soldier's medal; it is the badge of Cockney and miner, mill-hand and shopman, as well as the Newfoundland cod-fisher, the woodman of Nova Scotia, Canadian farm lads and the stockmen of South Africa, New Zealand, and the Australias from Perth to Brisbane, from



Photo by] [*Alfieri.*

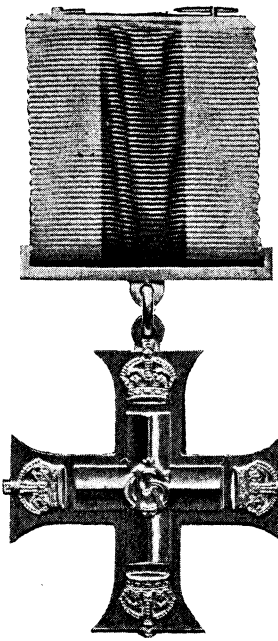
MUNITION WORKERS A. WOODOW AND JOSEPH PEATE LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER RECEIVING THE KING EDWARD MEDAL FROM THE KING.

New Guinea pioneers to the planters of Malaysia and Ceylon.

The D.C.M. records contain astonishing feats differing in no degree—to the layman's eye—from those that won greater awards. Think of Sergeant J. Williams, of the Welsh Fusiliers, with a smashed shoulder and one hand hanging by a few shreds. He refused all aid from the stretcher-bearers. He bound up the wounds of other men with tender care; he cheered and encouraged all, and walked down the trench at last to the Aid Post "to see what he could do to help."

Private Challoner killed nine Germans with rifle and bayonet; Private Holmes is that little-known hero, the driver of a motor ambulance under murderous fire. On one occasion the man beside him was killed, and the car hit in twenty-two places.

There is a special "African" D.C.M. for gallant conduct in the field, and for this our native soldiers of tropical Africa are eligible. Awards of this medal are not usually published, but one may quote a typical case showing our Imperial brotherhood in arms and, incidentally, the great range of this world-war: "Private Mulandi Wa Mwibi, King's African Rifles, for conspicuous gallantry in carrying a wounded British officer to a place of safety under very heavy and accurate fire." So also with India's fighting races, the New Zealand Maoris, and eager volunteers from remotest isles. The same spirit inspires them all. So with the bomber and digger, dispatch-rider, bridge-builder, and wire-layer; the Highland piper, the shopman-teamster and determined machine-gunners, like Private Hamilton, of the Rifle Brigade, who, "when the water failed, filled the jacket of his gun from the men's bottles and kept it in action with magnificent spirit."



THE MILITARY CROSS.

Photo by The Illustrated London News.

It is a spirit which has wrung reluctant homage from the Germans themselves, who saw Lieutenant R. E. Taylor attack a fully-armed man with his bare fists and overpower him. They saw Lord St. Germans, of the Dragoons, working five hours in the open, daring death a thousand times; they saw Lord Gorell, of the Artillery, handling his battery like a hero, and young Bown fighting his disabled Tank against desperate bombing gangs. German observers, by a lucky shot, cut the cable of Lieutenant Burbury's balloon, and even a ruthless foe could cheer as the lad destroyed his papers, ripped his aerostat to ribbons at 3000 feet, and sailed down in a parachute to make a modest report of duty done!

"I have decorated many of you," said King George, in a notable Order of the Day to his troops in France, "but had I decorated all who deserve recognition for conspicuous valour, there would have been no limit, for the whole Army is illustrious."

The decoration received by the munition workers shown in one of the photographs here reproduced was instituted by King Edward, in 1907, for deeds of gallantry performed by miners, quarrymen, and others. The medal is of two classes, the first class being silver and the second bronze.



THE KING EDWARD MEDAL.

Photo by Clarke & Hyde.

LIEUTENANT BONES, R.N.

By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.

THERE was a lawless group of villages set upon a wooded ridge at the confluence of B'suri and the Great River, and these villages were called by the name of the largest, M'fumbini - falapa. It had another name which I will not give, lest this story falls into the hands of innocent people who speak the B'mongo tongue, but it may be translated in a gentlemanly way as "Everlastingly nasty." It was neither clean within, nor picturesque from without. The huts straggled and strayed without order or symmetry. They were old huts, and patched huts, and many were uglified by the employment of rusty scraps of galvanised iron, for near by, *cala-cala* long ago, an optimistic British company had erected a store for the collection of palm nuts. The enterprise had failed, and the store had been left derelict, and in time the wild had grown round and over it. And the people of M'fumbini had in their furtive, foraging way taken scraps—they did nothing systematically or thoroughly—and had added abomination to abomination until their village was an eyesore and an offence to all beholders.

Sanders had argued and ordered, held palaver after palaver, but all to no purpose. They were an isolated folk, for here the rivers run very swiftly together, and landing on the littered beach was attended by risks which their neighbours seldom cared to accept. So they lived alone with their skinny children and their indescribable wives, and were disowned both by the Isisi and the N'gombi, with whom they claimed tribal associations.

The effect of environment on character has been too often noted to require enlarging upon in this narrative. The M'fumbini folk were liars and thieves, who practised magic and believed in horrible ju-jus. Lonely fishermen who speared their waters had a habit of disappearing, and there can be no doubt that they were "chopped," for the M'fumbini were cannibals. Only once were they detected.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders arrived on a certain night and surprised the villagers at a particularly unpleasant festival.

At dawn his soldiers strapped the hands and feet of the chief, slipped a rope round his neck, and hanged him to a very high tree. Sanders might have saved himself the trouble. Within a year the new chief had developed a secret society called "Three Sticks," which enjoyed a ritual which is not reducible to print.

If they were isolated, they sent out their scouts and spies, who ranged through the Territories, wandering mendicants who lived on the hospitality of friendly or apathetic tribes, and avoided those who were neither friendly nor quiescent. These travellers learnt many things, but one N'kema, a shrewd youth with one eye—he would, of course, have been killed by the healthy tribes, which do not tolerate any kind of bodily deformity—returned on a certain day with news, and there was a grand palaver.

"N'kema, my own sister's son," introduced the chief to the squatting assembly, "has heard many wonders, and my ju-ju has whispered to me that there is truth in his words. Hear him, people, *s'ibi m'laka!*"

And N'kema spoke, and told of a white man who had come to the Territories, and by

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strange instruments had made a marvellous liquid which drove people to wild happiness, and of how the people had brought rubber and ivory and all the most splendid possessions to exchange for the Waters of Madness. But Sandi, the fox, smelt him out and killed him, and now all the people were crying out for the magic waters.

"And this I learnt, O chief and people, that in far countries, where the River-With-One-Bank * runs, there is much Water-That-Burns, and the fire-ships bring them in big pots and float them to shore. Now, I think that if we dig up our ivory, and I go to these wonderful places and trade the 'teeth' for the water, and bring it here secretly, we shall be rich."

"That is mad talk," snarled the chief, "for what will Sandi do? Is it not the law that all ivory teeth and rubber and the beautiful things which we find shall go before Sandi, and he shall make a book for their going out? And is it not the law that all things which come into these lands shall go before Sandi and his young men and soldiers? And is it not the law and the high word of Sandi that the Waters of Madness shall not come into this land? O N'kema, I think you are a fool!"

"Lord, lord," said the one-eyed man eagerly, "I have very cunning thoughts in my head, for in the night, when Sandi sleeps, I will take a big canoe filled with treasure past his fine house and along the River-With-One-Bank to the places where I may trade. Also I have found a man of the Akasava, who has lived in these far lands, who will guide me."

The palaver lasted until early in the morning, and all the next night the chief, accompanied by his councillors, dug with mysterious rites the old store places of the community, and on a moonless night, when, as fortune would have it, a white mist lay over the delta, N'kema and his laden canoes passed the river sentry and struck along the seashore to the north. Of his subsequent arrival at the port of a certain independent country, of his chaffering, of his bargaining, and his ultimate success, it is not necessary to speak here. He came into a new land and a new world, and learnt, perhaps for the first time, of war great beyond his comprehension. He was, at any rate for the time being, nearer to this world convulsion than were his masters.

The breath of war occasionally blew toward the Territories—a gusty puff of short duration, which almost carried the thunder and rumble of guns that did not cease by day and night. Then the gust would pass, and there would be a stillness and a silence which were almost painful. Literally, the War came sometimes by letter, sometimes by newspaper, and now and again, at great and glorious intervals, through another and more intimate medium. The native clerk in the telegraph office would arrive breathlessly with a large yellow form bearing many thumb-prints, but conveying, in the ill-spelt message from Administrative Headquarters, a story of thrilling achievement.

For an hour, for a day, there would be a strange silence in and about the Residency. The effect upon the three men who were the recipients of the news was strangely different. At first the news would gather four heads together over a big map which was outspread upon the dining table—the fourth was that of Patricia Hamilton, the Houssa Captain's sister, as eager and as enthusiastic a strategist as any—and they would trace with a pencil the lines of new villages taken, and would solemnly drink the health of their Army, and then they would melt away, each to his or her separate world of dreams.

For Patricia Hamilton it was a sad little world, peopled by suffering women-folk. Mr. Commissioner Sanders would wander off into the woods of the Residency, and what his thoughts were, none knew. Captain Hamilton grew silent and almost morose. He had volunteered for service with his regiment, and had made the larger sacrifice by remaining in the wild Territories to keep the King's peace amidst two million people with cannibalistic tendencies.

Lieutenant Tibbetts howled his regret to the skies, until he was savagely dismissed by his superior, and departed in a sweat of energy, with a wholly unsympathetic platoon, to invent new trench systems.

Sometimes days would pass before the reaction wore off and the men became wholly normal. Sanders was ever the first to recover, for wherever his sympathies might lie, however much he might regret a life misspent as a political officer, his job of work lay near at hand.

Only once did the War come to the Territories in tangible shape. Bones was strolling on the beach one hot afternoon, when over the horizon came a big black blur of smoke. He dashed madly up the beach, leapt intervening flower-beds, and vaulted over the rail of the verandah, to the alarm of three people who were sitting down,

* The sea.

patiently awaiting his more dignified arrival to tea.

"Where the dickens have you been, Bones?" demanded Hamilton. "I have been yelling myself hoarse to call you to tea."

Bones saluted.

"The mail in the offing, sir," he said.

"The mail?" said Sanders, with a frown. "Why, she was here on Tuesday. She's not due again for another fortnight."

"The mail in the offing," repeated Bones, "sighted by me at five-twenty-five p.m., west-west-north by west."

There was a hasty search for binoculars and field glasses, and presently four pairs were levelled upon the smudge of smoke, from which had emerged a stumpy mast and what seemed to be one huge funnel belching black smoke.

"I don't know what it is," said Sanders, after a while, "but it is not the mail."

"I think, sir," said Hamilton, not taking his eyes from the oncoming craft, "it is a destroyer."

Now, the destroyer is a type of warship which is never seen on the African coast. There were dainty little white gunboats and occasionally a dazzling cruiser—nothing more and nothing less. Neither the submarine, nor the destroyer, nor the battleship, nor yet the battleship-cruiser, finds her way to these latitudes, and the three men experienced that sense of pleasant novelty which the introduction of the real thing provokes in a world of make-believe.

"She is heading here," said Bones. "I shouldn't be at all surprised," he added solemnly, "if the Government had sent for me."

"What would they want with you, Bones?" demanded Hamilton.

"You never know," fenced Bones. "That article I wrote for *The Guildford Chronicle*——"

Hamilton groaned.

"Have you been writing to the papers again?" he said, in a tone of resignation.

"It was a little thing," said Bones modestly. "As a matter of fact, it was in a letter to my dear old Uncle Henry. I happened to mention casually that I had thought out a new way of upsetting the calculations of the jolly little torpedo, and, like a silly old ass, he sent the letter to the papers."

Whatever his words might be, there was nothing in his tone which suggested that Bones blamed his relative for his indiscretion.

"Naturally, these things get about," he went on deprecatingly, "and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the Admiralty noticed the article. Now, my idea about torpedoes——"

"It is a destroyer, all right," said Sanders, as the boat swung slowly round to the anchorage, and her four squat funnels stood out against the white-hot western sky. "She's a big ship, too. There goes her steam pinnace."

"Of course," said Bones, with a little cough, "it will be rather awkward, Ham, my dear old skipper, my leaving you suddenly; but when one's country calls for the best men and the best brains"—he shrugged his shoulders—"what can one do? Naturally, I shall hate leaving you all, but I must go just where I can best serve the jolly old Empire. War," he babbled on, "upsets all our preconceived ideas of seniority and promotion, et cetera. Napoleon was a general at twenty-one—or it may have been twenty-four. Nelson was an admiral at twenty-six. Fellows who were lieutenants one year were commanding divisions the next. It is the fortune of war, dear old fellow." He patted Hamilton's shoulder sympathetically. "Don't forget, dear old superior officer *pro tem*," he said huskily, "that you will always have a friend at court in old Bones. Don't bother to send in your name. Walk right into my office. Never stand on ceremony with me, Ham, old friend. Never think of me as Admiral Sir Augustus Tibbetts, the torpedo expert, but just as plain Bones; I will never forgive you if——"

"I wish to Heaven you'd shut up, Bones!" said Hamilton. "Come down to the beach and give these fellows a salaam."

The sturdy little pinnace came swiftly across the rolling waters, crashed over the breakers, and grounded on the soft beach. A naval officer in white duck and sun helmet leapt out, and the officers exchanged perfunctory salutes before the human men in the uniforms began an exchange of confidences.

"Cheerio!" said Bones. "How's the game?"

The officer who had landed was a tall, good-looking youth of twenty-five. He flashed his white teeth in a sympathetic grin, and came up the beach to greet the two.

"Awfully sorry to come barging into your Arcadia," he said, "but I suppose you have heard there's a war on?"

Hamilton smiled, but Bones was on his dignity.

"Dear old lieutenant-commander," he

said severely, "what is this strange news you bring us?"

The naval officer chuckled.

"Anyway," he said, "I want to see your Intelligence Officer."

"Our——" demanded the mystified Hamilton.

"The Intelligence Officer—the Secret Service man." The naval man looked from one to the other, and Bones leapt to the occasion.

"Dear old nameless sir," he said, confidentially linking his arm with the visitor's, "we understand. You want to see me about a jolly old torpedo catcher?"

"Not on your life," corrected the officer firmly. "I want——"

"Come up to the Residency, sir," laughed Hamilton. "I'm afraid we're all Intelligence Officers."

"Some more so than others, of course, dear old sea-dog," interrupted Bones, maintaining his grip of the sailor's arm. "Some of us—it isn't for me to say which—have an aptitude for mystery an' secrecy, an' some of us couldn't keep our silly little tongues from waggin' if we tried. Now, talkin' about torpedoes——"

Hamilton was introducing the officer to Sanders. His name was, apparently, Bagshott.

"I was told I should find an Intelligence Officer at most of our Coast headquarters," he apologised, and went on to explain that he had not touched the Coast, having come straight across from a certain Atlantic island, and that he was not—this very apologetically—acquainted with these unfamiliar waters.

"The fact is, sir"—he came to serious business, in the way that naval officers have, with a rush—"there's a U-boat hanging around here. Last week she made an attack on the C. and C. mail, just missing her propellers by a fraction of an inch. She's awfully far away from her base, but these new fellows can travel an enormous distance. Two days ago she sank a Norwegian steamer; we got her S.O.S. in time to arrive before she went under."

"We can hardly help you, I'm afraid," said Sanders, "though, of course, we will put ourselves entirely at your disposal. What can we do?"

"Have you ever tried catching submarines with nets?" asked Bones, with sudden excitement. "Gracious goodness, dear old thing, what an idea! Came to me all of a sudden—in a flash, dear old Ham! Put a jolly old net under 'em an' haul 'em up. D'ye see what I mean, dear old naval officer?"

Lieutenant-Commander Bagshott did not even smile.

"I'm afraid somebody has anticipated you," he said gravely.

"What—about fishin' for 'em with magnets?" demanded Bones energetically, and in no way abashed by the rebuff. "Get half a dozen magnets——"

"Be quiet, Bones! What can we do?" asked Sanders.

"You can tell me something about the river—how deep it is. The charts we have aren't much use; these African rivers silt up, and the soundings change every week."

"It's jolly deep in places"—Bones was loath to abandon his self-appointed position as Intelligence Officer—"simply fearfully deep, dear old mariner!"

"I can give you all that information," said Sanders. "What else?"

"I want you to appoint an officer or some very reliable person——"

"One and the same, sir an' friend," murmured Bones, "if you get the right kind of soldier-man."

"Hit him on the head, Pat!" begged her brother earnestly. "Go on, sir. What will his duties be?"

"Watch the mouth of the river by night. She may sneak in and spend the day submerged. Also keep an eye open for any strange craft that puts in an appearance in these waters. There is a supply vessel somewhere about. It won't be a pleasant job, because it may mean a month of watching."

"Say no more, sir," said Bones solemnly, shaking hands with the visitor; "consider it done. An' if you and your bonny old crew ever want to pass the silent watcher of the night, the password's 'Vigilance,' an' the officer of the watch is Lieutenant Augustus Tibbetts, R.N."

He stood erect and saluted.

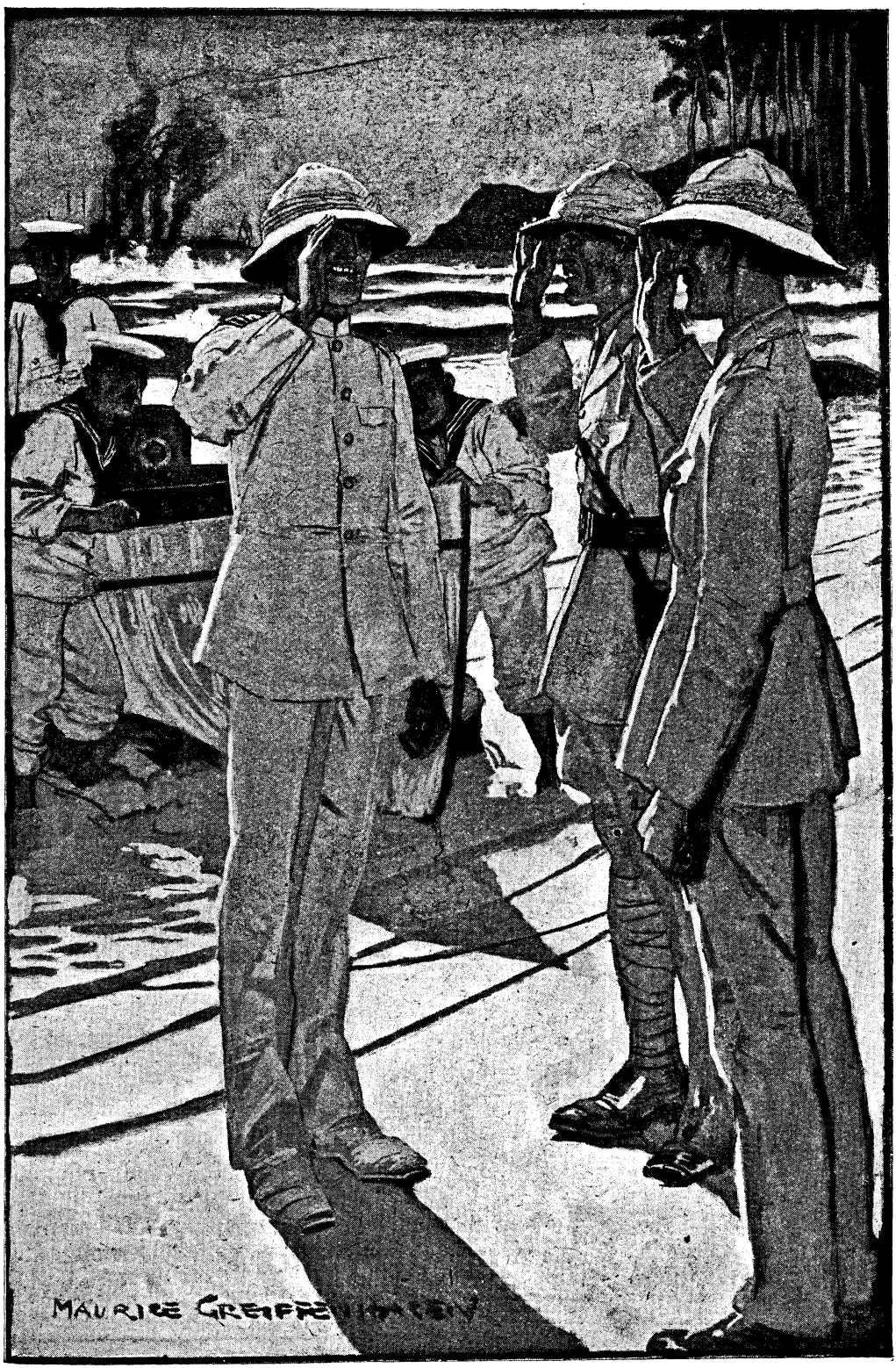
"You aren't Royal Navy, are you?" asked the astonished officer.

"'R.N.,' my cheery lad," said Bones, "stands, in this case, for 'River Nelson.'"

"I'll arrange for the watch to be kept," said Hamilton, ignoring the volunteer; "it will give us an interest in life."

An hour later the big destroyer was tearing back over the horizon, and by sundown had disappeared.

The duty began that night, Hamilton taking the steam launch to the middle of



"The officers exchanged perfunctory salutes."

the one navigable channel and anchoring for the night.

At one o'clock in the morning he heard a stealthy sound, and turned his night glass to the river's mouth, but saw nothing. Five minutes later a canoe came out of the darkness, and somebody hailed him in a hoarse whisper—

"Seen anything, dear old Captain?"

"Is that you, Bones? What the devil are you doing here?"

"Watchin' and waitin', dear old officer, watchin' an' waitin'. Any sign of the jolly old pirate?"

"Go back to bed, you silly ass!"

A muffled voice replied in accents of obedience, and the canoe was swallowed in the darkness again.

At three, when Hamilton was speculating upon the likelihood of such an attempt being made, there was a violent bump against the side of the boat, which brought him round, revolver in hand.

"Friend!" said the voice of Bones. "Terribly an' desperately sorry, sir an' fellow-watcher, but it was a slip of the paddle."

"Why are you fooling around? Why aren't you in bed?" demanded Hamilton wrathfully.

"Pass, friend, an' all's well!" said the philosophical Bones, evidently speaking to himself, and again faded away.

* * * * *

"The point is this, Bones," said Hamilton severely, as they sat at breakfast, "if you don't sleep when I am on duty, how the dickens can you do your own *tour* when it *is* your turn?"

"It's pretty generally known all along the Coast," began the modest Bones, "that I'm called by the jolly old indigenous native The-Eye-That-Never-Closes——"

"You said 'eye,' I think?" interrupted Hamilton, reaching for the sardines. "You're quite sure that was the feature mentioned?"

"'Eye,'" said Bones truculently. "Bless my life an' soul, Ham, be just! Be a sportsman, dear old fellow! Don't rob poor old Bones of the last shreds of his poor honour! As poor old What's-his-name says, 'Who steals my purse steals nothing, but he who tries to pull a feller's leg, when he's down an' out, is a naughty old rascal.'"

"The-Eye-That-Never-Closes!" murmured Hamilton, and shook his head sadly.

Bones took over his duty that night with every evidence of wakefulness. The launch had a small Hotchkiss gun in the bow, which Bones immediately loaded. In the middle of the night he forgot it was loaded, and idly snapped the trigger. Hamilton, with the trousers of his pyjamas tucked into mosquito boots, Sanders in an overcoat, and Patricia Hamilton strangely dressed, gathered on the shore and held a conference with Bones, who remained at his post in the middle of the river.

It was a conference conducted at the top of everybody's voice, and the hastily assembled Houssas, who had fallen in on the river's bank, added to the volume of sound by a sub-toned discussion amongst themselves.

"Awfully sorry!" yelled Bones. "Pure accident! Might have happened to anyone. Shan't occur again."

"The shell nearly hit the Residency, you —you——"

"Not before the children!" warned Bones.

No further mishap occurred that night, and the next night of watching, which fell to Hamilton, was without incident, for Bones slept the clock round.

His turn came on the fourth night, though Sanders had volunteered to relieve him.

"Now, listen, Bones," said Hamilton, "and stand to attention when I'm speaking to you, you slack, insubordinate devil!"

"Always the little gentleman!" murmured Bones.

"Don't go to sleep, don't load the gun, don't play the goat, don't get panicky, don't make a row, and don't sing—that's all."

"You're sure you haven't forgotten anything, sir?" asked Bones, with exaggerated solicitude. "You haven't said anything about gramophones."

Bones went on board, and Hamilton, listening in the gathering darkness, heard the unmusical voice of his subordinate attempting the Soldiers' Chorus very loudly, sung to cover the noise of the opening breech-block as he stealthily inserted a cartridge.

Lieutenant Tibbetts was singularly wide-awake that night, and, when the very natural feeling of exhilaration which comes to young people in moments of adventure had passed off, was singularly clear-headed. He lay face downward by the side of the gun, resting his chin on his folded arms, and stared out to sea. He felt no inclination to sleep, though the engineer and the steersman—who with four Houssas formed the crew—were snoring noisily.

The only sound he heard was the swish

of the river waters passing the boat, and the "hush-hush" of lazy breakers on the distant beach. Vampire-bats darted and circled over him, swift night-birds dipped and dived to left and right, there were alarming commotions in the water, and shapes that leapt up, all glistening in the star-light, but Bones was not to be diverted. At seventeen minutes past two—the moment is "logged" in the official records of the affair—Bones's heart leapt to his throat.

Something was entering the mouth of the river He glued his eyes to his binoculars. It was a long craft—he guessed the length—and in the very centre a squat superstructure. He could not see the periscope.

His eyes glanced along the sights, the rubbered shoulder-piece of the gun was gripped to his side. He aimed at the superstructure and fired.

The sharp crash of the gun was echoed from wood to wood, but Bones had only eyes. He saw the superstructure leap apart and crumble. There was a yell which he did not hear, for he was loading again . . .

N'kema had no time to mourn the loss of the spirit barrel which he had brought with such care and labour from Monrovia. He wrenched a paddle from the hands of a huddled paddler, and with a jerk of his shoulder pitched the dead man overboard. The swift current carried the canoe to sea, and N'kema, aided by such of his crew as were left alive, helped the pace.

Another shell whizzed over his head, and he heard the crash of its explosion out to sea.

"Faster—faster!" breathed the one-eyed N'kema hoarsely. "O ju-ju beti, save N'kema! O ko-ko!"

He stopped rowing in dismay, for right ahead of him lay the dark outlines of a ship.

It was a strange-looking ship—a long line with a big hump in the middle. It was too late to stop the canoe, and it crashed against the frail side of the mysterious vessel, and there was a crackle and tinkle as of smashed crockery. Three spurts of flame came from the low deck of the ship, and N'kema rolled out of the canoe with a bullet through his heart.

* * * * *

Bones came to breakfast that morning a picture of offended dignity. Hamilton's wrath had subsided, but not his scepticism. He even offered gratuitous explanations.

"No, sir and late respected friend," said Bones coldly, "I wasn't dreamin', an' it wasn't a crocodile, nor Mrs. Hippo, with Master Hippo, takin' a jolly old joy ride. It was a U-boat, an' I smashed it to smithereens. Didn't you notice the smell?"

"There certainly was a curious smell," agreed Sanders—"rather like rum."

"Now, my theory is——"

Hamilton's theory was not given to the table, for at that moment Abiboo came in with a telegram. Sanders read it aloud.

"From Senior Naval Officer to Commissioner Sanders: U-boat picked up this morning thirty miles west mouth of river, badly holed. Captain reports fired at from your station, but holed by collision with canoe."

Bones beamed round the dumfounded table.

"What did I tell you?" he demanded triumphantly.

"But holed by a canoe?" repeated the puzzled Hamilton.

Bones shrugged his shoulders.

"Did you ever know the Germans to speak the truth?" he added sadly.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.

THE SUBSTITUTE

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

OLD man Forbes had taken some liquor, which he claimed to need after three weeks' abstinence, but carried it well. His remarks were only a little more pointed than usual and his eyes brighter, as he sat in the calaboose of the waiting freight train while the blizzard raged outside. He was not old, as men count age in Scotland, where he was born, but they scrap locomotive engineers early in the West. One needs steady nerve to bring in the heavy train on time when wash-outs remove the gravel under the rails, and when the wires go down and the track is lost in blinding snow. Moreover, Forbes had a failing not very uncommon in Canada and the Old Country.

Still, none of the men among whom he sat durst have asked why he was fired. It was understood to be a dangerous subject, and nobody who knew him cared to rouse Forbes's anger. He was not a sober, cautious Scot, but of the other type that is, perhaps, a survival from the old romantic days of the Border wars, when men loved danger more than profit. Besides, he felt he had a good excuse for visiting the saloon.

He loved his daughter as he had loved his wife, who died long since and left him with the child, and for three weeks had watched beside her sick-bed with tense anxiety. The surgeon from Toronto had, however, left that day. All should now go well, he said, and the fear that had long haunted Forbes was banished for good. Jeannie would not be cut off, like her mother, in her early prime.

As he listened to the gale, he thought of Jeannie's husband, who was driving the Experimental freight. Jake Thomson would not have got the telegram—the wires were down. The lad would be sorely anxious, and had had neuralgia when he left home. It gripped him now and then, in the body, not the head, and he had borne a heavy strain.

On the whole, Forbes was satisfied with Jake, although he belonged to a tamer generation. The lad was quiet and sober, and fond of his home; he went to meeting when there was one, and played hymn tunes for the bairn on the wee Bell organ. All very right and proper, and Jeannie liked it; but Forbes sometimes wondered. Her mother was a Galloway Marshall, of the old gipsy stock; Kate could make allowances—she understood red-blooded men. Then Jake was scientific, and had won certificates at a technical school. He could argue about grate-areas and what he called calories; the bosses trusted him. Forbes knew nothing about locomotive design, but he had the driver's touch that feels the life-pulse of the huge snorting machine.

An icy blast swept the calaboose as one of the division bosses opened the door. A cloud of fine, dry snow whirled in, the wind shrieked, and one could hardly see the round-house a few yards away. The snow-dust pricked the skin and strewed the floor, without melting, a foot from the stove. As yet it blew up from the frozen earth and none fell from the sky.

"Watch out for the Experimental, boys," the boss said, slamming the door. "If she's held up a minute more than's needful, the bunch of you'll get fired. She's behind schedule now, but it's fierce to-night."

He would have been justified in ordering most of them out, but he was a young man with sound judgment, and seldom strained his powers.

"However," he resumed, with a glance at Forbes, "Thomson, who's at the throttle, is a pretty good man."

"As good as ye have noo," Forbes answered dryly. "There's no much ye can learn from books he doesna ken."

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"They teach you a good deal," said the other, beating his numbed hands. "You belong to the old guard, who hadn't much use for theory."

"I drove the Pacific Express to Port Arthur when they had to rake the track oot o' the muskegs as soon as the cars had passed, and ye didna get your coal by measure. It was burn what ye like and rive her to pieces so long as ye cam in on time! For a' that, there was no run brasses and burned tubes on my machine. Yon were the gran' auld days, when ye didna complain til the Union, but felled the superintendent wi' your fist. I was *Mister* Forbes then."

"And there arose another boss, who knew not Joseph!" the other remarked, with a twinkle. "Anyhow, if it's a consolation, I have heard of him." Then he opened the door cautiously. "Well, watch out for the Experimental."

"Yon," said Forbes, "is a sensible man."

He owed the other some gratitude, for although he had left the company's regular service under a cloud, he was given odd jobs about the round-house, and took them because he loved the work. The old railroad hand can seldom keep away from the track for long, and, though Forbes might not drive, he cleaned very well.

"Why didn't you give it him in English?" one of his companions asked.

"Yon's no English," Forbes rejoined. "When I'm sober I talk Canadian; it's when I'm a wee bit drunk the Scots comes naitural."

"But what's Joseph to do with it, anyhow?" another inquired.

"Ye're ignorant as dirt. In the auld days a division boss was a kin' o' Pharo, and an express engineer a great man. Train-hands and round-house slouches, such as ye, were the brickmakers."

"Well," remarked a third, "if Jake Thomson brings the Experimental in on schedule, he'll be as big a man as you."

Forbes did not answer, but mused about his son-in-law, who, tormented by poignant anxiety and perhaps bodily pain, was hurrying the heavy train through the blinding storm. The Experimental was being run to prove that the advantage of securing an early market in England for certain valuable goods from China outweighed the extra cost of transport, and the directors had given urgent orders about their being rushed across the American continent. Locomotive engineers on this run must keep to time or go. Forbes admitted that the former needed nerve when a blizzard raged across the northern forests, where the track was bad.

Presently one of the men pushed back the door, and the clank of a bell came faintly through the roar of the wind.

"She's coming! You've got to hustle, boys," he said.

For a few moments, after they got down, the icy blast took their breath away. Hands and feet began to freeze, and one could not see. Then a feeble beam from the powerful head-lamp pierced the whirling snow, and the tolling of the bell got louder as the locomotive rolled by. Behind came a row of box-cars that vanished as they passed. The engineer took her to the water tank, and then leaned, white-faced and shaking, against a locker as Forbes climbed on board.

"How's Jeannie? Has she come through?" he gasped.

"She's doing weel," Forbes said. "But haud up, man! Ye're looking like a ghost."

Jake sat down on the locker, slack with the reaction relief had brought, but the lines on his forehead indicated physical stress and pain. His jaded fireman was occupied outside the cab.

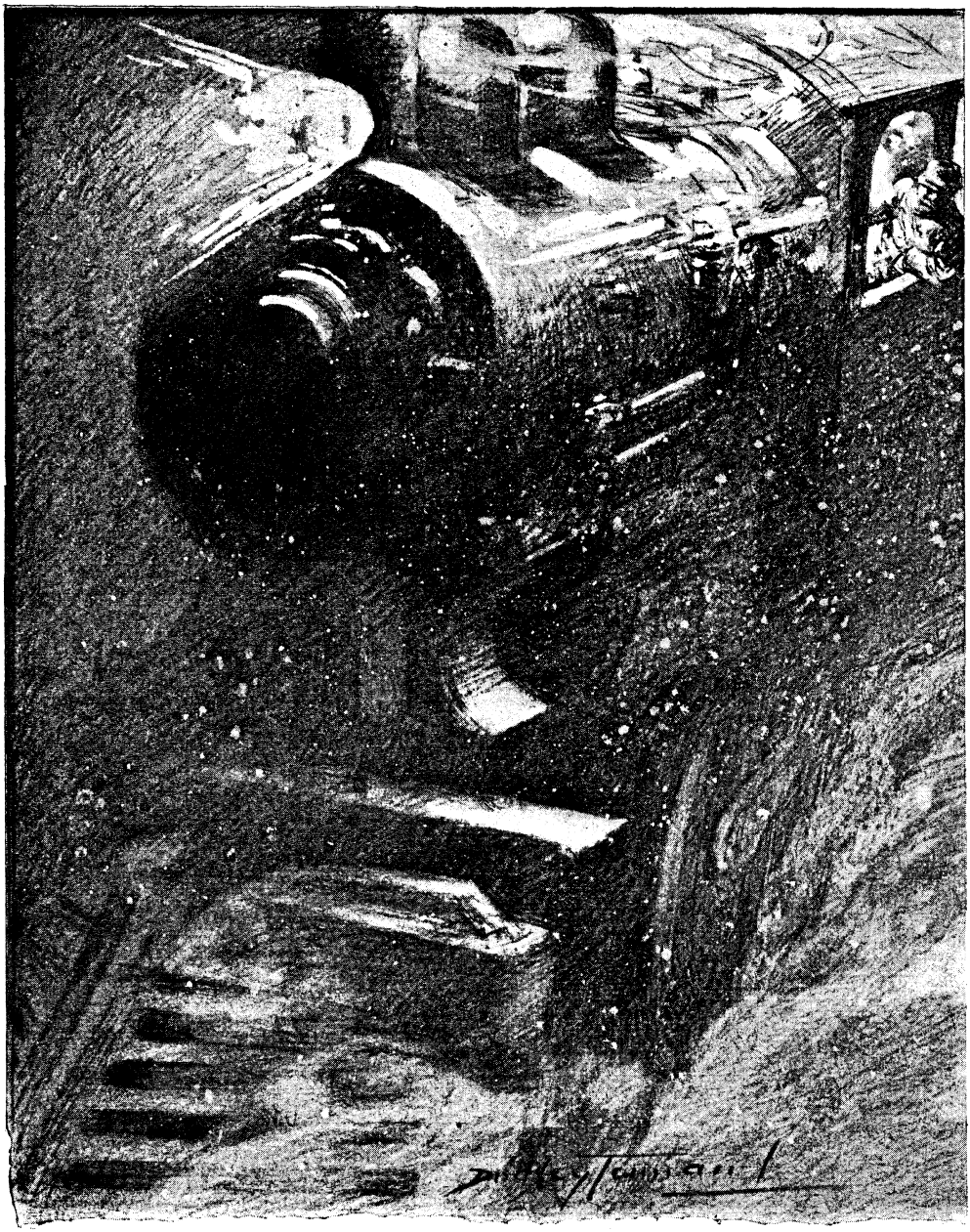
"It's true?" he said. "The operation went all right? She'll get better?"

"Just that," Forbes answered, with rough sympathy. "But are ye fit to drive?"

"It's four nights since I slept, and the pain hasn't left me for a week, but I've got to finish my run. Forty miles to Franklin—perhaps the worst bit on the line, and we're behind schedule now."

"I doot ye canna make it," Forbes replied. "Noo, mark me weel, my lad. Ye never were a driver, though ye got and held the job; I've seen ye strained and shaky when ye cam off the train. But ye're educate', and the bosses think weel o' ye. If ye can make good for a year or two, it's a superintendent's post ye'll get, but there's no promotion if ye put a failure til your name."

Jake tried to think. His father-in-law had guessed the truth; he was not a driver—his talent was for management and design. Well, he might get his chance, but to do so must carry out his orders to the letter. The men who sanctioned an engineer's promotion demanded that his record was clean, and Jake's would bear a black mark if he brought in the Experimental late. Indeed, he might be reduced or dismissed. But he could not reach Franklin on time, much less save the half-hour he was late; his nerve was gone, his body racked with pain. In a way, this



"Jake, though known to be cautious, was running her all out . . .

did not matter, since Jeannie was getting well; in another way, and for her sake, it mattered much.

"You've got that right," he agreed. "What am I to do about it?"

Forbes grinned. "When ye stop at the switches, get down and slip awa hame. Bide safe in bed until ye see me again."

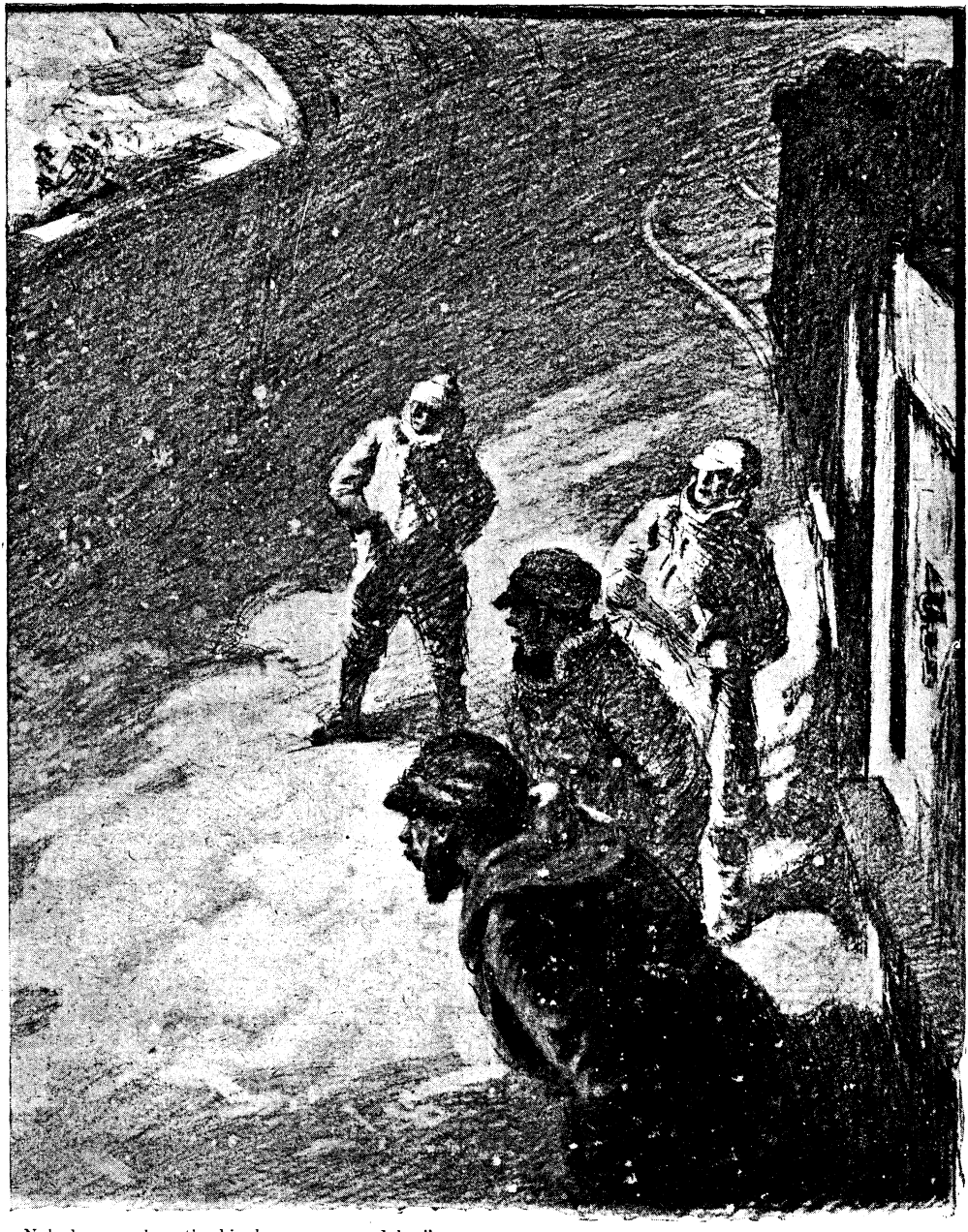
Jake looked at him stupidly. "You're mad!"

"I'm no—a wee bit drunk, maybe. But I'm a better driver drunk than ye ever were sober. Besides, if ye tak her on, I doot ye'll no make Franklin at all to-night."

Jake knew this was possible, but he argued feebly, until Forbes cut him short.

"Gang hame and leave the rest to me. Ye hav to think o' Jeannie and the bairn."

Then he got down and vanished into the snow, and Jake, who tried to do something to a gauge-glass, gave it up. He was worn out, the pain was unbearable, and there was



Nobody moved as the big box-cars roared by."

nobody to relieve him if he reported himself sick. He must start and risk the train's being snowed up, or leave the job to Forbes.

Ten minutes later the locomotive stopped a moment at the switches and then rolled slowly back to the cars. The fireman was occupied with his tanks and coal, and only noticed that the cab door was quickly opened and shut. A lantern flickered, somebody shouted, and there was a horrible harsh grating as Number 09997 pulled out.

"It's fierce. I just hate to hear a big train start when she's been standing in the frost," the fireman remarked, and then paused and gazed at the driver open-mouthed. "Now, what the——"

"Civility's no expensive," Forbes rejoined. "I'm in chairge o' this machine, and if I'm no treated with respect, they'll maybe find a damaged brickmaker lying aside the road."

"You're *it* all right. But come off that throttle while I take her back."

"She's gaun to Franklin noo," Forbes answered, with a warning sparkle in his eyes. "Hooever, for the sake o' quietness, if ye'll listen——"

His arguments were unsound and interrupted by the jolting, but he appealed to an article of the railroader's code that forbids a comrade's irregularities being reported. The fireman, who was young and reckless, was persuaded, but he asked: "What d'you mean by calling me a brickmaker?"

"Weel," said Forbes dryly, "it's no so plain without the contex', but I'll maybe find ye a better name when we make Franklin. In the meantime ye can give her coal."

"She's blo[illegible] off now," objected the other, as the roar of escaping steam broke faintly through the scream of the wind and clangour of the wheels.

"I telt ye to give her coal!" said Forbes, with a look that forbade denial.

Afterwards he was silent for a time, seeing with somewhat clouded vision the difficulties in his way. British semaphore signals are not used on single-track Western roads, and though their system works well in normal conditions, the wires were wrecked. There was a slow freight somewhere on the line, but he hoped they had side-tracked her; then, if the last telegram had not got past Franklin, the Vancouver express might enter the section. He must take the risk of this, but there were other obstacles—the curves he could not slow for, the grades that must be climbed on snow-clogged rails, and open stretches where a cross wind would jamb the leeward flanges.

Forbes saw them all as he clung to the lever, while the footplates jarred more and more furiously, but he was mainly conscious of an exultant thrill. Locomotives had grown since he had driven, and Number 09997 was the latest and biggest type. He held vast power in his grimy hand, which had not lost its instinctive sensitiveness. Through the jar and racking throb he could feel the great engine's pulse.

Outside the cab bowed pines leaned towards the track, roaring in the gale. Some blew down as the train sped by, but Forbes and his fireman did not hear the crash, though now and then a torn-off branch struck the cab. Then crags and round-topped rocks streamed past, and high trestles, spanning frozen rivers from which the snow was swept, rocked beneath the wheels. The white powder filled the air and gathered where there was a lee, but Number 09997 drove furiously through the storm. After a time the fireman ventured to indicate the pressure gauge.

"You see where she's pointing?" he remarked.

"I'm no blind," said Forbes. "Ye need not look at her if ye're afraid."

The fireman was not afraid. He was rather uplifted, though he could not have explained this, by a sense of the splendid folly of the thing. The operators could not control the traffic and clear the line, and the Experimental was running at a dangerous pressure, with a man who was drunk or mad in charge. The gauge and roar of blown-off steam gave warning that tubes might burst or the firebox crown collapse; but they held, and the driver looked resolute and cool. The fireman could not stand still when for a few moments he had an opportunity. He slipped about in a clumsy dance as the rocking flung him to and fro.

There was nothing to be seen through the glasses but the blurred halo the head-lamp made, and a haze of tossing specks. Their smallness indicated that they did not come from the clouds, which was something of a relief; but the heavy fall would begin soon and smother the track. Still, they might first make Franklin, where the ploughs were kept, and hand the Experimental on to somebody else—that was, if she did not jump the track before they got there. The fireman tried to guess the distance covered, but gave it up. The Experimental had never run as she was running then.

By and by something blinked in the dark, and, because he knew it was a head-lamp of high electric power, he opened the whistle. The hoarse scream was blown to leeward and hardly reached him, but the blink grew to a misty beam, and was obviously close ahead.

"The slow freight!" he shouted to Forbes, who nodded.

"We'll hope they have side-tracked her."

One could not tell if the light was stationary or advancing to meet them up the single line, but the banging and lurching showed that they were on a downward grade, and it was comforting to remember that the side-track occupied the bottom of a long slope. The fireman held fast and hoped for the best. If the line was clear, there was an awkward curve near the switches, and he had seen rails spread. . . .

The whistle was heard at the siding, and half-frozen men, standing to lee of the waiting train, glanced uphill when a streak

of flame leapt out of the snow. One often saw sparks and flashes when steaming hard up grade, but Thomson was bringing his engine *down* with blazing stack. Besides, it was usual to check her for the curve.

One or two of the watchers set their lips when Number 09997 sprang into the headlamp's beam. She loomed gigantic through her whirling smoke, and rocked from side to side as the pistons slammed. Jake, though known to be cautious, was running her all out, and the curve was close ahead. Nobody moved as the big box-cars roared by; there was a scream of grinding flanges and a shower of sparks among the wheels as they took the bend, then a rumble in the forest, and the train had gone.

"I allow it's mighty lucky we got here first," a brakesman remarked.

As they cleared the curve, the fireman glanced at his watch. He knew the distance to the siding, and, though the thing seemed impossible, Forbes was making good lost time. The risk they ran was obvious, but the driver's spirit had moved the other, who now felt a strange exaltation. They were breaking the road's fastest record and beating the savage storm; but the fireman saw vaguely that it was not liquor that urged and sustained Forbes. This was a bold man's attempt to test the limits Nature put to human power—his defiant challenge of elemental forces. Forbes was going to *do* what skilled surveyors and designers agreed must not be tried.

For all that, they had not made Franklin yet, and by and by, when he had a few moments' leisure, the fireman opened a side-glass and looked out. He could see, for they were skirting a frozen lake, from which the gale had swept the snow. There was none left to drive about the engine, but the fireman knew where it had gone. He watched the bent pines stream past, and the red glare sweep across the bush to lee, and then touched Forbes's arm.

"I allow it will be banked up good when we leave the shore and hit the cut."

"She's going through if there's six foot," Forbes answered grimly.

They skirted a bay that looked like black glass among the white-veined rocks, the cars roaring and banging as they swung round the curve, and then the fireman saw that the track was blocked by a white mass. It did not look solid, but billowed, dissolved, and gathered in the wind, and he surmised that it filled the shallow rock-cut. He wondered vaguely whether Number 09997 could bore a way through there.

There was no shock, but by degrees the pace got sluggish, as if a numbing torpor had seized the train. White waves churned about the wheels, another rolling up as each was broken. One could see nothing, for the air was filled with powdery snow, and the fireman imagined its blowing in a dense cloud about the crawling cars. Number 09997 was crawling now, though she snorted hard, and fire and sparks shot from her stack as from the muzzle of a gun.

Fine snow and soft coal smoke worked into the cab. One could scarcely see the gauges, and the air got unbreathable. She lurched with a strange, erratic motion, apparently rising and falling as if she had left the track. The fireman had a horrible suspicion that she had crawled out of the rock-cut and was labouring through the bush. He knew this was ridiculous, but anything might happen that night. Then the motion got a little easier, and the blasts from the stack, which had rung like volleys of musketry when the driving-wheels slipped, steadied into a rhythmic beat. One could feel her grip the rails, and the fireman wiped his sooty face.

"I reckon she's going through," he said.

"See if we've got a' the cars," Forbes replied.

The other opened a window and for a few moments blinked into the dark with watering eyes. His skin smarted intolerably as the icy snow-dust lashed it, and he felt the tears that wet his cheek begin to freeze. Then he dimly distinguished a blurred white oblong emerging from the turmoil behind. Another drew out; there were more, but he could not tell how many.

"We've got *some*," he answered, slamming the window.

"Aweel!" said Forbes. "If we've left ony, they can look for them the morn. A few cars will not matter if she makes her time."

Panting steadily, Number 09997 climbed a long grade, and Forbes looked at his watch when the quickening motion told him that she had crossed the summit.

"Noo," he said, "haud tight while I race her in!"

The bush in front was open—the gale had swept the track—and the fireman braced himself for the maddest part of the run, as Forbes hurled the Experimental down hill. They felt her lurch round a curve that showed them where they were, and a few moments later loosed the bell, and she rolled

into Franklin with fire leaping about the braked wheels. The lights of the round-house flickered to the rear, tank and operator's shack slipped past, and she reached the end of the cross-tracks, where the plough was waiting, before they brought her up.

After this the fireman remarked that Forbes, who got down, muffled to the eyes in an old skin coat, spoke colloquial Canadian. His companion expected trouble, since there were formalities to go through and reports to make, but so far as possible Forbes let the other speak, and they had drowsy, half-frozen men to deal with. When they had run Number 09997 into the round-house, her driver vanished. He had saved Jeannie's husband, and there was no use in making himself conspicuous when his work was done. Perhaps the strangest thing was that the truth did not leak out, though Forbes sometimes thought one of the division bosses guessed.

HERBAL.

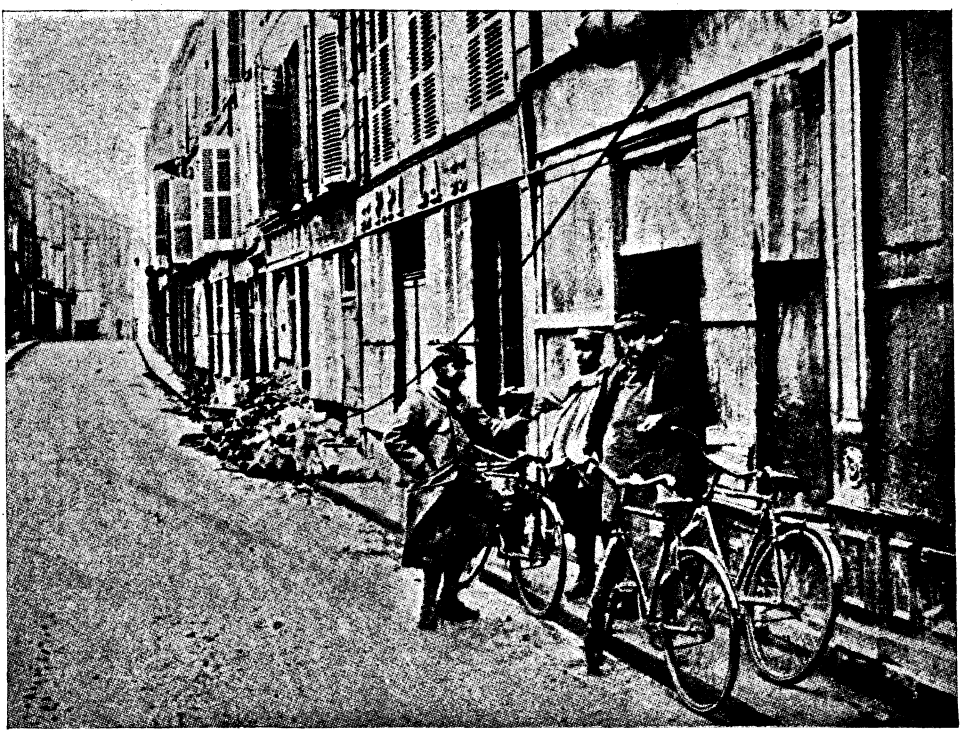
LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING now is found
Grown in every common ground;
Love-lies-bleeding thrives apace
With the dear Forget-me-not:
Nor is Boy's Love out of place
Now in any garden plot.

Love-in-a-mist, bewilderèd
With the many tears Love shed,
Seeks for Herb-of-grace to bind
Up her wounds, and Feverfew
To give ease to a hurt mind.
Wound-wort is not wanting, too.

Now the Love-lies-bleeding grows
More than Lily or the Rose.
Love-in-idleness has gone
Out of fashion; here are flowers:
Heartsease for to rest upon,
With remembrance of sweet hours.

Ladders-to-Heaven may be found
Now in any common ground.

KATHARINE TYNAN



ONE OF THE THREE CIVILIANS LEFT IN VERDUN: THE CABARET-KEEPER AUTHORISED TO REMAIN TO SERVE PASSING SOLDIERS.

From a French Official Photograph.

LAST MOMENTS IN INVADED TERRITORY WHEN WAR COMES

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

"AND so you've seen our whole bag of tricks," said the British officer, after he had led me through the great building which had once been a factory, and which was now being used as a "convalescent hospital"—I give the technical term—and had escorted me into his office. "Please have a chair, and here is a cigarette."

He pointed to a swivel-chair at a desk. I had a sense of being surrounded by an atmosphere that was not military. There were files for papers, such as a soldier might find cumbersome for his few documents; there were too many calendars in sight; there were old ledgers about, and on the wall, near the desk, were dusty papers hung from a huge hook.

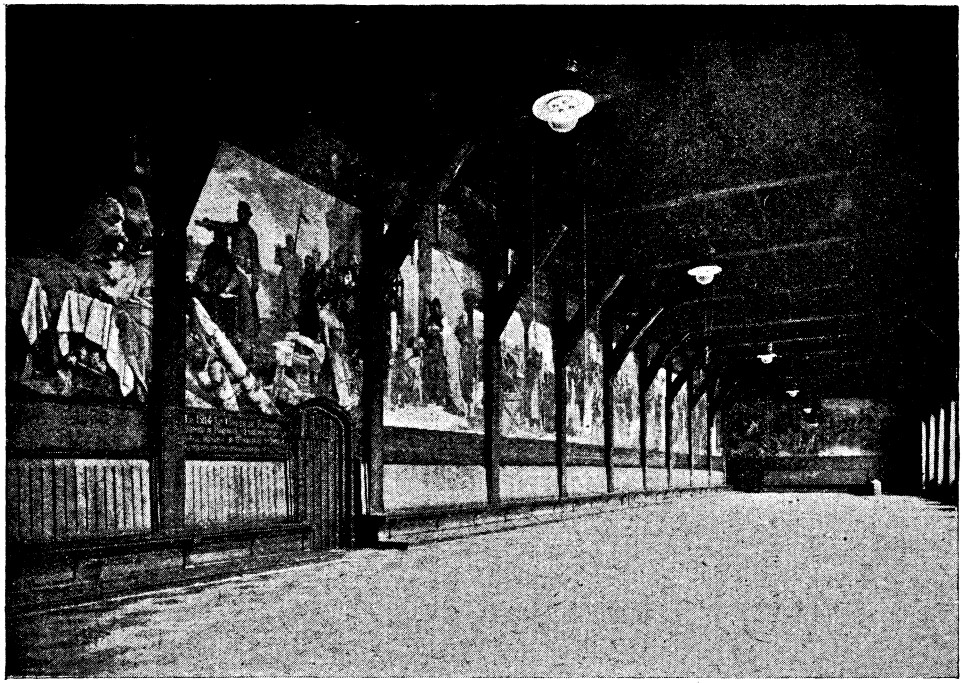
I looked at these papers, and, as I did so, the room became to me just what it really had been—the busy office of a great lace factory. With these papers as a clue it became possible to reconstruct, as archæologists have reconstructed the last moments of the folk at Pompeii, the scene that occurred in that office on that August day in 1914 when the cyclone of war struck the world. One after another I read these dusty papers, hanging there just as the hand of some

faithful clerk had placed them. They were orders for lace. The top paper was the letter-head of a firm at Noyon, and it was dated August 3.

"Messieurs," it ran, "will you not kindly hasten our order of broad lace?"

There was the check mark of a lead pencil on the paper. Apparently the clerk who had handled this matter had done his best to settle the problem of the worried merchant of Noyon, perhaps by writing him a letter, and then, with a sense of having disposed of the matter, had put the check mark on the paper, hung it on the big, rusty hook, and tried, as far as we can, to leave the papers as they are. I've often thought I'd like to be here when the office force comes back and takes up its task just where the clerks left it that last moment."

There it was for us to see plainly—that last moment when, in the midst of the excitement, the last paper was hung on a hook, the last pen-stroke was made, the last clerk doffed his greasy office coat, put on his street clothes, and started along the country road toward the near-by village where the factory folk lived. How soon upon the heels of this last moment of the



THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES, BEFORE THE WAR.

From a photograph by Antony, Ypres.

turned his attention to other things—to huge things like the welfare of France rather than the making of lace.

"There are all the signs of the exciting last moment around this place," said the British officer. "Even the office telephone is still here," he said, pointing to a wrecked instrument which rested on the top of an open iron safe. "The Germans reached this place in their first rush. They were here for nearly a week, I think. They don't seem to have disturbed the business papers; that hook, as you see, is full of orders for lace. We've been here seven months, and we've

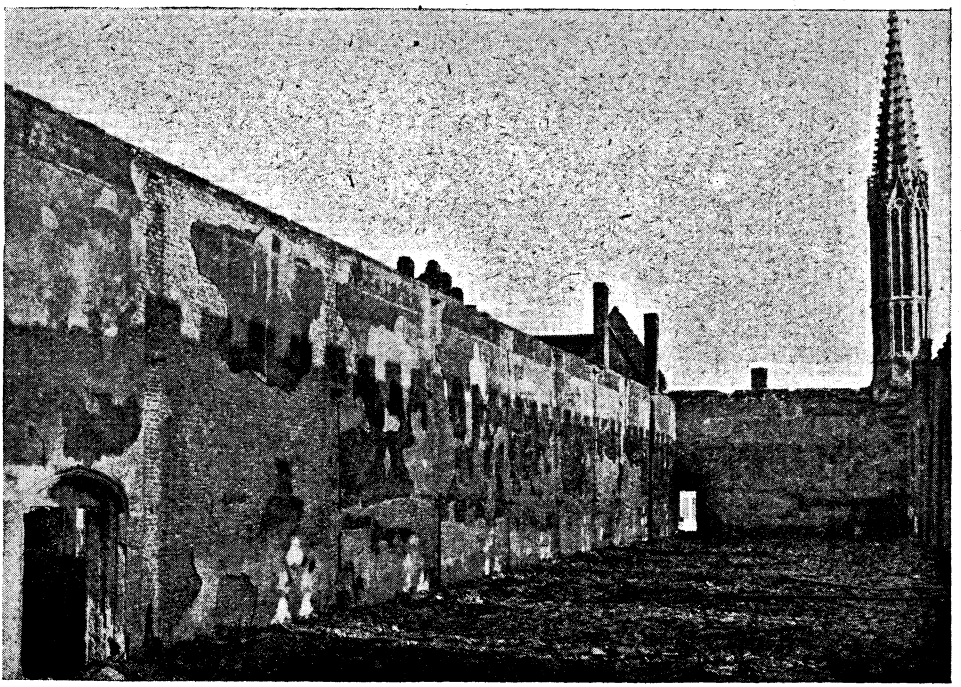
office staff followed the time when a huge German Uhlan clanked into the little office, jerked the telephone from its place on the wall, so that no one might telephone ahead, "The Uhlans are coming!" and seized the factory in the name of a foreign king?

This visit to the lace factory came early in the War, but ever after, in many places and in many events in the Great War, I kept my eyes open for "the last moment." As the fortunes of war were to have it, I was destined to visit other scenes where last moments had occurred, and to read the signs of human distress, as palæontologists read the records

of the past. I was even to take part myself in the excitement of the last moment in several different armies of Europe.

There comes in every sphere of human activity, wherever the tide of the big War sweeps, one great portentous last moment. It comes to homes, to factories, to stores, to busy offices, and to peaceful convents. We may easily believe that usually it is the supreme moment, the highest, most important sixty seconds that the lives of the human beings in these centres have ever attained. Before this great moment stretches a vista of peace and monotonous daily routine. Beyond it lies a life of uncertainty and insecurity. This last moment marks the fine hair-line between peace and war as it affects the individual and his peace-time institutions. It marks the instant when the individual realises that the wave of war has at last touched *him*.

No walls hold back this last moment; its powerful influence reaches into every nook and cranny. The shells that have slowly worn down the walls and the tower of the Ursuline chapel at Arras were not so powerful in their direction of the peaceful lives that had been lived there as was the influence of that last moment of transition between the old peace days and the new time of war. I hunted long for a description of a last moment in a convent, because I knew that in such a place the war-time change would be the greatest. I had wondered, as I looked over the ruins of a convent, what unspeakable changes the great last moment had wrought in such a place; it was difficult to read everything which the signs might have to tell. And when at last, after much search, I got a true word-picture of what had really happened to one gentle nun when the last moment came, I discovered how inadequate the signs—the broken walls, the disordered cells, and the destroyed garden—had been. This nun was of a sisterhood that has turned away for ever from the world to live in utter seclusion. She was young, and, having stepped into the convent in Belgium from the shelter of her own home, the outside world was to her only as a book which she never had read and never would open. The big last moment that came to her I can tell almost in her own words as I had them from a lady who had given her shelter.



THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES, AFTER THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT.

From a photograph in the series by Antony, Ypres, described in this article.

"It was evening, and a knock came at the big door down in the garden. The Mother

Superior rang for the old woman who should have opened the door, but there was no answer. She rang many times, but no servant came. We had heard the big guns all day, and we knew that a battle was near us, but we had no idea that it would come our way. At last the Mother Superior said to me: 'You must go down, my dear, to the door; I am too weak.'"

One must realise the nature of the vows which this nun had taken to understand how much it meant to her to approach that threshold which she had resolved never to cross, and to open the door which she had resolved would always shut her in from the great world.

"There was a girl at the door with a young man. 'Can't we come in for the night?' begged the girl. 'The Germans are coming into the town, and I want Jacques to hide from them. They will surely take him and kill him.'

"I could not take him in, but I told the girl that we would give her shelter. And so, before my eyes, the young man put his arms about the girl and kissed her good-bye. I had never expected in all my life to see such a thing as that. It actually scared me, because then I knew that the War was near us."

That was the last big moment between peace and war—the bridging moment—in this once peaceful convent. Before the night was over this nun had opened the door many times, and had seen many worried husbands and wives, many men and women, exchange farewell kisses at the convent door while she held it open so that the women might enter. And within a few days she and the Mother Superior and all the other gentle sisters of the convent were out in the big world which they had forsworn, voyaging to the safety of England.

This bridging moment between war and peace does not come to all alike in the towns which the war reaches. Sometimes a business man or a shopkeeper, with more pertinacity or with less perception than his fellow, will not yield to the pressure of war until it touches him and his interests—perhaps even his person—in a physical sense.

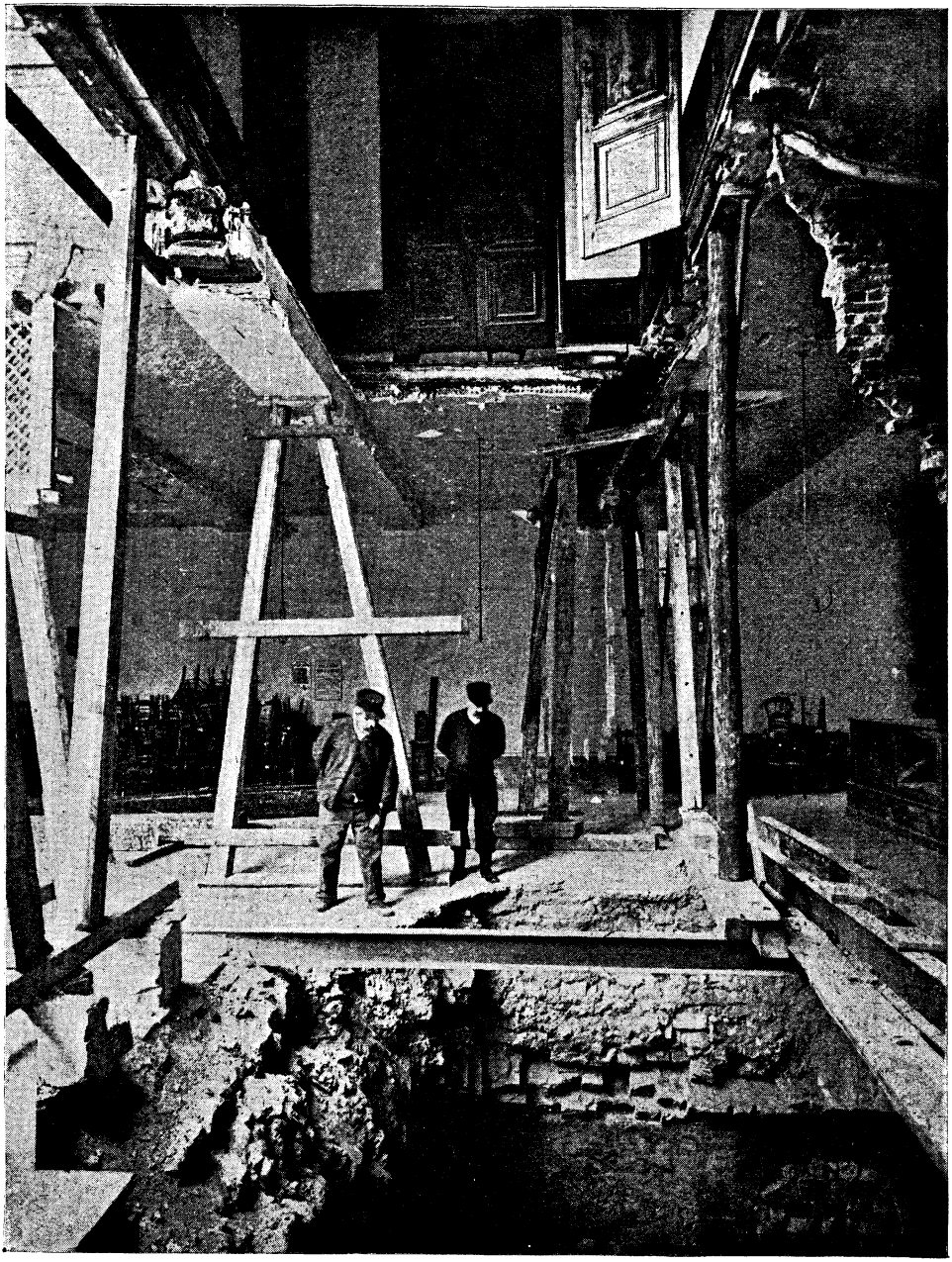
There is the photographer of Ypres, for instance. In the old days of peace his photographs were the standard of Ypres photography. His views of the Cloth Hall, the art gallery, and the quaint streets, were those which the tourists bore away with them. In April of 1915, before the second battle of Ypres, he was still in Ypres, though it had been almost emptied of civilians. With an infinite patience he had found the exact points of vantage from which he had taken photographs of the famous buildings in peace times, and had turned his camera on the wrecks. His series of photographs, entitled "*Avant et Après*," showed to a mathematical nicety the ruin that had been done to Ypres. He published them in post-card form, bound them into little booklets, and sold them to the only tourists who ever came to Ypres—the officers and soldiers of England and Canada. The second battle of Ypres—in the latter part of April—wrought new destruction and rendered his edition *passé;* and the patient photographer, working amid the explosions of giant German shells, was engaged, with his same loving patience, in taking new pictures of the new ruins, when the British officers, to save his life, ordered him to leave the town.

"What would you have called your new edition of the photograph book?" I asked him, as I purchased one of the last copies of his "*Avant et Après*."

"I intended to name it '*Avant et Après et Après*,' and I hoped to add one new '*Après*' for each new edition."

In Arras, too, there was a photographer who patiently kept a photographic record—a slow "movie," as it were—of the destruction which was visited on the town.

The merchant, however, in the town which is beset by war has a very definite last moment of peace. There comes a time when he has made his last sale, when his customers flee, and when, even were he to remain, he would find little benefit in doing so. Into the toy-shop, into the sweet-shops, the children will come no more, for their little feet are struggling, miles away, over those uncomfortably rounded cobblestones that seem to them like slippery little mountains over which they must make giant strides. He might as well get his last moment over as quickly as possible, put up the shutters, lock the doors, and depart. And little good his shutters and locks will do if the big shells come his way. The toy-shop keeper at Arras, who returned to his shop when the shelling had slackened, found it open to the skies, so that he had no need to seek for his door key. Who would ever have thought—least of all, he—that he would one day sell out almost his entire stock, despite the shelling that had ruined his place? And yet his toy-shop, after he returned, became the vogue among British officers who came



A WRECKED OFFICE AT RHEIMS.

From a French Official Photograph supplied by Newspaper Illustrations.

to Arras. It was their kindly joke, and it pleased their sense of gentle humour to go to the ruins where the old man held forth, and purchase toys which he selected from among the *débris*.

"Can you find me a doll?" the visitor would ask.

Stumbling over the wreckage to that corner of the shop where he had kept his dolls, he would seek, amid the broken bricks and timbers, the article which his customer desired. He would always look for the price mark, and would never charge more than it indicated.

"Most of my things are broken," he would say, "but these Englishmen buy them anyhow—as souvenirs, you see."

In more than one place along the British

lines I have found billets in which the most highly-prized souvenir was not "that piece of shell which almost hit the captain," or "that shrapnel ball that fell on our table during dinner," but a broken toy from the ruins of the grave little toy-shop at Arras.

At Poperinghe I first saw a "last moment" that brought about the locking of shops and homes. The War was some months old at the time, and, though Poperinghe was near Ypres, the German shells had never reached it. But this morning one shell from a German gun which had been brought up on a railway truck whistled its way into the little town and exploded in a side-street. As the day passed, more shells fell. There was a tremendous dashing about from house to house between neighbours. One does not leave home, perhaps for ever, without advice and conference. There was the problem of what to take and what to leave; what should be done with the chickens and pigs; how to move the aged and the sick. There was even some hope that the shelling might cease. But the shells came with pitiless regularity; each new explosion meant the destruction of some old village landmark and the death of someone known to all the little town. In the afternoon, when a shell traced a scar across the ancient face of the church-tower, Poperinghe took to the road that led to Calais, believing itself forgotten of God. It was like tearing quivering mussels from their shells.



THE LIBRARY AT YPRES.

From a photograph by Antony, Ypres.

Rheims and Verdun both witnessed such scenes as those which were enacted at Arras and Poperinghe and all the other towns that bordered the German advance, but the greatest satisfaction which can be afforded an Ally or pro-Ally onlooker is to witness the return to such towns close to the German lines—devastated as they may be—of the good folk who, in the great "last moment," had fled from homes and shops which they had expected never to see again.

On the road leading from Villers-Cotterets to Crèpy-en-Vallois I overtook, one golden autumn day, early in the War, two women and a little girl who were walking wearily along a path which had been newly made by the feet of the scores of thousands of folk who had fled before the first German advance. I asked the driver of the rattling equipage which I had rented in Villers-Cotterets to take them in with us, and with pleasure he did so.

"We are going back to Senlis," explained one of the tired women, who was the mother of the little girl. "The Germans were very close when we ran away, and some of the town was burning. For two weeks now we have been gone from home, living like vagabonds; but we hear that the Germans have gone from Senlis, and so we are going back to see if we still have a home." Now and then they wished to talk. The child's aunt was full of hatred for the Germans. The mother was stolidly content with the prospect of getting back home, but Yvette—

"Mamma, will it be that the candy-shop is open? Will Nero be watching the house? Do Germans take dogs like Nero? Wouldn't Nero bite a German?"



TYPICAL WRECKAGE AT SENLIS.
From a photograph by The Daily Mirror.

"If the house is still there, we shall find Nero," the mother would answer. "If the candy-shop is there, it will be open, you may be sure."

We passed through Crèpy and moved slowly on toward Senlis.

"There! *Voilà!*" exclaimed the mother suddenly. "I see the tower of the church. Perhaps it is not so bad with our house as we feared."

The driver whipped up the two tired horses. He and I knew what great curiosity was straining the hearts of the women. We ratttled into the main street and passed the partly ruined church.

"Turn here!" they all cried, as we came to a narrow, winding side-street. The houses were all intact. The women leaned out in an effort to see around a turn in the road.

"Nero! Nero!" shouted Yvette from her high seat beside the driver.

A little brown dog came bouncing across the street. We passed the turn in the road, and, with the little dog barking and trying to jump into the coach, Yvette and her mother and her aunt all laughed, with tears in their eyes, and said to the driver—

"Stop here! This is our house!"

If Yvette's candy-store was on that street, it was surely open, because not a house in that district had been harmed. While neighbours came running up to welcome my fellow-travellers, the driver gave the horses a flick with his whip, and we moved off to the hotel.

High moments like these atone for days and days of worry and woe. They are the compensation that many thousands will have in days to come. Rheims has seen the return of many of its inhabitants. Shattered Verdun, with its destroyed homes and its wrecked shops, must wait longer for the home-comers, but their return has been assured within the past few months.

The bare announcement in the newspapers that a town has fallen to the enemy covers a multitude of activities in that town preceding its downfall. These are such activities as would be necessary in any town under similar circumstances. I watched, for instance, the fall of Monastir, for the particular purpose of noting the various phenomena of public and private life that naturally attend such an event, and it was not difficult to translate them into terms of ordinary life. The question of money is the first that arises when the enemy is at the gates. In every rich and poor home there is a panicky gathering together of assets. "Get rid of your paper money," is advice which flies about from home to home.

The old couple in whose home I lived during the last days before the Bulgars entered Monastir begged me to give them all my silver, nickel, and copper coins in exchange for their paper.

"You are leaving," said the old woman, "and at Salonica the Serbian paper money will be good; but here, with the Bulgars, the paper will be worthless."

She was right, of course. Not only the Bulgars, after they entered, but the Serbians themselves, before the fall of the town, refused to accept paper money.

Within a very short time—it was a matter of hours—after the word had gone around that the town was doomed, the stores were sold out. Only tobacco—which never, in any war zone I have ever visited, is lacking—and alcohol were to be had. The food had gone into storage in a thousand homes, or the soldiers had taken large parts of it to carry with them in their retreat.

At the little asylum for the insane, on the outskirts of the town, there were that same terrible activity and worry that have been seen in hundreds of such institutions in Europe with the advancing of the battle-lines. Perhaps the stories will be told some day of the scenes that have occurred in such places during the War, but I shall not describe them. What patients might be removed? What patients must remain? Some, I was told, fought to leave, others against departing. At the police station they were worried about spies. They declared no one could board the refugee train who did not carry a paper signed by them. They hastily glued to my passport an irregular piece of what seemed to be wrapping paper, and thereby created a disfigurement of that precious document which has since been questioned as a mysterious sign by "spy strainers" in many parts of Europe.

"Don't put any letters in the mail boxes," was a warning which went out from the post-office. "The last mail has been collected from the boxes, and the enemy will find anything that is deposited in the boxes from now on." The previous evening my companions and I had gone through an orgy of picture post-card sending; but it was not until months later, upon returning home, that we discovered that our cards had been taken up from the mail-boxes in Monastir, perhaps in the last collection, and had escaped capture by the Bulgars and Germans.

At the telegraph office the preparations of the "last moment" were elaborate. The military authorities and the police had decided that the men at the telegraph keys would be the last officials to leave the town—communication with the outside world must be kept up until the last moment. The police scurried around for automobiles, and five cars were lined up before the telegraph office. In these the telegraphers were to be carried to safety over the Greek border, twenty-five miles distant.

At the hospital soldiers were busily emptying wagons of fuel which had been collected in various parts of the town. How to keep the sick comfortable with heat appeared to be the biggest problem with the hospital authorities, and fuel was so scarce they had good reason to believe that the incoming enemy would seize all he could find for his own use.

From the banks mysterious boxes were carried to the railroad station in wagons and in automobiles. It is not only in the little towns like Monastir that the banks empty themselves at such times; there was a time in Paris when the wealth from the strong-boxes of the great banks was packed for shipment in that big "last moment" that may come to small villages and great capitals alike. The safe-deposit vaults were emptied; securities were drawn forth from their steel hiding-places and put in wooden boxes or bags—any kind of boxes, any kind of bags.

Down at the railroad station the crowds were waiting. The train, which had come in from Salonica the night before, had been moved back to the Greek border, so that the enemy might not take it if the town fell during the dark hours. If the train did not return, we would have to take to the unspeakably muddy roads. After several hours of waiting, the sound of the whistle was greeted with a cheer; the gloomy crowd became nervously happy. The train came into sight and finally drew up at the station platform, and the hundreds of us crowded into the cars as well as we could.

We left the marks of our "last moment" behind us, too, for the Bulgars to read. One of the signs of our panic was an American flag which was nailed up across the doorway in the wall which surrounded the American Red Cross stores. The Bulgars, we learned afterward, tore it down and trampled on it. At the railroad station we left several scrubbing-boards such as are used in wash-tubs; the soldiers forced the fleeing women to discard them. We left a child's rattan chair and some other strange objects which excited folks, in the haste of their departure, had carried away with them.

We left locked homes and shuttered shops which might as well have been left opened for all the shells did to them afterward. The urge of that bridging moment between peace and war makes one's mind work strangely; nobody wondered at these things. It did not seem strange that any of us in that throng should do odd things, such as carrying away useless objects or locking one's house. Wherever there is a ruined town in Europe, or even a town where only a few of the buildings have been struck by shells, or where otherwise the physical pressure of war has been felt, such things have happened as occurred at Monastir.

The psychology of this "last moment" is deep and intricate. It is the moment in which life plans go to smash; in which ambitions go glimmering; in which homes are broken up, sometimes for ever, and all the arrangements of life that are based on love and friendship are set aside. Every ruined town, every shattered house, every shuttered window, tells of these things; and, more than this, every home in Europe from which a man has gone to war is a token of the terrible transition of this "last moment."

And yet human beings endure the strain of the "last moment" with a fortitude that inclines one, who has seen them pass through it, to liken the process to death itself, which brings a dulling of the senses as it approaches.

One wonders if there be not in our brains a set of mental muscles which are never used in peace-times, but which are reserved for use in war alone—muscles of which we, when accustomed to peace, do not even suspect the existence. During that tremendous "last moment" between the security of peace and the time of ruined plans and broken lives, war, so it seems to me, throws the clutch from the peace-time mental gear of every human mind into a war-time gear, and thereby all thinking, all view-points, all ideas and ideals are changed.

There is a hair-line between the peace-time and the war-time worlds. It is crossed in that "last moment" of peace, and the crossing means an entry into a new and a strange existence. It is a mental process which the man or woman of peace-times cannot apprehend. To me it explains why the neutrals in this War have never fully understood the belligerents, and why the belligerents have never found themselves able to put themselves in the place of the neutrals. Belligerents and neutrals are folk of different worlds, thinking with different sets of brains. One has passed through that all-transforming "last moment," the other still has that hair-line to cross.

THE THEFT OF THE JOLLY-FACED MAN

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton

BETWEEN Wharfe River and the moors that reach down to the pleasant slope of Dantry Wood, a snug yeoman's house stands in a sheltered hollow. East wind and north may blow and bite as they list on the open heath above, but their spite rides high above the farmstead; and to-day there is a Demaine in possession of the good lands, and the garden where primroses peep early from warm, hidden nooks, and daffy-down-dillies rear their trumpets before the frosts of March are ended elsewhere in the Dale.

Yet there would have been none left of the old stock to carry on the name brought over in Norman William's time, if long ago his friends had not rallied about the Demaine of that date and rescued him in face of odds. And the way of it was this.

Nicholas Demaine, hale and ruddy as field sports and good ale could make him, had no enemy in all the countryside—except himself at times, an ailment common to us all. He was plighted to a dainty slip of a lass—Janet Considine, whose father lived just over the hill—and went his ways, content with life and with wind and weather on the uplands where his sheep and cattle grazed.

In the midst of this prosperity and well-being he needed to sell a horse, a little too light for his weight, but good to carry a more slender man. So he rode him into Skipton one market day, and told all and sundry who shared his mid-day meal at "The Black Horse" tavern that he had found a buyer, and was sorry now that it came to parting with an old friend that had carried him well. He did not say that the buyer had too little money in his pouch to clinch the bargain then and there, but had promised to meet him outside the Castle gateway at three o'clock and complete the purchase.

When three o'clock came, Demaine was punctual to the tryst; but the other had forgotten all about the bargain, and was drinking at "The Hole in the Wall," where the ale was old and heady. Half an hour Demaine waited; then his eyes brightened as he patted the roan's neck.

"We needn't be parted, lad," he said; "and if thou'rt content to carry my big weight—well, I'm content to ride thee."

And so he rode quietly out of Skipton, afraid lest another should come bidding for his mount. And it happened that none marked his going, and none met him on the lonely bridle-ways that took him home. And out of this affair of horse-dealing there was growing already the shadow of a tragedy.

Demaine came to his own house at six of a fine May evening, and had unlocked the stable door and led the roan horse in, when his housekeeper ran out to him with news that Mr. Considine and his daughter had just gone out at the far gate, because she had told them that he was away at Skipton. So, learning they were on foot, not horsed, he left the roan nibbling at stray tufts of hay in the rack, and ran after them. There was not so much sunshine in a man's life that he could afford to lose a glimpse of Janet.

He overtook them where the track curved at the Wishing Well, and Considine, remembering his own youth, rode forward and left them to their talk.

"You'll always go loving me?" said Janet, after they had taken three separate farewells.

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"That's why I'm here in the world, lass. I could no way help it if I tried."

"But, Nicholas, you would not wish to help it, surely?" she asked, with a dainty fear that half laughed at itself and him.

"I could never begin to wish it. And, Janet, there's no need to go just yet. It will seem like a twelvemonth between this and to-morrow. What you've done with me I couldn't guess; but, when you're here, time gallops, and when you're over hill, it just drags along, like an old man with the rheumatism."

"Ah, but you care," said Janet, with a little, happy laugh, as she turned to go.

She left heart's-ease, and aching need, and a score of baffling muddles fighting for the mastery of this yeoman who had been content, once on a day, to plough his lands, and drink good ale, and sell sheep and cattle in Skipton's comely High Street.

"It's like an ailment," he murmured, turning for home at last—"a happy sort of ailment that's better than any rude health I ever knew. Yet it's queer. I could break the slip of a lassie in my hands, and she has me at a word."

This sickness, however odd and unexpected, seemed to put life into his feet as he went down the lane. There was a blitheness at his heart, too, that bade him sing snatches of the Dale's songs, from sheer need to give an outlet to his happiness. He would groom his horse, he told himself, and then Tabitha, his housekeeper, would doubtless have a steaming supper ready for him. For he had the proper sort of love-sickness that quickens hunger and all else in life.

At Skipton, just after Demaine had ridden out, a lean, hungry-looking rascal went up and down the street, seeking a chance of plying the trade that had grown to be second nature to him. And presently the chance came; for a traveller, mounted on a grey horse, drew rein at "The Devonshire Arms," and looked about for somebody to hold the reins while he cracked a bottle on the far side of the hospitable door.

"I'll hold him for a shilling, sir," said the lean rogue, running forward.

"You'll do it for the half, and confound your impudence!" laughed the traveller.

The other looked plaintive and down-trodden, as he took the horse. It was not for such as he to bargain with the well-to-do, and poor folk must take things as they came.

"Oh, quit that nonsense, man," said the traveller. "By the look of your bottle-nose, you'll be poor from this to Doomsday, for you'd pour the Bank of England down your throat."

The rogue accepted the jibe meekly; and by and by he began to walk the grey horse quietly up and down the road, lest he took a chill from too long standing at the door. The walk to and fro grew longer, till they turned the bend. A big, strapping fellow, dressed like a prosperous yeoman, was standing in the roadway, and there was no sign in his easy gait and bearing that he was accomplice to this out-at-elbows tout whose doings he had shadowed. The whole affair was simple, usual, to such passers-by as noticed it.

"So you've come at last, man, have you?" said the yeoman. "Well, better late than never, though I told you to bring the grey a half-hour since."

He slipped a coin into the rogue's hand and got to saddle; but the ostler of "The Devonshire Arms," had been keeping a sharp eye on the horse, as it happened, and had run to the corner of the street in time to see the tattered man slink into a byway of the town—in time to see the stout farmer mount and trot quickly forward, as if he had a right to the grey horse that carried him.

So then the ostler raised the hue and cry, and ran to the inn stables, and, clapping a saddle on the fastest horse there, he joined the company of volunteers that had gathered out of nowhere when news got abroad that a horse-thief was to be hunted to the death. For in those days theft of a horse, or sheep, or cattle, was equal in the law's eyes to murder, and asked only for the nearest hangman.

Daniel Lambert — the thief who was mounted on the grey—understood his peril to the full, but it only steadied him. For years out of mind he had gambled with life, with his neck as the stake; and no other way of livelihood would have contented him, now that he had tasted to the full its ups and downs and swift excitement.

By the stride of the grey horse under him he judged that his mount had not been ridden far that day; but, for all that, he was not minded to take needless risks. There were other thoroughbreds behind, no doubt, and the cries and tumult of pursuit gained volume every moment, as if it were a hunting day, and the scent hot and keen.

So he left the highway and leaped a low stone fence, and got up into the open fell-lands, where every hollow, every scattered

clump of firs, offered sanctuary and respite for a moment if he found himself hard pressed. His pursuers lost all trace of him for a while, till a farm lad came whistling down the fields and told them he had seen a thick-set man galloping on a grey horse. So they took to the fells, and by and by caught sight of Daniel Lambert against the sky-line.

It was about this time that the grey horse began to show signs of trouble. He was not as young as he looked, and his rider was asking too much altogether of his wind and his fine pluck. And Daniel, when he understood this, was glad to find a green, tree-sheltered lane that took him into a quiet high-road winding north. The grey was sobbing now, and needed the rest of a slow walking pace.

For half a mile they went, through the fragrance of the windless evening; and then a distant uproar reached Dan's ears, and he knew that they had found the scent again. He urged the grey to a trot, then to a blundering gallop, that dwindled to a sudden halt. And now, to his astonishment, Dan saw a stable-door standing open to the roadway, and a roan horse nibbling at the rack inside, with none to guard him. He was accustomed to more trodden haunts of men, where only one mad or drunk would leave horseflesh unattended in this careless fashion.

Dan glanced at the house and saw no sign of life about it; then he took the grey into the stable and led out the roan, and got to saddle and away. The experience of a lifetime aided his wits in this quick bid for safety, and he was out of sight before three of the pursuers turned the road corner.

They, too, saw the open stable-door and drew rein; and one of them, the ostler of "The Devonshire Arms," who had first raised the hue and cry in Skipton, glanced in. The slant, gold sundown shone full on the grey's head and drooping flanks.

"Here's the grey, right enough," he said, "but where in dangment has the thief got to?"

So then the two who had ridden neck to neck with him doubted the ostler's certainty that this was the stolen horse.

"You only saw him for the first time to-day, man. How can you be sure?"

"It's what you might call a gift, sir. I watched old bare-at-knees walking the grey up and down for half an hour; and I'd know any horse for a lifetime after seeing as much of him as that."

"But the thing's preposterous. Look at the house, and the orderly, snug look of it all. The man who owns this has little need to go horse-stealing."

"You never know, sir," said the ostler, picking a straw from the floor and chewing it with nice deliberation. "I've seen a deal o' life in my time, and there's only one thing I'd take Gospel oath about—that you never know."

And now the rest of the hunt came up in scattered twos and threes; and there was surmise, argument, dispute, until Nicholas Demaine stepped down through the moist, pleasant scents of sundown and found a crowd about his house.

"There's the man that got to the grey's saddle," said the ostler quietly. "I only saw his back as he rode out of Skipton, but he was big of height, and thick in the thew, as this is."

None of them had seen aught save the fugitive's back, when his bulk showed up against the sky-line now and then as the long hunt went forward, but all were agreed that this man who fronted them for the first time was vastly like the horse-stealer.

"What is it, friends?" asked Demaine, coming good-humoured from the sight and touch of Janet Considine. "There's no sale of farm gear, as you seem to fancy, and, indeed, it's over-late in the day for such a sale."

The owner of the grey—a dapper little gentleman, fiery of temper—had joined in the pursuit, on a borrowed horse, and had lately ridden up. "D'ye think horse-stealing a small affair?" he asked sharply.

"I never thought as much, or said it."

"Then why d'ye jest about a farm sale, when you've got the stolen horse in there, and know it."

Demaine, puzzled, but still suspecting no disaster, glanced at the company. "This gentleman is mad, doubtless," he said, with a careless shrug of the shoulders. "My own horse is in stable, for I left him there a half-hour since."

"His colour?" snapped the other.

"Roan, to be sure."

So then they made a way for him, asking him to glance inside and tell them whether their vision or his were at fault. And Demaine, seeing the grey standing there, could make nothing of it, and told them so. Then one of the pursuers—not a Dalesman—told how he had sat at table with this yeoman in Skipton, and had heard him tell his friends that he had sold his roan horse,



"'D'ye think horse-stealing a small affair?'"

and was sorry to say good-bye to the good beast.

And now Demaine jested no longer. He had a shrewd head, and knew that the toils of a dangerous web were closing round him. He faced the accusers without fear or hurry, while his thoughts went this way and that in search of help in the emergency. His housekeeper had run to tell him that Considine and Janet had just left the house. True, but the woman had not seen the horse that carried him from Skipton. Surely there must have been friends who saw him ride out of the market town or over the hill-tops home; yet he could remember none.

"I never saw the grey until this moment," he said at last, "and if there's a man here likes to doubt my word, we'll fight it out, here where we stand."

"A fine actor," laughed the owner of the grey. "A very fine actor, gentlemen, and I've seen Edmund Kean at his best, yonder in London. All innocence, and rough, country honesty, this rogue, and the grey yonder proving him a liar."

So Demaine stepped to the little man's saddle and knocked him to the roadway, for there are taunts that no man is asked to pass lightly by.

The end of the adventure was that Demaine was overborne by numbers, though he fought

all comers till his strength gave out. And that night he was housed in Skipton, along with common vagrants and cutpurses. When he came before the Bench, and later on, when he stood his trial at the Assize town, there was no shred of evidence his attorney could bring in favour of his client, save his honourable name and station in a Dale that knew and loved him.

When sentence had been passed, and news went spurring that Demaine was to be hanged on some convenient day, the Dale that knew and loved him decided that the Law's fooleries must end. Janet Considine, gay in her sorrow because she trusted her man's honour, rode up and down the highways and the bridle-tracks, and found everywhere a loyal welcome. She had not guessed, till tragedy came roughly into the peace of ordered days, how great a caring they had captured, Demaine and she, from these silent Dalesmen, nor how ready they were to answer to her call.

Demaine himself, when she saw him in prison, could give no clue to the misadventure, save that he had made a bargain for the roan horse with a prosperous-looking stranger who had not the full price in his pocket, but who promised to return with it at three of the afternoon. When the man did not come to clinch the bargain, Demaine explained, he just rode home over the tops, glad that there was no need, after all, to part with a horse he cared for.

"It's a wonderful thing to me, Janet," he said, after a long silence—"a wonderful thing that you just take my word for it that I'm an honest man. When I listened to the lawyers playing with the evidence, like jugglers at a country fair, I began to fancy I'd stolen the grey horse, after all."

The tears came to Janet's eyes, for she could not hinder them. This man of hers was so courageous, so full of humour, in face of a death shameful and abhorrent.

"My heart took your heart's word for it," she said very gently. "And will you tell me why you—why you have no fear?"

"Because you're with me, lass, for good and all, and I'm content to go waiting in the Beyond of troubles."

That was their true mating-time, as they took hands and kissed in face of havoc and disaster. And then a kindly gaoler, who had grown to like his prisoner, could let Janet overstep her leave no longer, and tapped noisily at the cell door before entering.

She went from the gaol with a light step and a head carried high, and found Considine at the gates, mounted on a stout cob, and holding her own mare by the rein.

"Come away home, girl," he said, with gruff mastery of his pity. "There's a long ride in front of us, and it will steady you, maybe."

"I need no steadying, father. The lawyers can kill my man, but not my trust in him."

"You're a well-plucked 'un, lass, and so's Demaine. It doesn't stand to reason they can hang him."

They rode home through the pleasant country lanes, asking each other how to find the rogue who stole the grey, and finding no answer. The Dale, as it happened, was finding the answer for them; for it never occurred to these hard-bitten farmer folk that a man so likely as Demaine should die of lawyers' gossip. One by one, and two by two, they went about the good town of Skipton that knew them as intimates and honest folk; and they found at last the track of the out-at-elbows fellow who had walked the grey horse up and down in front of "The Devonshire Arms"—got on to the scent of the big, yeoman-looking man who was his accomplice—and they followed the hunt like sleuth-hounds, sparing neither their horses nor themselves as they neglected market days and rode wide and far in search of Daniel Lambert.

They found news of him at last in Linthwaite village, twenty miles away. Soon after his theft of Demaine's roan horse, it seemed, Lambert had been taken ill, and had lain near to death at a neighbouring farmstead. In his weakness he had raved of a horse stolen in Skipton, of his need to get into another county with the roan; and he had got from his bed a week before the doctor would allow it, and had crept away by night on foot in some panic of delirium.

They went to the farm and saw the roan there in stable, and knew it for Demaine's. From their talk with the farmer, too, they had no doubt that he had harboured Daniel Lambert, and that the man could not have gone very far away before an illness worse than the first fell on him. They sent word to Barden that they were closing in on Lambert, and hoped to take him before the next few days were out. But the country-side was lone and empty, full of deep ravines and naked fell-lands, and they got no nearer to their man, for all their patient searching.

Considine, out at Barden, grew sick of heart. He had a profound contempt for

the Law, as all free men of the country have, and he had faith in Demaine as he had faith in his own honesty. They sent word, these friendly neighbours, that they were near to capturing Dan Lambert. But of what use was that, when Demaine was to be hanged in two days' time for theft of a grey horse he had never stolen? He could not bear the brave, quiet look in Janet's face, the after-greyness of the tears she shed by stealth.

So he got to horse, leaving word behind that he was going on a forlorn hope of his own. This shame of Demaine's, the hangman's noose that dangled nearer and nearer to his neck, asked for some action from the older man, since the young ones could do no more than tell him that they hoped to capture Lambert.

"Hope?" he snapped, stirring his horse to a rousing gallop. "There's only stark earnest will save the good lad's neck."

It was his purpose to ride the score miles out to Linthwaite and join the hunt for Dan Lambert; but half-way on the journey his horse cast a shoe, and his temper, raw already from long anxiety, was not bettered when he found that he had to walk a league or so to reach the nearest smithy. When he gained it, the smith was busy shoeing another horse; so Considine stepped into the neighbouring inn and called for a quart of home-brewed. From his long experience of life, he knew that it was wiser to drive ill moods out by physic of this sort than to let them eat inward with corrosion.

He was just setting his glass down, after a deep, steady draught, when a jolly-faced man, short and wide and thick in the beam, came into the inn parlour.

"Give you good day, sir, and a very good day it is, to be sure," said the stranger. "I never knew June weather quite so pleasant."

"Give you good day," answered Considine, not relishing intrusion of any sort just now.

"Ah, a little moody, friend—just a little moody, shall we say?" laughed the other. "You suffer from too much ale, no doubt, or too little. All life's troubles resolve themselves into one or other of the two disasters. For my part, I suffer from too little just at present."

Considine could make nothing of the man, and curiosity was stirred, as he watched him stand in the sun-glow of the window, and drink his ale, when it was brought to him, with leisurely, quiet zest. "Do you travel far, sir?" he asked by and by.

"Not so far as another who is waiting for me—not quite as far as that just yet, to be sure. On the other hand, I'm only mortal, I suppose, though one would like to believe it otherwise."

Considine was not a man of fancies. He was in rude health, well fed, and had a glass of ale beside him. Yet he felt a sense of chilliness on this hot day, a childish dread of the uncanny. "What d'ye mean?" he asked bluntly.

"Oh, nothing to disturb one's joy in life, sir. He dies soon, and I die later, but the gulf has to be crossed one day by both of us."

The jolly-faced man was not in his cups at all. If he grew more garrulous, it was because it was second nature to him, and he had found a ready listener. "I'm in the King's service, and proud of it. Some serve the King in one capacity, some in another," he went on. "There must be horse-thieves in this world."

"Who spoke of horse-thieves?" snapped Considine, dismayed once more by the coldness of the room, as if December gales were driving through it.

"A judge and jury in an Assize town I'm riding to. It was they who hanged the man, if you view the matter in its true perspective. They leave the nice handling of the death to me—the care and preparation needed, lest the rope break, or the drop is not adjusted to a nicety. Believe me, sir, it is my compassionate profession to send gallows' birds into the hereafter with ease—as I hope to go one day myself with ease, as if one crossed a kindly threshold."

Considine withdrew a pace or two, by instinct. All that the stranger said was true, no doubt; but some old abhorrence of the hangman's trade chilled him to the bone, now that he stood neighbour to one of the uncanny craft.

The other did not notice the withdrawal, for his pride in his calling was sincere and deep, if a little noisy on the surface. "Could I carry such a jolly face, sir, if there were aught wrong with heart or conscience? They tell me I'm the heart and soul of merrymakings, whenever I take my holidays and do not tell them who I am. Folk harbour foolish superstitions; so I go among them, when on holiday, without mention of my calling."

"You have the gentry sort of speech," said Considine, with sudden question, "and the gentry's way of turning words and playing with them till they seem like Gospel truth."

The hangman lost his assurance for one swift and giddy moment. Then he laughed. "I *was* a gentleman of sorts, once on a day. And evil times fell on me, and I never found the gentry road again until I came to the good profession of the Rope. It all seems so simple, talking friend and friend together as we're doing now. Among the folk I had to help into another world—some cringed at the ordeal, and some did not, though all dreaded it—I found my road of service. Out of my own heart's trouble, you understand, I whispered a word of consolation and sure hope before I sent them easily into the Hereafter. And it always heartened them—as it will hearten the poor rogue I have to hang in two days' time—because it comes from the heart, sir, comes from the heart, you understand."

Considine got away from superstition. He knew this fellow for a likeable, daft man who had missed his road in life somehow, and was hanging men mercifully instead of bringing heart's-ease to them on the open roads. And suddenly he became aware that the next victim of his compassion was Nicholas Demaine, waiting execution yonder in the Assize town. He grew alert and crafty.

"You ride for Leeds?" he asked.

"Yes, with time to spare."

"Then I can set you on the road, if you're minded to jog forward with me. My own home lies in that direction."

"That is all to the good," said the jolly-faced man. "I'm fond of company on all journeys, and these by-roads need a guide. Suppose we dine before setting out?"

"Better dine at my house. It is only ten miles further, and you'll find a meal of the best, I promise you. My wife has a gift that way."

All forthright, honest men, with wits to serve them, grow to be conspirators when a friend's neck is in peril, and they alone can save it. Considine, before he set out on his strange journey with the hangman, found time to get into the tavern-yard, seeking for a likely messenger to Linthwaite, where a company of his own Dalesmen was hunting for the horse-thief. And luck served him, for he found a lean, half-witted rogue who had been in his own service once, and who loved him with a dog's faithfulness and caring.

"D'ye know Linthwaite, Robbie?" he asked.

"Like as I know your own face, Mr. Considine."

"And, to be sure, you know my neighbour—the man we know as 'The Little Squire of Hill-End'?"

The yokel, half clever and half short of wit, grinned spaciously. "There's no missing his li'le, squat figure."

"Then find him, Robbie. Get out to Linthwaite, fast as your feet can carry you, and tell no man your errand till you find the Little Squire. Then tell him that I have the hangman, and shall keep him till they find Dan Lambert and bring him to my own house."

"Oh, by jabers," laughed the half-wit, "that's a long message to carry in a poor, weak head. If you'd be pleased, Mr. Considine, to tell it over and over again till it settles into place, like."

When the message was well learned—and Robbie "never forgot, once he'd learned to remember," as the country-folk put it—Considine joined his fellow-traveller, who was already mounted on a cob as thick-set and cheery-looking as himself. And so they came, he and the hangman, to the pleasant farmstead that looked down on Wharfe's brown, comely stream.

"Not a word of your calling when my wife's within hearing—or my daughter," said Considine sharply.

"Ah, they're superstitious, like most people?" laughed the other, with a dry sort of pathos. "It is always the executioner they blame—never by any chance the lawyers or the juries. Juries? If they packed a dozen sheep into the box, they'd bring more wit to sifting evidence."

"That is true," said Considine, with sudden gravity. "Meanwhile you are plain Mr. Smith, a gentleman-farmer come to buy cattle of me. Women, as you say, are superstitious."

When they got indoors, Considine left his guest in the parlour while he went in search of his wife. He found her closeted with Janet in the girl's bed-chamber, and both glanced up at him with sudden hope.

"Home again so soon, father?" asked Janet. "You've found Dan Lambert, then?"

"Nay, lass, but I've found good news. That man of yours goes free, and so I tell you; but more I will not tell you, cry as you will to tease the secret from me."

Considine, after showing that he was master in his own house—a thrifty habit of his—by meeting women's tears before they drowned him, explained that he had brought a stranger with him, who must have

the best of everything, to make cattle bargaining easier. And late that afternoon, when Mr. Smith proposed to get to horse, his host dissuaded him. They were alone in the low-roofed parlour, with a flood of ruddy sunshine pouring through it from the western hills.

"Your friend in Leeds does not need you before to-morrow's morrow, so you told me."

"That is true; but I have the honour to belong to a fine and delicate profession. It needs nerve and courage—a peculiar sort of courage, not lightly won, and not kept with ease. It asks for prayer also, if you'll pardon the absurdity."

Considine, a good judge of men as he found them, grew aware that his guest had the depth, the humour, the odd self-sacrifice, of one who followed one road only in life, and did not turn to right or left. He had some compunction in persuading the man to sleep under his roof that night, promising him the quiet and rest he needed before journeying to Leeds to-morrow.

When the morrow came, and still no news arrived from those who were hunting Dan Lambert out at Linthwaite, Considine put a hand on the shoulder of the jolly-faced man as they went out to taste the sweet of the fine June morning.

"How d'ye like the house and your welcome here?" he asked.

"It is all beyond praise. I wish I had your occupation, Mr. Considine."

"You're going to share it for a few days, as a looker-on."

"Man, how dare you jest in face—in face of what I have to do to-morrow?"

"Jesting was never further from me. Twelve of the daft-witted sheep you spoke of yesterday agreed that a good yeoman of this parish was to be hanged for theft of a horse he never stole, or needed to. We're near to capturing the man who stole it, and meanwhile you stay here."

"No, sir. I go to Leeds."

"How will you go? Your cob is locked in stable. If you get away on foot, I've men waiting at every road-turn to bring you back. The Dale is resolute to free Demaine."

"But my reputation, sir? Ill or well, I've never missed a hanging. It is my creed to be punctual and ready."

"And it's mine, too. D'ye think I care a stiver for your reputation, when my lass is going to marry the lad lying yonder in the gaol at Leeds? Like it or no, you're prisoned here."

"You know that your own neck will come to the rope, once the tale of it all is known?"

"I hadn't thought of it, and, anyway, it does not matter. I've had a fairish spell of life, and am content to go, if it lets that daft pair of sweethearts find their heart-room. I seem to remember," he went on, after a long silence, "some talk of the Sheriff being asked to handle the rope if the hangman failed."

A queer wind of the old days and the new blew round this prisoner, who understood that he would never win to Leeds until his host permitted it. Certainty that he had been saved from hanging a guiltless man warred with professional zeal to be ready at the tryst; but, clear through the muddle of this defeat he had blundered into, there stepped contempt of amateurs at his own trade.

"The Sheriff will wait till the Trump of Doom before he handles any rope. Consider, Mr. Considine, that years of training go to knowledge of the rope's strength and flexibility—there's a long word for you, but there is no other. The flexibility—the nice adjustment of the drop that blankets death with happy slumber—what does the Sheriff know of these affairs? As well bid him plough your lands at a moment's notice, not knowing how to guide the handles."

Late on the next night, when Considine had given supper to his guest, a big, loose-limbed lad came running to the house and asked for the master, and broke into the dining-room when leave was denied him by a tart maid-servant.

"I got your words into my head, Mr. Considine," he said, shaking the sweat from his face. "I carried it safe and well, I did; and they gave me a message for you, if I could only bring my old, daft headpiece into shape."

"What was it, lad?"

"Now, bide a wee while, till I get it right and proper. Aye, I've got it now. The li'le Squire o' Barden says they found the thief this morning, and they cannot bring him to you, for he's near dying. But they sent for a magistrate, to get a sworn confession, and you're to keep the hangman for the present."

The half-wit repeated his tale, word for word, as it had been pumped into his slow, retentive brain; and he grinned spaciously at his own cleverness when he had finished.

"Get round to the kitchen, Robbie, and tell them to give thee as much ale as thou canst swallow," said Considine, with a laugh of sheer relief.

"They couldn't, mister, if they tried. What is amiss my throat, I know not, but I never fairly had enough to slake my thirst. I'll just find out the best they can do for me that way, and thank ye."

For a while Considine and his prisoner stood looking out on the June hedgerows, the swaying meadow-grass, the blue of the happy, overarching sky.

"I'm glad you stole me, sir," said the hangman presently. "But for you, a man would be lying in a prison graveyard now—a man who would never smell sweet o' the June again, or set lips to a maid's. To be sure, it has been a queer adventure, and I bear no malice."

"But if it be so black a crime to steal a horse, what of stealing the King's executioner?" asked Considine, with good-humoured question.

"As for that, sir, there will be no evidence. I shall explain that I reached your house with a great sickness on me, which forbade further travel—that you were vastly kind, as indeed you have been. It stands to reason, sir, I could have no satisfaction in helping the innocent to the Hereafter."

"You're an odd muddle of a man," said Considine, shrugging his wide shoulders.

"Most of us are, my friend. If one never surprised one's self, what would happen to one's zest in life?"



"CREEPING LIKE SNAIL UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL." BY ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A.

From the picture representing the schoolboy stage in the artist's series of designs illustrating the speech on the Seven Ages in Shakespeare's "As You like It."

THE STAR OF LOVE

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

Illustrated by Frank Gillett

THE White Road was the adventurous offspring of a smoothly-macadamised, properly-surveyed, and State-supported mother road. No swinging theodolite nor jingling measuring-chain had sanctified its birth. At a moist turning beyond West Point, the parent road, imitating the mother of Moses, thrust her progeny into a thicket of bulrushes, and the infant highway squirmed away like a frightened milk-snake, fearful lest the county surveyors would place the dreaded bar-sinister of "No Thoroughfare" over the chance wheelmarks that had brought it into being.

The White Road floundered through a stretch of wet meadowland that was decidedly antagonistic to trails. The random wheel scars were healed nearly as fast as they were made, but a definite path showed at last, and, twisting and turning like all illegitimate tracks, the White Road searched desperately for patches of No Man's territory over which it could crawl unmolested. Belligerent brooks tried to bar its way, walls and fences threatened it at every turn, but the road was possessed of an all-consuming desire to receive from sovereign Commerce the accolade of flying hoofs, and it struggled bravely forward.

Near Cornwall the road found and joyfully commandeered a rickety bridge that spanned a turbulent stream, and here it gathered the earmarks of a real business artery. It flung its incense cloud of hot dust to the seven gods of trade, and swaggered along, a rollicking, vagrant, self-made road, proud of the fact that it had laid its wriggling length across the countryside. It skirted the base of a wonderful tree-covered hill, where the imaginative might expect to find wood nymphs on sweet spring days, and, dusty, unkempt, uncared for, it rolled away towards Newburgh and places far beyond.

On the top of the tree-covered hill lived a friend of the White Road. Her name was Estelle Meddington, and she had the sweet, soul-touching beauty of those haze-softened days in October when the autumn fairies are weaving the winding-sheets for the year. She had eyes like Daphne, and great brown curls that made her bewitchingly beautiful.

Estelle loved the White Road. It brought to her threads of life, red and brown, scarlet and rose-pink, and she wove them into the woof of her being. To her the wriggling, dusty road was the very cord of Romance from which she fed her little lonely soul. Along it came pedestrians who had been lured from the oiled and pampered State highway by the charm of the Bohemian road, and from a leafy redoubt at the bottom of the hill Estelle, looking more bewitching than Panope, watched them go by—

Pedlar men, with their sharp black eyes
(Oh, the fat black packs on their shoulders tied!)
Dusty tramps, all wrinkled and wise
(Off for the tracks where the world is wide!)
Plut, plut, plut, 'long the hot, hard trails
To sweet dream spots that the blue haze veils.

Estelle lived with her father, Professor Meddington, in the Red Cottage on the hill-top. The Professor had no interest in the road. He was an astronomer of renown, who listened to the threnody of the spheres and peered into the private life of bashful planets with a specially-constructed lens that had stirred the envy of all other astronomical Peeping Toms in the world. Now and then he would drag himself down to the consideration of things terrestrial, and in those

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moments he would reproach himself for not providing recreation for his daughter.

"It is wrong of me to keep you hidden away here," he would say. "You should have companions."

"I am very happy," the girl would answer.

"But you have no one to converse with—nothing to look at."

"But, father, I have the road," Estelle would reply.

"The road?"

"Yes, father, the White Road. Why, the most wonderful people go by on the road!"

The Professor never listened to Estelle's stories concerning the people who went by. He managed to exhibit enough interest to start her on her little descriptions, but the moment she began, his thoughts would be whisked into outer space, where he was endeavouring to round up fugitive stars that had been chased over the heavenly range since the days of Claudius Ptolemy.

Mrs. Tunk, the housekeeper at the Red Cottage, not having the Professor's stellar distractions, exhibited more interest in the road. She listened to Estelle's stories, but expressed disapproval of the girl's interest in the people who passed.

"Some day one of 'em will grab yer an' run away with yer," said Mrs. Tunk one afternoon, after Estelle had told her of a gipsy who passed with his head wreathed in vine leaves like a swaggering Bacchus.

"Oh, Mrs. Tunk," cried the girl excitedly, "that's just what I dreamed!"

"What you dreamed?" cried the housekeeper, in astonishment.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Tunk," answered Estelle, flushing under the eyes of the elderly woman. "I had a dream like that months and months ago."

There was silence for a moment, due to the fact that Mrs. Tunk's word-making machinery, somewhat harassed by asthma, had been rendered completely useless by Estelle's statement.

"Why, Estelle Meddington," cried the old lady, her breath escaping in raspy jerks, as if pursued by an ogre within her expansive frame, "do you mean to say that you dreamt a gipsy feller ran away with yer?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the girl, much embarrassed by the jerky breathing of the housekeeper. "I dreamed that someone came along the White Road—someone, Mrs. Tunk, who was as handsome as that picture of Raphael in father's study—and I thought—why, I thought that he asked father for me, and that father said 'Yes,' and that I went away with him, far away, Mrs. Tunk, right, right into the blue mists that are miles beyond Cornwall!"

The ogre who harassed Mrs. Tunk when she endeavoured to breathe became so vicious at that moment that Estelle fled in alarm. She ran down the path to her little redoubt in the bushes beside the road, and Mrs. Tunk's breathing became normal. The housekeeper considered the advisability of speaking to the Professor; but she finally decided that the astronomer was a long-distance observer who was not interested in matters that were immediately under his nose.

"But it would pay him better to watch his daughter than watch the stars," she remarked, as she served supper to Robert, the handy man, who did the rough work about the Red Cottage. "God Almighty made the stars, an' He knows whether they're swinging right."

Mrs. Tunk's breath-pursing ogre had a fierce spasm of activity; then, with head thrust forward, she used up the thick dregs of her voice in a fierce whisper.

"It's the road!" she gasped.

"The what?" queried the hired man.

"It's the road!" repeated Mrs. Tunk, in a molasses-thick gurgle. "She's got an infattyashun for the road!"

Robert bayoneted half a potato, lifted the vegetable towards his mouth, poised it in mid-air as if convinced that a handy food supply was necessary under the circumstances, then turned upon Mrs. Tunk an eye which plainly said: "Go ahead and tell the worst."

Mrs. Tunk did. She battened down the ogre with a great intake of air and told of Estelle's dream. The potato moved backward and forward as the hired man's hunger and curiosity fought against each other. Finally, when Mrs. Tunk had told everything, Robert tossed the vegetable into his mouth, masticated it hurriedly, and then spoke in a voice that was mildly contemptuous.

"Every gal as ever was born has dreams like that," he said, folding eight square inches of cold pork into a compact forkful. "I 'ad a sister who watched a trail over a mountain, an' d'ye know what she thought 'd come along it?"

"What?" gasped Mrs. Tunk, hurling the interrogative out as a verbal torpedo to destroy her overwhelming inquisitiveness.

"A knight!" answered the hired man, reducing another plate-wide slice of pork to a mouth-filling strip. "A knight in tin

armour, with a sword an' a lance an' a bow an' arrers! She was doin' that when I left home, an' she was goin' on thirty-six then. Her name was Appomattox." After a pause and a surprised stare from Mrs. Tunk, he added: "She was born the day General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse. Dad and Mom had two choices—Appomattox an' Courthouse, an' they took Appomattox. We called her Appy for short, but she warn't happy, because her knight didn't come."

"An' she believed he'd come?" murmured Mrs. Tunk.

"Just as certain as I am about havin' eat my supper," said Robert. "An' I'm sure of that," he added, as he picked up his hat and walked out of the room.

On the morning following his talk with Mrs. Tunk, the hired man stood and watched Estelle as she walked down the path towards the White Road.

"She'll get hers," he said later at the dinner-table.

"Get her what?" asked Mrs. Tunk, speaking from a cloud of steam in a corner.

"Get her knight," answered Robert.

"How do you know?" cried Mrs. Tunk.

"She's got the earmarks of a getter," said Robert. "My sister Appy didn't have the earmarks. There's some as'll draw a knight if he wus a thousand miles away, an' there's some as couldn't bring him if he wus the other side of the fence."

"A fat lot you know," said Mrs. Tunk, emerging from the haze made by the soapy suds. "Anyone 'd think you knew somethin' about girls."

"I do," said the hired man; then, as he walked away, he added: "I know a lot about 'em. That's why I tell yer she's a getter, a regular jimdandy six-geared getter. You watch, an' you'll see."

Estelle told no untruth when she informed the Professor that the White Road was an antidote for loneliness. The road was a wonderful thing. Along its squirming length went Adventure and Romance, their old-gold flag flung free to the little breezes that came down from Storm King, the breezes that turned the dry dust into whirling gnomes that danced rigadoons in the wheel-ruts. Often for hours the road was empty, a bare white runner of trade that hid its ends in swathes of blue haze, but in its emptiness it seemed so pregnant with possibilities that Estelle thrilled as she watched it.

"Where does it end?" she asked Robert one day.

"At Kingston," said the hired man.

"You're jesting!" cried Estelle.

"No, I'm not," retorted the brother of Appomattox. "I saw the end of it."

Estelle refused to believe that the White Road came to an end at Kingston. She was certain that Robert had made a mistake. She knew that the road went on and on, a white baby ribbon from the gown of Commerce that the bodkin of friendship had threaded through towns and villages. She pictured it stretching out towards the dream-coloured Rockies, winding over wind-flattened prairies, lurching seaward from the crown of the Sierras, and slipping, tired and dusty, into a wonder ocean to rest.

"Why should all these people walk along it if it ends at Kingston?" she asked.

"They're people as like roads of this kind," said the wise hired man. "They're walkin' people, and walkin' people like little roads better'n they like big ones. Hoboes do, too, so do pedlars an' thieves."

Estelle found much joy in watching the pedestrians who used the White Road. One soft spring day she was immensely thrilled by a young man and a young woman who passed by, walking hand in hand and singing a strange little song that brought to her a slightly sensuous feeling like that she experienced as a little girl when the warm winds of August dried her legs after paddling in the brook. Twice while the couple was still in sight they had halted and danced a quaint folk-dance on the road, then went on again, singing still, the sound of their chant coming back to the watching girl like the scented thistledown of song.

Estelle told Mrs. Tunk, and the housekeeper's breath fought with the ogre as she listened.

"I'll bet they'd steal anything they could lay their hands on," said Mrs. Tunk.

"No, no, they wouldn't!" said Estelle.

"How d'ye know they wouldn't?" cried the stout lady.

"I can't tell you, but I know," said Estelle. "They wouldn't steal."

Estelle couldn't explain to the portly Mrs. Tunk that there were in the song which drifted back to her little sound-pockets that carried to her the throb of love, tiny nuances of colour that told her the two upon the road were floating along a rose-hued trail where crime did not exist.

On another day, a hot, breathless day in August, an extraordinary happening took

place on the White Road. Along it, in the passion-hushed noontime, came a Hindu, a tall, swarthy fellow, who kicked the sun-warmed dust with his bare feet as if he revelled in the exercise. Estelle watched him from her hiding-place—watched him with the conviction that he was the weirdest exhibit the White Road had ever brought to her.

The Hindu passed her shelter, striding freely along; but some little distance up the road he halted, unstrapped a wickerwork basket from his shoulders, and crouched in the dust. He put a bamboo pipe to his lips, and sent a swirl of sound into the stillness; then, to Estelle's great astonishment and alarm, there crawled from the basket a hooded cobra.

For long minutes she watched the crawling serpent and listened to the thin, plaintive wailing of the pipe; then the Hindu stopped playing, placed the serpent in the basket, and walked on into the blue distances. An hour after he passed out of sight, Estelle roused herself. Nervously she walked up the road and examined the spot where the Hindu had squatted. She thought it might have been a dream, but in the hot dust she was amazed to find the marks made by the crawling reptile.

She told Robert of this happening, and the hired man made remarks in an undertone. "By heck, they oughtn't allow that!" he growled. "That's a chap as wus with that circus I saw at Newburgh. Chap with a sheet wrapped roun' 'is 'ed, warn't 'e? That's the same geezer. 'E's a Mexican, I think. By heck, they allow any kind o' scum into this country!"

A wonderful thing was the White Road. Once a van had passed without a driver, and Estelle had rushed back to the Red Cottage and acquainted Robert. Robert and Mrs. Tunk, the Professor and Estelle, stopped the driverless vehicle and then went back along the road. They found the driver near the rickety bridge. He had been seized with a fit of giddiness and had fallen from the driving seat, narrowly escaping death. Estelle was immensely thrilled by the happening. The road blasted the cyst of monotony that sometimes frightened her by making an attempt to throttle her desire to live. She made and chanted a song to the road, a girlish pæan of praise, and in the song was a couplet that puzzled Mrs. Tunk when that good lady heard Estelle singing it softly—

White Road, White Road, tell me truthfully
When you'll bring the one I love speeding swift to me!

"What does she mean by that?" asked Mrs. Tunk of the Diogenes of the woodshed. "She doesn't love anyone!"

"Yes, she does," said the hired man, wiping out a section of pie by a quick attack upon its apex. "She loves someone all right."

"But she doesn't know anyone!" cried the housekeeper.

"Doesn't matter," said the wise relative of Appy, the trail watcher. "She's made up an imaginerry feller out of sunbeams an' the smell of flowers an' dreams an' things like that. You wait. I told yer long ago she was a getter."

It was in the spring following the autumn which brought the Hindu snake-charmer that the White Road jerked itself up and carried a supremely great happening into the life of Estelle. The occurrence took place on a morning so delightfully fair that the trees which covered the hill wore a strange, exalted air like that which comes to people who have participated in some great ceremony. Estelle, as she watched the sunbeams touch the leaves that had been newly massaged by a little shower that had slipped down from Storm King and fled hurriedly back again, was reminded of a picture she had seen of a vast abbey filled with panoplied Crusaders who had pledged themselves to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the clutch of the Turk.

The girl, reclining on the piazza of the Red Cottage, and visualising wonder happenings in the blue haze, was roused from her day-dream by the clattering of horses' hoofs on the rickety bridge. The bridge was a sounding board that announced the approach of vehicles, and, as was her usual habit, Estelle ran hurriedly down the path to the leafy observation post from which she watched the people who went by on the White Road. With her was Copernicus, the Professor's black cat. The cat's liking for the observatory at the Red Cottage had led to his being called after the famous Nicholas Copernicus; but the Professor, discovering later that a colony of mice inhabited his study, was forced to admit that it was gastronomical and not astronomical reasons that brought the cat to his den.

Girl and cat, sitting in the bushes, listened to the sounds made by the approaching van, the van itself being hidden from them by the tree branches. The caravan sent out sharp metallic sounds that cut into the sweet soft stillness that rested like a benediction upon the woods. They were disturbing, irritating noises that brought a slight feeling of fear to the girl.

The horse came first into Estelle's view, a lean, dyspeptic-looking, clay-coloured horse, so visibly overburdened with sorrow that he would have made the sad steed of Don Quixote look the embodiment of equine perfection by comparison. His appearance warranted him the possessor of most of the ills which horseflesh is heir to, and he dragged, with reluctance and wheezy protests, a van that carried within and without a most amazing collection of pots and pans, the outside display glittering in the sun like the shining armour of St. Palarus.

The jangling tinware made the most ungodly sounds Estelle had ever heard, vicious, jagged, staccato noises that sprang like Cossacks upon the silence, sabring the stillness that tried to close in upon the travelling inferno of noise.

Beside the horse clumped the pedlar, a blue-shirted, corduroy-trousered bear-like man, whose face, alarmingly unbeautiful, was partly concealed by a black beard that grew in patches. His eyes were glittering specks in caverns protected by a brow that extended, thick, sweat-spotted, and bristling, in an unbroken line across his face.

Along the White Road towards Estelle's hiding-place came the broken-winded horse, the heavy-footed pedlar, and the van that seemed the wandering headquarters of the demon of noise. Copernicus showed a disposition to run, but the girl clung to him. She felt that there was something barbarous and wild about the outfit, and Estelle hugged the cat to her bosom as fear, soft-footed and chilling, crept into her hiding-place.

The clamour rolled down on her, a fierce tidal wave of sound. It deafened her as the van lumbered by her retreat, and with wide eyes she watched the swinging pans and listened to the shouting of the pedlar as the caravan passed.

A dozen yards beyond her redoubt the driver called a halt. The horse obeyed with an alacrity that brought a terrific protest from the pans; then the noises made by the banging of tinware died down to little shivery outbursts produced by the breathing of the clay-coloured steed. Estelle and Copernicus watched the pedlar. Stepping heavily, as if he desired to inflict an injury upon the road, the man made a circuit of the van, paused near the drooping head of the horse, slowly mopped his bearded face, and then, without any apparent reason, lifted his heavy whip and struck the tired animal a violent blow on the nose.

The horse flung up its head, and the quivering pans sent out a wave of jagged sound-spears. A blob of foam, tossed from the unfortunate animal's mouth, settled upon the beard of the pedlar and increased his irritation. He struck again, and again the sound-lances came from the banging pans as the horse tried to evade the blow.

Estelle was shocked by the pedlar's brutality. Clutching Copernicus, who exhibited a great longing for the peace of the Professor's study, she half lifted herself from her hiding-place, the mad pounding of the blood in her ears making her deaf to the stream of abuse which the man was directing at his horse.

The pedlar lifted his whip again, and Estelle's pity for the ill-treated animal made her forget the dread of discovery which had come to her as the man clumped by her observation place.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop! How can you be so cruel?"

The man turned slowly. His whip-hand dropped to his side. His small black eyes glittered evilly. He took a step towards Estelle.

The dread of him came back to Estelle with redoubled force. He came nearer, stepping silently, his head thrust a little forward. Estelle recalled the Hindu and the hooded cobra. The cobra, when crawling in the dust, had attempted to capture a bird in the manner which the pedlar was using in approaching her.

He came nearer—nearer! Strength left the girl's limbs. She unloosed her grip upon Copernicus, and the cat took immediate advantage of his liberty. He sprang for the path, but the pedlar was close. The man's right foot was driven forward, Copernicus was lifted up and hurled into the bushes, where he gathered himself up and fled, screaming indignant protests as he ran.

Estelle made a great effort to regain her self-control. She turned and stumbled forward, but she was too late. A throaty gurgle came from the pedlar, the heavy feet beat a quick tattoo as he rushed.

A dreadful feeling of suffocation came to Estelle. Terror—shameless, nerve-racking terror—tore a cry from her heart and flung it like a lance of flame into the silence.

Estelle never knew exactly what happened then. She felt herself torn from the clutch of the pedlar and thrust aside. The swift movement made her blind to what had taken place; then, as she recovered her balance, her vision was cleared of the film of fear, and she saw.

The pedlar was upon the ground, and as she stared at him he lifted his head from the dust and looked, not at Estelle, but at another person who had come upon the scene. Estelle looked, too. Standing close to her was a tall, sun-tanned young man dressed in khaki shirt and trousers, with strong walking boots, and the girl did not need to be told that it was the bunched knuckles of the young man's right arm that had supplied the momentum to carry the pedlar into the dust.

There was a moment of breathless silence, then the pedlar clawed himself slowly to his hands and knees. He remained there, back hunched, resembling a poisonous reptile arching itself to attack. Estelle had a fleeting vision of the black brows showing like a charcoal smear across the flat face, then the pedlar came erect with a quick spring and hurled himself at the girl's protector.

The young man was ready for the attack. His right fist sprang out as if a restraining force had been suddenly removed from it. It drove straight for the black brows, and landed with a *thuck* that was immediately smothered by the grunt of rage and pain it evoked. The pedlar was flung backward, his short legs moving at a mad rate in an effort to keep his body erect.

The legs failed to combat the momentum received from the swift-driven fist. The pedlar fell backward, and he beat the dust with his stubby-fingered hands as he tried to claw himself into a sitting position. For a moment he was obscured by the curtain of dust which his frantic clawing raised around him.

Estelle, still a serf of terror, glanced at the young man. He was standing with feet braced, the right fist now moving slowly back to his side, as if resentful of the restraint that was being put upon it.

The tired horse shook himself, and the clatter of the tins pricked the silence, fearfully, hesitantly, as if afraid that the pedlar might look upon the noise as joyful applause provoked by his fall. The soft clatter stirred the owner of the pans. He pulled himself erect and stood rocking clumsily, his movements shaking the white dust from his shirt.

Estelle's big eyes were upon the pedlar. He moved his right hand, and a sunbeam pounced upon some object he clutched, and brought forth little spurts of flame. A cry came to the girl's mouth, but her dry lips refused it passage.

The pedlar lurched forward, and the girl made a great effort to unloose the shout of warning. She triumphed over the fear-ridden tongue. Her cry shot out into the stillness that was broken only by the *plut-plut* of the pedlar's feet as he charged.

"The knife! The knife!" she cried. "Look out!"

Estelle never knew how the young man performed the feat. She saw the pedlar's right hand move across his chest, the point of the knife turned outward, then, as it was driven forward in a vicious sweep towards the right, she shut her eyes for the fraction of a second. When she opened them again, the knife was hurtling through the air toward a clump of sumach, while its owner was slipping limply to the ground after a collision with a left upper-cut that had found his chin totally unprotected.

A curious little hush came over the place of combat. The ears of the lean horse, pricked sharply forward during the battle, were now lowered; he leaned forward against his collar and slept.

A minute passed, but the pedlar did not move. The victor turned and glanced at Estelle, and Estelle, looking like a startled nymph, regarded him with amazement-filled eyes. She told herself, in that first full survey, that she liked him. His face was pleasing, his nose was straight and well-shaped, the mouth was firm, the eyes blue—a kind, soft blue that, when Estelle looked at them, hurriedly evicted the hard fighting glint that the combat had brought. The girl noted the strong muscles of the man's throat, the fulness of the rolled sleeves as the tense biceps moved softly, the breadth of the heaving chest. She felt a strange, bashful thrill in the knowledge that a strength such as his should be used to protect her from harm.

"You—you surely haven't killed him?" she whispered.

The query had a softening effect upon the firm mouth of the young man. A smile crept into the blue eyes. "Not quite," he said, in a voice deep and pleasant. "He'll come to in a few seconds."

The pedlar groaned, and the sleeping horse roused himself. He groaned again, lifted a dirty hand and conducted a methodical exploration of his lower jaw, evidently labouring under the impression that it had suffered grievously in the collision with the young man's fist. Finding it unbroken, he sat up and blinked owlishly.



"'Get up!'"

"Get up!" ordered the young man.

The pedlar obeyed.

The young man pointed to the horse and van. "Get!" he said sharply. "Move on!"

The pedlar moved away, stopped, turned, and spoke in a whining, pleading voice. "My knife," he said—"can I have my knife?"

"Go without your knife!" cried the young man. "Beat it! Quick!"

The pedlar twisted his mouth as if in pain, stood for an instant looking at the young couple, then lurched towards the van. He picked up the whip that he had dropped when he first saw Estelle, and prodded the clay-coloured horse. The horse grunted, strained forward, and once again the Cossacks of sound started to sabre the silence spitefully.

The two watchers in the middle of the road stood in silence and watched the caravan go. The clatter lessened. The silence closed in behind the noise, thrusting it forward, throttling it. The sounds ceased altogether, the van became a drab smear upon the road, the pedlar a clumping thing hobbling through the dust.

The girl swept back the glorious brown curls from her brow, moistened her lips, and spoke in a whisper. "Thank you," she said simply. "You have been very kind. I—I don't know what I should have done if you had not come to my assistance."

"The brute!" said the man, the hard glint returning momentarily as he glanced after the van.

"He was beating his horse," explained Estelle, in a voice so wonderfully soft that it recalled to the man the music of a waterfall that he had passed on the road. "I told him to stop, and he—he ran at me and caught my arm."

"Do you live near here?" he asked gently.

Estelle pointed at the hill-top, where the cupola of the Professor's observatory thrust itself up like a big red button out of the green shawl which the spring fairies had thrown over the hillside. "I live there," she said.

"Oh!" said the young man. Then, fearing the little silence which closed in upon them after monosyllabic comment, he added: "Did you see where that fellow's knife went to?"

"It fell in those bushes," said Estelle.

"In the sumach?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the spot?"

"Yes, I did," answered Estelle. "I'll show you."

A clever person was the young man. He drew the girl into the search for the knife, and the little barriers of reserve were swept away by the trickle of conversation as they searched. The man spoke of the fight as if it was a commonplace incident, and he made Estelle smile by his description of the pedlar. Now and then, when she stole a shy glance at him, she told herself that he was better-looking than any man she had ever seen.

Estelle found the knife. The man had walked over the spot half a dozen times without apparently noticing it, and he was delighted when she held it up proudly for inspection.

"That's splendid!" he cried. "It's quite a curio, isn't it?"

It was a strange knife. The blade was a wicked blue tongue of steel that leapt out of a handle of black wood in which were many tiny brass-headed tacks driven in at irregular intervals.

Estelle asked a question concerning the tacks. "Why did he drive those in the handle?" she queried.

"Don't you know?" said the man, smiling down at her.

"No," murmured Estelle.

"Well, it's this way," he explained. "Our American bad men keep count of the men they kill by cutting notches on the butts of their revolvers, but the knife men of Southern Europe drive tacks in the handles of their knives."

"You are jesting," said the girl.

"No, I'm serious," he replied, endeavouring to keep the glint of merriment from his blue eyes. "I'll wager this fellow had a pocketful of tacks ready for emergencies."

"But there are so many tacks in the handle!" cried Estelle. "How—how many men did he kill?"

"Let me see," said the young man, examining the handle of the knife. "Three — seven — eleven — fourteen — eighteen — twenty-one—twenty-three——"

Estelle's clear, girlish laugh interrupted his count. It was a sweet, rippling, joyous laugh that led the man's masculine imitation a chase through the woods. They could not control their laughter. Estelle's great blue eyes were moist with tears of pleasure; the young man became so exhausted that he sank down on the grassy roadside.

Estelle stopped suddenly, a flash of fear thrusting the laughter from her eyes.

"He—he might have killed *you*," she said softly.

"Not he!" cried the young man. "He couldn't!"

"Why?"

"I've got to be drowned."

"You've got to be drowned?"

"Yes. A lady palmist at Coney Island told me once that I should be drowned in a diving-bell, and as I absolutely refuse to have anything to do with a diving-bell, I believe that I shall live till I get so doddery that I won't know a diving-bell from an easy-chair."

They laughed again then—laughed with the abandon of care-free souls. Spring was upon the land—Spring with its perfumed breezes, its dazzling sunshine, and the sweet odour of growing things.

A shrill whistle from the hill interrupted their merriment, and the girl looked towards the cherry-like top of the Red Cottage.

"That's lunch," she explained. "Robert always blows the whistle, so that I can hear."

The young man's face became solemn. "You'll come down again when you finish lunch?" he said hurriedly.

Estelle smiled. "I—I thought you might come up to the cottage," she murmured. "I would like father to thank you for what——"

"No, no," he interrupted, "I did nothing."

"But your lunch?"

"I have it in my knapsack," he answered. "But please come back when you finish yours. While you're away I'll count the number of tacks in the handle of the knife, and tell you how many men our friend killed."

She laughed joyously and raced into the bushes, her brown curls floating on the wind. He caught glimpses of her dainty gown of white muslin, and the fear that she was going from him for ever made him cry out.

"You'll come back?" he shouted.

Her sweet voice replied from the tree clusters. "I'll come!" she cried. "I'll surely come!"

The man unstrapped his knapsack, took from it some sandwiches and a small bottle of milk, and lunched slowly. A squirrel tobogganed down the trunk of an elm and watched him intently; two chipmunks, evidently aware of the cabaret craze, gave an acrobatic performance on a limb over his head. On the White Road little dust gnomes caught at the nuzzling breezes and challenged each other to short-length aviation contests.

Estelle came at last. She stepped softly out of the bushes, and the man thought her the most charming girl he had ever seen. She held Copernicus in her arms, and she gravely introduced the cat to her protector of the morning.

"This is Copernicus," she murmured. "Copernicus, shake hands with the gentleman who thrashed the nasty pedlar who kicked you."

Copernicus gravely put out a black paw, and the young man laughed. "Splendid!" he cried. "You're a fine fellow, Nicholas."

A look of wonder came over the girl's face. "You know about him?" she said.

"About who?" asked the man.

"Nicholas Copernicus."

"Oh," he cried, smiling down at her, "I don't know much. He wrote the *De Revolutionibus*, didn't he?"

Estelle glanced at him questioningly, but the man hurriedly thrust Copernicus out of the conversational scheme, and drew her attention to the two performing chipmunks. "I never thought a chipmunk had any idea of a fair deal," he said, "but those two fellows have. I gave them some crumbs after they had given one performance, and they're back to throw in an extra turn, thinking they were overpaid. Please sit down and watch them."

She sat down beside him, Copernicus dozing upon her lap, and the soft and languorous hours of the Spring afternoon rolled slowly by. They talked of little things that become the most important things when the wand of Spring is upon the land and a man and a maid are together. They spoke of the trees, and Estelle pointed out the ones she had named. A fat green elm was Friar Tuck, a well-shaped pine was Robin Hood. Childish things, dear reader. They discussed the blue of the wild violet, the taste of the three little strawberries he found, and of which he made her eat two, the colour of the haze into which the White Road wriggled as if abashed at its glaring nakedness. It was a wonder afternoon.

Estelle told of the White Road, of the Adventure and Romance that drifted along it. She told of the two singing lovers whose song was like scented thistledown, of the Hindu snake-charmer, and at last she told him of the song she had composed to the road, leaving out those two lines that had made Mrs. Tunk wonder—

White Road, White Road, tell me truthfully
When you'll bring the one I love speeding swift to me.

"Is there any more?" he asked softly, when she had finished.

"No," she said, blushing under his gaze, "that is all."

She wondered if he knew that something had been omitted. To her, as she reviewed the chant, the missing lines made a hiatus as noticeable as the chasm spanned by the rickety bridge.

He understood her love of the White Road. He also loved roads, not the automobile-harried highways, but the wriggling, bashful trails that creep through dreamy valleys and by sunny hillsides, always in fear that they will be mapped and oiled by road-recruiting surveyors and sign-marked as the slaves of wealth. He spoke of them with affection, told her they were the little antennæ of friendship, the capillaries of harmony through which the lonely dwellers of the unpopulated districts found each other.

"I shall call you The Wanderer," she murmured once, when he paused in his talk.

"I did not tell you my name," he said. "It is——"

"Don't tell me!" she cried. "I would sooner not know it. If I—I think of you as The Wanderer, I shall always think of the little roads. If I knew you by a real name, I should think of you in a house in the city." After a little while she added: "You are something that the White Road brought, and you have no more right to a name than the Hindu snake-charmer or the singing man and woman."

He laughed softly. Then, as he noted the sky, his face became solemn. A change was coming over the afternoon. Bloated clouds rocked up from behind Storm King and moved across the sky like a procession of ponderous white-vested millionaires intent on annihilating a red-eyed and anarchistic-looking sun hurrying towards the horizon. A big raindrop fell upon the high boot of The Wanderer, and he glanced at the girl.

"I'm afraid it's going to rain," he said quietly.

"I think it is," murmured Estelle.

The girl tried to reason out her course of action. She had a desire to take her protector up to the Red Cottage and introduce him, but convention held up a warning finger. At lunch-time the fear of Mrs. Tunk's comments had made her keep silent about the episode of the morning, and her secrecy at lunch made her dread the later explanation.

The fat clouds opened fire upon the red-eyed sun. Tagged lightning barbs flashed across the sky. The big raindrops came *plop-plop* into the dust of the White Road.

The man strapped on his knapsack and stood erect. The coming storm had throttled conversation. It had brought them out of a wonderland into a place of prosaic fact.

"It has been a day of magic," said the man, baring his head. "It has been a glorious day."

"Listen," said Estelle. "There is an old barn about a quarter of a mile further on. It is filled with hay, and, if—if you liked, you could stay in it—that is, if you didn't mind."

"That will be splendid," said The Wanderer. "I shall sleep there to-night, and go on at daybreak. Good-bye, Miss Estelle. I shall always remember our talk."

"Good-bye," she said softly. "I am so thankful to you. If you hadn't come——"

She faltered, stood for a moment looking at the man, then she astonished him by wheeling suddenly and running into the bushes in the direction of the Red Cottage.

The man called out to her, but she ran on, an abashed and timid nymph. Once, through a break in the bushes, he caught sight of her. She turned, waved her hand in farewell, and disappeared in the wall of green.

The man stood for a few minutes looking up towards the hill-top, then he turned and stepped swiftly down the road. It began to rain heavily. The big drops beat a tattoo upon the leaves of the trees. The feathery dust was laid flat by the downpour.

The barn—a brown pariah in a meadow—came into view, and the man ran towards it. He flung open the door and plunged into the cool, shadowy interior, where fragrant smells of hay floated on the air. He unbuckled his knapsack, lit a pipe, and sat down before the door to watch the storm.

After a little while he spoke, addressing his words to a bedraggled sparrow which sat upon the doorstep.

"I wish I had told her my name," he said. "If I had told her who I was, I wouldn't feel that I had acted badly."

The sparrow, head on one side, chirruped encouragement, and the man continued his soliloquy.

"I should have told her that I had heard of her father, and should have gone up and introduced myself. As it is, she'll remember me as a sort of half-witted tramp whom she wouldn't care to see again."

He reviewed the afternoon as he lay and listened to the rain bombardment upon the shingle roof. He thought of Estelle—of her wonderful blue eyes, of her red lips, of the great brown curls that had become

ear-stricken when the little gusts of wind that came before the storm lifted them up to disclose the whiteness of the girl's neck.

"And she thinks I'm a gentleman hobo!" he growled. "Why, I—I should have drawn a card-case after the pedlar left, and led her proudly up to old dad Meddington. Now—— Confound it, I've bungled the job!"

The rain fusillade stopped after a while. The fat clouds swung westward and tumbled over the horizon, the eyelash of the red-eyed sun showed above the dark green smear of trees. The man sat up, put away his pipe, and turned to his knapsack.

"I'm happy, although I'm in love," he said, "and the remnants of a lunch——"

He stopped abruptly and stared at the open door. Looking in at him, the soft half-light making her face more beautiful than he had pictured it during his dream hour, was Estelle.

"I thought you would be hungry," she explained hurriedly, pushing forward a basket, "so I brought you some food."

"Great Scot, child," he cried, "why did you do that? You're wet!"

"No, no," she said hastily, "I'm perfectly dry. I've got a storm-proof coat. Leave the basket here. Robert will get it in the morning. Good-bye!"

She turned and ran towards the road, ignoring his cry. The man leaped from the barn, but he paused immediately outside. Waiting near the road was Robert, the hired man.

"Good-bye!" he shouted. "A thousand thanks! Good-bye!"

Robert and Mrs. Tunk discussed him as they sat in the big kitchen after supper.

"Is he a tramp?" asked Mrs. Tunk.

"No, he isn't," said Robert. "He might be a piano tooner, or an actor feller, or a chap bookin' orders for photygrafs, but he isn't a hobo."

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Tunk.

"Because I found out," said the hired man. "I went back arterwards an' peeked through a hole at him eatin'. He eats better'n you an' me. Hoboes gobble, but he just eats quiet, without makin' a racket."

"I oughter tell the Perfesser," said Mrs. Tunk. "It's dangerous. All men is dangerous."

"That's what my Aunt Mirrybel used to say," said the hired man. "She said they was dangerous when they was left alone, so she married six of 'em."

"Together?" cried Mrs. Tunk.

"In a row," said Robert, reaching for his hat. Then, as he departed for his own quarters, he added: "If I was you, I wouldn't tell the Perfesser."

"Why?" cried Mrs. Tunk.

"Because," said the hired man—"just because——"

But Mrs. Tunk did tell. The desire to unburden the news kept her awake all that night, and early next morning she invaded the Professor's study. The ogre within her fat frame was evidently much disturbed by the step she was taking, and her breath fled from her in short, quick gasps as she entered the sanctum.

"Perfesser Meddin'ton," she began, "I've bin with you for twenty-four years, an', if I says anythin' that offends yer, I hope I'll be forgiven."

The Professor looked up from his table and blinked nervously. He dreaded an interview with Mrs. Tunk, and, whenever that lady entrenched herself behind her twenty-four years of service, he knew that her interview was going to be particularly distressing.

"I'm busy now, Mrs. Tunk," he said. "I—I made a rather startling discovery last evening, and if—if—— Well, now, what is it?"

Mrs. Tunk took a great breath, crossed her fat hands, and started to pour out her tale to the astonished Professor.

It was at the very moment that Mrs. Tunk began her story that Estelle, sitting on the piazza, heard the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the rickety bridge. She sprang up and dashed down the slope, her big blue eyes bright with expectation. Horsemen were rare on the White Road.

She reached her redoubt and waited. No sounds came from the road. A silence, sweet and restful, was upon the place, and yet she had heard the clatter of horses' hoofs.

"Copernicus," she murmured, addressing the cat, "you and I must have been dreaming when——"

Estelle broke off and looked at the road. Coming towards her from the direction of the bridge, and holding a round stone in each hand, was The Wanderer.

"It was you!" she cried, rising from her hiding-place and realising instantly the meaning of the two stones he carried. "It was you who made the noise!"

"I galloped like a horse," he said. "I waited an hour to return the basket, and when you didn't come down, I went to the

bridge and galloped till I hurt my hands. I'm glad to see you—immensely glad!"

"And I'm pleased to see you," said the girl shyly. "I am very pleased. I slept late this morning, because father discovered a star last night——"

"He did what?" cried the man.

"He discovered a star. I stayed up late——"

There was a noise in the bushes immediately behind Estelle, and she turned swiftly. Professor Meddington, hatless and stern, pushed his way out on to the White Road, and following him closely came Mrs. Tunk, whose heavy breathing had caused Estelle to turn.

The Professor turned to his daughter and spoke in a nervous, halting manner. "Estelle," he murmured, "Mrs. Tunk told me something, and—and——"

He stopped and looked from the girl to the young man. The latter had dropped the stones which he had used imitating a galloping horse, and stood with bared head in the roadway.

"Father," said the girl, "this gentleman saved me from a dreadful pedlar who caught hold of my arm. I was afraid that you would be annoyed, so I didn't bring him up to the Cottage. He is Mr.——"

She stopped and looked at The Wanderer, and that person spoke up promptly.

"My name is Wright Maitland," he said.

Professor Meddington seemed a trifle astonished. He put his head on one side and blinked nervously.

"Not Professor Wright Maitland of Harvard?" he said. "Not the author of 'The Wonders of Astronomy'?"

"I am afraid I must plead guilty. I walk a lot, and yesterday I happened to meet your daughter, who was kind enough to allow me to sleep in the barn——"

"In the barn?" cried the Professor. "My dear sir, I apologise! She didn't know. Estelle, Professor Maitland is one of the best-known astronomers in the world. Professor, you have called at an opportune moment. Last night I made a discovery—a most wonderful discovery. I found a—— But there, there, it will wait! Come right up to the Cottage now, and we will all breakfast together. What luck to find you like this! What amazing luck!"

Going up the path, Wright Maitland spoke in a whisper to Estelle. "Forgive me," he said. Then, as the blue eyes smiled at him, he added: "The name you gave me is ever so much better."

"Thank you," she said simply. "I am very pleased. I—I am pleased with Mrs. Tunk. I'm even pleased with the pedlar."

Mrs. Tunk and Robert, the hired man, sat together in the kitchen on the evening of the day that Professor Wright Maitland was welcomed at the Red Cottage.

"You know that star the Perfesser found?" said Mrs. Tunk.

"Yep," said Robert.

"'E's callin' it 'Estelle.'"

"Is that so?" said the hired man.

"Yes, it is so," snapped Mrs. Tunk. "Why?"

"Well," said the hired man, after a pause, "I happened to overhear the new chap an' Miss Estelle talkin' in the garden, an' he told her it was the star of love."

"Huh!" said Mrs. Tunk.

"Huh as much as yer like," cried the hired man, reaching for his hat. "Months back yer told me that I knew nothin' about gals, but I said she wasn't like my sister Appomattox. I said Miss Estelle was a getter, an' if she ain't a getter, I'll toe dance to Newburgh an' back jest like those little circus hussies! By heck, I will! She's a getter, an' she's licked Appy nine different ways!"

VERY SOUR GRAPES

By WILLIAM CAINE

Illustrated by Arthur Garratt

"MR. PENDLEBURY," said old Dodson, as he began to unfasten the knot of his parcel, "I got yere a bit of Early English landskip as I'd be glad of your opinion on."

Mr. Pendlebury cleared a place on his counter. "Most happy, Mr. Dodson," he said condescendingly. "Any assistance that I can render to a fellow-dealer he's always welcome to, sir. But you flatter me, Mr. Dodson—you flatter me very much. I'm rather a young hand to be pretending to pronounce on what *you* have your doubts about; but I *will* say that if it's somethink in the Early English landscape line as you've got there, you might have come to a worse place. I think I may say as I have a sort of a nose for Early English landscape, Mr. Dodson, if I haven't one for anythink else. I've had advantages, sir, in that direction, that it isn't everyone what has enjoyed. But still, I'm flattered—I'm considerably flattered, Mr. Dodson."

"Ah," said oily old Dodson, "that's just your modesty, Mr. Pendlebury, that is. But *I* know what I'm doing when I come to you, don't you be afraid. You got your pore dear father's eye for a picture, to begin with; and, secondly, you've had the benefit of ten year in the business in London. We miss your father sadly in Chuffhampton, Mr. Pendlebury, but we have our compensation for his loss. It's brought an expert among us. Need I say who? I don't think I need, need I? And it'd be funny, wouldn't it, Mr. Pendlebury, if we didn't appreciate our luck, wouldn't it? And so I've brought this yere small painting round for you to see, and to oblige me with what you think about the same. As you remark, you know them Early English landskipists from A to Z, and so what do you say to this?"

At the same moment, not without dramatic effect, he removed the last of many wrappings and laid the picture reverently on the counter.

Mr. Pendlebury uttered an exclamation and bent down eagerly.

It was a rather dirty little canvas in a broad and very dirty gilt frame. The subject was a calm lake, in the middle distance, with mountains and a castle beyond it. In the foreground one or two figures reclined under some very dark trees upon some very dark rocks. Though it was so dirty, this picture was curiously full of light and atmosphere.

Mr. Dodson's crafty old eyes had lit up at Mr. Pendlebury's movement. He smoothed away a grin with a gnarled hand, and "Ah," he said, in a satisfied voice, "I thought as that there'd give you somethink to think about, Mr. Pendlebury."

"Now," said the younger man, as, after a careful examination of the canvas, he straightened his back and fixed his companion with a thoughtful eye, "I wonder what sort of a figure you gave for that, Mr. Dodson?"

"Well," returned Mr. Dodson, with a chuckle, "I *might* have given ten thousand pound for it, or I might have given tuppence; but, as a matter of fact, I gave precisely fifteen shilling. That's not so dusty for a Richard Wilson—eh, Mr. Pendlebury—that's worth anythink from fifty to a hundred and fifty guineas, eh? And the frame alone is worth seven and six."

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"As you say, Mr. Dodson, for a Richard Wilson fifteen shillings *is* a very reasonable figure; but," asked Mr. Pendlebury, with a superior smile, "for *this* picture, don't you think it was rather an extravagance? Eh, Mr. Dodson?"

The old man's face fell. "Oh, come, Mr. Pendlebury," he cried, "you're not going to pretend as you think it isn't a true bill?"

"Well," said Mr. Pendlebury, "it's a nice enough little old thing of its kind, and it's very like what you thought it was. Almost anyone might have made the same mistake. But *I* don't need to look twice at that canvas to see that Richard Wilson never had a hand in the painting of it. You've been had, Dodson, just for once. But, of course, as you say, the frame's worth every bit of seven and six."

Mr. Dodson took the picture up and slowly began to cover it again with brown paper.

"You think you're pretty clever, young Pendlebury," he snarled, "but you're wrong—just for once, you are. This yere picture is a Richard Wilson. I'll eat my 'at if it isn't!"

"They're very indigestible, Mr. Dodson," said Mr. Pendlebury, with a smile.

"*I* know what it is," cried the old man angrily—"it's a case of sour grapes, *that's* what it is! You can't a-bear that anyone else should have got on to a thing that's as good as what this is, and you're trying to put me orf of it. But you won't. I'll take this yere picture up to London to-morrow and get a real expert's opinion on it—that's what I'll do."

"I shouldn't, Mr. Dodson. You'll only be your railway fare and your fee out of pocket by the jaunt. It'll be just throwing good money after bad. Why, my poor friend, look at the glaze! Look at the brushwork! Look at the figures! Richard Wilson never drew human beings like that in his life—he *couldn't!*"

Mr. Dodson once more unwrapped his purchase, and for some minutes stared at it morosely.

"By gum," he said at last, "I believe you're right! I've been done. Blast that old woman at Mursley—she's played me up a treat! Said it'd been in her house ever since she could remember. Swore it was a most valyable painting. Had the sauce to ask five quid for it at first, the old swindler! It took me half an hour to beat her down to fifteen bob. If it hadn't a-been so immoral, I believe I'd have given her her price. And, if I had, I couldn't really blame myself. When a man's got his hands on a canvas wot he thinks is worth above a hundred pound, he oughtn't to be rightly blamed if he should forget somethink of what's owing to himself."

"Well," said Mr. Pendlebury, "and what are you going to do about it?"

"*Do* about it?" cried old Dodson furiously. "I'm going to take the rotten thing home and burn it—that's what I'm going to do about it! It makes me sick! I won't 'ave it about. I'd sooner cut my loss of fifteen good shillin' than keep the thing to remind me of my being done by that old cat!"

"See here, Mr. Dodson," said Mr. Pendlebury, "take a friend's advice and don't do it. As it is, that picture may be worth ten bob, and it *may* be worth a lot more. Burned, it won't be worth anythink at all. But listen to me now. Why don't you write out a ticket saying '*After* Richard Wilson,' and put it on the picture in your window? Who knows but someone'll come by and take it for a genuine Wilson, same as you did, and think as you don't know it? Don't you suppose they'll perhaps come in and want to buy, and don't you think that you can take as much as twenty or thirty quid off them for it, before you've done with them? It's only a chance, of course, and a pretty unlikely one; but wouldn't you say as it may be better to have that picture in the window than burned all to nothink in your kitchen grate? And, supposing the chance to come off, *you*'ll have nothink to reproach yourself with. You won't have advertised the thing as genuine; and if it's such a good fake that some mug comes to the conclusion that you don't know wot you've got hold of, and gives you twenty quid for it, believing as it's worth seventy or a hundred—why, serve the dirty dog right, say I! At any rate, that's what *I*'d do if I was in your place, Mr. Dodson."

The old man regarded him admiringly. "Well," he said, "I thought *I* knoo somethink, but it seems a man's never too old to learn. You boys have the brains, and that's a fact."

Mr. Pendlebury smiled yet again. "Ah, well," he said, "residence in the Metropolis is not a bad thing for sharpening the wits, you know. Perhaps I'm not as silly as I look—look, Mr. Dodson. I'm not thirty yet, but I've seen a sight of business in my time. London's a great place for experience. Why, in the six weeks I've been back in Chuffhampton, since the old dad died and I took over, I've done fewer deals than I often

used to do in six days in Chelsea. But I'm not selfish. Any friend of mine—even a rival dealer like yourself, Mr. Dodson—is welcome to any advice as I can give him."

"Well," said Mr. Dodson rather abruptly, as he opened the shop door, "good night, Mr. Pendlebury, and thank you for your suggestion." He passed into the street, smiling in his turn.

"Oh," cried Mr. Pendlebury, after him, "not at all, Mr. Dodson. Not at all, I assure you—you silly old cuckoo!" he added, in a voice which none but his own ear heard.

Then he called to his young wife to come into the shop, took his hat, and, after making certain that his rival was not in sight, followed him out of doors.



"'I thought as that there'd give you somethink to think about.'"

II.

He walked briskly up the High Street, passed through the West Port, and turned into a road of small houses. Half-way along this he entered a small inn called "The Hen and Callipers"—the instructed will recognise the modern corruption of the pious seventeenth-century sign "Heaven help us!"—where, enthroned in solitary state behind the bar, he found his lifelong friend, Mr. Walter Bembridge, smoking a Virginia cigarette and reading *The Pigeon*.

"Walter, old son," he said, "deal me a gin and lemon, and then give me the favour of five minutes of your conversation."

Mr. Bembridge, in perfect silence, laid his hands upon the elements of refreshment, mingled them, and placed the result before his customer. Then he folded his hands, leant his elbows on his counter, and waited, fat, white, blear-eyed, and still—an unwholesome object.

"Walter," said Mr. Pendlebury, after raising the glass to Mr. Bembridge in the way that good breeding demands, and drinking, "there's a dealer in this town as has got a little picture as *I* want to get a hold of. It's worth a matter of ten quid, and he don't know it. He'll part with it for one, I should think. Now, if *I* go in and try to buy it, he'll smell somethink and stick up his price. But if *you* go in and offer him a pound, he'll tumble over himself to give it you. See?"

"Ah," said Mr. Bembridge.

"Very well, then. Wot you've got to do is this. Take a turn that way this afternoon, go into this shop, say as how you want one or two little framed pictures to brighten up

this bar of yours with, and ask this man if he's got anythink cheap. He'll show you this one as I'm after. He'll ask you two or three pounds for it. You say, one. And, after a bit, you get it for one—which *I*'ll provide you with—or, perhaps, thirty bob at the outside. And then you bring it to me. See? Then I give you another pound for it. If you can get it from this man for my one, that'll be one for yourself. If you have to pay more, you'll make less. Are you on?"

"Partially," said Mr. Bembridge, as he licked the cigarette which he was about to light. "Partially, Herbert."

"You mean, Walter, that if *I* can get ten pounds for it, *you* can, eh?"

"Ah," said Mr. Bembridge.

"Well," said Mr. Pendlebury, "that's where you're wrong, old dear. *You* wouldn't get five bob for it. Only *I* 'appen to know a gentleman wot buys the pictures of the man who painted that one, and *he'll* give me ten for it, as I *said*. Now, you don't know that gentleman."

A crafty look came in Mr. Bembridge's eye.

"Wot," he asked, "is this 'ere picture like? 'Ow am I to know it? Suppose this 'ere dealer shows me a 'arf-dozen of pictures? And who is he? This blooming town is inhabited by curio-dealers—when they aren't licensed victuallers," he added, with a sigh.

"Walter," said Mr. Pendlebury, "I'm surprised at you. And you known me all these years! Say you're on, and as you'll play the game, and I'll tell you where to go, and I'll draw you a sketch of the picture. But if you don't care for this little deal, it's all one to me. There are others, Walter."

Mr. Bembridge yielded to the logic of circumstances. He unfolded his hands and laid his right one on the counter, palm up. "I'm on," he said, "and no 'anky."

Mr. Pendlebury clinched the bargain.

"Now," he said, as he wiped his hand upon his trouser-leg, "gimme a bit of paper, and I'll draw out that sketch for you, Walter. And here's your quid, old friend."

III.

TOWARDS five o'clock that afternoon Mr. Bembridge, carrying a flat parcel under his arm, appeared in the shop of Mr. Pendlebury. That intelligent and resourceful young man, having hurried his agent into the back premises, produced from a cupboard that which was right and proper, Mr. Bembridge said "When," and the two gentlemen performed the ceremony which conquest exacts.

"And now," said Mr. Pendlebury, "let's have a look at it."

Mr. Bembridge unwrapped the picture without speaking.

"Yes," said Mr. Pendlebury, "that's the one. Here's your pound, old man, and thank you very kindly. Wot did you get it for?"

"Twelve quid," said Mr. Bembridge.

"Twelve quid!" screamed his associate. "Twelve quid! You're mad! I say you're mad, Walter. I told you *I* couldn't get more'n ten for it."

"Ah," said Mr. Bembridge, "so you did. But that don't alter the fact as I give twelve. And you can give me twenty-five, or I keep it. See?"

"Wot do you mean—twenty-five?" cried Mr. Pendlebury, as, with heightened colour, he thrust back into his waistcoat-pocket the sovereign which for a moment he had exhibited. "Twenty-five! Lumme, Walter, you're crazy, that's wot you are!"

"I may be crazy," said Mr. Bembridge, "or I may not, but twenty-five's my figger. See?"

"You dirty dog!" said Mr. Pendlebury. "You said no 'anky, didn't you? Wot do you call this?"

"This," said Mr. Bembridge, "is business. You thought you was pretty smart, Herbert, didn't you? You thought you was going to make a cat'spore out of me, didn't you? Well, it's gone wrong, old boy. When you'd moved orf this morning, I started thinking. It's wot I don't do orften, but when I do somethink's apt to come of it. And I thinks as follows. 'If Herbert Pendlebury's willing,' I says to meself, 'to give two quid for this picture, that means as he *can* git *more* than ten for it! Who ever 'eard of a curio-dealer,' I says, 'wot was content with only two 'undred and fifty per cent?' And so, Herbert, I come to the conclusion that it's *you* wot was trying to do a bit of 'anky on *me*. And when old Dodson asked me twelve for this thing, my suspicions was confirmed into a certainty. 'Ah, har,' I thinks, 'there's more in this than meets the nose!' And so I never tried to bargain, but just give the old man his price, and took the picture and come away to see wot you got to say to it. It's just a bit of a speculation on my part, Herbert. I ain't bin your friend all your life for nothink, old man. And if this picture ain't worth a good bit more'n twelve quid—yes, *and* twenty-five—I'll make you a present of 'The 'En and Callipers.' See?"

"*You* never give old Dodson twelve quid!"

cried Mr. Pendlebury. "Where did you *git* twelve quid? You couldn't lay your hands on twelve shillings, not if it was to save your ugly, fat neck!"

"That's just where you're wrong, old boy," said Mr. Bembridge, "because I 'appened to 'ave that very sum on me."

"You did, eh? And where did you *git* it?"

"That," said Mr. Bembridge magnificently, "is none of *your* blooming business, Herbert."

"It's a lie!" shouted Mr. Pendlebury.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bembridge. "Well, that's wot *you* say, Herbert."

It was most obviously a lie. The publican was notorious for his impecuniosity, and it had for many months been a subject for marvel among his friends that he still continued to stave off the day of his ejection from "The Hen and Callipers." That he should have had twelve pounds upon him at the time when he had visited Mr. Dodson was perfectly incredible. That Mr. Dodson had at first asked twelve pounds for the picture was most unlikely, considering the notoriety of the customer's financial straits, but that Mr. Bembridge had given for it even so much as two was not to be supposed for a second. Old Dodson might have taken thirty shillings. That, after all, would have been twice what he had given for the picture. Yet how was Mr. Pendlebury to discover the price at which it had changed hands? What was he to do? To go to old Dodson was out of the question. To let that astute person know that Bembridge had been acting for the very man who had condemned the Wilson as a forgery would be to blow the whole manœuvre sky-high. No, that was decidedly not the way in which to rescue the picture from the hands of Bembridge. But what then?

It became evident to Mr. Pendlebury that some sort of a composition must be made with the foe.

"Walter," he said, in a gentler tone of voice, "I've got to congratulate you on having your head screwed on pretty straight. You were right, and it's a fact that this picture's worth a bit more than ten quid. But you mustn't 'old it up against me, old man. Business is business. And, seeing as how I was making you a present of somethink like a sovereign, you wouldn't have had anythink to complain of, even if I did go and make twenty or thirty. For that's about wot I can do. That gentleman as I told you about will give me, perhaps, as much as thirty or forty for this picture, and that's the truth, Walter. You say you give twelve for it. That's eleven of your own and the quid as I give you—twelve. Very well, then. I'll give you twenty, and that'll be a profit of nine for yourself, and I must trust to meself to screw my gent up as high as I can—say to thirty-five. That'll be about fifteen for me. It's not as much as I'd 'oped for, but it's better'n nothink. And I must say I admire your cleverness, Walter."

"Yes," said Mr. Bembridge, "I'm admiring it a bit meself. So if you'll put down twenty-five of them, Herbert, *all* of twenty-five—no deductions—the picture's yours. It's quite clear to me that the thing's worth a 'ole 'eap more, but I don't understand this trade, and I expect I'd be done worse by any other of you dealers. And I'm a man of my *word*, I am."

"Well," said Mr. Pendlebury, "you aren't half a grasping rogue, are you? But I'm in your dirty 'ands, Walter. You've got me by the ear, and I may as well pay and look pleasant. I shall have to try to get forty out of my gentleman, that's all. And now let's take the picture out of its frame and look at it proper."

"No," said Mr. Bembridge. "No, Herbert, you can take my offer or leave it; but I'm not going to 'ave you 'acking about at my property with any cold chisels."

"Oh," cried Mr. Pendlebury impatiently, "*I* don't want to see the thing out of its frame. Here's your money." He unlocked his safe and produced notes to the value of twenty-five pounds. "There you are. Count 'em—*count* 'em! And then clear out of this. I've had all I want of you *this* afternoon!"

Three minutes later he was alone with his treasure.

A Richard Wilson for twenty-six pounds, and one that he could sell for a hundred guineas any day, if not a hundred and fifty! It was good enough—it was quite good enough.

"You little beauty!" he chuckled, poring over the picture. "Worth every penny of a hundred, *I* should say, and I got you for twenty-six! Oh, I didn't live ten year in London for nothink! And now let's have a proper look at you."

He took a screw-driver from a drawer, unfastened the back of the frame, and lifted it up.

As his eyes fell upon the back of the canvas he uttered a strangled cry. He dragged the picture roughly out of its frame

and ran with it to the window. But the increased light only served to make his disaster more apparent.

The master craftsman who had produced this miraculous imposture had been either too busy or too proud to trouble about properly doctoring its back. Perhaps this duty had been delegated to an inferior hand, who in shameful wise had scamped his work.

Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that the reverse of the canvas was almost as clean as it had been on the day, not long distant, when it had emerged from its parent mill.

The picture, with its frame, was worth a doubtful fifteen shillings—the sum that old Dodson had paid for it.

Mr. Pendlebury returned to the table and stimulated his fainting soul with spirits.

"The old 'ound!" he whispered. "The dirty old 'ound! He knoo—he knoo all the time!"

Mr. Bembridge occupied no portion of his thoughts.

For though it was clear that a wooden-headed Mr. Bembridge had gained something like twenty-five pounds by these transactions, it was equally evident that Mr. Dodson had, at Mr. Pendlebury's expense, covered his loss of fifteen shillings by something in the neighbourhood of a hundred per cent.; and the professional pride of Mr. Pendlebury was so deeply injured by this latter circumstance that the treachery of a lifelong friend was, by comparison, a tolerable woe.

A FRIEND.

SINCE first I saw your face, five years ago—
Five years ago to-day—
All the old heartache that I used to know
Has wholly slipped away.

Since first you called me friend, new joys have laid
Their treasures at my feet:
New doors have opened in a world new made;
All life is more complete.

Since first I walked the highway by your side,
On the long, upward trail,
I have known surely that, whate'er betide,
Your friendship will not fail.

L. G. MOBERLY.



"SUNNY MORN." BY ALFRED PARSONS, R.A.
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THE SEASONS IN ART

SUMMER

By AUSTIN CHESTER

ON the upper side of promise Summer stands. Grouped around her is a multitude, self-constituted exponents of her beauty. Poets in paint, its members spend their lives in praise of each hour of her days, from the rising to the couching of the sun, of the different aspects of her months, and of the different duties which through her exigence the husbandman performs. Here they penetrate into her mid-wood shade, and sing of sanctuary from tyrant heat; there they make for some immensity of heath, that they may acclaim how the racing shadows of the clouds stain with purple her green, swelling breasts. Now they treat of lowly dales seamed with silver brooks, on the banks of which are elder trees with all their flowers at play; and now of wind-swept uplands where harvests hide in serried spears of corn. They show her breath to be arrested above low-lying lawns, or they limn the thousand transient beauties of her cirrus wings, as these sweep across the deep blue of her skies; or, again, they place their talents at the service of her meadows and fields, or of her gardens as they bloom.

With head green-garlanded, Summer smiles and frowns upon her satellites in turn, who despair, who hope and labour, and who fail, yet who now and then succeed in reproducing something of her charm. Here a Pre-Raphaelite peers close into the minutiæ of her beauty; there an impressionist is content—fearful, perhaps, of being blinded by a too open-eyed vision—to use half-curtained eyes. One, as by magic commandeered, removes mountains, another transplants elms and oaks, full grown, and



"THE FARMYARD IN SUMMER." BY J. F. HERRING.

still she smiles the "sweet wide smile, red-mouthed, of a goddess."

Of the group of men who to-day form Summer's retinue, we can here classify but few, and these chiefly from amid those of our own land. In the forefront of the members of her court who have sought to delineate her wayward hours stand Mr. B. W. Leader, with his "A Summer's Morning in North Wales"; Mr. G. D. Leslie, with his "Midsummer's Morning, Bushey Park"; Mr. George Clausen, with his "A Morning



"THE OLD FARM GARDEN." BY FREDERICK WALKER.

From the original in the collection of R. C. Lehmann, Esq., reproduced from a photograph which is the copyright of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.



"SHEEP-WASHING." BY J. AUMONIER.

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in June"; Mr. Alfred Parsons, with his "Sunny Morn"; Mr. La Thangue, with his "A Summer Morning"; and Mr. Arnesby Brown, with his "Morning," each treating of gentle, unobtrusive promise, rarely realised; each chronicling that faint flush of self-consciousness which colours the first pale simplicity of Summer dawn.

Then come the golden hours of afternoon, ranging from the homely "The Farmyard in Summer" of J. F. Herring, to Fred Walker's "Bathers," in which that talented young painter went back in search for standard to these debonair youths of Fred Walker's creation are those maidens of "A Summer Night" and "Yellow Marguerites," by Albert Moore, upon whom, too, the Hellenic spirit descended.

Bathing is a favourite subject with which to illustrate the afternoon's enjoyment. Then

> the sprightly youth
> Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
> A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands,
> Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
> To meditate the blue profound below;
> Then plunges headlong down the arching flood.

Mr. H. S. Tuke's picture of "August



"A HAUNT OF PEACE." BY REX VICAT COLE.
Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

the source of all art—Hellenism. Here, if we look close, we may see the classic spirit bubbling up through what may be the waters of Castalia. "I call upon the gods to witness that I choose a fair body in preference to a king's crown," was the sentiment which saturated the Greek people, whose perfect development was aided by a system of gymnastics which were regarded "as part of the religious ritual." Fit mates of Blue," a Chantrey purchase of this pastime, is probably his best-known work, of the excellence of which, however, in "The Pool," we have another example. Mr. David Murray has been enticed by the same theme in his "In Summer-Time," as have also Mr. Mark Fisher in "A Summer's Afternoon," and Mr. Leslie Thomson in his "Blue and Silver and Gold."

The shadows of the day have lengthened



"WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS YOUNG." BY MRS. W. H. Y. TITCOMB.

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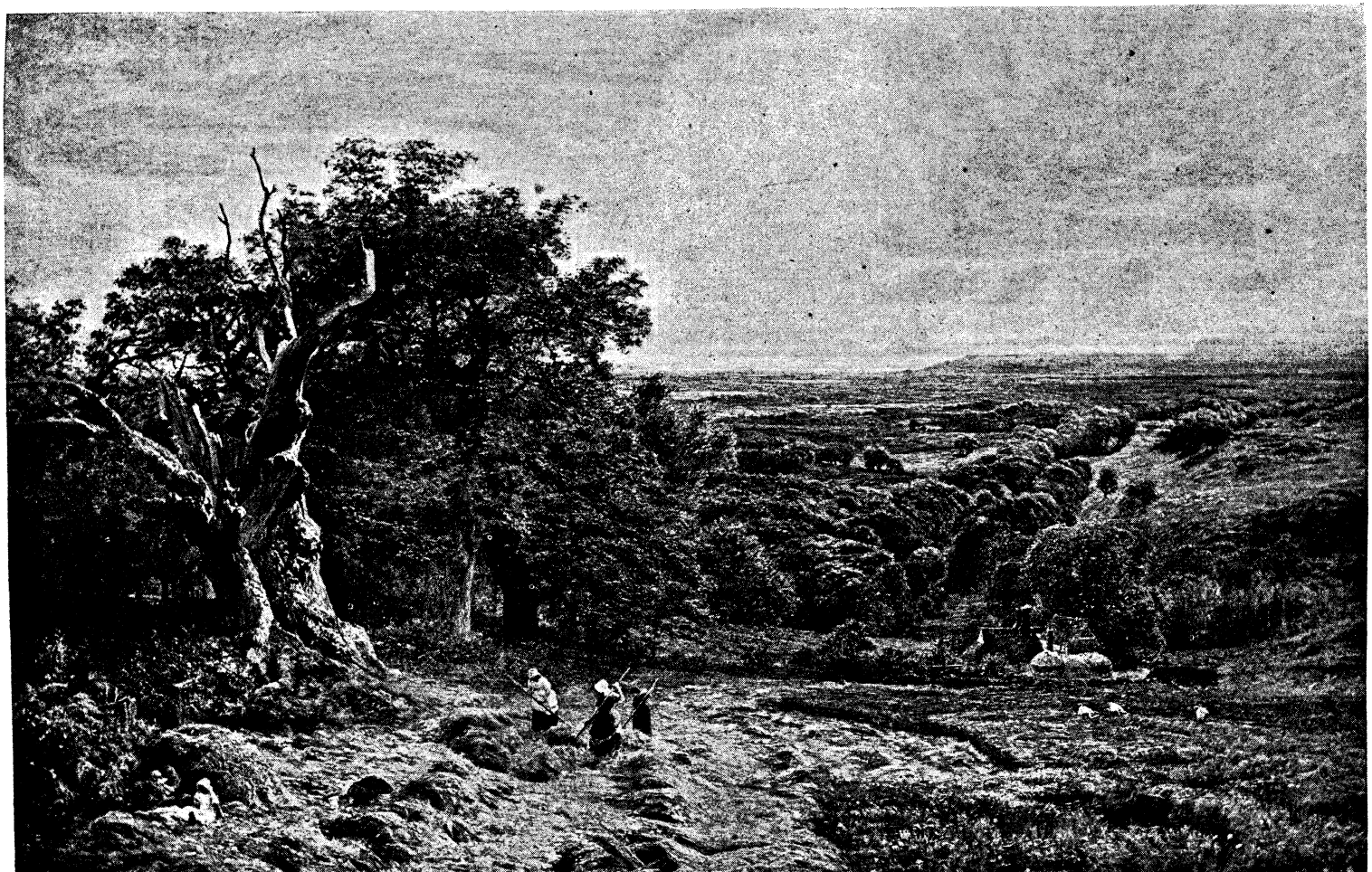


"YELLOW MARGUERITES," BY ALBERT MOORE.

Reproduced from the large plate published by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co., Golden Lane, E.C., owners of the copyright.

very much before we reach "Meadow Sweets" and "A Hampshire Haying," by Mr. David Murray; and the length of those in "The Haycart," by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and in "The Last Load," of Mr. Alexander Young, point the same hour. "Phyllis," by Mr. George Wetherbee, pertains also to late afternoon, when "scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard," and "distressful Nature pants in the all-conquering heat," and some fair labourer has sunk asleep in the "humid hay, with flowers perfumed." It is an idyllic record of rustic life by a painter who has absorbed the idealism of his surroundings so completely as to shut his eyes on the harsh actualities of field-labour.

"Now Came Still Evening On" and "After



"HAY-TIME." BY VICAT COLE, R.A.

the Heat of the Day," by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, lead us to the "Through the Mists of Past Years" of Mr. Frank Bramley, in which two old people, weather-beaten, toil-worn, take their rest as the evening air grows light and cool, amidst flowers which, having gasped all day in the heat, now give out delicate perfume; and, probably in honour of the festival of dusk, the nightingale may be heard to run her first scale to test the quality of her low notes. Perhaps this picture of the old couple belongs more properly to late August, and should come under the heading of the months' different aspects, since the best of the old people's summer—its vitality and hope—has fled; but they are young-old people — the flowers that surround them are those of June—therefore we place the picture among the hours rather than among the months.



"BUILDING THE HAYRICK." BY BIRKET FOSTER.

As though harmoniously to knit "the



"THE HEART OF SOMERSET." BY ALFRED PARSONS, R.A.

From the original in the collection of Lieutenant-Colonel Fairfax Rhodes.



"THE BATHERS." BY FREDERICK WALKER. *In the collection of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, Old Bond Street, W.*

rosy-fingered hours," Mr. Talmage paints "Sunny Noon," when tyrant heat

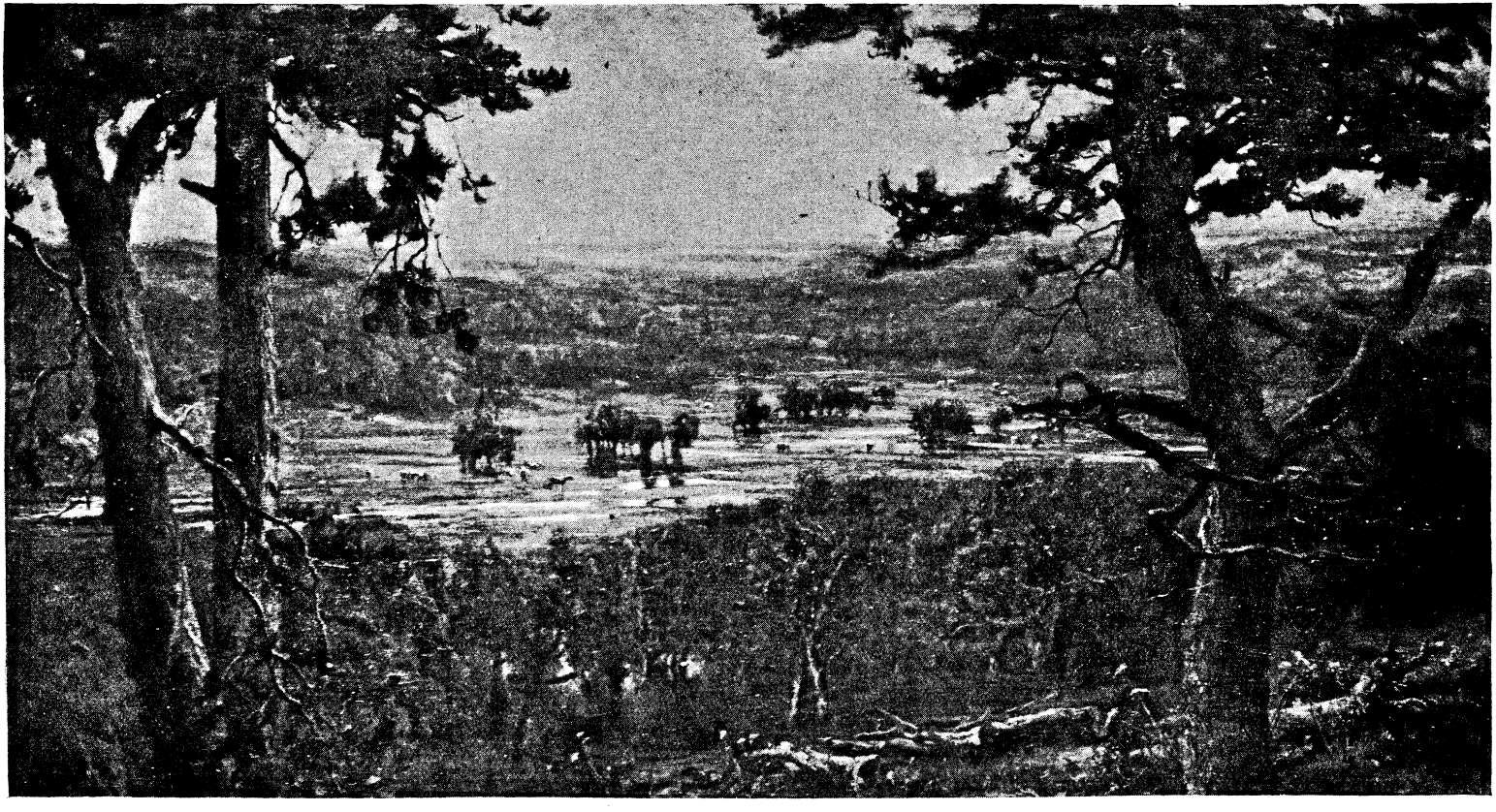
> dispreading through the sky
> With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
> On man and beast and herb and tepid stream.

"... full Nature swarms with life" by now, indeed, for young day has poured in apace and opened "all the lawny prospect wide." The potent sun has melted "into limpid air the high-raised clouds" and morning mists which had long hovered round the hills "in parti-coloured bands, till wide-unveiled the face of Nature shines," have driven all to shelter. In this hour of raging heat, when the wings of the wind are closed, when

> vertical, the sun
> Darts on the head direct his forceful rays,
> O'er Heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
> Can sweep, a dazzling deluge rains; and all
> From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze,

man and cattle and the flocks seek harbourage under the humped purple shadows which, jealously refusing to extend themselves, lie close against the trees. This hour which is steeped in heat Mr. Talmage in "Sunny Noon," Mr. Vicat Cole in his "Summer," and Mr. David Murray in his "White Heat," show.

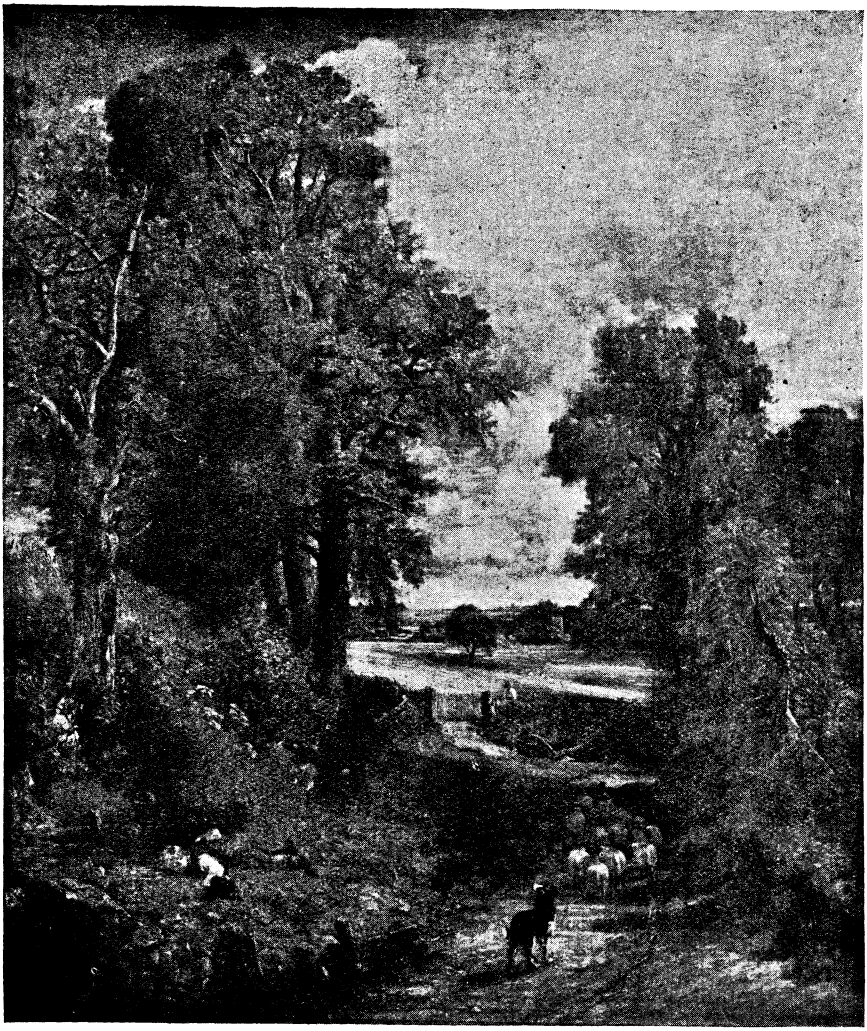
Of the three perfect months through which the calendar runs, as does a string through beads, we have many illustrations, although few pictures are actually named after either. By the character of its



"THE AUGUST MOON." BY CECIL G. LAWSON.

From the original in the National Gallery of British Art, reproduced from a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

blossoms Fred Walker's "The Old Farm Garden," here reproduced, should rather have come towards the end of our preceding article on "Spring," before and not after his early summer scene "The First Swallow." Then we have certainly "Leafy June," by Mr. Tuke; "Cloudy June," by Sir Ernest Hayrick," and several of Mr. David Murray's best pictures, and Mr. Alfred Parsons' "The Heart of Somerset," besides a host of pictures too numerous to identify, belong to this, Summer's earliest season. July and August are months with which pictures are rarely allied by name, but Mr.



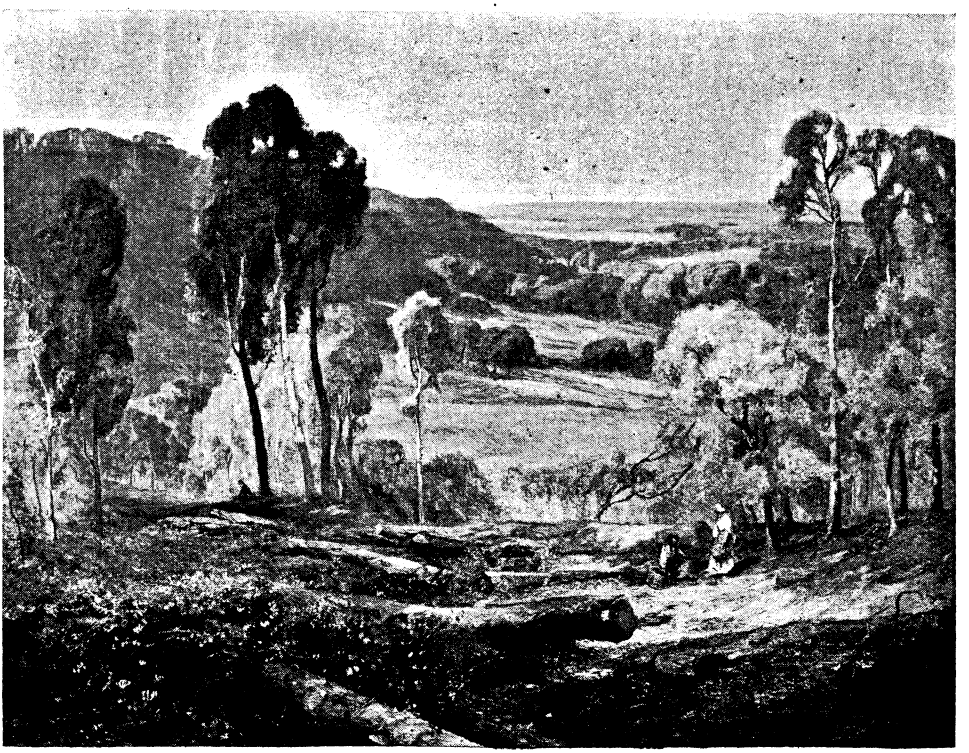
"THE CORNFIELD." BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

From the original in the National Gallery, reproduced from a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

Waterlow; "Joyous June," by Mr. Ernest Parton; and "June," by Mr. David Murray. But Mrs. Titcomb's "When All the World Was Young," Vicat Cole's "Hay-time," and his son, Mr. Rex Vicat Cole's "The Vale of Sussex," Mr. Leader's "An English Hayfield," Birket Foster's "Building the Arnesby Brown's "Midsummer," Mr. David Murray's "The Ox-Eyed Margin of the Stream," Mr. Edward Waite's "Cottage Homes of England," and Cecil Lawson's "Marshlands," belong as certainly to the earlier-named of the two months as do "In Harvest Time," by Mr. James Charles,



"COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND." BY EDWARD W. WAITE.
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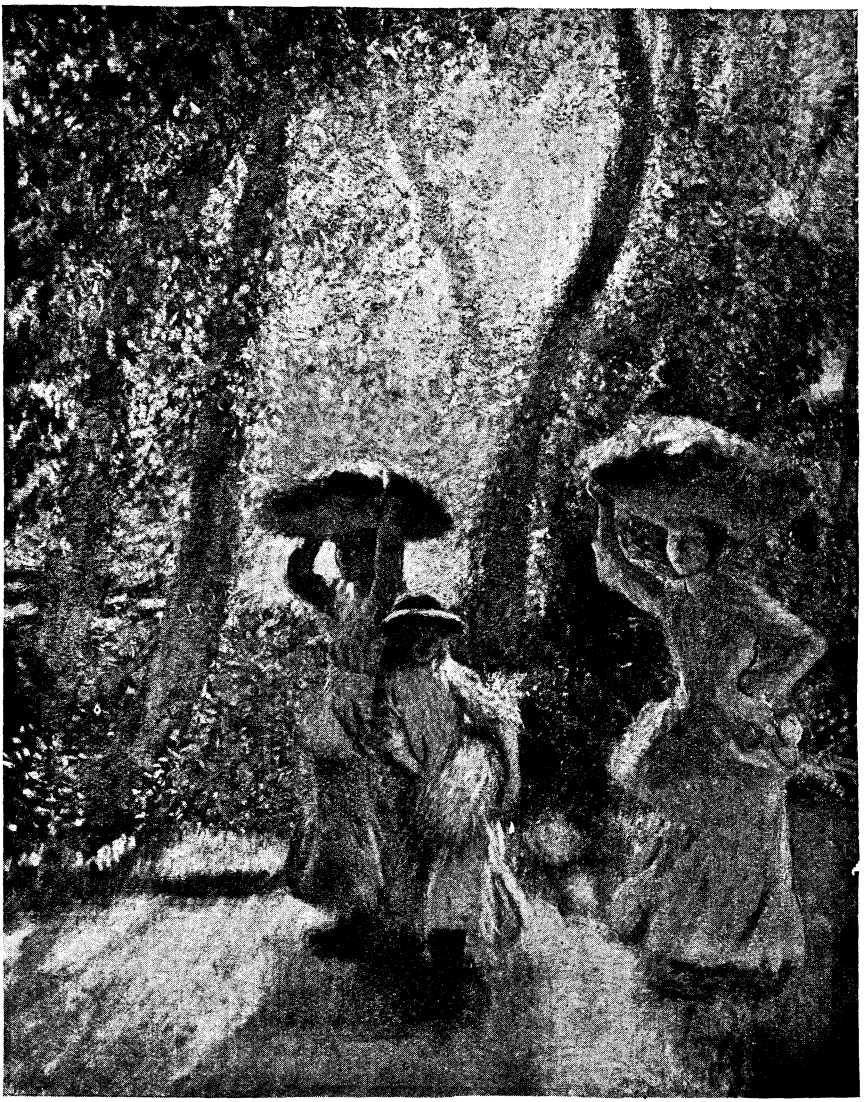


"THE VALE OF SUSSEX FROM BEDHAM." BY REX VICAT COLE.
Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

and "The August Moon," by Cecil Lawson, to the last.

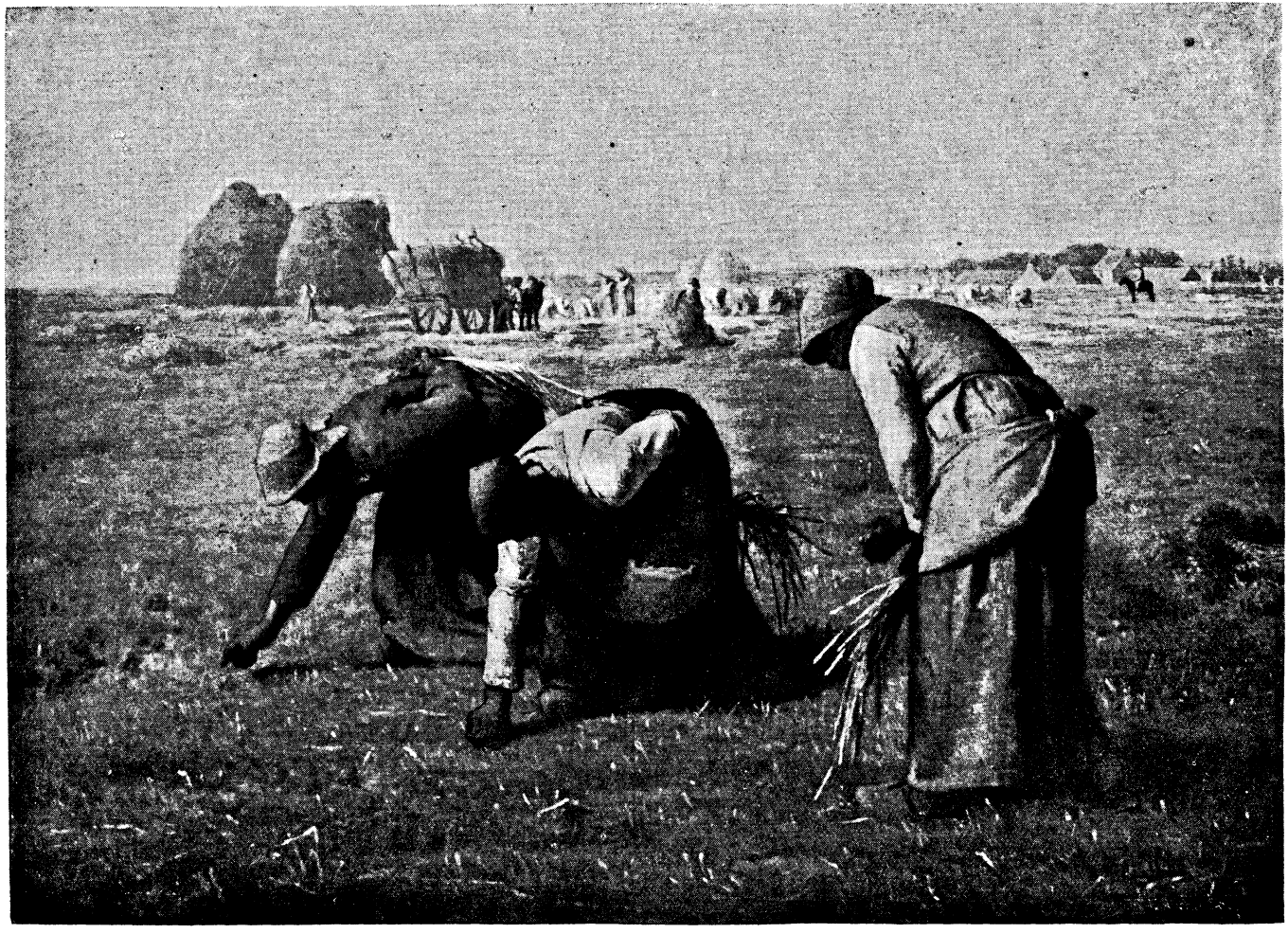
The different duties which the husbandman performs are shown by Mr. James Aumonier's "Sheep-Washing"; "The Watering of Horses," by Mr. Harold Swanwick; "The Changing Pastures," by Mr. Claude Hay: "An Essex Height," by Mr. Mark Fisher; and those several hay-time pictures to which we have already referred, whilst a further form of his summer season tasks is vividly shown by the "Building the Hayrick" of Birket Foster and "The Ricks" of Mr. Mark Fisher.

We penetrate into Summer's mid-wood shade with Mr. Rex Vicat Cole's "A Haunt of Peace" and "Deep in the Maze of Summer Woods," both of which sing of sanctuary from tyrant heat: and lowly dales seamed with silver brooks have appealed as subject to Mr. Yeend King in "River Banks and River Blossoms"; to Mr. Mark Fisher in "The Brook"; to



"THE GLEANERS RETURNING." BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

From the original purchased for the Nation by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, and now in the National Gallery of British Art.



"THE GLEANERS." BY J. F. MILLET.

From the picture in the Louvre, reproduced from the plate published by Messrs. Braun & Co., Great Russell Street, W.C.

Mr. David Murray in "The Colne," "The Ox-Eyed Margin of the Stream," and "In the Country of Constable"; to Mr. Cecil Lawson in "Marshlands"; and to Mr. Arthur Wardle in "An Idyll of Summer." To enumerate pictures in landscape art in which water has been introduced would be to name a large proportion of landscape pictures which have been painted, so great a fascination over the painter have our streams exercised. The sun shines upon them, and they diffuse light and so perfect the worker's design. The blue of heaven is reflected in them, and the repeated colour is exactly that which the eye demands. The wind ripples their surface, and harmony with a distracted sky is established, so easily do their reflections obey the requirements of light or shade and the landscape's sentiment. Now

> the river's brimmed with rain,
> Through close-met banks and parted banks,
> Now near, now far again.

Now "the river's flecked with foam," now the

> Banks spread calm to meet the sky,
> With meadows newly mown.

Mr. Peter Graham's "In Summer Mists" gives us a picture of Summer's arrested breath, and Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Upland and Sky" is probably one of the best pictures of rain-clouds which have been painted in modern days. Sky, like water, is one of the intrinsic elements of landscape-painting. Here we get clouds active in space; there charged with rain; now it is their shadow and their mystery, and now their wonderment, and now their light, which attract the painter.

All the hours of Summer, like her months, are friends to flowers, and it would seem all landscape-painters are so, too. We get the water-lily in Mr. Yeend King's "River Banks and River Blossoms," and in Mr. David Murray's "The Meadow Mirror"; the broom blooms in the last-named artist's "The Clyde," showing Dumbarton Rock; Mr. J. MacWhirter, in "An Alpine Meadow," gives us a tricolour blossom in which the ox-eyed daisy predominates; "A Sunlit Haven," by Sir Alfred East, shows the hollyhock and sunflower; we find the heather in Mr. C. Hayes's "A Devonshire Moor"; the wild parsley, or Devil's oatmeal, in Mr. Blair Leighton's "Just by Chance"; roses in Mr. Frank Bramley's "Summer"; convolvulus in Mr. Hornel's "The Captive Butterfly." We cull "Marguerites" from Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb, and a bevy of blossom from Mr. Edward Clifford in his "A Sussex Garden," and from Mr. Bramley's "Grasmere Rushbearing."

It would appear, from the number of famous pictures we have of the season of Harvest, that it is the one with which the landscape-painter is most in sympathy, and we are inclined to think this to be the case.

Looking back to Constable—who made a conquest of the year's varying moods with a sincerity of observation none has since surpassed—we find, in his "The Cornfield" and "The Gleaners," two harvest subjects which are certainly amongst his finest works. And the very word "gleaner" brings to the mind's eye the noble picture by that great French artist Millet, and the distinguished work by Mr. George Clausen which hangs in the National Gallery of British Art. But the varying dates of Harvest, according to district and weather, range it within the span of either Summer or Autumn, according to our division of those seasons in the year's course, and therefore several other pictures of Harvest scenes will be reproduced in the ensuing article of this series.

A MATTER OF HABIT

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

WHAT Stephen Fox particularly wanted to impress upon Geraldine Benson was the fact that, although a man knows very little about a horse, it does not necessarily follow that he is an ass. And this is a point of view that the enthusiastic admirer of the equine race finds it exceedingly difficult to understand. To the sportsman who confines himself to man's best friend there is no other point of view and no other branch of athletics—the rest are merely waste of time. This point of view, probably, had never occurred to the somewhat spoilt and wilful beauty who presided occasionally over the destinies of her father's big ranch in Texas. That is to say, when she was not in New York, or at Orange Beach, or in Paris, she was at home generally in her riding habit, and usually astride of a horse that was worth anything up to ten thousand dollars. Old man Benson, like most American fathers, utterly spoilt his daughter, which was quite natural, seeing that she was his only child, and old man Benson was by far the richest man in that part of the world. In the language of the boys, he was "no slouch," either as a man of business or as a man of the world. Neither was he the typical Western farmer to whom the pictures have accustomed us, for he represented the third generation, and was a very cultured gentleman indeed. All sorts of people came to the ranch from all parts of the world, and the hospitable owner of the estate was always glad to see them, especially when his daughter was at home to share the honours of the house, and this was usual in the autumn, before Geraldine proceeded to Orange Beach with the rest of the fashionable world.

And so it came about that Stephen Fox happened along in due course, and put in a whole month at the ranch. He came for two reasons—first, because he had a letter of introduction from a famous English statesman, and, secondly, because he had met Geraldine in New York, where he had made up his mind to induce her to change her name as soon as possible.

He was a young man of good family enough—a fine specimen of the English athlete, neat and trim, perfectly self-assured, and, withal, modest enough, but unfortunately he knew little of horses, and cared less. It so happened that certain family misfortunes had tied him somewhat largely to town life, until chance smiled on him, and he found himself, at twenty-five, in possession of a fine family estate. But if he knew nothing about horses, he was quite at home with every other branch of sport, and he was a magnificent shot with rifle and revolver, and there was no man whose reputation stood higher with the Alpine Club.

It was, perhaps, a mistake on the young man's part to follow that wilful young woman to her native heath. She liked him—in fact, she liked him immensely—but then he was only one of a large and enthusiastic crowd, all equally anxious to lay siege to the Benson dollars; and, whatever her faults were, Geraldine Benson was no fool. Emphatically she was not going to marry any man who was after her fortune. She knew, of course, that Fox was fairly well off—that is, comparatively speaking—which was in his favour, and when he appeared she was pleased enough to see him. She was living just then in the open air, leading

a healthy, simple life in connection with a magnificent black horse that she managed to perfection, though it seemed to Fox that she was running unnecessary risks with a mount that would have been too much for many a man who had been brought up all his life in the vicinity of a stable. But Geraldine only laughed and made fun of Fox's fears. She could not induce him to mount anything more formidable than a farm filly; and when once he had made something of an exhibition of himself in connection with a splendid three-year-old, she showed her open contempt.

It seemed to her that Fox was actually afraid. She could see that he had lost something of his healthy tan, and that there was a cold perspiration on his forehead. Oh, yes, he was afraid, right enough, and Geraldine did not forget to let him see that she was aware of it. And from that moment his fortune seemed to droop. He was treated with open contempt, he was left severely alone—so severely, in fact, that Miss Benson went off to Orange Beach without the formality of saying good-bye to him.

She might have been annoyed, and she might not, and there was the problem that fairly maddened Fox. Did she regard him as a coward? he wondered. But he need not have wondered at all, because that was exactly her point of view.

As a matter of fact, she was angry and disappointed and, perhaps, more distressed than she would have liked to admit. For she had never allowed a man before to go quite so far as Fox had gone, and that proud little heart of hers was sorely wounded. She blamed herself bitterly for allowing her affections to stray in the direction of a man who frankly lacked courage. And this, in the eyes of a daughter of the West, was an unpardonable sin. She would go away down to Orange Beach and forget all about him.

At the same time Fox made up his mind that he would go away, too, and forget all about her, with the inevitable result that he presented himself at Stephano's Hotel, at Orange Beach, a fortnight later, where, at dinner, on the first night of his arrival, he was coldly and unmistakably cut by his late hostess.

It was tragedy—stark tragedy—and Fox's soul was bitter within him. He knew perfectly well that he was no coward, he knew perfectly well that he was being badly treated, but for the present there was nothing to do except wait for an unkind Fate to give him a last chance. And quite unexpectedly the Fate aforesaid played straight into his hands.

Now, behind the five or six miles of smiling paradise that lie between the sea and the mountains at Orange Beach is a big swamp given over to various flowers of gorgeous beauty, an amazing collection of butterflies like so many brilliant jewels flung from the lap of Nature in her most profligate mood, and a few wild animals, such as bears and the like, which found their way occasionally from the swamps through the wide belt of trees, where honey was to be found. No man had ever dared to cross those swamps—that is, no visitor—only a shy native or two, and at the back of the swamp rose the rampart of hills, some peaks of which are above the snow-line. And in this belt lurked a few lawless individuals, cattle thieves and the like, who had been forced into hiding, where they maintained a precarious existence, and where they were hunted down from time to time, when the law-abiding inhabitants of the cattle belt summoned up energy enough to make a raid. And amongst these desperadoes were two, named respectively Pete and Silas, who occasionally looted Orange Beach when food was scarce, and who conceived the brilliant idea of kidnapping Miss Geraldine Benson and holding her up to ransom. And this they actually did one sunny afternoon, when the girl was idling her time away over a book in a secluded corner of the beach. They snatched her up and, stifling her cries with a shawl, carried her across the swamp up into the hills, and all this in the broad light of day. They and they alone of white men knew the only path across that traitorous morass—having learnt the secret from an old peon, whom they had thoughtfully disposed of—so that they were not afraid of pursuit, as, before the telegraph and telephone could get in action against them, days must of necessity elapse, and their captive's plight grow steadily worse. Their idea was simple enough. They were going to demand fifty thousand dollars as a ransom, and a free passage to—well, anywhere, as long as they could leave the South American continent behind them.

Meanwhile there was nothing to be done except notify the authorities right and left, and organise a movement against the miscreants from the mainland. This, of course, was a matter of some considerable time, and Fox fretted and fumed, writhing at his own helplessness and burning to do something for the woman who had treated

him so badly, and for whom he had such tender feelings. He actually made one or two attempts to cross the swamp, escaping suffocation and a horrible death by the skin of his teeth on two separate occasions before he gave it up. He fell into the habit of passing most of his mornings on the edge of the swamp, brooding there and racking his brain for some way of crossing over to the firm, rugged ground on the far side. If he could only accomplish that, he had no fear as to the rest. It would be no great matter to track the rascals down then, for they would not be very far off, and if he could only confront them with a revolver, he was quite prepared to leave the rest to chance.

And then, on the third day, a ray of hope came his way. As he sat under the shade of the trees on the edge of the swamp, he saw a brown, woolly mass coming in his direction. It was a bear—an ordinary brown bear—which had actually crossed that treacherous, smiling greenery in search of honey. For an hour or two Fox watched keenly. He saw the bear attack a nest of wild bees and surfeit himself with the sweets inside; then he turned his snout in the direction of the morass, and seemingly plunged into the thick of it. But where a bear could go, a man could follow, so that Fox did not hesitate a moment. He tracked the bear very slowly and cautiously into the thick of that shuddering horror that smiled so fairly and yet hugged so terrible a danger to its verdant breast. Taking a letter or two from his pocket, Fox tore them up into minute fragments, dropping one or two here and there, so as to make a trail and render his return journey safe. At the end of two hours he was on the far side of the swamp, faint and weary, worn out and smothered with mud and slime from head to foot. But there was no wind to blow his tracks away, so that, with any luck, the return journey was fairly easy.

But it is one thing to go one way over virgin soil, and the other to come back in reverse conditions, so that Fox was only half-way across when the darkness fell, and he dared not go another yard. He sat himself down on a big tuft of grass and waited all through a night which seemed as long as eternity. He could hear all sorts of hair-raising sounds going on around him, the slimy, oozy crawling of snakes, and once the unmistakable cough of an alligator. He sat there reflecting bitterly as to what Geraldine might say if she could see him at that moment, and if she would be inclined to call him a coward any more. He did not underrate what he was doing, neither did he make too much of it. As a matter of fact, it was a wonderful piece of pluck and endurance in the face of unseen terrors that might have struck fear into the heart of any man.

The long night came to an end at length, the sun rose, and Fox's spirits with it. Very slowly he made his way back, tracing his course by the aid of those precious scraps of paper, and finally reached his bedroom before anyone in the hotel was about. Then he changed and bathed and had a long sleep, after which he slipped a couple of revolvers in his pocket and made his way straight down to the swamp again. And there, on the fringe of the wood, was his old friend the bear once more. And once more did Fox follow, his pockets plentifully filled with torn paper now, so that he blazed a wide white trail on both sides of the track until he reached the other side.

It was all straightforward going now, up a long rocky ravine that led him presently into a narrow gorge in the hillside, and round the mountain path cut in the side of the cliff, a path so narrow that here and there Fox's shoulder brushed the side as he went along. There were some hundred yards or more of this, with a sheer drop on the one side of at least three hundred feet. It was safe enough and easy enough for a member of the Alpine Club, but Fox was worried in his mind as to how Geraldine would negotiate it if he were fortunate enough to effect her rescue. But all that for the moment was a small issue. He pushed doggedly along until he came at length to a grassy little plateau, on the far side of which stood a dilapidated hut, which was clearly inhabited, for smoke was coming from the chimney. Then a big man, carrying a Winchester rifle in his hand, came out of the hut and strode up the valley. As he had a game-bag slung over his shoulder, and a dog trotting at his heels, Fox came to the conclusion that the big man was bent on supplying the larder. Given any luck, therefore, he would probably not be back for some hours yet.

So it was going to be one man against another. And once that one man was out of the way, then the rest would be easy. All the same, Fox crept cautiously across the open space, taking advantage of every bit of cover, until he was within a yard or two of the door of the hut. He could see

that this was slightly ajar, he could see there was somebody moving about inside, carelessly and freely, as if utterly indifferent to danger. But then clearly these men were not expecting anything in the shape of a surprise. They had not anticipated the possibility of a frontal attack in any case, and an advance upon them from the rear would mean a long business. So the man inside the hut was whistling and singing to himself.

It was only for a moment, however, and then Fox moved swiftly forward and stood in the doorway. He had his revolver in his hand now, and the big, gaunt figure in the shadow of the hut was covered before the man himself realised that he was face to face with an armed and resolute stranger.

"Put up your hands," Fox said.

The man immediately dived for such cover as was afforded by a table, and from underneath this he fired at Fox twice in rapid succession. But he was too flurried and too unsteady for anything like fine work, so that both shots passed harmlessly by Fox's head. Then he in his turn pressed the trigger and shot his antagonist neatly just beneath the knee of an exposed leg which had been incautiously left within sight.

Immediately the man dropped his left hand with a cry of rage and pain, and, heedless of further danger, rubbed the wounded spot tenderly. Then Fox, grim and determined, fired again, and shot his man through the right shoulder. The revolver dropped from his fingers, and every ounce of fight went out of him. Fox strolled coolly into the hut.

"Now, then," he said, as he picked up the fallen weapon—"now, then, listen to me. Oh, I know you are in great pain, but that is your own fault. But I know you are all alone, because I watched your friend go off with his dog and his gun. And now, please, where is the lady?"

"What lady?" the man asked truculently. His face was white and set with pain, and Fox could see that the sweat was running down it. "What lady? Say, who're you getting at? There ain't no lady here."

"Oh, yes, there is," said a cool, calm voice from somewhere in the background. "I'm here, a prisoner in the little lean-to shed at the back of the hut."

The man on the ground smiled in a bitter sort of way and made some attempt to hump his shoulders.

"All right, stranger," he said. "I don't know how you got here, unless you came in an aeroplane, but you are top dog, and I am not squealing. Take her and get back the way you came. I guess you must know a considerable deal about these here parts, for you are the only man on the coast that could find his way across them swamps. You see——"

"Oh, never mind about that," Fox said. "I *am* here, as you have learnt to your cost; but I've no time to argue with you, so I am just going to lock you in here and leave the key in the door, so that your friend can find you when he comes back."

With which Fox turned abruptly away and went round to the back of the hut, where, a few minutes later, he released Geraldine Benson from her prison-house. He wanted to get away now as quickly as possible, and to find himself round the bend of that dizzy cliff path before the other man returned. He might be away for hours, but, on the contrary, he might come back at any moment; and, burdened as he was with a frightened and nerve-stricken girl, it would never do to invite anything in the shape of a conflict until the danger zone was passed.

But it was no frightened, timorous young woman who emerged from that restricted hiding-place, no creature in the last stage of mental prostration. Geraldine stood before him neat and cool, and almost spotless in her linen dress, her hair as neat and tidy as if she had just come down to breakfast in the morning.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said.

There was nothing particularly friendly in her voice, either. She just stood there quietly, almost offensively, regarding Fox with a critical look which was a poor reward indeed for all that he had done for her.

"Apparently," he said. "Rather strange, is it not, that I, above all men in the world, should be able to do you a service? And I think that you must admit that it is a service."

"Yes, I suppose it is—indeed, I am sure of it. Still, Mr. Fox, I am greatly obliged to you. At any rate, you have relieved me from a great unpleasantness."

"What's the good of talking like the hero and heroine of a melodrama?" Fox asked impatiently. "It would be all very well on the stage, but I want you to realise that we are in great danger here. That other man might come back at any moment—he might even be watching us now."

"Yes, there's certainly something in that," the girl said. "But how did you get here?



"'I—I dare not!' the girl said almost piteously. 'Isn't there any other way?'"

I have been coming to Orange Beach on and off ever since I was a child, and I have always been told that those swamps were impassable, except to one or two natives, who have kept the secret for their own sakes."

"A very pardonable curiosity," Fox said, "and one that I can gratify as we go along. This way, please."

He fell in line by the girl's side, and rapidly they went down the slope and up the other side, till they came at length to what appeared to be an impasse of rocks.

"We can't go this way," Geraldine protested.

"Nevertheless, this is the way by which you came," Fox replied. "There is no other way."

"Perhaps so; I don't know. You see, I was blindfolded, and those men carried me part of the way. Oh, Mr. Fox, I couldn't do it—I couldn't indeed! I could never walk along that narrow ledge. The mere thought of a cliff always makes me faint and giddy. Call me a coward, if you like!"

It was strange to see how distressed she was, how white her beautiful face had grown, and how filled the clear grey eyes were with terror. It was a revelation in its way,

and it drew Fox nearer to her than he had ever been before.

"No, I won't call you a coward," he said quietly, "though I think that once you applied that epithet to me. You see, it's largely a matter of habit. I have seen men who have displayed the highest courage in certain circumstances who have been quite helpless in others. But really this is no time to go into that sort of thing. If you value your life and safety, you will have to crawl along that narrow ledge for a hundred yards or more. After that the rest is plain sailing. Come, Miss Geraldine, you're not going to funk it now."

"I—I dare not!" the girl said almost piteously. "Oh, I am a coward—I who thought I could face anything! Isn't there any other way?"

"None," Fox said sternly. "And you've got to come, whether you like it or not. They brought you this way, but you didn't know the danger, because you were blindfolded. And now I'm going to blindfold you again, and you are going to be carried on my back like a sack. Oh, it's perfectly safe—it's only a matter of nerve. Why, out in the Alps we should think no more of that than we should of climbing up the side of a grass bank. Come, take your courage in both hands!"

All the haughtiness and aloof contempt had left the girl now. She was white and shaking from head to foot, and Fox could almost hear the beating of her heart as he bound his handkerchief about her eyes. But she was obedient enough to do exactly what he told her, as she locked her hands round his neck, after which they moved forward along the narrow ledge till the danger was passed, and Fox set her on her feet again. He tore the handkerchief from her eyes and smiled into her face.

"There!" he said encouragingly. "Nothing in it, after all!"

"Oh, please don't laugh at me!" the girl said. "Another minute, and I should have fainted—I who never did such a thing in my life! And yet, perhaps, you will believe me when I tell you that I was not really frightened when those men got hold of me, and I have managed to keep my head ever since. Of course, they told me what they were after, and they promised me I should come to no harm, but I don't mind confessing that I was rather proud of my courage. Perhaps you will say now that I haven't got any courage."

"I should say nothing of the sort," Fox replied. "No girl who lacked courage could ride the horses you are accustomed to, and no girl could go through what you have endured without showing signs of it. I knew a man who displayed the most marvellous bravery in connection with a mining accident of which he thought nothing, because, you see, he was an engineer and accustomed to dangers underground. But it so happened that that man couldn't swim, and when I took him on a river in a small boat—by way of enabling him to catch a train—he sat white and silent, and confessed to me afterwards that he had never felt more frightened in his life. And that was one of the bravest men I ever met. As I said before, it is all a matter of habit. Of course, it's fun to put a man like myself for the first time in my life on the back of an unbroken brute of a horse, but it wasn't particularly funny for me, and I don't apologise for making an exhibition of myself. I want you to understand that there are two points of view, and it's only fair that one should try and understand the other fellow's. But come on—we haven't finished yet."

It was a very quiet and subdued Geraldine whom Fox preceded across the stony ground in the direction of the swamp. She was evidently thinking matters over, and regarding the philosophy of life from a fresh angle altogether. But she began to show signs of nervous hesitation once again as Fox plunged into the swamp and bade her to tread carefully in his footsteps. There was something fearfully nerve-racking in the green silence of the place, with its tufts of rushes and oily, silent pools, and here and there the sinuous gleam of a snake.

"Are you q-quite sure?" the girl faltered.

"Absolutely," Fox said. "I came here across the swamp, of course, and I can find my way back again. If you look on both sides of you a little way ahead, you will see what looks like the trail of a paper-chase. Well, I placed those bits of paper there, so that there should be no mistake. Yes, I know it's a horrible place, and I know what a fearful death lurks on both sides of us; but we are going to win through, for all that. And you'll never guess how I found the way, so I'll tell you. I followed a brown bear that came over to the woods in search of honey. I followed in its fresh tracks and laid the trail as I went. Yes, it took some doing, and more than once I had to hold on to myself to keep from turning back. I knew that, if I once let my imagination get

hold of me, I should funk it, so I kept steadily on till I got on the other side. But getting back was worse. I wanted to locate where you were, and I cut it rather fine. Do you see that flat tuft of rushes over yonder? Well, I spent the night there, when it got too dark to go any further, and I don't want to do it again. Anything more utterly lonely it is impossible to imagine. But come along—I ought not to have told you this just yet."

"And you did all this for me?" Geraldine asked.

"Well, of course," Fox said simply.

She did not speak again until they were well across the swamp and in the thick fringe of woods at the back of the hotel. There was no one in sight, for it was over-early yet, and most of the guests were still at the breakfast table. It was just before they emerged into the glorious sunshine that Geraldine paused and looked Fox in the face. He could see that she was all white and trembling, and that those usually frank and fearless eyes of hers were full of tears.

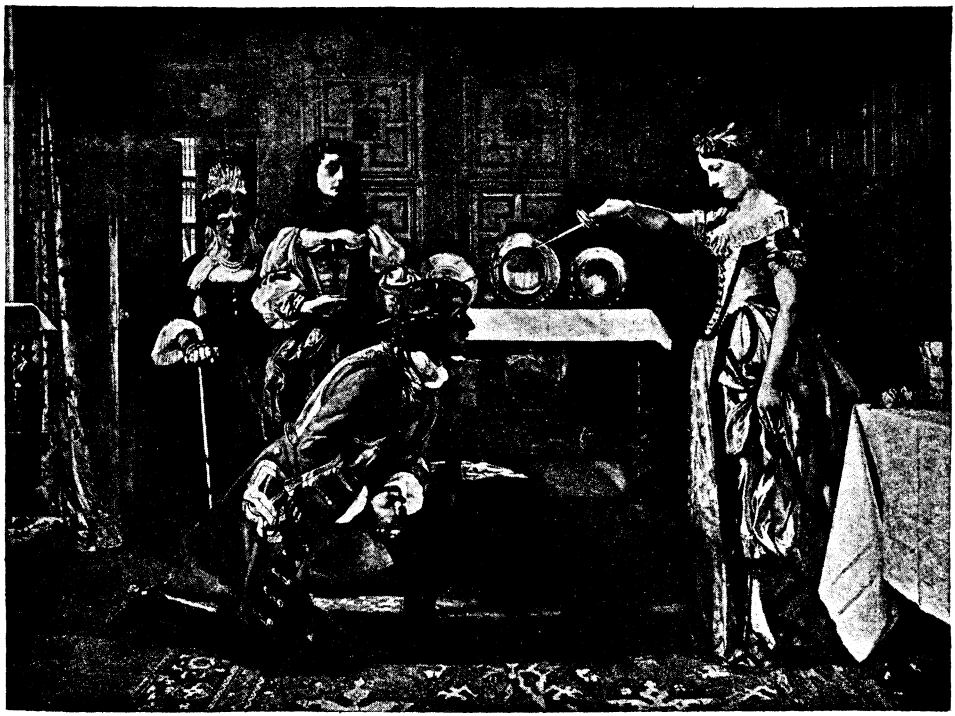
"I wonder, can you ever forgive me?" she faltered.

"There is nothing to forgive," Fox said. "We have both made a mistake, and we are both too proud to admit it. That's why I came down here to see you, and I suppose that is why you refused to speak to me. But I think I have proved——"

"Proved! Of course you have," Geraldine said impetuously. "And if I had cared less——"

"Oh, then, you do care?"

Geraldine said nothing, but smiled unsteadily, at which he caught her in his arms and kissed her, and together they walked quietly out into the sunshine.



BEATRIX KNIGHTING ESMOND: THE SCENE FROM THACKERAY'S NOVEL "ESMOND." BY AUGUSTUS L. EGG, R.A.

From the original in the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, S.W.

THE GREAT SOCK CAMPAIGN

A PEACEFUL WAR STORY

By J. E. BUCKROSE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

WINDLE is a little red town set in a green country, with a church, a market-place, and a river inhabited by a peculiarly active kind of sticklebat. Here — not among the sticklebats, but in good, dry houses, named respectively Laurel Lodge and Acacia Villa—reside Mrs. Amberly and Mrs. Pratt.

At this period both ladies hovered vaguely about forty-five, sometimes more, sometimes less, according to their hats; and both possessed a solid domestic background for their public activities in the shape of husband and child—Mrs. Amberly, a son; Mrs. Pratt, a daughter. Each also belonged to every society formed in Windle for the betterment of the inhabitants, excepting "The Brave, Bright Spinsters" and the Boy Scouts, for which they were unfortunately ineligible.

In fact, during the past twenty years or so they had run neck-and-neck in almost every respect. If Mrs. Amberly gained a length by springing on the public a demand for an altar frontal, Mrs. Pratt immediately responded by an urgent request for a water-bed. It could never be truly said, during all that time, which was the more important lady of the two; and, indeed, change itself seemed to have passed red-roofed Windle by.

Then came the outbreak of war, when everything changed, and Hugh Amberly enlisted at once. But Mrs. Pratt suffered at that moment under the hands of the dentist to a degree which made her public appearance impossible, and this circumstance was Mrs. Amberly's chance. Everyone desired to do something for the soldiers, so she organised a Sock Association, and in one week had sprinted ahead to a point where it seemed impossible that Mrs. Pratt should ever catch her up. For the little red town was no longer a place where girls walked about with tennis-rackets, and middle-aged ladies sat calling on each other with idle, tightly-gloved hands, and old women looked into the fire searching for their lost youth. It became, under Mrs. Amberly's auspices, a hive of knitters in the sun, who were all stirred to a constant activity by something deeper than thought, of which they were yet hardly conscious.

One of the most ardent knitters was Lydia Pratt, who bore her toothless parent company in the back garden, and flashed bright needles all day long, while she talked of many things, but thought always of Hugh Amberly. She did not mention him, because both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. Amberly had "nipped that nonsense in the bud" about six months earlier. The lad's father said he was much too young, and Lydia's father said he was much too poor, and the families dined together shortly afterwards, with champagne and the best silver *entrée* dishes, just to show that no harm had been done. But Mrs. Pratt continued to feel that, though she did not particularly wish Lydia to marry Hugh, the Amberlys ought to have jumped at the opportunity.

Not until the beginning of the second week in September was Mrs. Pratt able to emerge from Acacia Villa with a smile of

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such flashing whiteness that the next-door dog, who had known her well for years, barked at her as a stranger. But other friends whom she met said with delicacy how well she was looking, and then invariably went on to speak of Mrs. Amberly's Sock Association. Even the poulterer's wife, who was knitting in the shop, remarked with the certainty of giving important news: "I have just had Mrs. Amberly in. She says her collection already amounts to nearly four hundred pairs."

"Wonderful!" smiled Mrs. Pratt with her new teeth; but her heart was hot within her.

It became more so as she encountered a stream of fresh enthusiasts, and finally Mrs. Amberly herself, who rushed along, carrying a bundle of khaki wool, and was too busy to do more than pant out in passing—

"Glad you're better. Could you send in any socks you have to the Mission Hall on Tuesday, between two and four? We shall be so pleased if you care to look in. Good-bye." And she hurried on, her very scarf, streaming actively behind her, showing that she had no time to waste in social trifling.

"Seems to think she *invented* knitting," remarked Mrs. Pratt. "I'm sure nobody has worked harder than you and me, Lydia, though we may not have founded an association."

Then she walked the length of a street in silence, but as they passed the old "George Inn," she appeared to find there some sudden inspiration.

"After all," she said, rather excitedly, "perhaps we are not quite doing our bit. I think we might hire the assembly room at 'The George,' and invite a few people to knit and take a cup of tea there. The landlady makes such excellent cakes, and we could have ten times more workers than in our own drawing-room."

"Won't it cost an awful lot?" said Lydia, wide-eyed, for her mother, though on charity bent, had ever a frugal mind.

"One ought not to let such considerations weigh, I think, at a time like this," said Mrs. Pratt, and her daughter felt properly rebuked.

But though Lydia loved her mother dearly, she was no fool; so when the afternoon of the great tea-party actually arrived, and she was handing cakes in an atmosphere of hot muffins, it is not surprising that a new light dawned upon her view of the subject.

She saw it all now—why her mother had started this weekly tea-party, why Mrs. Amberly's other occupations had forced her to decline—and she knew that her own pride would only widen the inevitable breach between Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Amberly. But in spite of the nipping in the bud before-mentioned, or in part because of it, a trivial boy and girl love-affair had deepened into that most beautiful and serious thing, the affair of a boy and girl who love each other with all the strength and hope and freshness of youth.

"Delighted you have enjoyed it," gushed Mrs. Pratt to each departing guest. "I am having a little party here *every* week for those who are helping with *my* sock collection. Mrs. Amberly's? Oh, no; *hers* is quite a separate affair. Plenty of workers in Windle, of course. The more collections, the merrier. Ha, ha! *Good*-bye."

So everybody went away, and Lydia and her mother were left alone together.

"Great success!" said Mrs. Pratt, fatigued but happy.

"Y-yes," said Lydia. "But—but Mrs. Amberly will be awfully offended. She looks on the sock collecting as her official affair."

"That is a very narrow-minded view to take," said Mrs. Pratt, with dignity.

Then the landlady came in to ask if the tea had proved satisfactory, and the subject was closed.

But up and down Windle streets it was discussed with intense ardour. At almost every open window needles tick-ticked in the September sunset, and this little sound in the quiet air touched the heart strangely. But the knitters could not talk of it yet, because the things that matter are always shy to grow into words. Therefore they spoke of the impending struggle between Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Amberly, and took sides for one or the other, according to those motives which grow up of themselves in a little, close-gathered community.

For instance, Mrs. Pratt had recently differed with the Vicar's wife, so the Vicar and his wife felt it their duty to give their socks to Mrs. Amberly; while the doctor's sister had crossed swords with Mrs. Amberly at the last Nursing Committee, therefore the doctor and his sister bestowed their contribution upon Mrs. Pratt; and so on, through all grades of society. But the climax of the campaign was reached just before Christmas, when Mrs. Amberly left her own poulterer—who had supplied her with twenty-four Christmas turkeys in succession—and ordered an inferior bird

openly from a butcher's shop across the way, because the poulterer's daughters had been caught knitting for Mrs. Pratt.

On Christmas morning there was a short truce when the Pratts and Amberlys saluted each other in the church porch as fellow-Christians, but as fellow-Christians only; and later in the day Lydia visited her old nurse, returning home rather red about the eyes and lumpy about the blouse front. After less turkey and plum-pudding than her parents thought natural for a healthy girl, she went upstairs, locked her door, and re-read the letter which had disfigured her best blouse, particularly this postscript, written hurriedly: "I kissed the word *darling*, and if you do as well, it'll seem as if we—you know what I mean, darling?"

She did; and taking out from beneath her pocket-handkerchiefs a portrait of Hugh standing proudly in uniform beside an india-rubber plant, she gazed at it with that feeling of walled-up despair which only the young know, it being the compensation of age to realise that most walls, sooner or later, develop a sort of door.

Thus Lydia went on duty for her week's V.A.D. work next morning in a very hopeless frame of mind. She had scarcely energy to criticise Miss Isabel Arnett's polishing of the bath-taps, and yet Miss Isabel Arnett remained a permanent source of interest to all the countryside, she being a spirited girl of twenty who ruled her father's estate and everyone on it, particularly her father. She and Lydia had come across each other at bazaars and such-like common meeting-grounds of town and country, and had been mutually attracted; but Lydia's pride again stood in her way, for she was afraid of seeming to run after Miss Arnett, and that sprightly heiress's life was too full for her to trouble long about people who did not readily respond.

Now, however, they were cleaning out an empty ward together at the temporary hospital, and Miss Isabel remarked—

"What's up with you?"

"Me!" said Lydia, sitting back on her heels in astonishment.

"Yes. Either you need beef-tea, or you're grousing because your young man has gone to the Front."

"I'm not! How can you say such a thing?" retorted Lydia indignantly. "But everybody spoils you until you think you can say just what you like."

"Oh, well, don't tell me if you don't want to," replied the heiress, not at all offended. "Only I feel a bit rotten inside myself at times, though I do go larking round so, and I thought perhaps you—perhaps we might——" She paused, and, suddenly kneeling down by Lydia, she whispered: "I never meant to be unkind. I only wanted to buck you up a bit—I did indeed. *My* boy's out there, too."

So here, partly, you saw how it was that Isabel had been so spoilt; and Lydia also succumbed as she leant her head for a moment against that kind little shoulder and blurted out—

"It's not Hugh being away—I'm not such a coward—it's because he wants me to marry him when he comes home on leave, and I can't, neither then nor ever——"

"Money?" demanded the practical Isabel, who, like many heiresses, knew the value of it.

Lydia shook her head.

"I'd starve on a crust."

"Bad lot?" queried Isabel.

"No!" cried Lydia.

"Oh, well, some nice ones are," replied the heiress. "But, if it isn't that, what is it?"

"Well, first, his people. I never, never would, so long as I'm not wanted. But the socks have finished it off," said Lydia, still incoherent.

"Socks!" exclaimed Isabel.

And at that thrilling moment the footsteps of Sister were heard outside, so the two girls had to begin scrubbing as if their lives depended on it. But the conversation was continued later, and Isabel said at once that something *must* be done. Hugh loved Lydia. Lydia loved Hugh. What on *earth* did anything else matter?

She was so inspiring and certain, and appeared to be so indignant with the Amberlys, that Lydia was most unpleasantly surprised to hear of her driving with Mrs. Amberly a week later, and to see her twice walking with Mrs. Amberly in the High Street.

As Lydia sang the Psalms in church on the following Sunday, that verse about trusting in princes came so deeply home to her that her voice trembled on it. She resolved to be very distant indeed to Miss Arnett next time they met, and concluded, with a vicious "Amen," that it was only what might be expected. A spoilt heiress, of course, took up people as it suited her, and then dropped them in the same way.

At last Lydia and her mother actually encountered Mrs. Amberly with Isabel Arnett, opposite the poulterer's. There was

no chance of escape, and Mrs. Pratt had only just time to murmur behind her veil, "We will simply move and walk on," when Isabel exclaimed loudly—

"Oh, here they are! How splendid! You can tell them now, Mrs. Amberly."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Amberly, advancing and smiling graciously, "that Miss Arnett and I have so much work on hand for the county sand-bags that I am obliged to let the local socks go. They are

"Of course," said Mrs. Amberly, only less triumphantly; there was even a latent uneasiness in her attitude. "Still, my Hugh is much younger than your *fiancé*."

"But *much* steadier," urged Isabel, pinching Mrs. Amberly's arm in her eagerness. "Oh, *much* steadier, and that makes them appear about the same age."

Then Mrs. Amberly withdrew herself entirely from the detaining arm.

"No, Miss Arnett," she said, "I know



"At last Lydia and her mother actually encountered Mrs. Amberly with Isabel Arnett, opposite the poulterer's."

easier to manage, of course, and we thought, perhaps, you would take over the matter entirely, so far as Windle is concerned."

"V-very well," said Mrs. Pratt, almost meekly, she was so taken aback, while Lydia burned with indignation and refused to look at her quondam friend.

"There is," continued Isabel, taking Mrs. Amberly's arm and squeezing it, "a great bond between us. My *fiancé* is in the same regiment as Mrs. Amberly's son—that *does* make such a bond, does it not?"

what you are thinking of, but it can't be done."

"It can! It must! You *said* you would think it over!" cried Isabel.

"That was just after the peppermint cordial, which you told me was non-intoxicating, though I fear you were mistaken," said Mrs. Amberly.

"But only the *very* nicest people have their best side come out under—under peppermint cordial," urged Isabel. "And you said then that you wanted your boy to

be happy more than anything in the world. She did indeed, Lydia."

Then Mrs. Pratt intervened at last.

"I should like to know what you are talking about?" she asked.

"Well"—Isabel stood there, laughing, anxious, sparkling, a little goddess out of the machine, in blue and white—"I'm talking about my wedding and Lydia's!"

"What!" gasped Lydia, as well she might.

"Yes, you old goose!" cried Isabel, beyond herself with excitement. "Oh, they're both going to have leave next month—the Colonel says so. And we'll have a wedding in Windle Church—crossed swords—uniform—a bishop—Mrs. Amberly and Mrs. Pratt crying in the front pew. Oh, Lydia, shall you ever, *ever* think again that anything is too nice to happen?"

"But Lydia's father——"

"But Hugh's father——"

"Ridiculous!" cried the two elder ladies in all sincerity, though the picture did loom rather splendidly before them.

"Whatever," cried Isabel, "have men to do with getting married?"

"And," said Mrs. Pratt, not heeding her, "there's *your* father!"

"Oh, I've settled him all right," said Isabel. "In fact, he's as keen on the plan as I am. I must say that for father—he can catch on to a thing if it's put before him in the right way."

"No," said Mrs. Amberly suddenly. "The thing is preposterous."

"It is, indeed," agreed Mrs. Pratt, with emphasis.

Then did Isabel expend the very last bolt in her armoury. With tears swimming in her ardent girl's eyes, she looked from one middle-aged woman to the other, and said, half sobbing: "Oh, can't you *see* that if we don't now—we never may? How should we feel afterwards—if—if—and we hadn't let them be happy?"

She began to cry in good earnest then, and the tears also rolled down Mrs. Amberly's nose and upon her veil, where they tasted salt. She remembered that salt taste to the end of her days. At last she turned to Lydia and said, with a very great effort: "Would you do it?"

"You want me to?" said Lydia, after a long pause.

"Yes," said Mrs. Amberly.

"Lydia!" cried Mrs. Pratt, weeping, too. Then the four ladies, very moist, got into the waiting car and were driven away from the curious gaze of the poulterer.

But after a while Isabel began to laugh again through her tears, and remarked that she was taking them back to see the wedding gown, just like her own, that she had bought for Lydia.

"How could you?" cried Lydia, awaking at last out of her blissful surprise. "You don't in the least know whether I shall marry Hugh, or Hugh will marry me, or our fathers and mothers will help us——"

"We shall not, of course," interposed Mrs. Pratt.

"Oh," said Miss Isabel airily, "I don't wait about for things; I just go on and make them happen."

"No one but a child or a person in a fairy tale would ever have thought of such a plan," objected Mrs. Amberly.

"No?" said Isabel, grown suddenly a little wistful. "But perhaps I never did grow up properly, having no mother, and that is why I try to make things seem like a fairy tale still."

Then Lydia, who was not usually demonstrative, threw her arms round her friend and kissed the flushed cheek tenderly.

"My dear," she said, "I hope—I do hope that you'll go on living in fairyland all your life."

"Well, I don't," said Isabel. "The real thing, Lydia, is going to be better than any fairy tale. You wait and see."

* * * * *

It was rather like one, all the same, when they walked as brides out of Windle Church, with the neighbours throwing primroses, and the bells ringing, and their young husbands warding off the flowers. Those who looked on felt as if the shadow of war had lifted for a moment, and all the bravery and tenderness which lie beneath were shining through.

But though the whole county came, from the old Earl downwards, the joy of Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Amberly remained very slightly clouded by the fact that the occasion was a triumph shared; and the people of Windle are still unable to say which is the lady of more importance in the little red town, for the very Fates seem to ordain that these two shall run neck-and-neck to the end of the race.



STRETCHER-BEARERS ON THEIR WAY OUT TO BRING BACK THE WOUNDED.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

HOW THE CASUALTIES ARE RECORDED

OF all the duties that fall to our military government at Headquarters, few compare, for sheer perplexity and difficulty, with the accurate reporting of casualties—the killed, wounded, and missing—and the communication of the verified lists, through the War Office at home, to anxious relatives all over the British Empire, from Dublin to Dunedin. For our Armies now run into millions. Many races are represented in the various theatres of war, from France to Macedonia, and from the Holy Land to "the waters of Babylon" and beyond. New conditions of warfare call for fighting fronts of fifty or a hundred miles. Legions of men are underground in mazy galleries, spied upon from the skies and sprayed by long-distance engines which represent the last word in science as applied to destructive fury.

The word "bombardment" is easily written; yet for nearly three years writers of all grades, professional and amateur, have striven in vain to convey to the home-keeper the thunder-flames of the *tir d'écrasement*, or fire of annihilation. But the noise of it—the gas-flames and volcanic searching and ploughing of positions—here is power which defies the printed symbol. Such an experience can scathe and wound the mind of man, through sheer outrage of the senses, without leaving a scratch upon the body to account for the baffling symptoms of "shell shock."

Our trenches know the drumfire of massed batteries, with its cruel toll of gallant life. We suffer casualties in each advance; men drop in the vast confusion of a night attack, yet each and every one must be accounted for as though he were the sole champion of Britain in this stupendous duel.

No effort is spared to save the soldier in attack and defence. Sickness "casualties" were long ago tackled by Sir Alfred Keogh and the Medical Research Committee, who considered flies and microbes as German allies, and fought unfitness with new measures of sanitation and hygiene which are still the wonder of friend and foe. Our chemists and inventors vie with one another in protective devices, of which the shrapnel helmet, in manganese steel, is an excellent example. New methods of leading, new secrets of active and passive warfare, new weapons and tricks of battle, all combine to lessen our casualties.

But when all is done, the stern fact remains that victory must be sealed in blood. A man becomes a casualty in a hundred ways. He may fall to a giant shell-burst in his own dug-out, or he may be the victim of a wire-

and-acid "booby-trap" in a wrecked position taken from the enemy. Inquisitive Tommy stoops to pick up a helmet souvenir, or to open a tempting box, when lo! a dire explosion follows through connexion with a bomb or a hidden mine. The most cautious soldier may be sniped. He may be enfiladed by machine-guns, or struck down by night-raiders in his own trench, or in the heart of the German lines, which he has himself invaded, knife and hammer in hand, ready for desperate work in the dark.

belongings—letters, portraits, and personal valuables.

Then come the funeral service and the last solemn rites. If wounded, the fallen soldier is passed to the rear with the celerity and system of long use and perfect method. He may be a "walking case," or even less than that—a case for the first-aid post, which is the doctor's point of danger. In the Somme battle alone—as Lord Derby told the House of Lords—four hundred surgeons were killed and wounded. There is no safety from



A ROLL-CALL.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by the Sport & General Press.

Remember always that the battleground is no "field," but a chaotic warren past all conceiving, with an interspace of craters and shapeless pits. Considering the immensity of the arena, its subterraneous nature, and the day-and-night hail of perpetual death, it is really miraculous that the fallen individual can be accounted for at all in this shifting netherworld. For, after all, the first concern is victory. The fallen man is out of the game. If dead, he is reverently searched, his disc and pay-book removed with his other

great guns that are miles away—guns by the thousand, shells by the million, detonation and concussion that never know a complete lull. The "severely" or "dangerously" wounded are soon in the comfortable hospitals of Boulogne, or in the white peace of a Red Cross liner that is ready waiting by the quays.

Every officer and man of our Armies wears under his clothing the identity necklet. There are two metal discs on the cord—an upper octagonal tinted green, and

a lower circular disc in red. Failure to wear this necklet is a breach of discipline. In case of death, the red disc is removed for the records; the green one remains for the guidance of the burial party. This solemn service is conducted after each advance. All letters and papers are collected, and careful notes made for the regimental adjutant. He in turn passes on information, till at length it reaches the office of the Adjutant-General at Headquarters. This is the Department which looks after the men all through, even to the last honours which are rendered to the terrible music of the guns.

The chaplain, a grave and soldierly figure, pronounces the words of eternal comfort—"in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." And the speaker runs a soldier's risk as he conducts this impressive rite. The Rev. F. R. Stewart was killed at a battlefield funeral. A great shell exploded right among the mourners, wounding many besides slaying the chaplain. Sometimes, when an officer is laid to rest by the flash of guns, the glare of star-shells, and wheeling beams of the searchlights, peasant women of France glide out of the shadows with flowers and tears for their British defenders who died in the glorious cause.

The Commission of Graves Registration and Inquiries has recorded and marked tens of thousands of these lonely graves. It has also replied to relatives and supplied them with photographs. Where the last sleeping-place of our men is far enough from the firing-line, flowers and shrubs have been planted under the advice of the Director of Kew Gardens. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales presides over a special Committee for the Care of Soldiers' Graves, and has himself testified to "the reverent and efficient manner in which this work is being carried



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED UNDER FIRE: A MAN WHO BROUGHT IN TWENTY WOUNDED IN THIS MANNER.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by the Sport & General Press.

out" ... "As the Army in the field is now an Imperial Army, so this Committee should be an Imperial Committee, entrusted by the Empire with the task of fittingly and enduringly commemorating the common sacrifice of the best blood of a generation—a sacrifice which forms one of the most sacred links of Empire." The French nation offered to preserve, at its own expense, the last resting-places of British soldiers who fell fighting on the soil of France, and for this the Army Council returned the warmest thanks.

The German dead are also searched on Immelmann's funeral; and the mother of Lieutenant Savage received a really touching letter from the German field chaplain: "We lower our weapons before a brave and chivalrous enemy, and salute your son." There is not space in a single article to deal with the minor casualties—men tended in the trench with infinite care, men half buried by falling earth and timbers during an intensive bombardment, and hauled out smiling over their own escape.

Nor can one do more than refer, in passing, to the rescue of the wounded who "lie out," or the methods of their transport, whether



A RESCUE FROM A DUG-OUT ALMOST BLOWN IN BY A SHELL.
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.

the stricken field by our "clean-up" parties. Sometimes papers of military value are found, but in the main there are only letters. Chaplains, regimental officers, and friends of the trench do a good deal of informal recording, especially in the way of friendly letters to mothers and wives of men who become casualties. There are even indirect communications from the Germans when the victim is an air-pilot; the peculiar chivalry of this service is one of the curiosities of the War.

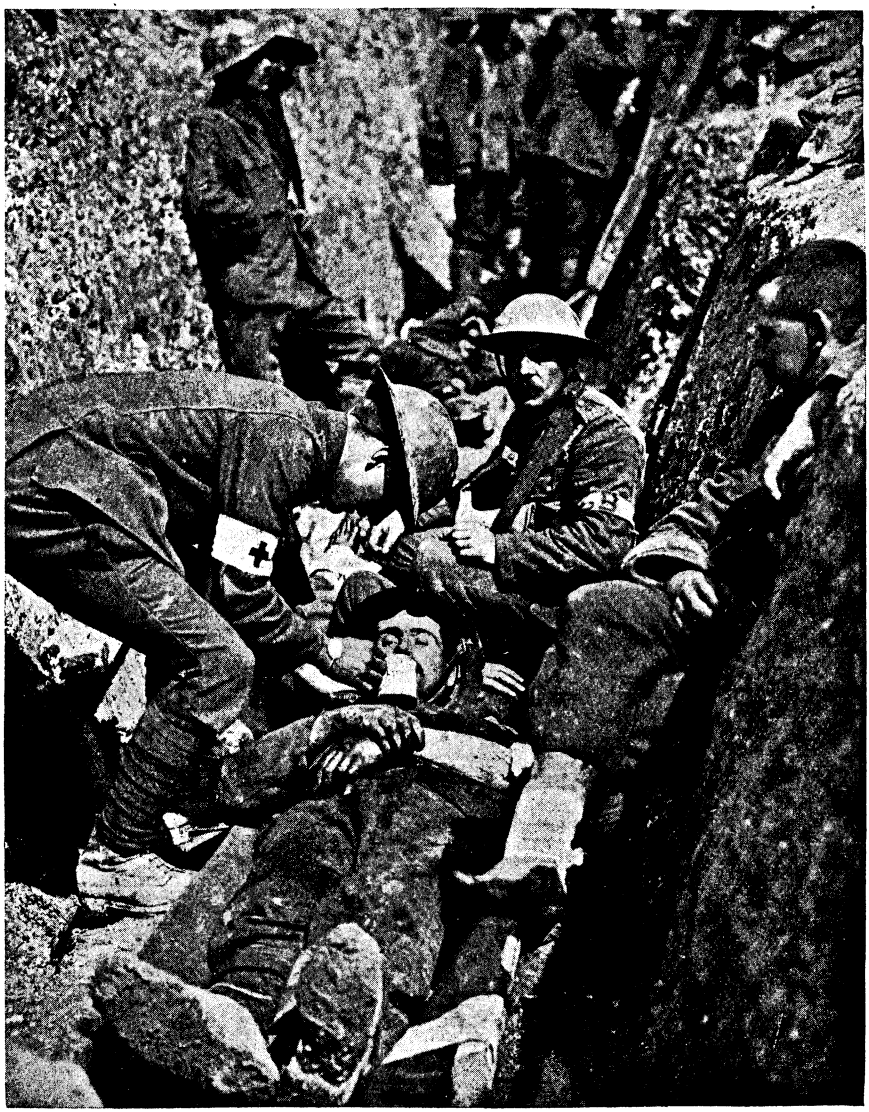
A British envoy risked his life and his machine to drop a wreath at the famous

by trench tramway in France, mule litter in Macedonia, or the ordinary stretcher upon which "the lad for Blighty" is borne. There is continuous watching over our men; a constant reporting in spreading circles from platoon to battalion, from brigade to army corps, and so to the Adjutant-General's Department at General Headquarters. There can be no security within the range of the heavy guns. Dressing stations are often shelled—the Red Cross flag, we must sadly own, is no protection at all in this War, whether by sea or land.

The recording of casualties is complicated

when French peasants bury our men and do not preserve the identification discs. In Turkish fields women snipers have been found with strings of British discs made up into fancy ornaments. Here, then, were the pitiless hail of shot and shell. Such cases have been found a whole week later.

Soldiers dazed with concussion may wander for miles till they come to a village or small town in which a non-commissioned officer



LOOKING AFTER THE WOUNDED IN A TRENCH.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by the Sport & General Press.

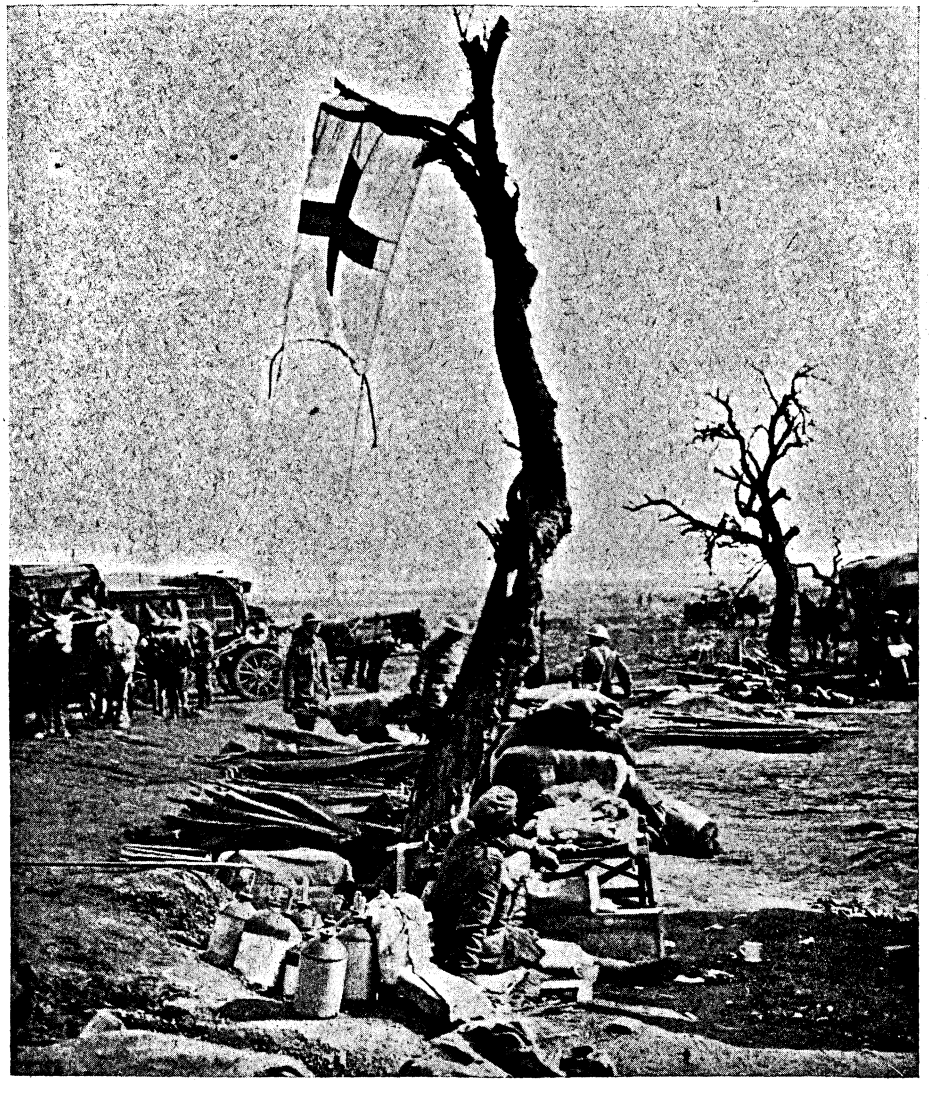
men who must needs be classified as "Missing—believed killed." This "Missing" category is the most perplexing of all. It includes our men captured by the Germans or buried by them. Then our wounded may crawl or stray away into shelter from has set up a clearing-house for these wayfarers. At every turn the casualty problem bristles with difficulty, and the regimental roll-call is sometimes deferred for days, hoping that those absent may rejoin before being posted as "missing." A list of absentees

is compared with that of the casualties sent down from the base hospitals. Names that figure in the list of wounded, gassed, or sick are now deleted from the Missing list.

If the enemy advances and captures ground upon which lie our dead and wounded, the Missing list of necessity grows longer. Then a man may lose his disc—the whirlwind blast of a big shell plays strange pranks. Picked-up discs are looked upon as evidence that the man is killed, and this has led to queer cases of "back-from-the-grave" apparitions, both at home and in the field.

News of an officer casualty is wired to the nearest relative; a letter is sent in the case of non-commissioned officers and men. Hospitals at the base keep their own records, and every effort is made to verify the facts before a casualty is officially notified. Name, initials, regimental number and unit, together with what has happened to the man—all this seems clear enough, but in practice the work is a stupendous puzzle.

The Adjutant-General's Department keeps a paternal eye upon every officer and man, from the moment he arrives in France until



AN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION WITH RED CROSS FLAG AFFIXED TO A TREE.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by the Sport & General Press.

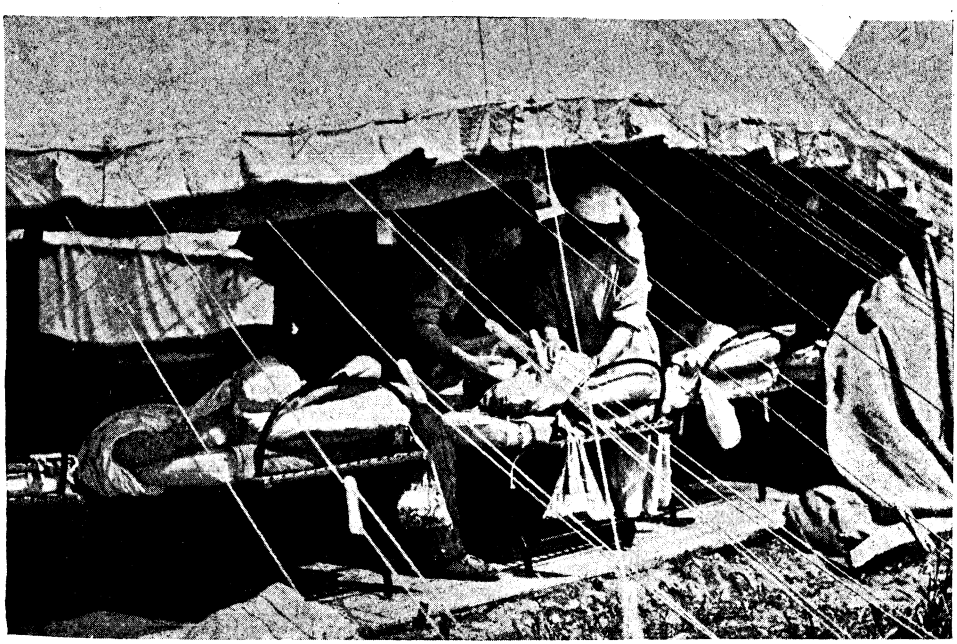


Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

AMBULANCE CARS.

his departure or death. The clerical labour is enormous; the number and variety of forms quite beyond belief. For the satisfaction of relatives and possible decisions in the Probate Court, an exact record is kept of the time of death and the place of burial of all, whether from the British Islands or the Overseas Dominions. There are offices at Headquarters that hum with typewriters; here are staffs like those of a busy bank, yet every clerk is a soldier.

A number of copies of casualty lists are sent to the War Office every day. It is the



A CASUALTY CLEARING HOSPITAL JUST BEHIND THE LINES.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.



Photo by] [*Central News.*

A DOUBLE-DECKER TRAMWAY FOR THE WOUNDED.

Adjutant-General's Department that shows the wastage of our Armies. It is also responsible for the disposal of effects and wills—Tommy's will is often written in his pay-book. Commanding officers of units report their casualties to brigade headquarters, and thence through division and corps to the great central office, where all the checking is done and the Army "stocktaking" accounts got ready for the daily War Office messengers.

In order to spare relatives the shock of seeing casualties reported for the first time in the newspapers, at least forty-eight hours are allowed to elapse between the report of each case and the publishing of it. Daily bulletins of admissions and discharges are furnished by our hospitals in France; and there are several organisations, official and private, for the bringing of relatives to the bedside in specially grave cases. There is



Photo by] [*Wyndham.*

CANADIAN RED CROSS WORKERS TRANSFERRING WOUNDED FROM AN AMBULANCE CAR INTO HOSPITAL.

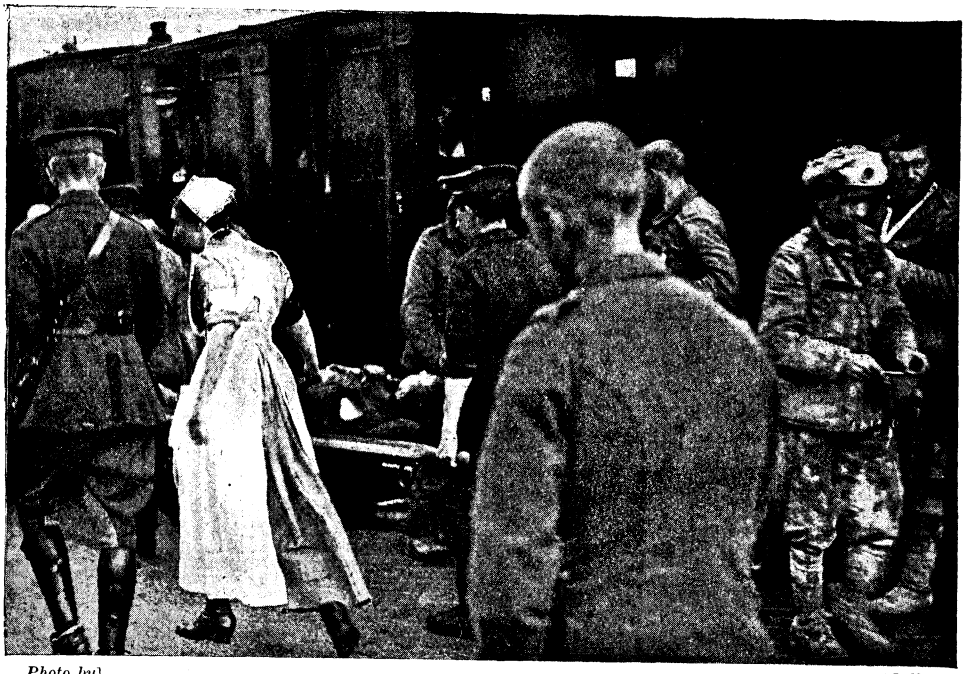


Photo by] [*L.N.A.*

WOUNDED MEN ON THEIR WAY TO HOSPITAL FROM A FRENCH RAILWAY STATION.



Photo by] [*Central News.*

"BLIGHTY" CASES OFF TO THE RAILWAY AND THE SHIP.

no need to dwell upon the poignancy of war's casualty list. One father lost three officer sons in one tragic mile of our advance. Not once but nine times did Mrs. Emma Wilkins, a Yorkshire woman, now living in Winnipeg, receive the War Office message: "We regret to notify you that your son has fallen in action." Such is the price. And the spirit of those who pay it is expressed with tranquil serenity in Rifleman S. Donald Cox's "To My Mother"—

If I should fall, grieve not that one so weak
And poor as I
Should die.

Nay, though thy heart should break,
Think only this: that when at dusk they speak
Of sons and brothers of another one,
Then thou canst say: I, too, had a son,
He died for England's sake!

War honours are now presented by the King to relatives of our fallen heroes. The ceremony is peculiarly impressive in cases of the V.C. And the Palace halls have witnessed many a moving episode, as when His Majesty handed the Cross to the father of Lieutenant R. B. Jones, who killed fifteen of the enemy in a forlorn hope, and then himself fell, "upholding the grandest tradition of the British Army!"

THREADING BEADS.

UNDER the lamp, with bended head—
All I can see is a glint of hair,
Lit into brown with a hint of red—
She threads her beads of seashells rare.

One white hand holds the thread—d'you see
That flash from her finger? It's our ring;
This lamplight shows gold's subtlety,
The sudden gleam, the dragon-fly's wing!

The other white hand is heaped over-high
With glittering shells, and if one fall,
I know what follows—a pout, a cry,
A fresh beginning—a sigh—that's all!

That's all? What more would you have, I ask,
Than, in the wide darkness of utter night,
This lamp ashine on the simple task
As a symbol of home and love's delight?

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE PECULIAR VOICE

By VINCENT BROWN

Illustrated by Frank Gillett

"I'VE lost myself again, ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Hoby laughed to a shepherd on the hills. The happy old gentleman showed no anxiety about getting himself found. He did not even ask his way, but began to talk with youthful enthusiasm about the beauty of the summer morning, the wonderful views over the great undulating green heights; then he filled the shepherd's pipe and wandered on as cheerfully and confidently as if he were in his own garden at Charnport, five or six miles away. It was ten o'clock. Mr. Hoby was an early riser, something of a simple-lifer, and he had his fair share of fads. He would not have admitted that his taste for roaming alone over the downs was one of them. That was the finest sort of exercise, cobweb-dispersing, health-giving—yes, even when he didn't know where he was. He had always arrived home smiling, and pooh-poohed his wife's dismal prophecy that some day he would be caught in a mist and have to pass the night on the mountains. For two hours after leaving the shepherd he toddled on briskly, seeing not a single soul of the human kind, nothing living but an occasional rabbit, a fox as crafty as Mr. Hoby was otherwise, or a crow passing in the exquisite and illimitable blue overhead. Mr. Hoby felt quite jolly at not knowing where he was going. This was a strange part of the hills to him, and he was interested in everything he heard and saw, especially this queer little green-painted door in a weather-battered paling, and the peculiar voice that came from behind the door. He stopped to look and listen.

"A man with a voice like that," he thought, "never ought to be out of gaol."

It was almost a wildly uncharitable reflection for Mr. Hoby, who was usually given to gentle judgment about his fellows. He stood for at least five minutes before the mysterious door, very still, listening intently, but he did not hear the voice again, nor any sound from the other side. He knew that he should never forget it. It was apparently the voice of a man, though he could not feel sure of this. It was worse than peculiar—horrible, inhuman, accursed, a voice of immeasurable meaning in cruelty.

The old gentleman shivered. For the first time this vast downland solitude was not entirely friendly to him. He suddenly turned away from the door and dipped into a valley. A bird fluttering from the gorse made him start. From the opposite slope of the valley he looked back and saw a patch of faded green on the paling. It fascinated Mr. Hoby. He could see now that the paling enclosed a small copse of tangled, stunted trees, but there was no sign of a human habitation. Distance gave Mr. Hoby a new edition of courage. He felt inclined to laugh at himself for coming away. He wanted even to be adventurous, to return and investigate, or, at any rate, have a prowl round that boxed-up jungle in the mighty wilderness of the hills. How silly to be scared by a voice! Many voices were unpleasant; no two were exactly alike—only *that* voice was so hatefully different, so unique in its shuddering horror from all other voices. It seemed to belong to the dark lair of a ravening animal. Mr. Hoby had caught no distinct word in the one fierce, quick utterance he had heard. A snarl of malignant incoherence, and then silence. But there could be no doubt that someone was with him.

Who—and what—was that man screened from sight and yet so evilly expressive in personality? Whom had he been threatening—a woman, or child, a beast like himself? And what devilment was going on within the high fence round that lonely copse?

"I shouldn't wonder," Mr. Hoby said to himself, "if a man with such a voice deserved to be hanged."

He was not at all imaginative, and quite devoid of the detective spirit, but he determined not to go home till he had done something to understand this puzzling affair. Half an hour's trudging brought him to a cottage. A woman was in the garden, and Mr. Hoby stood by the hedge and questioned her.

"We call it the invisible house," she said, "because nobody that lives hereabouts has ever seen it. For my part I don't want to, except from curiosity, perhaps. It must be in a shocking state by now, with only that crazy old man and his grandson living there all these years."

"No lady in the case—I mean in the house?" said Mr. Hoby.

"Nor has been since Mrs. Trenter died, and that's thirty years ago, they say, long before I married and came here. For ever so many years Mr. Trenter——"

"Is that the mad old gentleman?"

"Yes; but he's not downright daft, you know, only funny in his ways."

"Brutal?"

"La bless you, no! He's perfectly harmless."

"But his voice is peculiar—sounds cruel, doesn't it?"

"Not at all. I've only seen him twice or thrice, when I've been crossing the hills to visit a friend. Once I met him in a path through the furze, and he lifted his hat quite politely and gave me good-day. I noticed nothing out of the common in his voice. It was weak, but kind and civil. He's very old and bent, a thin little man with long white hair and beard, and his clothes look as if he'd worn them goodness knows how long. He wears no spectacles, and must have wonderful sight for his age; I've seen him stand to gaze over the downs as if he was admiring the prospect miles away. But he's very feeble, and never comes out now on wet or windy days, I'm told."

"His grandson, perhaps," Mr. Hoby suggested, "has a remarkable voice?"

The woman smiled. "Well, Jool has a boy's voice, but I'd not say there was anything odd in it."

"How old is he?"

"Not fifteen yet. He's been with his grandfather ever since he was a little chap of six or seven."

"Those two all by themselves in that outlandish place?"

"Yes. I dare say the house is fairly tolerable to live in. I don't like to ask Jool questions when he comes here, but he's an active, good boy, keeps himself clean and nice, and I should think he'd be handy at home."

"Jool is a singular name for a boy," said Mr. Hoby. "If it means Jewel, it would suit a girl. It may be short for Julius. But surely Mr. Trenter has an occasional visitor?"

"Not anyone that anybody has ever seen or heard of. He's always been very unsociable, and I fancy he must have warned his grandson not to speak too much when he's outside that dreary den. My belief is he'd never let him leave it at all, only with himself for a walk on the hills, if he could help it."

"Do they quarrel?"

"I shouldn't think so. Mr. Trenter seems to be kind to the boy in his own way, though there's no great kindness in keeping him there, without a woman in the house. Most boys would run away; but I suppose Jool has got used to that barricaded life, and it wouldn't be right to say he's unhappy."

"Is he an orphan?"

"So I've understood."

"What is his surname?"

"Trenter; so his father must have been the old miser's son."

"Miser?" said Mr. Hoby, pricking up his ears.

"Well, that's what they say, but there may be nothing in it. When a man shuts himself up from the world like that, it's only natural to imagine all sorts of things. I do myself sometimes. He looks a miser. But I've never believed the tales about a great hoard of gold and treasure hidden inside that God-forsaken copse."

Mr. Hoby went back to it, munching sandwiches on the way, and putting his digestive apparatus out of gear with the turbulence of his thoughts. He was rather alarmed at the mist creeping slowly up from the sea, like vast spectral battalions, but he was not going home yet; a kind of monomania had seized him to discover the *meaning* of that extraordinary voice. All was not

well at the "invisible house." He was within twenty yards of the jealously guarded hermitage when a tall young shepherd emerged from the faint prologue of the oncoming mist, and Mr. Hoby learned from him that Jool Trenter was not then at home—he had come out an hour or so ago and gone westward.

"Who was with him?"

"Nobody, zur. His grandad keeps in when it's foggy. I shouted, an' he looked back, but never stopped."

"Something had scared him, perhaps?"

"Donno for that, zur."

"Was he running?"

"No."

"Walking fast?"

"Jool always do."

"Have you noticed a stranger about recently?"

"Not nobody excep' you, zur. Jool's mebbe fell out with the old miser. I heard him cryin' in the copse."

"When was this?"

"Afore sunrise."

"What sort of a cry? I beg your pardon—did the boy appear to be distressed?"

"He must have been, because it's the first time I've known him cry. He don't if you fight him."

"Have you ever fought with him?"

"Lots of times, zur."

"Is he quarrelsome?"

"No, only for a scrap. His dander's soon up. So's mine."

"Ah," said Mr. Hoby admiringly, "fiery youth on the hills! And now tell me—would you like a sixpence, by the way?—did you speak to him when you heard him crying over there early this morning?"

"I yelled 'What's up, Jool?' But he never said nothing, and smothered his weeps."

A dog barked far in the mist, and the shepherd strode away. Mr. Hoby went close to the green door and listened. The stillness and silence within impressed him with the most absolute sense of isolation he had ever felt. It gave him a nervous tremor, and to relieve his mind in action he walked with careful, noiseless steps all round the enclosure of mystery. Gnarled, storm-wrenched branches of trees projected over the paling, like the arms of tortured prisoners supplicating the outer world for mercy, and Mr. Hoby might have found one low enough down to swing himself up on it, but he was too old for such violent exertion. There was no means of seeing through; wherever a break had been made in the woodwork Jool's amateur carpentry had mended it. He wanted intensely to have a peep at that strange, concealed house. It was useless to look for smoke coming up from a chimney, because the misty canopy spreading gradually thicker and thicker would obliterate it. On getting back to the green door Mr. Hoby again paused, baffled but not hopeless. Once more he started to go round the inscrutable penfold, and now luck favoured him, though the time was to come, and soon, when he hardly thought of it as luck. A wide board in the paling was loose, and he just managed to crawl through, making no noise. He still had in his pocket the paper bag in which he had brought his luncheon, and he fastened this to the board, so as to be able to identify it should a rapid retreat be necessary.

And now it seemed to Mr. Hoby that he had done an awful thing—or was it that he felt on the verge of an awful discovery? He shuddered as he realised where he was—in the secret den of that unknown and unseen living creature—man, woman, or monster—whose voice of indescribable malevolence he had heard.

The undergrowths were of such density that he could even now see nothing of the house. He might be close to it, for all he knew, or it might be at the farthest limit of the copse. He had never been in a tropical forest, but this suffocatingly luxurious vegetation made him think of one. He moved silently on leaf-mould that was like ebony in contrast with the mist percolating through the trees. First he went along very cautiously by the paling, looking for an outlet in the thicket, but he could find none, and at last he began to force his way in. Every now and then his foot crushed something brittle, and he halted for a responsive alarm to the noise, but the silence was not broken. A gruesome sensation passed over the old gentleman on his coming upon a large hole in the ground—it looked horribly like a newly-dug grave. All at once he came out on to a cleared space, in the middle of which stood the strangest and most beautiful little tumbledown old house he had ever set eyes upon.

It was so low-roofed that Mr. Hoby doubted whether even he could stand upright in it. There were two tiny windows and a tiny door in front, and a big, absurdly patched water-butt at one corner. The house was covered right up to its stumpy chimney with thousands of golden and

purple blossoms and pale green leaves, this overflowing floral profusion making the windows and doorway seem even smaller than they were. It was a picture of dream-like beauty in the grey-white sea vapour that mantled it as with ethereal gauze. From far away on the hills there floated the tinkle of a sheep-bell, but other sound there was none, and the remote music seemed to complete the fairy loveliness of the "invisible house" now unmasked in its verdurous seclusion to Mr. Hoby's wondering eyes.

It appeared to be deserted. Faded yellow blinds were down at the windows, and the door was shut. Mr. Hoby went quietly up to it and gave the slightest wee tap with the point of a finger. He waited, vaguely terrified, yet still resolved to see this thing through; then he softly turned the handle, and found that he could open the door. He pushed it, and looked into a narrow passage with a mere peep-hole of a window at the other end. A dark cloth was before this window, giving the passage a gloomy, cavernous appearance. It was utterly devoid of furniture, but on nails in the wall hung an old-fashioned broad-brimmed hat and an ancient black cloak tarnished by sun and rain and frayed with much wearing. These would doubtless belong to old Mr. Trenter. But where was he now?

"Anyone at home?" Mr. Hoby called, rather shakily, and not so loudly as he supposed.

He went into the passage. The floor was laid with cocoa-nut matting so worn that the bricks showed through. A door on the right stood open, and Mr. Hoby looked into a dingy sitting-room, though it was solidly furnished. No one was there.

"Anyone at home?" he said again, with more fearful gentleness now.

Then he went along to the end of the passage. Two doors were there, facing each other, and both a few inches open. Without being able to see anything but the leg of a chair, Mr. Hoby had two unaccountable ideas about the room on the left—that it was occupied, and that the person in it was unaware of his intrusion. He tapped on the door, but was not bidden to enter. He ventured in.

It was a small bedroom, neither dirty nor untidy, yet inexpressibly dreary, forlorn, repellent. The green blind was down, and a musty chill filled the air, as if the room were underground. A low wooden bedstead was in the darkest corner, but Mr. Hoby could see that someone was lying on it. He did not tremble as he stood looking at the silent form; the awe upon him was beyond physical shock.

"I hope, sir," he whispered, "you're not seriously unwell."

The figure on the bed lay very still. It belonged to the room—everything there expressed it, kept it company in its great silence. Mr. Hoby was bereft of speech as he glided nearer to it, forgetting all else for the moment in this solemn presence. It was covered from head to foot with a sheet. No part of it could be seen; it was like something dimly outlined in shadows. The sheet had been spread upon it with reverent hands; Mr. Hoby would not have been surprised had he found white flowers on the breast. He touched the body. It lay motionless; there was no sign of breathing. The arms were by the sides. And then Mr. Hoby bent down and uncovered the face.

It was that of a very old man. The eyes were open in a staring fixity, but dim with death's black veil. The face had an expression of terror, the terror of sudden realisation of dear life being violently ended. As Mr. Hoby gazed at it, he seemed to hear again the cruel voice he had heard over the green door in the paling. Then another sound shook him to the very core—a cry, not of pure horror, yet horrible, not of pure pathos, yet infinitely pathetic—and, turning to the door, he saw there a boy looking in at him. His posture suggested the mad aggression of despair. Mr. Hoby, fearing an attack, and thinking to disable him morally, said with a sternness he did not feel—

"Jool — Jool Trenter — why are you hiding the body of your dead grandfather?"

The question had an instant effect; the sturdy force of the young limbs collapsed, fear came into the brilliant earth-brown eyes, and he shrank back into the passage. Mr. Hoby went to him, took him by the arm with fatherly kindness, and led him into the sitting-room.

"You're all of a shake, my dear," he said, "and so am I—well we may be, God help us! Now sit you down and tell me all about it."

But Jool would not be seated. His face had been as pale as it could be under the sun's rich painting; now it had an angry flush, and his eyes blazed.

"What are you doing in my house?" he challenged, with magnificent but quivering defiance.

Mr. Hoby shut the door.

"I've boys of my own," he said, "and high-spirited they used to be, bless 'em, but

they trusted me, came to me in their troubles, and I think you might do worse, Jool."

"Grandad died in his sleep!"

"You've told me scon," said Mr. Hoby, with mental reservations. "You speak of it as your house. Of course, I know the words of boys, but has your grandfather left it to you in his will, with all his wealth, and the secret of the hidden treasure?"

considerately brought him back into the room and made him sit down. He was evidently suffering insupportable anguish of mind, for he burst into tears immediately he had said—

"I know you're a detective, sir—but grandad died in his sleep!"

This strengthened Mr. Hoby's suspicion that the old recluse had been murdered, but



"'What've you got to cry for, Jool? Anybody'd think——' 'Hush!' said Mr. Hoby."

The lad stood a while as if he were listening, an almost demented look of fear in his face; then he wheeled round with extraordinary swiftness to the door, opened it, and dashed into the passage. But he did not leave the house—it was as though he dreaded his own companionship, or the loneliness of the copse—and Mr. Hoby there was much more to learn, and he advanced warily. Not for a moment did he suppose that the boy was guilty of such a horrifying crime, or that he had any preknowledge of it. But was he not shielding the criminal—and why? It was clear to Mr. Hoby that he was on the dark trail of a peculiarly subtle and ferocious villain. He

sat down beside the distracted lad, who was already proudly trying to suppress his emotion.

"When did your poor grandfather pass away?"

"He died in his sleep!"

"Yes, but when, Jool?"

"Last night, in his sleep! Nobody did anything to him!"—with stifled sob.

"Had he been attended by a doctor?"

No answer.

"If he wasn't, there will have to be a coroner's inquest, you know. Perhaps you'll not understand what that means?"

"Grandad died in his sleep!"

"Had he been long ill?"

"There's no mark on his body!"

"Jool, my dear, how do you know?"

"I'd have seen it if there was!"

"Where did you look?"

"Over his heart——" A pause of utter wretchedness, the tear-smeared young face averted.

"Yes," Mr. Hoby prompted very gently. "No mark over his heart?"

"Or on his throat! It was from old age! He always thought he would die suddenly. He might roll on his face and be smothered!"

"He's lying on his back now. Was it you that turned him over?"

"He died in his sleep!"

"Was he in the habit of carrying a revolver?"

"No."

"Have you one?"

"No, but I've got a gun. I keep it in the shed with my tame owl and hawk."

"When did you last see your grandfather alive?"

"Last night, when I took off his boots when he went to bed."

"In this room?"

"No, where he sleeps. I've always done it, and helped him off with his clothes. His left arm was stiff, because he was so old."

"Look at me, Jool. It's unkind of me to ask it, but I want you to. I believe you're a truthful boy. Please look at me, Jool."

But he would not—could not. The eyelids were red and swollen. He was in the extremity of grief, dread, panic, which one of his years can feel.

"Grandad died in his sleep!" he reiterated, in a louder voice.

Said Mr. Hoby to himself: "It's his parrot speech; he's been terrorised into saying it, and nothing else."

"Have you a bedroom of your own, Jool?"

"Yes, opposite grandad's."

"When did you wake this morning?"

"I don't know."

"Was the sun up?"

"No."

"So it was in the middle of the night you discovered your grandfather was dead?"

No answer.

"Did he call to you for help when he was—dying?"

No answer.

"Remember, Jool, all these questions, and many more, will be put to you in court. The lawyers won't be as tender with you as I am, and you'll have to reply. Why did you go to your grandfather's room at that early hour?"

"I thought I would."

"I should say you're a sound sleeper. What was it that roused you in the dead of night?"

"Nothing!"

"Come, my dear, come, come! You must have heard a noise in the house?"

"No!"

"Outside, then, at the door, or the opening of a window——"

"No! Grandad died in his sleep!"

"Did you jump out of bed and run straight to his room?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I heard something He died in his sleep! Nobody touched him!" the agonised boy cried out frantically.

"And now, Jool," said Mr. Hoby, putting his hand on the young shoulder, "I want you to tell me about that stranger." Mr. Hoby waited, watching his face, trying to read the meaning of the strained gaze at the yellow window-blind and the attitude of listening absorption, for the old gentleman could hear nothing, see nothing beyond the occurrences in the little room. His notion was that Jool had been, and still was, fighting single-handed an awful battle with satanic powers. "I mean," he added, whispering, "the man who was speaking to you inside the green door at noon to-day."

"Did you see him?" Jool breathed, still gazing at the window-blind as though he could see a figure of demoniacal sorcery there.

"No."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge. If I'd come across him at any time, and he had spoken. I would have remembered him."

"Do you know his name?"

"No, Jool, but——"

"Then you're not a detective?"

"I'll admit I'm not," said Mr. Hoby, "but I'm your friend, wishful to assist you out of this vampire thraldom, if you'll confide in me."

The boy stretched himself, breathing hard, like one struggling to throw off some baneful influence.

"I'm so sure," said Mr. Hoby, "it would be wise for you to trust me. You can't keep up this dreadful thing alone. Besides, your grandfather's death will have to be accounted for. I shall be obliged to tell the authorities I found him in there, covered with a sheet." Again a pause, to see if Jool would repeat his parrot cry, but he did not. "Now be candid with me. Who was that man?"

Jool sprang to his feet. Every fibre in the firmly-set figure was a-quiver. For a moment his eyes were fixed on the blind in a pitiful convulsion of fright; then he rushed to the door and locked it.

"He's out there! He's coming in!" he said in frenzied gasps. "He'll kill you too—and me as well!"

Mr. Hoby had not yet heard any sound, nor seen so much as a shadow upon the blind. How, then, had the boy known that someone was near?

"Do you believe in the black art, Jool?"

"Yes, yes! He has it!"

Mr. Hoby went very cautiously to the window, drew aside the blind an inch or so, and saw standing on the cleared space before the house a figure that seemed mysteriously, hideously plague-stricken. He could not have described him, had he never seen him again, to the satisfaction of a court of justice, only the impression the sinister form conveyed, something telling of the scourge of infamy. He was resting in a curiously twisted posture on the handle of a spade. His clothes were earth-stained; he had evidently been digging in the leaf-mould under the trees. He slightly raised his head, showing eyes that were like the very spirit of evil, and Mr. Hoby heard again the malign voice—

"Julius!"

The boy did not stir. He was terrified beyond speech or movement. And then Mr. Hoby had one of his simple thoughts. Its simplicity appealed to him as being a natural weapon in conflict with subtle iniquity. He had, indeed, no time to reflect. Yet he did recall the old saying that conscience makes cowards of us all, and he decided to act upon it as a desperate expedient for saving the boy and himself from harm, and also, it might be, as a shock to surprise this fiend into an involuntary confession of guilt. Bidding Jool stay in the room, he quietly unlocked the door, stepped into the passage, and put on the dead man's ancient cloak and broad-brimmed hat; then, partly concealing his face by holding the cloak over it, he tottered as in extreme age towards the front door, making unearthly moans. He did not go outside, but swayed weirdly on the threshold, turning round and coming down the passage again, mumbling incoherent sounds. When he re-entered the sitting-room, he found Jool at the window, looking out.

"He's run away!" said the boy excitedly.

"To the green door?"

"Yes. He threw down the spade and ran!"

"We must be after him," said Mr. Hoby, taking off the cloak and hat and putting on his own hat. "You follow me, Jool. Come quick, or he'll escape!"

The spirited old man was so intent on the chase that he hurried at random down a jungly path opposite the house. It chanced to be the right way. The green door was open, and he was soon out of the copse. He was just in time to catch a blurred glimpse of the fugitive, and went after him, shouting "Shepherd, shepherd, shepherd! I'll give you five pounds if you'll stop that man!" But he called to the great nebulous void. No shepherd was in sight, or answered from the obscured immensity. The mist had now lost its fantastic shapes, and become one dense pall upon the hills, shutting out the sky and scarcely leaving visible the grass under foot. Mr. Hoby looked round, breathless, to see if Jool was coming. No sign of him, nor, now, of the man with the peculiar voice. He had the mist-saturated world to himself—could not discern a vestige of the copse, and had no idea whether he was facing east, west, south, or north.

"Jool, Jool, Jool!" he shouted, and then: "Shepherd, shepherd, shepherd!"

But not so much as the echo of his own voice came back. Mr. Hoby felt utterly lost. If he went this way, where would it take him? Or this way, or this? All was uncertainty and awe-inspiring exclusion, not only from human-kind, but from the friendly sights and articulations of Nature. He shouted till he was hoarse, moving the while, yet not knowing in the least whither his steps were taking him. Perhaps half an hour passed in this pallid dreariness, and then it was as if thunder reverberated over the eclipsed heights, and

suddenly an enormous figure loomed down upon Mr. Hoby out of nothingness. It was the tall young shepherd.

"Was it you callin', zur?"

"I have been, God knows! But have you seen anybody else, shepherd?"

"Yes, a man. He's fell over into the great chalk-pit! I saw him goin' toward it. Not that I could see it myself, but I knew it was there from the bramble track along the top. I yelled an' yelled to him to stop, but he never once looked back, and all of a sudden toppled over into the pit!"

"How deep is it?"

"Must be a hundred feet where he went down."

"Water at the bottom?"

"No, only broken-off lumps of chalk."

"He may still be alive," said Mr. Hoby. "Do you mind leading me to the place?"

"You couldn't see nothin', zur, for the fog."

"Well, can't we go round and get to the foot of the cliff somehow? I'll give you a sovereign for yourself."

The shepherd was willing. He got the sovereign there and then, and was so elated at his good luck that hunting for a dead or terribly mangled man in the huge, misty cauldron appeared to be quite a holiday task to him. They had to go very slowly. Mr. Hoby told his companion nothing of his adventures at the "invisible house," but cheered himself up by talking of the "funny" effects of the mist and imagining familiar points in the vast unseen plain below. They reached at last the bottom of the chalk-pit, and Mr. Hoby started as the shepherd gripped his arm and said—

"Two of them, zur!"

Jool was kneeling beside the quiet body of the fugitive. To Mr. Hoby's amazement the boy was crying piteously.

"It's all up with him, ain't it?" said the shepherd, and bent down and lifted an arm, letting it fall again without ceremony. "Ay—he's finished with. Bound to be, where I saw him disappear. Must ha' been deaf not to hear me yellin'. What've you got to cry for, Jool? Anybody'd think——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Hoby, and led the boy apart. "Jool," he asked tenderly, "who was that man?"

The reply came brokenly, out of heart-rending sobs, the strangest, saddest mingling of grief, shame, and the awed despondency of boyhood—

"My father!"

MY DREAMS.

I'LL give you all my dreams to keep,
Once held so fast and mine alone,
And you shall dream them when you sleep,
And have them for your own.

I'll give you all my dreams, nor take
The gift away when night is done;
And you'll remember when you wake,
And know them every one.

I'll give you all my dreams. Oh, light,
My spendthrift heart, and glad, and gay!
And you shall dream them every night,
And know them every day.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



HOW CARELESS!

"THE chap who made this tunic don't know much about putting on buttons. This is the *fifth* time I've 'ad to sew this blinking one on!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE GOLD MATCH-BOX.

By Edward F. Spence.

THE worst of it is that, unless I can find a better explanation than the truth, Jenny may break off the engagement, which would be a calamity for me. I really want to be married, but don't see how such a shy man can ever get engaged again. I don't know how I managed this time; it happened somehow, and she never will tell me what took place just before she mentioned that she preferred "diamonds Marquise shape," a statement which caused me to understand that I was entitled to kiss her—or did she kiss me? Was I really like the fortunate Leigh Hunt, whom Mrs. Carlisle kissed? I still wonder. The match-box was her second present. The first was a desk in which to keep my papers tidy.

Jenny seems to think that I'm not tidy. An error. It may be that I'm not slavishly conventional in my manner of putting things away. I keep a place for everything—what does it matter if something else is there? I know where it is, unless somebody has tidied for me. The whole art of tidiness lies in knowing where to find things, and I maintain that if a man *always* keeps his tobacco in an aluminium collar case and his collars in a golf-ball box, he is just as tidy as anybody else. The second gift was caused by my habit of carrying matches loose in my waistcoat pocket—a capital place if you button up your coat when it rains.

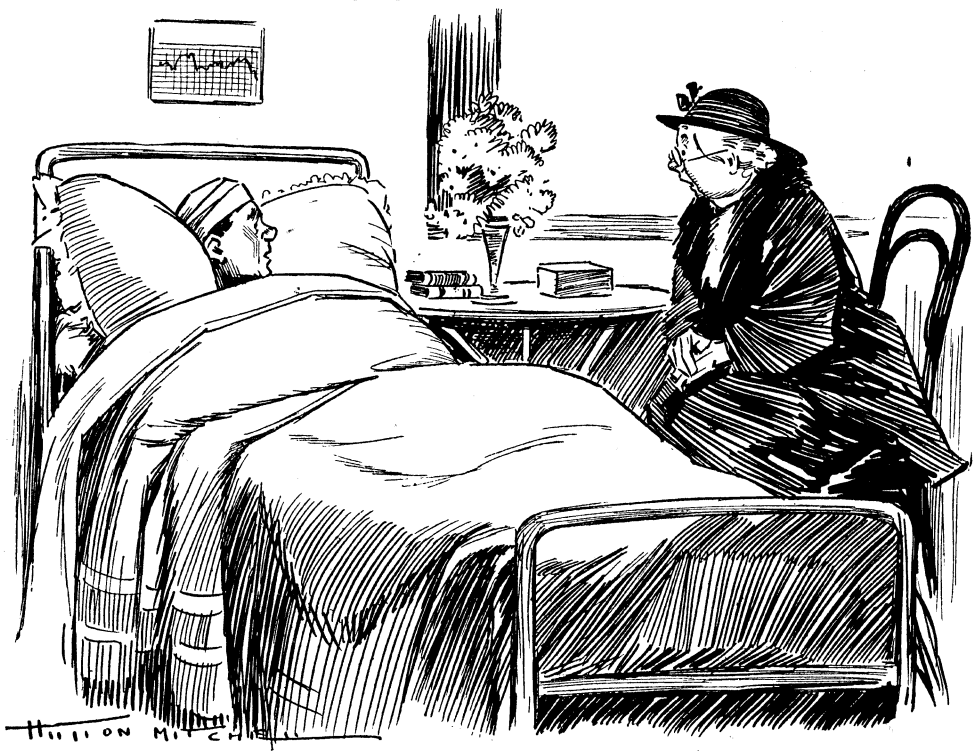
There arrived yesterday morning a parcel. After countless layers of paper came a wooden box—which will do very well for keeping worn-out trout flies—and in it a card "With Jenny's love," then cotton-wool, tissue-paper, and a gold box! It was rather long—about three inches, and in width an inch and a half, but very shallow. I couldn't guess what it was, till I found at one end a sort of raspy surface; then I knew it was a match-box. You strike the matches on the raspy end till very soon it gets filled up, or worn down, after which, of course, you light them in the usual way, on your trousers or the wall-paper. The thing rather took my breath away. I got some matches out of my waistcoat and dropped one in; it promptly disappeared. I tried some others; they all did the same. So I jammed cotton-wool at the bottom, until, when I put in the matches, they peeped out nicely like a row of crocuses coming up—triumph of mind over matter! But it held jolly few, and this was a bit awkward, for I'm constantly letting my pipe out. Indeed, Jenny says that the carpet of any room in which I have been

sitting for an hour looks like a carpenter's shop.

During lunch I produced the treasure to Jones, who at first guessed it was a card-case. He couldn't get a match out, I had packed them in so tight. He tried to see what the hall-mark was, and whether it was eighteen carat, but he couldn't make it out; so he said it was only nine carat, because things are always marked distinctly if eighteen, and you pay the authorities something extra to mark them indistinctly if they aren't, or they blur them in the shop with a hammer. Nasty nature, Jones's!

It was in the afternoon, when going to pay my call on Jenny, that the catastrophe happened. I suddenly felt that I wanted to smoke, and would die if I didn't—you know the feeling. I put my hand into my waistcoat pocket, and of course there wasn't a match. I happened to be standing just beside the kerb. Ha, ha, the golden match-box! But when I had opened it I couldn't get one out, they were stuck in so tight, and all the heads close together. I had a brain wave—I do sometimes. My old pocket-knife, which I wouldn't lose for a king's ransom—whatever that may be—has a pair of tweezers, which I use for holding eyed flies. That would do the trick. It did. When I grasped a match-head with it—bang!—and in a moment all the matches were ablaze, and immediately burnt my hand horribly, which opened, and of course the box fell.

I mentioned that I was standing on the kerb, but not that I was just by a surface-water grating. To my horror the box went right through the bars and out of sight. I knelt down on the pavement to look. A policeman asked me what I was doing. I told him, and inquired how I could get the grating removed. He said that, if I made a written application to the London County Council or the Commissioner of Sewers, it could be done, but he thought that by the time I got permission the box would be at Barking. When I asked where that was, he replied that of course it was near the Isle of Dogs. Now I'm wondering what story to tell Jenny. She won't believe the truth—women never do. She'll say I lost it on purpose, and I shall grow very red, because, though I didn't, I believe I should have if I had thought of it. You see, a waistcoat pocket is so much handier, and holds such a lot more matches.



CAUTION.

WOUNDED TOMMY (after half an hour's boredom): No, mum, I never gives my opinion about the War. 'Aig an' I don't always agree—*an' 'e mightn't like it.*



"IT'S no use," sighed Freddy—"I never can learn to spell, when the teacher changes the words every day."

MUSIC AND MEALS.

(A writer in a musical paper says that shorter meals in restaurants will mean a longer programme of vocal and instrumental music to fill up the time.)

Within the gilded halls in which we sometimes take our dinner,
The orchestra is going strong, the programme's getting very long,
Though meals are growing thinner;
But fewer courses we can stand
So long as there's a decent band.

And if our hunger's unsurpassed, our feelings we must stifle,
The waiter we must not beseech to bring another Melba peach,
Or encore cream and trifle,
But curtailed meals we may prolong
By ordering another song.

So when we gather nowadays around the festive table,
And realise with pained surprise that we have eaten, when we rise,
Far less than we are able,
Fill up with music, don't look glum—
Enjoy a solo on the drum.

R. H. Roberts.

WHEN ONE'S BELONGINGS MISBEHAVE.

By C. Marriage.

THE Hemingways are people who pay a large staff of underlings to look after their possessions for them so effectively that they dare not touch a thing without permission, and might almost be poor relations living in their own house. It doesn't seem altogether the best way to get the largest amount of pleasure for one's money, but I suppose there are compensations. For instance, Mr. Hemingway will tell you with great pride that his rose-garden is the finest in the county, and that head-gardeners and connoisseurs come from all over the country to look at it. But when the beautiful Mrs. Napier asked him for a rose to wear one night at dinner, he had to confess that he wasn't allowed to pick any till the local show next week was over.

This being so, I was a little apprehensive when Netta Cassilis—I was staying with them for the week-end—said she was going to take me to a garden-party there, and would I bring Teddy? Teddy is my small boy of five, with a face like an angel and a talent for



"SEEING'S BELIEVING."

"ARE you sure that they are seed potatoes?"
"Well, mum, I've seed 'em and you've seed 'em, so there ain't no doubt abaht it."

original mischief only equalled by children in fiction.

"He can't do any harm," she pleaded, "and he looks so lovely. I do want them to see him."

So we took him.

For the first half-hour, while he was feeding peacefully on peaches, he was a distinct success. Then I met one or two people I knew, and got introduced to others, and when I looked for him again he was gone. Presently we strolled towards the rose-garden. Several people were there already, some making notes in their pocket-books, and a clergyman who had been closely examining the labels seemed very much excited about something. "A most extraordinary thing," he burst out, as we came up—"a most *extraordinary* thing! Here is a white rose—no smell—for all the world like a Karl Druschki, labelled Juliet—*Juliet*, you know, the rose with the different-coloured under and upper sides. It must be a brand-new variety. But why give it an old name? It's so perplexing. And here—why, they call this Abel Carrière! Yet it's an absolutely different—— This is *most* interesting. I must go and find Hemingway."

I noticed that the idea that the roses had been wrongly named never occurred to him, and then I remembered that the Hemingways' rosary was a sort of oracle. One would as soon have questioned the name-labels at Kew as those of the roses in his garden.

At the other side of the rosary there seemed to be a small hubbub. As we got nearer we saw that in the centre of the disturbance a stout gentleman with a very red face was pointing the end of his stick into a bud. "Don't talk nonsense, Badley!" he was shouting to a little man who stood near. "'Infallible authority' be blowed! I tell you it's a mistake. That rose is Henriette. 'Only carelessness,' if you like. No one's perfect—not even Hemingway's precious gardener—but that rose is Henriette. Go and say 'impossible' to someone else. Good Heavens! What's the matter with this one?"

As he stooped down to examine another label, a sudden thought struck me. I left them hastily and began looking for Teddy.



SOLILOQUY BENEATH THE HEARTHRUG.

"I DON'T see why they want to be the Dreadnought all the time; I'm tired of being a submarine."

Five minutes later, as we drove hurriedly away, Teddy from the depth of the cushions remarked gloomily: "I believe it would have been more fun to turn on all the taps at the fountain at once and watch the goldfish overflow. I did think of that first." And then: "Would *that* have made you feel ashamed of me, too?"

AN old deacon was thanking a minister for filling, on emergency, the local pulpit one Sunday morning. "A worse preacher would have done us, sir, if we had known where to find him," he said.

Born 1820—
still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER (to his host): "What is the matter with my doleful friend?"

Mr. MERRYMAN: "Why! He was afraid you could not come."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "He should understand that, like love, congenial spirits laugh at locksmiths."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

THE SAGE.

"THE reason why I like having Dr. Overfield to dinner, Fred, as you know, is because he is so *wonderfully* clever. It *is* so nice to have someone amongst one's friends who can explain things. I always think he's so good-natured about it, too. Some men hate talking shop when they go out, but he never seems to mind a bit. Now, what was it you were so puzzled about the other day, dear? Something in that book about heredity you are reading. We'll ask him to-night."

Overfield has got a name amongst a few admiring friends—mostly feminine, now I come to think of it—of being one of the cleverest modern workers in scientific research. He has a laboratory full of odd-looking things, and an owlish look. These and his immense capacity for saying nothing have always seemed to me to be his chief assets. But Mildred says I am prejudiced.

At dinner that night she broached the subject as soon as the fish course was over.

"My husband is so anxious for you to explain something to him, Dr. Overfield. He is reading about heredity. I said you'd clear up all his difficulties in a minute. Let me see, what was it, Fred? Something about quiet characteristics, wasn't it?"

"*Acquired* characteristics, dear. Are they still fighting, Overfield?" It seemed to me that the owlish look through the glasses became a shade more owlish as I turned to him. "My book says opinion is pretty sharply divided. But it was written some time ago. What do the latest people think?"

"Ah, the question of heredity has always been a much-discussed subject."

"Yes."

"The camps are hotly divided on certain points."

"Yes, so I gather."



FELLOW-FEELING.

THE VICAR'S WIFE: I must tell you, Mrs. Wurzle—my son has just won a scholarship and goes to college. The Vicar and I hardly know how to express our delight.

MRS. WURZLE: Oh, I quite understands, mum. You must feel like me and my ole man did when our pig took first prize oop at the show.

"As for acquired characteristics, it depends very much on what we understand by 'acquired'——"

"And on what we understand by 'characteristics,'" I could not help adding. Once you have got the trick of this kind of answering, you can go on by yourself.

"Exactly," he said, looking a little surprised.

He then asked me what I had been reading,



"FORTY WINKS."

The Hall Mark of the Smart Woman

By MIMOSA.

TO be really smart a woman must convey the impression of being daintily fastidious regarding her personal belongings and appearance. Her hair and skin must look as though they retained the appearance of youthfulness as a result of cleanliness and care. This is impossible where the skin is spasmodically subjected to experiments with all sorts of preparations. The really smart woman will know what she is using, and those who follow this advice will use only simple, pure ingredients that can be procured in original packages. If the chemist does not have what you want, he can easily obtain it for you, if you insist. In many instances you will find, however, that the articles you require are at hand in your own home.

"Clammy Hands."—After washing your hands, rub over them a little fuller's earth mixed with orris, powdered. I think you will find that this will help.

"Beauty's Cheeks."—Some face creams have a tendency to induce a growth of down on the face. You can be on the safe side by avoiding made-up creams, using instead the natural mercolised wax. It will protect your face in motoring, and holds the powder perfectly. It is the last word in smart, effective toilet luxury.

"Beautiful Lashes."—The character of the eyebrows and lashes certainly has much to do with the beauty of the face. Get about an ounce of mennaline and apply a little at night, brushing gently in the morning. This will bring about a decided improvement in the texture of your eyebrows and lashes.

"Washing Hair Brushes."—Scrupulous cleanliness of the brushes is necessary if you wish to keep your hair in good condition. The best way is to use curd soap and a little household ammonia in warm water. Let the brushes soak for a short time, then wash them thoroughly. Rub as dry as possible and air in the sun.

"Velvet Skin."—Instead of several layers of face cream and powder, try a solution of cleminite. Get an ounce, dissolve it in four ounces of water and bathe face with the solution, rubbing it quite dry. You will have a "skin like velvet" effect that will last for hours.

"Scanty Locks."—Thick glossy coils of your own hair means devoting time to brushing and scalp massage, also an occasional use of hair tonic to keep the hair healthy. The best and simplest tonic is bay rum and boranium. Get about an ounce of boranium in a small original packet, mix it with ¼-pint of bay rum. This will clear off any dandruff and materially aid in producing the desired result.

"Large Pores and Blackheads."—This is the formula: Obtain a few stymol tablets from the chemist's, and dissolve one in a cup of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided, dab the face, using a small sponge. The result is quite startling. This is an excellent astringent. Used every day will close the enlarged pores and prevent wrinkles.

"Bloom of Health."—The use of rouge, if obvious, is rather vulgar. You can get over the difficulty and still have nice rosy cheeks by using powdered colliandum. Get a small tin and apply a little with the tips of the fingers. It is quite harmless, and its natural colour blends with the tint of the skin, so its use can never be detected if it is applied properly.

"In Bad Odour."—I do not know of any safe way to check excessive perspiration, but you can instantly kill the odour, which is not only unpleasant to you, but to those about you, by applying a little powdered pergol.

"Cupid's Bow."—The best thing to use for your lips is just a stick of soft prolactum. Rub this over the lips, and it will give them the desired colour and keep them soft and fresh.

"Superfluous Hair."—You can remove that undesirable down on your face with pheminol. Get an ounce and apply a little to the hair, which can soon be rubbed off, leaving the skin quite clear. It is very simple to use, and has the effect of so weakening the roots that the hair will not return.

"Lack-lustre Hair."—If your hair is dull and lustreless after a shampoo, you are using something that is too soapy. Try just plain stallax. Get an original package, as it is more economical. A teaspoonful in a cup of hot water for each shampoo is sufficient, as it foams tremendously and rinses off easily, leaving the hair lustrous and fluffy, with a dainty suggestion of perfume.

"Premature Greyness."—This trouble may be easily overcome, and the hair restored to its natural colour, by using concentrate of tammalite. Mix it with about the same quantity of bay rum, and apply with a small sponge.



THE EXPLANATION.

AUNTIE: What on earth is the matter?
THE REFUGEES: Oh, Auntie, we only asked Uncle what "bunkered at the fif'" meant!

and how far I had got, and for the rest of dinner I talked a good deal more than I generally do.

After he had gone, Mildred said with a beaming smile: "There now, Fred, hasn't it been interesting, discussing it all with him? Is everything clear now?"

I thought hard. Going over the conversation at dinner as faithfully as I could recall it, Overfield's contribution to it had been as follows:—

"Exactly." "Oh, ah—yes." "That may be so, of course." "One cannot definitely say yes to that—or no." "I should be inclined to say so, and yet——" "Ah, naturally."

* * * * *

I have since found out that Overfield's special study is bacteriology. My own, for some time to come, is going to be Overfield.

"DOCTOR," asked the invalid, "don't you think a change to a warmer climate would do me good?"

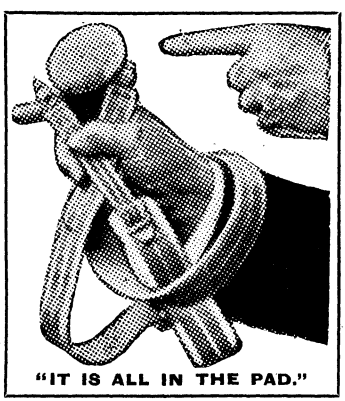
"Heavens, man," replied the doctor, "that's just what I'm trying to save you from!"

DANGEROUS RUPTURES CURED

FAMOUS SPECIALIST'S WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION. SENT ON APPROVAL TO ALL SUFFERERS!

TO say that a great sensation has been caused by the latest discovery of Mr. D. M. Cooper, the famous Surgical Appliance Maker, is to put it mildly. Surgeons and sufferers alike are evincing the greatest interest in the wonderful new "Mecca" Rupture-Lock, which has undoubtedly rung the death-knell of old-fashioned, uncomfortable, and even dangerous trusses.

For the benefit of those readers who suffer from Rupture, the new Appliance may be briefly described. By the ingenious substitution of a scientific pneumatic pad, manufactured by a special secret process, the ruptured parts are closed gently but firmly. The Rupture is kept in place, and the terrible dragging-down feeling immediately disappears. Instead of the brutal, vice-like grip of the harsh, unyielding truss, the soft, compressed air-pad in the "Mecca" Rupture-Lock keeps the Rupture in place by a gentle and even soothing and comforting pressure.



"IT IS ALL IN THE PAD."

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Many "old-style" trusses are absolutely dangerous. They aggravate the condition of the sufferer instead of relieving it. Others are useless and quite incapable of ever accomplishing a cure. The "Mecca" Rupture Lock not only gives instant relief, but often brings eventually a lasting cure.

No one should neglect a rupture, even be the swelling only the size of a marble or a hazel nut. Neglected, it will steadily increase in size until it may even threaten the victim's life. Above all, shun old-fashioned and usually injurious trusses. Try the new "Mecca" Rupture-Lock instead. It has already won golden opinions from Surgeons and sufferers alike.

To enable every reader of the *Windsor Magazine* who suffers from Rupture to examine the new invention personally before purchasing, Mr. Cooper says: I will send to any address

ON APPROVAL

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This is certainly an offer that no Ruptured man or woman can possibly ignore. It binds you to no obligation. The Appliance is sent you simply "On Approval." If after a personal examination you do not think it immeasurably superior to the old-fashioned truss, and likely to prove of great relief and benefit to you, simply return it at once, and no charge will be made. On the other hand, if, like so many others who have since written thanking Mr. Cooper for his great discovery, you feel that it will benefit you and help towards a cure, the cost is only a few shillings, and easily within reach of all. If you are a sufferer, do not hesitate a moment to accept this offer. If you do, you may postpone your decision until it is too late. Write at once for full particulars (a postcard will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd. (Dept. 778), Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally every day (except Saturday) between the hours of 11 and 1, and from 2 to 3.

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BEING well equipped physically, Michael Murphy had no difficulty in holding his job as village sexton, until the first interment, when he was asked to sign the certificate. "Oi can't write," said Mike, and was discharged.

Out of a job, Mike turned to contracting, and in time became wealthy and a figure in his community. When he applied to a leading bank for a large loan, he was assured that he could get it, and was asked to sign the necessary notes. Again he was obliged to reply: "Oi can't write."

The banker was astounded. "And you have accumulated all this wealth and position without knowing how to write!" he exclaimed. "What would you have been to-day if you could write?"

Mike paused a moment and answered—

"Oi would have been a sexton."

THE children happened to be present when mother received an applicant for the position of nursemaid.

"Why were you discharged from your last place?" asked mother, when she had ascertained, after much ingenuity, that the applicant had not voluntarily left that place.

"Well, ma'am," said the girl very frankly, "to tell the truth, I sometimes forgot to wash the children, ma'am."

Whereupon there came from the children in chorus: "Oh, mother, please engage her!"

"I'M very much afraid that Jimmie isn't trying enough," wrote an anxious mother to the teacher of her young hopeful.

"You are quite wrong," wrote back the tired teacher, "for I assure you that Jimmy is the most trying boy in the class."

A MOTHER brought her boy to school for the first time, and thus counselled the teacher with reference to the proper handling of him:—

"This little boy is very delicate, as he is afther a fit of harmonya on the loongs; but if he does anything bould—and I know he will—bate the wan next to him, an' 'twill be sure to frighten him."

"HEY," yelled the keeper, appearing suddenly above the young fisherman, "you are fishing for trout! Don't you know they ain't in season?"

"Yes," replied the youth. "But when it's the season for trout, they ain't around; and when it ain't the season, there's lots of 'em. If the fish ain't a-going to obey the rules, I ain't, neither."

"ETHEL," said her mother, "have you been at my jam cupboard again?"

Ethel at once became very busy arranging her doll's hair. "Mother," she replied, "when you were a little girl, didn't grandma teach you not to be too inquisitive, same's you have me?"



THE REASON.

THE FLAPPER: Why do you bring the wine in a bath-chair?
THE WAITER: Because it's so old, miss (*tip, sixpence extra*).

A VERY stout man stood gazing longingly at the nice things displayed in a haberdasher's window for a marked-down sale. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying shirts or pyjamas.

"Alas, no!" replied the fat man wistfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

Facing Third Cover.]

THE SEPTEMBER WINDSOR

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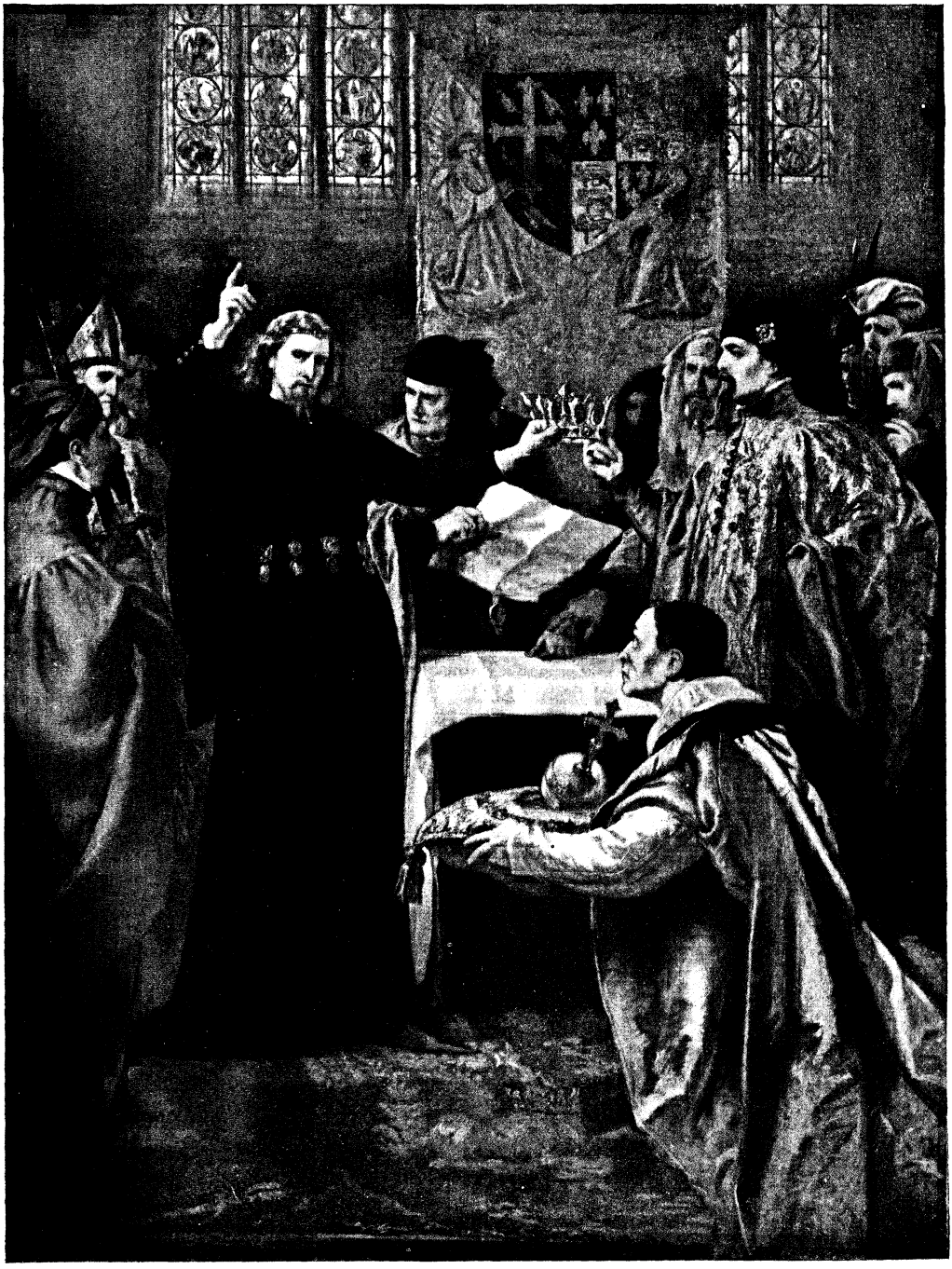
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"RICHARD II. RESIGNING THE CROWN TO BOLINGBROKE."

By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

From the original in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, reproduced by permission of the Corporation. *See the article in this number on Pictures from Shakespeare's Historical Plays.*



MR. MASSEY, PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND, AND SIR JOSEPH WARD ON A MINE CRATER.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

VISITORS AT THE FRONT AND THEIR IMPRESSIONS OF THE BRITISH EFFORT

By E. D. USHAW.

THERE was one thing that struck our Prime Minister at Allied Conferences abroad: "And that is the increasing extent to which the Allied peoples are looking to Great Britain . . . She is to them like a great tower of strength. She has become more and more the hope of the oppressed, and the despair of the oppressor." Now, the genesis and growth of that "despair" is a wonderful historic fact, to be set out in striking parallels beside the joyous war-whoop of 1914, when German hosts swarmed down through Belgium, and the vast dream of *Mitteleuropa* was put to proof.

The ablest German thinkers have for a long time been compiling a "*Fehlergeschichte*," or an account of the serious blunders and miscalculations; and of these the greatest of all relates to Britain, now the driving-force of the entire War. Hence all the Hymns of Hate, of course; hence the concentration of all the warship yards, from Bremen to Dantzig, upon submarine construction, destined to break the dreadful *Seegewalt*, or "gondola power," of Britain, which supplies every war zone with munitions and men. I suppose the *Rheinisch Westfälische Zeitung* is the best-informed paper in the German

Empire, owned and controlled as it is by the vast armament concern of Krupp's. Well, that journal is now very angry with the "prattlers of 1914, who so foolishly and dangerously underestimated the British effort."

But if the Kaiser himself was one of those prattlers—who has forgotten his scoffing allusion to "French's contemptible little army"?—small wonder that lesser men, like von Treitschke and Bernhardi, were eager in their urging of an onslaught upon "that monstrous Colossus with feet of clay." And now who would recognise "the swashbuckler of Europe" in Bethmann-Hollweg's plaintive claim of later date: "Germany merely wants to defend her own national territory against foreign plans of conquest, and also wants guarantees for future self-protection"?

I wish I had room to set against this plea the truculent roars that rose above the "*Nach Paris!*" and "*Nach Calais!*" of those early days. Let us not grow too accustomed to the British effort which has stemmed the deluge that menaced Europe, and changed the whole tone and aspect of the War. We are, perhaps, too close to it for adequate appraisal, for proper appreciation of the part our stupendous sea-power plays, and the enormous "mushroom" Army of millions backed by our daughter nations—by Indian princes and African blood and brains of so wide a range that we have on one hand the soldier-statesman General Smuts, the Boer, and on the other, Company Sergeant-Major Belo Akure, of the Nigeria Regiment, who sent his men over an unfordable river in a canoe, and himself faced the enemy alone, covering their retirement with magnificent pluck.



KING GEORGE INSPECTING A GERMAN DUG-OUT.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by "Topical."

"When the Prussian attacked us," Lord Rosebery said, "he was compacting and uniting our Empire in a way never known before." "The War has shown," Friederich Naumann (of *Mitteleuropa* fame) now warns his people about the British fabric, "that loose threads, when wisely woven, will hold fast." It is that fabric which has stifled German military might; and Britain's

concerted effort—of which our huge Army in France is the most astonishing portent—is beyond doubt an historic miracle which to-day wakes the wonder of the civilised world, as I shall show.

"Over a million tons of our shipping," Mr. Lloyd George tells us, "have been allocated to France alone," apart from Italy's share and Russia's. Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassador in Petrograd, was able to say many months ago that we had already advanced to our Allies the immense sum of £600,000,000 for the purchase of war material, besides what we supplied direct—guns and shells, clothing by the million yards, boots, motors and railway stock, wire and steel, coal and oil and rubber brought from the ends of the earth almost as freely as though there were no war at all. The Commissariat Department of the Allies is surely the biggest "shopper" in existence, having laid out £220,000,000 in supplies in less than two years.

Wherever we turn we find eloquent testimony to Britain as that tower of strength of which the Prime Minister spoke. "We must not forget," M. Roditcheff told the new Party of National Liberty in Petrograd, "that in the summer of 1914 the German Fleet failed to reach us here only because of the overwhelming menace of the British Navy. We must acquit our obligations for this service." Every statesman of France has echoed this sentiment, and dwelt with pride on that "brotherhood of arms" which President Poincaré saw "established for ever between our two nations." Publicists like MM. Clemenceau and Humbert, Hervé, Chevrillon and Pichon, have made their pages glow with pictures of Britain at war, with our world-empire a universal forge and camp geared for the finish fight—the merciless *Niederwerfungskrieg* which is now the gloomy theme of a distinguished historian like Professor Friederich Meinicke, of Freiburg University.

The Italians, too, tell their people of the new *spirito gionbullesco* which moves mountains and makes no fuss. A Socialist Minister like Signor Bissolati has visited our lines and carried news of Britain's effort to those marvellous Alpini who haul giant



THE KING OF MONTENEGRO INSPECTING ONE OF OUR NEW MACHINES.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

guns up to the eternal snows that look down upon Italia Irredenta. America and Holland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark sent witnesses of their own to our Army Headquarters. Typical testimony, forceful and heartfelt, is that of Señor Fabian Vidal, who was Spain's chosen envoy in this matter. "I have seen the British armies," he says, in the Madrid *España*, "not only in France and Belgium, but also in the British Isles, and am full of admiration for the colossal effort they



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON INSPECTING ARMY RATIONS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Sport & General.

represent. No nation but this one could bring such a miracle to pass. . . . New divisions by the dozen have been created, together with corps of officers and Overseas contingents which are great armies in themselves. These have had to be co-ordinated with the British High Command. And what can I say of civilian armies at home, with their enormous output of rifles and big guns, projectiles and automatics, hospital and camp furniture, uniforms, motors, field telephones and telegraphs, airships and aeroplanes, field kitchens and all the mountainous impedimenta of new millions streaming forth to war—a war of redemption and justice?"

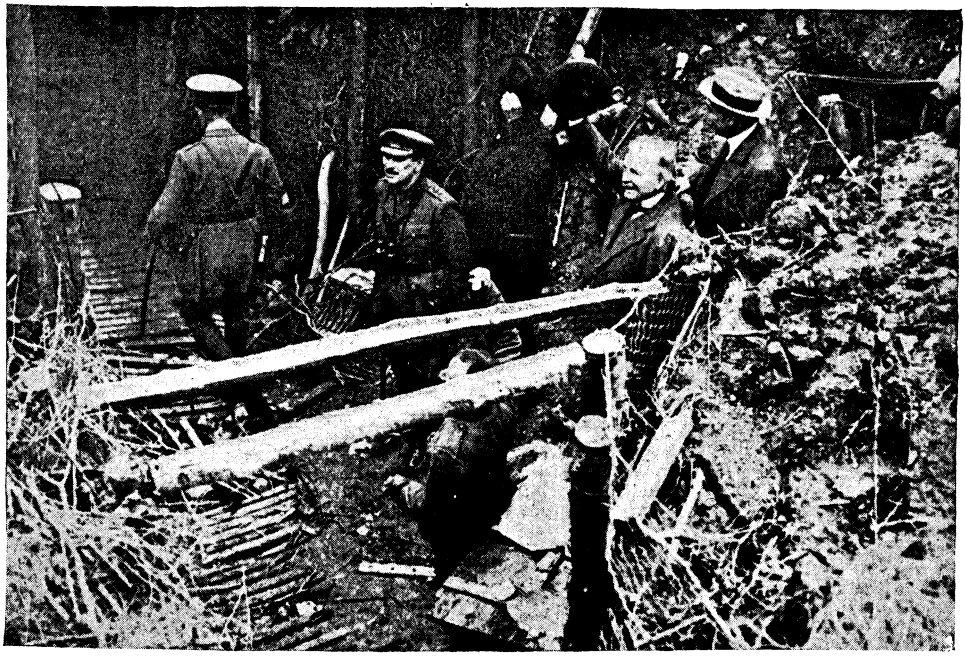
Our Russian Parliamentary visitors summed their impressions in the one word "Colossal!" "We saw for ourselves," declared M. Radkevitch, a Conservative Member of the Duma, "that there is no limit to the industrial strength and potentialities of Britain, just as there is no limit set to the moral resources of her character or her resolution to win the Great War."

Now, all this witness is no smooth stuff uttered for politeness' sake; it is the conviction of men profoundly impressed with what they have seen. "We could not without deep emotion," Deputy Shingarev told the Russian Duma, "see with what fervour, energy, and harmony the whole people of Great Britain are prosecuting our



MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, LORD READING, ON "KING GEORGE'S HILL."

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS ON EMERGING FROM A CAPTURED GERMAN DUG-OUT.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.

common cause." The Princes of India, the Premiers and statesmen of our great Empire were equally moved. "It read like a romance" to Sir Edward Morris, Prime Minister of Newfoundland—this army of five millions, this wealth of weapons and munitions, our conquest of the air, the valour of our sons, the rain of fabulous treasure into the war-chest in order that Britain's effort might grow greater still.

Of course, Sir Edward visited our trenches in France, and there came upon a Newfoundland fisher-lad named Gardener. In



MR. BALFOUR STANDING NEAR ONE OF OUR BIG HOWITZERS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.

the grey of dawn this soldier, quite alone, crept over to a dug-out in the German lines and with the boldest bluff called upon all its occupants to surrender—which they promptly did, taking the ex-fisher-boy for a British colonel with a big force at his back! Private Gardener's "bag" was no less than seventy-two German soldiers and one officer. All this leads up to the fact that our Army is on show. There is a special Chateau of Reception, under a man born for the job—a linguist and a diplomat, a tactful enthusiast who can steer through our far-flung lines the itself that our lines are shown to visitors—or, rather, certain strategic spots in a battle-front of one hundred and twenty miles. The British journalist is a visitor, for it is well he should tell the nation what it is getting for an unprecedented outlay of seven or eight millions a day, besides all the energy of our manhood. Our own M.P.'s are also visitors; the result is fewer questions to Ministers, with a more intelligent grasp of the War and all it entails.

King George is a visitor, as we all know, so are men of the King's Navee—very droll and fascinated visitors, with whose

King of Montenegro or the French Minister of Munitions, a privileged American reporter, the Vice-President of the Russian Duma, the London Correspondent of the Madrid *Imparcial*, or eminent New Zealanders like Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward.

Seeing is believing. "Britain, with her man-power and material, is winning the War," M. Stephen Pichon assures France, and bids his people have no illusions as to the course of events if the Island Power had not gone in with all her soul and strength. It is in order that the world may behold this for

experiences I shall presently deal. The Archbishop of Canterbury goes to the Front to confer with the chaplains; foreign Attachés seek professional information from our Army Staffs. There is, indeed, a quite alarming range of guests, from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh—invited by Sir Douglas Haig—to the concert party under Mr. George Grossmith—he had a memorable stroll in evening-dress through our advanced works whilst they were heavily shelled. Here are four Canadian Senators expected, and six members of the Ottawa House of Commons. Or here is Mr. Lloyd George himself, or Labour Members taking in valuable lessons for their Trade Unions; there are intelligent artisans from the shops—an idea which originated with Sir William Beardmore, of Glasgow. These visitors to Headquarters were chosen by their fellows on the Clyde, and they had no sooner landed than "brave soldiers lying maimed and torn" cried: "We need more shells!" Be sure those skilled Scots went back to Glasgow as missionaries, with a new and earnest message for their mates. Manchester sent its Labour envoys, too, so did Newcastle and Birmingham.

"It rests with the working classes," reported the deputation from the Midland capital, "to supply the mind and muscle necessary to manufacture hour by hour the tons of shot and shell by which alone our soldiers can effectively do their work. There may be grievances in the workshop, but these should be settled without stoppage. Even if not settled, the soldiers at the Front, who in the main are drawn from working-class ranks, should be able to feel that they are not hampered in their task by any lack of sacrifice which working men at home may be able to make." Reading this, and weighing with it all the foreign testimony, it becomes apparent that Britain's Army of millions in France is a politico-social-industrial achievement of the first order, and that visits to the trenches exercise a powerful influence upon the minds of all—our own civilians, our Overseas Dominions, our Allied peoples, and the neutral nations from Norway to Spain.

The Grand Fleet is shown also, of course;



MR. BEN TILLETT INSPECTING SHELLS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.

but then the sea is Britannia's natural element. It is her immense effort on land which impresses Continental Europe, so alien is it to all our traditions. M. Pichon sums it as "an incomparable manifestation of the force of will—the rugged strength and sheer tenacity of a mighty people who were in no way prepared for such upheaval." Italy hears of British "heavies" on the Julian front, and strange unwieldy monitors hurling huge shells upon Austrian positions from the Gulf of Trieste. "Imagine Britain



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT BEHIND THE SCENES OF AN IMPROVISED THEATRE AT THE FRONT DURING HER SERIES OF PERFORMANCES FOR THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

From a French War Office official photograph issued by Newspaper Illustrations.

neutral in this War," writes M. Gustave Hervé, for civilisation to ponder the resultant havoc. "Picture to yourself the German Fleet mistress of the seas in August, 1914. . . . Prussian hegemony must have been established over Europe."

Our naval veto was a tremendous stroke, and the Germans set to work to counteract it. Moltkeism, they said, would yet outwit Mahanism: the soldier would baffle and beat the sailor. It was not to be, however. Britain recognised that even sea-power so complete as hers could not be a decisive factor; it has never, unaided, won a campaign for us since the Dutch adventures of the seventeenth century. And our final war with Napoleon lasted for ten years after the crushing defeat of Trafalgar. So "the whale" had to transform herself and meet "the elephant" in his own field. How this was done we all know, though the foreign observer is never tired of trumpeting it as a portent past belief. "It is you British," said that great scientific soldier General Castelnau, "who have given the Boche the shock of his life. You've sent millions of men into the field just when he's flagging and tired. The Germans never thought this possible." And General Foch recalled to Delannes, a former Chief of Staff, the old verdict of Marshal Canrobert in the Crimea: "Once the British people decide a thing, that thing is done."

I have said that this mushroom Army is on show as tangible, crushing propaganda for all the world to see. I have hinted also



FRENCH JOURNALISTS ON A VISIT TO THE FRONT.

Photo by Alfieri.

that visitors are a necessary evil, with special accommodation prepared for them — fast cars and expert guides down the devious mazes of "Piccadilly" and the "Strand," those quaintly-named, zig-zag ditches which call a halt for all time to the great Prussian pounce. The Financial Secretary to the War Office was heckled about these Headquarters guests, and told the House that "each commander has selected or nominated those



THE SPANISH GENERALS' VISIT TO THE BRITISH FRONT: GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA INSPECTING BREAD AT A FRENCH BAKERY.

From an official photograph issued by L.N.A.

Members whom he thought it would be desirable to invite." "There is general agreement," the Secretary pursued, "both military and civilian, that only those who have special business connected with public welfare should go out."

Now, there is something at once impressive and humorous, in a peculiar British style, about the notion of our tremendous war-machine as an object-lesson to our Allies, to our Empire and ourselves. For the range of guests is curiously wide. Royalty is a frequent visitor to our lines, as we knew to our concern and regret when King George's horse, startled by the soldiers' cheering, reared and fell upon his rider, inflicting painful injuries. On his latest visit to the Front, His Majesty has been accompanied by Queen Mary, who was especially interested "to become personally acquainted with the excellent arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded, whose welfare is ever close to her heart." Here is the Bishop of London holding a Communion Service. Here is Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., joining in a trench chorus.

Mr. Crooks saw wealthy women of gentle birth driving transport wagons and doing all sorts of menial and manual labour. "Don't touch me," murmured a lady to the genial Member from Poplar; "my hands are not fit to be seen." "And certainly they were in an awful state," Mr. Crooks agreed. Lord Derby is an honoured guest at G.H.Q., a live and sympathetic link between the trenches and Whitehall. The Y.M.C.A. staff are permanent residents and ministers, all the way from the advanced works back to port. They are not looked upon as "civvies"; they are out here to help our lads, and not to learn and observe in the fashion of foreign journalists, who must be very carefully shepherded, and their "flimsies" edited, lest any incautious—if perfectly innocent—allusion should give valuable information to the foe.



MR. MASSEY, PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND, COMING OUT OF A GERMAN DUG-OUT.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

Mr. W. Brace, as Under-Secretary of State for the Home Office, himself acted as cicerone to a party of munition workers visiting our Armies in Flanders and France. Many important Trade Unions were represented in this personally conducted tour—the Steam Engine Makers, the Carpenters and Joiners, the Brass Founders, Engineers, Blacksmiths

and Ironworkers, Electrical Trades, Boilermakers and Shipbuilders.

The report of these delegates to the Parliamentary Munitions Committee is a movement of terse common-sense, for the visitors made themselves the mouthpiece of "Trade Unionists working alongside non-unionists for long hours and little pay, under war conditions." It was, of course, the voice of the fighting men interpreted by their industrial brethren and guests. . . . "In the trenches we were told: 'We want more galvanised iron to make roofs; more extended metal to hold up the sides.'" And again: "'More cable for communications.'"

able observer, scudding down the poplar-shaded roads, spoke of a ten-hour film, a landscape that hummed and roared with never-resting energy. "The Army dumps itself and its gear everywhere. It dumps great camps on every slope. You long to close your eyes and evade the blizzard of bewildering sensations. The brain refuses to register... It is clogged and blurred and jammed like a maddened wireless." So is the indescribable described, with queer shifting of the scene when the visitor came upon the Bengal Lancers, bearded and grave and swart, "dancing in a meadow of Picardy." After that the Horse Guards Blue, straight



QUEEN MARY VISITING AN AERODROME ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Sport & General.

Sappers and miners had their say to these "civvy" guests. So had the gunners and lads on listening post, as well as the surgical staff, the transport men, railway hands and road-makers of war-ploughed Picardy.

Thus the Visitors' Chateau is an exceedingly important institution — a sort of clearing-house for ideas, publicity, and new understanding between our fighting men and the munitions plant at home, the Parliament and people, our brethren overseas, as well as our Allies and the neutral nations. The wise civilian guest will not attempt to take in too much—the plain truth is that our war-machine is too wide and huge a fact for swift and just perception. A very

and steady and stern in polished saddles, their English eyes gleaming under mediæval morions.

Conscientious Labour visitors floundered through "Water Lane" into "Fleet Street," like "a party of brickfield owners returning from a stocktaking survey." Luckily they had soldier-valets to scrape them when they got back to G.H.Q. Tommy's kitchen and "comfort" arrangements, the Manchester delegates vowed, "approached the miraculous in a land torn with war." But the guest to be pitied most is the Allied or neutral journalist who must see it all and endure with true soldier zest till he is in a position to sort out his

impressions and set them down in orderly array for his people at home.

Here is an American handed a gas-mask and a package of field-dressings. "You may only need them once in fifty tours," his guide tells him, "but that once may mean life or death." There is no need to follow that hardy Pressman or the photographer at his heels—the hero of a hundred fights and wounded cameras galore. The American describes all the terrors more freely than we may do here. The passage of aerial squadrons is dealt with; the American has a way of stating a fact with astonishing force, and then adducing testimony from officers and men in the trench. Thus: "The German is a brave fighter, but a dirty one." Where have we seen the case so accurately stated in so few words?

This man and his fellows are valuable visitors. American homage to the new British machine is flashed under the seas to a hundred million people now girding themselves for war, and quite likely to turn the scale in this enormous clash of nations and ideals. But of all the guests in our trenches, perhaps the naval lads were the jolliest and most heartily welcomed. Certainly they were the only visitors who took up arms to repel a German attack. "At 4.15 p.m. on that day," says the official log, "the enemy exploded several mines, and the local position was for a short time critical. The Royal Navy party rose to the occasion. Two of them, on seeing a Vickers gun-team knocked out, manned the gun at once and kept it in action most usefully for some time. Many took rifles and fired away hard. The remainder helped to recover and assist the wounded." One petty officer prowled as a sniper, and was rewarded at last. "I hadn't come all this way for nothing!" the gleeful seaman cried. He produced a pocket-book and made out the death-warrant of at least one German, at the same time securing the signature of the company commander as a certificate of his feat.

These sailor guests were rather appalled at the trench life of our land fighters. "I wouldn't exchange berths with 'em for a pound a minute," a Marine declared devoutly. The naval surgeon with this visiting party was aghast at soldier humours in the muddy ditch. "I was about to stand on the fire-step one night," he said, "and peer over the parapet. Suddenly I put my foot on something soft. 'Oh,' cried my guide, '*don't* wake that sentry up—he's had an awful day!'"

"That Tommy," the surgeon pursued, "was still fast asleep, with half his body collapsed in liquid mud on the trench floor. We put him back, and then he woke up, full of apologies. 'I often fall out o' bed, sir,' he told me brightly."

THE SLEUTH

By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.

MR. COMMISSIONER SANDERS sat in the palaver house of an N'gombi village, and the deep circle of half-naked cannibals who squatted about him were not happy. The cooking-pots of the village were untended, for the women and even the children had gathered at the edge of the crowd to hear in what manner Sandi would accept an embarrassing situation.

All the morning the chief and his headmen had been talking, walking about the semicircle and waving their arms in gesticulations which betokened at once their earnestness and apprehension, and now the last speaker had finished, and it was the turn of the Law Giver.

"All this morning have I listened to you," said Sanders, in the deep-chested Bomongo tongue, "until my ears have grown weary. Now, this I know. That in the full of the sixth moon I come to this village, as is the custom, to take in my two hands the taxes you must pay to Government—so much fish, so much manioc, so much corn and rubber and ivory. Now, you tell me that your hunting has been poor, and that your crops have been bad, and your young men have been too sick to go into the far forest to tap the trees, and that I must take to my King one-half of what is his due. Now, I know—because I have many spies—that you have given great feasts, and have had dances, and have traded your rubber with the Arabi for foolish trinkets. This I tell you—that I will come to you when three moons have passed, and you shall give me all that you owe, and then, when another three moons have gone, I will come again, and you shall give me full measure. This palaver is finished."

He rose stiffly from his stool and walked through the throng, which gave way sullenly and with lowering brows—for this order meant much work for the young men—and walked through the village. Standing before the hut of the chief M'liko was the little daughter of the house, a wilting, dejected figure. Sanders was fond of children, and he laid his hand upon the child's head and said—

"What is wrong with you, M'jibini?"

"Lord," said the child, "I have a great pain in my head."

"Go to my big ship," said Sanders, "and speak with my soldier *capita*, and he will give you good medicine."

It is a fact that the little girl did not go, but, overcome by fright at having been spoken to by so great a man, ran into her father's hut.

The chief M'liko came to the beach to see Sanders depart.

"Lord," said M'liko, "we are poor and feeble men, and what magic can you give us that we may perform all the terrible tasks you have set us?"

Sanders looked at him through narrowed lids.

"This day," he said quietly, "my magic shall begin to work, and you will see that I am very powerful."

And he steamed away down-stream, leaving a fuming and an insubordinate chief to scowl at the wake of the white *Zaire*.

That night the chief's daughter died suddenly, and a vengeful M'liko called his kindred together to tell them of the magic Sandi had wrought.

"This we know," said M'liko, "that Sandi has been very cruel to the people of this village. Now he has done the worst of all, for he has put his hand upon the child of my second wife, and she has died the death."

He touched the ground to the left and to the right, to propitiate the ghost of the dead child, and all who listened did the same.

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"Now, if we do not work," said M'liko, "Sandi will come here, and he will blast all our children by his magic, for this he has promised to do by his own mouth. Shall we wait to die?" He peered round at the terrified faces, and saw that his kindred were with him.

This happened a week before the events which are recorded below. On a hot spring evening Lieutenant Tibbetts strutted across the Houssas' parade-ground, his brow wrinkled in a fierce frown. Now and again he would stop, open the big book he carried under his arm, read a passage and apparently memorise the wisdom he culled, for he threw up his head, closed his eyes, and appeared to be praying.

His superior, Captain Hamilton, watched the performance with annoyance. Mr. Commissioner Sanders was a puzzled and amused spectator, but the girl, who stood between the two men in the shade of the Residency verandah, was all gurgling merriment.

"What the dickens is wrong with Bones?" demanded Hamilton fretfully. "Is he training for a Buddhist priest, or something?"

Bones came nearer, discovered with an exaggerated start that he had an audience, and, with a smile wholly self-conscious and apologetic, came with quick, mincing strides to the verandah steps, humming what he was pleased to describe as a "snatch" in a loud, unmusical hum.

"Whenever you start singing, Bones," growled Hamilton, "I am reminded of the noise which a gramophone makes before the needle strikes the harmony."

Bones clicked his heels and saluted. This heel-clicking of his was a new accomplishment which for some reason was particularly irritating to Hamilton.

"Where on earth did you pick up that disgusting habit of yours, Bones?" he snarled. The temperature was only a hundred and four in the shade, but the Houssa captain was shaking off an over-night attack of malaria.

"Dear old sir an' almost father," said Bones airily, "there are certain jolly old stunts that a feller who is studyin' for The Service has to get acquainted with."

"What service? Are you going to battle?" asked his incredulous chief. "And what is that book you're hiking around?"

Bones handed the volume to the other without a word.

"'Twenty Years in the Secret Service, by an ex-Spy,'" read Hamilton, and glared at his imperturbable junior.

"Oh, Bones," cried the admiring girl, "you're not going to be a Secret Service man? How perfectly splendid!"

Bones, flushed with pride, screwed in his monocle and clicked his heels again, bowing from the waist downward.

"Army's a bit dull, dear Miss Patricia Hamilton," he said; "no chance for a feller with brains and that sort of thing. All very well for a dear old gentleman like Ham—no offence, jolly old skipper—but for a bright lad with vision an' judgment——"

"Do you mean to tell me that you're swotting up this kind of stuff?" demanded Hamilton, smacking the book with his cane.

"Just pickin' up a few hints—that's all." Bones clicked his heels again, saluted, and bent double.

"Swedish drill, too? Good Heavens, Bones," said Hamilton, wilfully dense, "what a deuce of a lot of things you have to learn in the Secret Service! Can you do conjuring tricks?"

Bones shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, and spread out his palms in a gesture of despair.

"Watch him closely, everybody," said Hamilton admiringly—"he's going to palm a rabbit!"

Bones cleared his throat.

"Between the diplomatic an' the military mind, my jolly old officer, there's a chasm which——"

"Dinner!" said Sanders briskly. "Bones, we will anticipate your admission to the Great Service in the usual way. O Abiboo, bring me from the cold cellar of my fine house one bottle of the wine with the golden end, and also one bottle of the wine with the dust of many days."

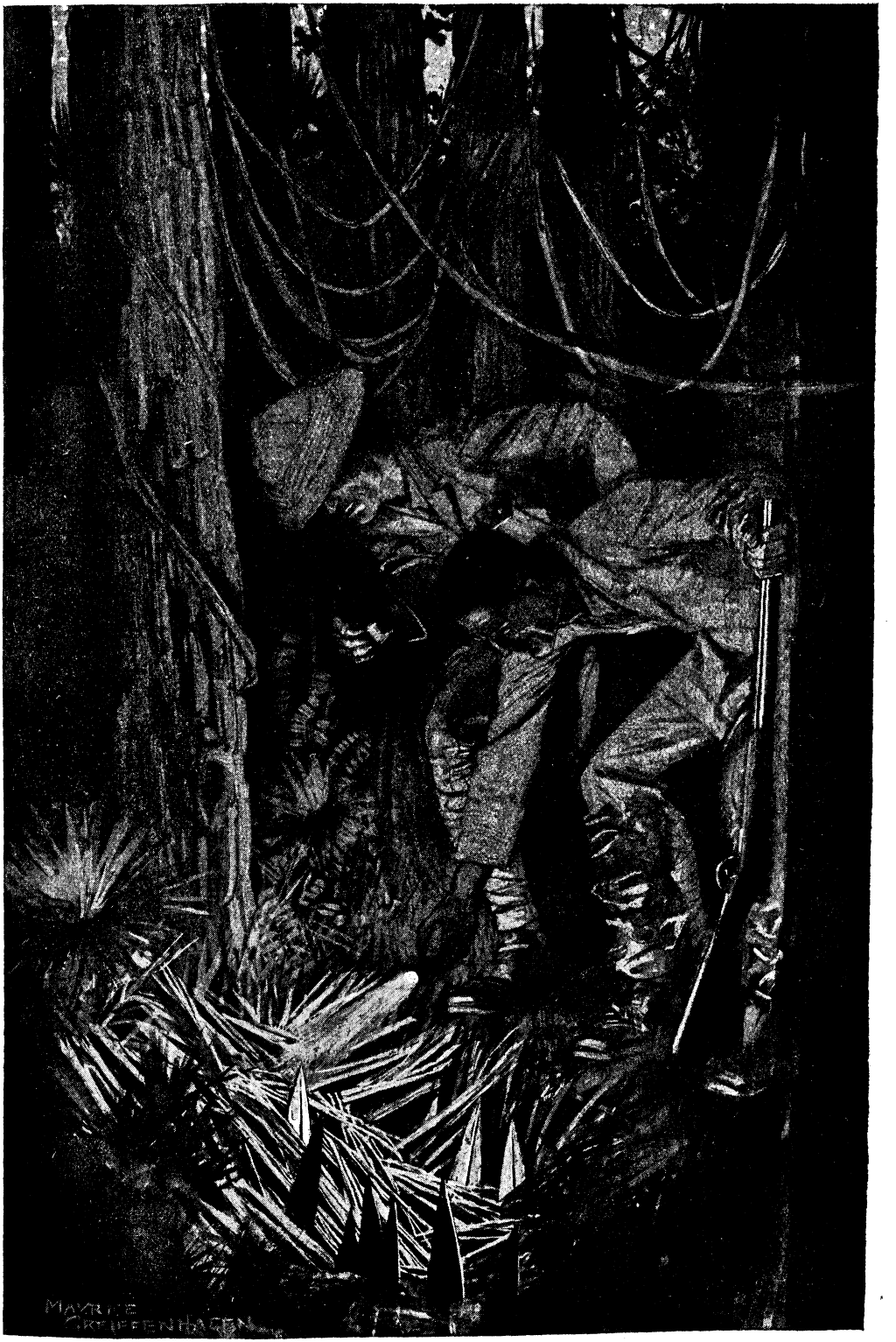
"What has put me on to the idea," said Bones, over coffee and one of Sanders's black cheroots, which Bones, with politeness, made an heroic effort to enjoy, "was a remark dropped by that naval person—you remember, sir?—leading up to my daring conduct on the night of the fourteenth ultimo."

Hamilton nodded.

"Naturally, it is a very difficult and dangerous job, requiring a certain amount of observation and powers of deduction, but this jolly old book of mine, sir, is a regular corker. The disguises that fellow carried! The jolly old dodges he tried! Full of hints, sir. One of the most valuable works in my collection."

"What is your collection?" asked Hamilton innocently.

"Well, to be absolutely accurate, dear old



"At the bottom were twenty upturned spear-heads, and each was coated with brown gum."

friend," explained Bones, "I haven't made the collection yet, but I have written home for books on the criminal and physiognomy, all Lombroso's stuff, an' a complete manual on the finger-print system. I am also thinking of getting another microscope for bloodstains and all that sort of thing."

Sanders was eyeing the young man thoughtfully.

"Do you really think you have an aptitude for following clues?"

"An aptitude!" scoffed Bones. "My dear Excellency, it's a gift. Why, when I was a kid about so high——"

"Suppose something very important disappeared from the Residency, do you think you could track it down?" asked Sanders, and added: "I am asking you this because, seriously, Bones, if you are keen on that kind of work, I might be of some assistance to you."

"Give me," said Bones impressively, "a button off the jolly old criminal's coat, a bit of his cigar ash, a handkerchief he has worn—anything you like—and leave the rest to me."

"I wonder," said Sanders.

That Bones was an advanced pupil in the art of deduction he demonstrated the next morning, when he met Hamilton on the edge of the reservation wood. Hamilton was rather burdened, for he carried a fisherman's creel and under his arm a thick bundle of rods.

"You've been fishin', sir," said Bones carelessly. "From certain indications I gather you've had no luck. On your way back you met a man of the village, who asked you whether he might hunt in the reservation forest, to which you replied——"

"How on earth did you know this?" demanded Hamilton.

"Simple, dear old sir," said Bones, with an indulgent smile. "In the first place, your creel is empty."

"As a matter of fact, it is full," said Hamilton, opening the lid of the basket and revealing an orderly mass of silver trout, "only it happens to be Sanders's creel."

"Well, anyway," said the unruffled Bones, "you've been fishin'."

"On the contrary, I have been shooting," replied Hamilton, with annoying calm. "But I happened to overtake the chief, and he asked me for my gun—he saw a hawk over the trout pond. I took his rod and traps, and came on."

Bones rolled his head from side to side in a gesture of impatience.

"But tell me, how did you know I met a man who wanted a licence to shoot?"

"Ah," said Bones, in triumph, "there I've got you, dear old fellow. In the first place, by the dust on your boots——"

"To be perfectly frank, I didn't meet him," interrupted Hamilton, "but Sanders did. M'fufa of Besibi. He said you had told him you couldn't give a permit, and had sent him along to me. Am I right, sir?"

Bones coughed.

"Deduction, dear old man, is one of those dinky little sciences that are in their infancy," he said hurriedly. "An' now let's turn to more serious subjects."

Bang! Bang!

"I wonder if Sanders got his hawk," said Hamilton, turning his face in the direction whence the sharp explosions came.

"Personally," said Bones, "I should not have taken two shots at a hawk. I should have taken only one, dear old sportsman."

"At the end of which time," suggested Hamilton, "your hawk would have been halfway home. What is your serious subject, Bones?"

They strolled together to the Residency, and Bones poured forth a story concerning a certain shortage of stores, due apparently to the fact that the last man who visited the store forgot to turn and remove the key. Bones condemned, in the fiercest language, the stupidity, the carelessness, and the criminal folly of a man who leaves a store unlocked in the midst of representatives of the Kano race. He concluded that the last person who had gone into the store had forgotten to lock the door—had, in fact, left the key in the lock—and invited Hamilton to search out the offender and visit upon him the severest penalties that military law allowed.

"You were in the store after lunch yesterday," accused Hamilton.

"Me?" said the indignant Bones. "Certainly I was in the store."

"Did you lock it?"

"Did I lock it?" gasped Bones, clasping his forehead. "Did I lock it? Now, I wonder if I did lock it?"

"Of course, you didn't lock it, you silly ass!" said Hamilton. "Who else could it have been? I gave you the key, which you did not return."

"It was a mistake," said Bones mildly, "that anybody might make—anybody—I don't care who it is, dear old Ham. *You* might have made it yourself. If you cannot trust your own men, whom can you trust? Dear old lenient superior, have a heart!"

The matter of the rifled store—no more than a bolt of cloth was missing, and that had been heavily drawn upon—lasted until the lunch gong sounded.

Patricia Hamilton joined them on the verandah at a moment when the argument was becoming rather heated, and managed to soothe them both. Ten minutes passed, but there was no sign of Sanders.

Another five minutes passed, and Hamilton was growing a little alarmed, when Sanders appeared on the edge of the wood and came walking slowly toward the Residency. His gun was under his arm, and there was in his face that far-away look of detachment which came to him in very critical moments. He mounted the steps of the verandah, slowly put down his gun, and then, as on second thoughts, took it up again and carried it inside the building.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," he said. "If you don't mind, I will wash my hands."

"What have you got there, sir?" asked Hamilton, for Sanders was holding very gingerly a thin arrow.

"Be careful," warned the Commissioner, and held up the point. The two men looked, and Hamilton uttered an exclamation, for the point was covered with a thin coating of brown gum.

"Poisoned! Where did you find it?" asked Hamilton.

"It nearly found me," said Sanders grimly. "I was looking for my hawk, when it whizzed not an inch from my shoulder."

"But who——" began Hamilton.

"I didn't see the gentleman," said Sanders, with a little smile. "I fired twice at the bush whence it came, and searched the path."

He went into his room and reappeared cheerily enough, in time to hear the conclusion of the many suggestions which Bones was making to bring the miscreant to justice.

"Leave the matter entirely in my hands, dear old sir," he said, rising to his feet. "Already I have one or two clues which are working themselves out in my mind."

"They will die from lack of space," said Hamilton.

"It seems awfully alarming," said the girl seriously. "Do you think they will make another attempt?"

"No, I don't think so," said Sanders airily.

He was a poor hand at a lie, and convinced nobody.

Later he brought the two men together.

"I don't know who the fellow is, but from the news I had from the N'gombi this morning, I should imagine it is M'liko. Ahmet sends word that the chief is spreading a story that I killed his child by witchcraft—that is always a murder palaver. I expect him to make another attempt to-night, but I don't want your sister to know."

"Why not let me put a guard round the reservation?" suggested Hamilton.

Sanders shook his head.

"You could do it for one night or for two, but you could not keep it up with your small force. No, let him come as soon as he likes—to-night for preference."

Bones suddenly rose.

"This jolly old rascal can't come by the beach," he said rapidly, "he can't come by the quay, he must come along the bush path. Leave it to me. I have got an idea in my head, sir." He tapped his forehead, and was all a-quiver with excitement. "Trust old Bones! I will save you!"

"Where are you going, Bones?" asked Hamilton.

"Trust me, sir," said Bones incoherently. "This is one of the grandest ideas——" He stumbled out of the room, crossed the verandah, and reached the ground in two strides, and they heard his raucous voice calling for Ali Abid before he was half-way across the parade-ground.

They saw no more of Bones that day, but later in the afternoon came his solemn familiar with a strange request.

"Sir," said Ali, confronting Hamilton, "my lord needs a consignment of brown enveloping paper, or alternative supplies of ancient press journals."

"What does he want them for?" asked Hamilton, in surprise.

"Sir," said Ali profoundly, "for criminal detections by scientific brain-waves."

He was handed a roll of brown paper, and made his way back to his master.

What Bones was doing, none knew. There was a tangle of bush behind his house, to which he retired with a large saucepan, and they saw the smoke of his fire, and Abiboo and many others complained bitterly of a vile smell that came therefrom, permeating the married quarters to an unbearable degree.

Bones sent his excuses for dinner, and they did not see him again that night.

"So far as I can make out by judicious inquiry," said Hamilton, "he is making a peculiarly messy kind of fly-paper with a patent bird-lime which he and his infernal servant are concocting together."

"Bones means well," pleaded his sister.

"Bones does well," said Sanders, with that fleeting smile of his, "but I can scarcely imagine that he hopes to catch M'liko by that method."

They made a show of retiring for the night at ten o'clock. The girl was the first to go.

"Are you going to bed soon?" she added.

"In a few minutes," said Hamilton glibly.

He and Sanders sat talking in quiet tones for half an hour, then Sanders disappeared into his room and came back with two rifles, one of which he handed to Hamilton.

"The moon will be down in a quarter of an hour," he said, "and that is about the time we may expect to meet our friend in the forest."

"What is the plan?" asked Hamilton, taking the rifle and softly opening the breech.

"I will go forward into the woods," said Sanders, "and do a little stalking. You remain half-way between the Residency and the wood, in support."

They passed noiselessly from the house. The moon was already behind the trees, and there was only the light of the stars.

"I wonder what Bones is doing," whispered Hamilton.

"I have great faith in Bones," replied Sanders.

He left Hamilton at the appointed spot, and went forward into the black wood. He moved silently and cautiously, for Sanders was a great hunter. There was no sound when he stopped, as he did from time to time, and he came to the narrow entrance of the forest path without discovering any sign of his enemies.

He stood at the entrance of the leafy alley for some time, and then—

"O white man," said a mocking voice right ahead of him, "I see you!"

Something snicked past him, and Sanders ducked and brought his rifle to his shoulder. There was another twang, and this time the arrow passed over him. He fired right ahead, though he knew that the men who were attacking him had taken cover behind the trees. In the momentary flash of the explosion he thought he saw a face, and fired again. He heard a scamper as of men running, and, springing up, took two steps forward; but something caught him by the foot and held him.

He stumbled, put out his hand, and touched a soft, gluey mess. Before he could think what had happened, he had put down his other hand to get a purchase to raise himself, and found that caught also. He pulled sharply, and there was a tearing sound, but the limed paper, though it came away, still clung to him. In an incredibly short space of time he was almost enveloped from shoulder to foot in a score of flapping, detaining squares of paper which literally held him to the ground. He forced himself forward, only to fall upon his knees into yet another well-limed trap. Bones had done his work very thoroughly. The paper had been glued to canvas, and the canvas had been staked to the ground, and over all had been spread this horrible viscid composition.

In that moment of quick anger Sanders spoke of Bones. He did not speak of him nicely. He did not refer to the excellent services which the enthusiastic young sleuth-hound had rendered to the State in other capacities.

Hamilton heard his shout, and came running up, but someone was there before him.

"Is that you, dear old Excellency," said a voice from the bush. "Have you got 'em? What do you think of old Bones now?"

Sanders said nothing for a moment, and then—

"I will tell you later, Bones. I was hoping you had heard."

"Surely," gasped Bones, "surely, sir—surely you haven't walked into it! Bless my heart alive! This is terrible! I shall never forgive myself, dear old Excellency!"

It took them half an hour to strip the "fly-papers" from Mr. Commissioner Sanders. Fortunately, Hamilton had an electric pocket-lamp, which assisted materially in the operation, but neither Sanders, nor his helpers, for that matter, were very presentable when the last of the papers had been forcibly torn from his person and flung into the bush.

"The men got away, sir, I am afraid," said Hamilton.

Sanders nodded.

"I saw M'liko," he said. "That was quite enough. In another two strides I'd have had him. Lend me your lamp."

He flashed the light ahead.

"Bones, I shall find it difficult to——" He stopped. "Hello!" he said.

He went cautiously ahead, keeping his lamp on the ground, and with the butt of his rifle he tapped the grass-covered path before him. As he did so, the whole of the path, for a length of four feet and a width of three, caved in and vanished. He flashed his lamp

into the hole. It was a small trap, such as the natives construct when trapping elephants, with this exception, that at the bottom were twenty upturned spear-heads, and each was coated with brown gum.

Sanders looked. He knew that one scratch from any of those spear-heads meant death, and he saw the whole plan in a flash. That wild scamper in the dark had been intended to lure him on. All that night M'liko had been working at the hole and planting his poisoned spears, covering his work with thin reeds and grass, lest his victim carried a lantern and discovered the trap.

"Two more strides!" said Sanders thoughtfully. "If I hadn't struck your fly-papers, Bones——"

"Exactly, your Excellency," said Bones, not without dignity. "You grasp my idea?"

"You are a great man, Bones," said Sanders, "a truly great man."

"That is what *I* say!" said Bones.



AUTUMN WINE.

RICH is the time, great peace is o'er the land,
And sovereign Nature with a golden smile
Beams on the gleaners passing, band on band,
Upon the mowers as they rest a while;
Flower-crowned, the slender maidens raise a hymn,
And the deep, burning west intenser grows;
Altar to altar kindles with the flame;
In worship, palely dim,
The stars pass in a light half gold, half rose,
Till all songs sink to silence whence they came.

Where are the rose-warmed lyrics of the morn—
The Lesbian's lyre, the full-blown Sappho's sigh?
See, far and wide the Autumn waves her corn—
'Tis her adieu, her signal she will die;
Wake once again, ere partings sad are told,
The careless throbbings of the Evian lyre,
The mad, glad, Bacchus-ivied festival;
Ah, ye stern cynics old,
Why do ye strive to quench our natural fire,
And tear to shreds our youthful coronal?

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

WHEN PETER SAILED IN

By KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by Norah Schlegel

LIEUTENANT PETER KEITH, R.N., strolling up Bond Street on the third morning of his ten days' leave, revelling in taxi-cabs and *terra firma*, suddenly stopped short and stared. Most of the passers-by saw nothing beyond a tall, tanned, good-looking "naval boy" impeding pedestrian traffic and stroking a smoothly-shaven, somewhat puzzled face. Those with the gift of observation, however, followed the direction of the Lieutenant's gaze, and were rewarded.

She was fair and slim and dainty. One could not, at that distance, see the colour of her eyes; but the hang of her skirt, and the cut of her shoes, and the tip of her chin, and the jolly little hat that nestled so prettily about her head—why, even people who had never been on the beastly old North Sea in their lives could not miss such points as those. As for Peter Keith——

"I *know* that girl!" said Peter to himself, with conviction.

She was on the other side of the street, by the way, but Bond Street, as all the world knows, is not so wide but that two pairs of eyes can speak across it. And speak they did, for she looked up as she drew level and saw Peter staring at her, and gave a little start, and—and hesitated. Yes, just for the millionth part of a second she hesitated. Before the next millionth part was over she had smiled, and bowed to Peter, and made as though to continue on her way.

Peter went through the traffic like a knife through stale bread. His salute was perfect. His eyes radiated delight.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, as they shook hands, "this *is* a stroke of luck!"

"Yes, isn't it?" she agreed.

"I knew you a hundred yards away!"

"Did you really?"

"Rather!" And then they both laughed. It was such a joke, of course, that he should have recognised her at that distance. No wonder their fresh young laughter rang out in the morning sunlight, so that war-weary civilians, in search of potatoes or some other equally useless but customary commodity, were compelled to smile a little, and felt a lightening of their battered old hearts.

"I had no idea you were home," she told him.

"Only ten days, worse luck! I've had two of 'em. Will you come somewhere and grub?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I can't. Mother's waiting for me at this very moment."

"What frightful luck!"

"That's rather rough on poor old Mummie!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I have a most tremendous regard and all that for your mother. How is she, by the way?"

"Topping, thanks."

"Good! Good! Good! Well, but look here. I should awfully like to see you again before I go back. Can it be managed, d'you think?"

"Why, of course. You must come round and see us some time. Or are you simply crowded out with engagements?"

"Not a thing!" Peter assured her, throwing three theatres, four luncheons, and five dinners to the winds.

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"Oh! Then why not drop in to dinner to-morrow night?"

"I'd love to!"

"Right. Don't expect a formal invitation. I'll tell Mummie you're coming. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Peter, holding the little hand longer than shore-folk, or even soldiers, think strictly necessary.

Away she went along the narrow, sunlit old street, taking Peter's heart with her. Had you seen him retire into a doorway, remove his cap, and make a grab at his scalp, you might have supposed that she had taken his brains as well.

"Dash my rotten memory!" he moaned. "What a fool I am over names! How in the world can I turn up to-morrow night if I don't know who she is? Oh, help, help, help!"

A cabman, seeing a nice young sailor in trouble, stopped his cab and looked a warm invitation to step inside. Peter accepted. His sister Barbara must solve the problem.

Gurgles of surprise greeted his arrival home, for he had announced a luncheon engagement with a very special pal at the club. Scarcely waiting to explain that his pal had failed to keep the appointment—the pal at that moment was cursing Peter with vehemence and ingenuity—he edged Barbara into a quiet corner.

"Look here," he began, "I'm in a most awful mess!"

"Again?" replied his sister calmly.

"Yes. I mean—well, anyhow, I am. Who is that girl we know with very fair hair, and a delicious voice, and walks like a goddess, and has eyes that go right through you?"

"When you first come off the ship," said Barbara, "all my friends are more or less like that."

"I'm blowed if they are! Not like this girl! She's asked me to dine at their place to-morrow night, and I've accepted—you bet!—and I can't think of her name! Whatever happens, I *must* go—simply *must!*"

"I don't quite see how you can, unless you know who she is."

"I've got to find out, and you must help me. You will, won't you, old thing? I'll give you a most topping bracelet when I get my next pay, if you'll solve the problem."

"Give me some more details. Try to be practical."

"Yes, yes! Well, her eyes——"

"What colour are they?"

"Oh, about five different colours, but I should say grey predominates."

"And her nose—does it turn up or down?"

"It doesn't turn at all—it's absolutely perfect!"

"That's no help. How tall is she?"

"Oh, about—about up to my chin."

"Rather dumpy."

"Not in the least. I tell you——"

"Did she give any clue as to her family?"

"No. Yes, she mentioned her mother."

"Useful! What did she call her? Just 'mother'?"

"No, she called her rather a dear little name. Wait a minute! I know—she called her 'Mummie.'"

"Good gracious! Now I know who it is."

"Who—who?"

"You remember the Erringtons in Grosvenor Crescent, don't you?"

"Of course. But——"

"Well, it's Hetty Errington. Allowing for maritime exaggeration, you've described her exactly."

"It must be years since I saw her, isn't it?"

"Quite five. She was abroad when the War broke out—Switzerland."

"Fancy," he dreamed, "her remembering me!"

"Oh, I don't see anything so strange in *that!*" remarked the sister, with an emphasis that escaped him.

II.

WHEN Peter was shown into the Erringtonian drawing-room, She was already there. What is more, she was alone. She was dressed in very pale blue, and her hair looked more glorious than ever. She was absorbed in the pages of an illustrated paper.

Peter's step was quite noiseless on the soft carpet. In fact, he came within six feet of her, and still she had not looked up.

"Well," he said, unable to gaze longer at the nape of her neck, in case he should go quite mad," "here I am!"

To say that she started would be far less than the truth. The girl leapt—positively leapt—in her seat, and the eyes that turned from the illustrated paper to Peter's eyes were filled with wonder. Save that she blushed instead of turning white, you might have thought she was looking at a ghost.

"You seem surprised," continued Peter, dropping lightly and easily into a small chair that had never been intended for war work.



"'You might just turn it over while we're smoking, will you? A good deal hinges on it, as a matter of fact.'"

"I am—a little."

"Why? I told you I should be only too delighted to come."

"Yes, but——"

"*I* know. You thought I'd forgotten your name. Well, you see, there are some names one simply can't forget!"

This was good work, Peter felt. He was about to add another storey to the fairy palace, when several quite unnecessary people came into the room, including the hostess.

"Peter Keith!" she cried, marching at him with both hands outstretched. "Why, it is good of you to drop in like this! I'm delighted to see you! All your folks well? That's good. And how long have you got? Only ten days in all? Well, you must make the most of 'em. Trust you to do that! You two know each other, of course, so you'd better go in together. Off we go! The War dinner mustn't be kept waiting, or it may disappear altogether!"

Peter floated into the dining-room, and the exquisite dream in palest blue floated

alongside him, the little hand just touching his sleeve. It was only a few yards, unfortunately, from the drawing-room to the dining-room, but he wished it had been ten miles. Barring the fact that he stumbled over a mat, he put in magnificent work every inch of the way.

But that was nothing to the dinner. He had to pass the salt once or twice to the hag of twenty-seven on his left, but this was all the time he could give her. Anyway, she was dark. Under the most favourable conditions, Peter never had any use for dark women. As for to-night—— (Little Lady Pomfret was not a bit cross. On the contrary, she was intensely amused at the earnest attitude of Peter's left shoulder.)

There were one or two other interruptions. Mrs. Errington yelled a question at him, but Peter soon shut *her* up. After all, she was merely the extremely lucky mother of this adorable angel with the eyes that kept changing colour.

"I don't think you ought to talk to me quite so much," she murmured discreetly.

"Why not?" parried Peter. (He was nothing if not a conversationalist.)

"Aren't you rather neglecting your neighbour on your left?"

"Not a bit. I've shoved her the salt, and told her she was quite correct in assuming that the North Sea was cold in winter."

"She's considered a great beauty, you know."

"Not by me."

"Does that settle it?"

"Yes, so far as I'm concerned. When you've only got ten days, and three of 'em gone, you can't waste even a second on dark women. Besides, I expect she's married. Can't stick married women—they're always dull."

"Thanks for the warning!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that! You know I didn't mean that! What I mean is, some people couldn't be dull, even if they were married."

"Rather depends on the husband, doesn't it?"

"Oh, rather! By the way, d'you like soldiers or sailors best?"

"I'm not quite sure."

"Oh! You might just turn it over while we're smoking, will you? A good deal hinges on it, as a matter of fact."

So she promised, very sweetly, to turn it over, and Peter was just on the point of calling her "Hetty," when that ass Mrs. Errington got up and shattered—for the time being—the whole contraption.

The angel was singing when Peter gained the drawing-room, and some infernal idiot in khaki was turning over for her. As though she wanted anyone to turn over! And as though a man dressed like that could do it if she did!

Then somebody haled her off for bridge—that fearfully frumpish game—and Peter very nearly went home in a huff. But he lingered, and lingered, and lingered. And at length came the shock of the evening.

He was examining a Japanese dwarf tree, or some rotten little thing like that, when he suddenly heard Mrs. Errington say—

"Must you really?"

And the voice of the angel replied: "Yes, I really must."

And then Mrs. Errington said: "Are they sending for you, or would you like a cab?"

And she replied quite calmly: "May I have a cab, please?"

Going! Where? This was her home! Where in the world could she be going?

However, Peter was a man of action. The Navy had taught him that. Hun fashion he plunged across the room and confronted the Vision of Mystery.

"I'm going your way. May I drop you?"

"Capital!" bawled Mrs. Errington, and Peter could have flung his arms round her large neck and kissed her motherly cheeks. But he didn't. He just thanked her for a delightful evening, and promised to come again, and then rushed for his coat and cap.

The greatest twenty minutes of his life had begun.

III.

"Now," said Peter, as the cab started, "I'm going to punish you!"

"What for?" came a small voice from the darkness.

"Telling fibs."

"How dare you? I deny that I told a single fib."

"You invited me to dinner!"

"Well, why didn't you go?"

"If I had, you wouldn't have been there!"

"I never promised to be there."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"I had to say something. You don't seem to realise how frightfully nervous I was."

"D'you always invite strangers to dinner when you're nervous?"

"Yes—or something of the kind."

"Very rash."

"Not at all. I knew you wouldn't turn up. You couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because you had no idea who I was!"

"I *thought* I knew you. I swear it! Besides, I might have found out. I think you ought to have stayed at home on the chance."

"Thanks! As it happens, Mrs. Errington rang up at the last moment and asked me to take Hetty's place. Hetty had to go to the hospital. She's my greatest friend, you know."

"And I've been thinking all the evening that you *were* Hetty."

"What?"

"Well, I described you to my sister as well as I could, and she said I'd described Hetty Errington. So, naturally, I turned up at the Erringtons'."

"You must be a poor hand at description."

"Why? Isn't Hetty lovely, too?"

Silence from the other dark corner.

"It was rather a blow, as a matter of fact, when I heard that your name was Hetty—I hate the name of Hetty. What is your name? Won't you tell me?"

Not a movement or a rustle from the other dark corner.

"All right," said Peter, "then I shall call you Hetty. I hope you enjoyed the evening, Hetty?"

"If you must know," murmured a very small voice, "my name is Denise."

"What a topping name! Denise! Suits you perfectly! I say, don't be cross, Denise!"

"I didn't say you might call me by it."

"I must. I don't know the other."

"You wouldn't like the other."

"Don't *you* like it?"

"Hate it!"

"Then why not drop it?" urged Peter. "There are too many of these surnames about. Nobody can ever remember 'em! Why not make one do for both of us?"

"War economy?"

"Don't rot! *I'm* not rotting!"

"No, Mr. Peter."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, you'd spoil me. You wouldn't punish me when I told fibs."

"Oh! I said I was going to punish you, didn't I?"

"The moment the cab started."

"And do you still think I ought to?"

"It's very wrong to tell fibs."

"Very well."

He found her hand in the darkness, and that led to her shoulders, and sailors are very strong. So Denise had to submit to her punishment, whether she liked it or not.

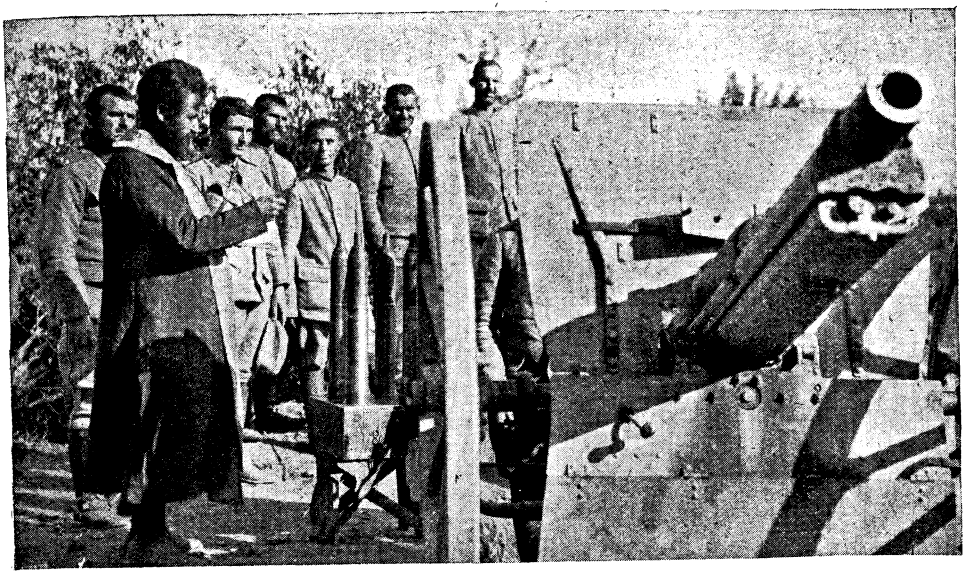
"Hallo!" she said suddenly. "Did you realise that the cab had stopped?"

TRUTH.

TRUTH is beneath all depth of soundless sea.
As bournless blue of heaven arches wide
The snowy peak and ocean-sweeping tide,
So truth disdains all line and boundary.
All that we are, all that we hope to be,
The manifest, the unidentified,
That which we grasp, all secrets yet denied,
Holds sacred truth in its infinity.

Truth is God's consciousness on worlds conferred;
The seed of life wherein all purpose lies,
The Supreme Will by which the void is stirred
To finite form, and love, and sacrifice—
And man, interpreter of mystic Word,
Each day revealing deeper mysteries!

PAUL DERRICK.



A SERBIAN ARMY CHAPLAIN BLESSING A HOWITZER BEFORE THE OPENING OF AN OFFENSIVE.
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Central News.

DAYS WITH THE SERBIAN ARMY

By HERBERT COREY

PICTURE to yourself a Macedonian landscape. In the distance blue mountains rise abruptly from the plain. In the foreground the ground rolls from the marshy levels of the creek bottoms to wide, treeless swells topped with rock ledges worn by the ages. Patches of dwarf bushes have an odd resemblance to sage-brush. Here and there are squalid villages, mud-walled, flat-roofed. Each huddles about the white needle of a minaret, though the obvious fact that cleanliness and prosperity are of the past proves that the Turk is giving way in Macedonia. Mud is everywhere. The roads are knee-deep in slush, so that one's horse lurches on with a pulling and uncertain motion. Overhead the skies are wet. The colour scheme is everywhere a monotonous, dirty, depressing grey.

Trails lead down from the hills toward the Monastir road, on which are concentrated the rush and colour of the War. On this road great trucks pound on. Troops in every uniform are for ever on the move. Ox wagons waggle creakingly and complainingly, but perseveringly, on. Heavily-packed donkeys wind through the tangle of the road, their ears pricked inquiringly forward. Great carts drawn by eight and ten horses suck and spatter through the mire. Bulgarian prisoners of war, bossed by German prisoners of war, are guarded by incredibly black Senegalese. Peasant children, in their baggy, shapeless clothes, clink upon the piles of stone gathered for road-mending.

On the trails thin lines of men move slowly toward the road. As they come nearer, it may be seen many are of middle age and some are almost old. Some walk erect under the blue shrapnel helmets furnished to the Serbian Army by the French. Others slouch along at precisely the speed of an ox-team. All their lives these Serb peasants have marched by their oxen, goad in hand. To-day the pace of the Army remains the same. Their faces are deeply lined and covered with many days' growth of grey beard. Once their uniforms were of

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the horizon blue of the French Army. To-day they are of a nondescript grey, bleached almost to white in places by a winter's weather. These men are sad and quiet. Bundles hang about them in unmilitary fashion. They are all that are left of the Army of four hundred and fifty thousand with which Serbia began the War.

I planned this story as that of the last campaign of the Serbian Army. I had been with them during the winter of 1916-17, and had watched their numbers dwindle from the thousands who had been brought to Macedonia from the Italian island of Corfu. The thousands were all that were left after the fighting of the first two years and the tragic sacrifices of the great retreat through the mountain passes of Albania and Montenegro. Last winter they carried off the highest honours among the Allied troops who are fighting in Macedonia. It was to the fierce determination of the Serbs that the capture of Monastir was due. The French, British, Italian, and Russian troops played their parts well, but it was the Serbs who took the commanding hills.

The capture of Monastir meant to the Serbs that they were at last returning home. Their Army had been driven out of their country, while the women and children remained behind. They were fighting to get back. They depended for transport largely upon the ox and ass and cart. When the spring rains made further aggression impossible, they were ordered back for a rest. It seemed then that the man-power of Serbia had been almost destroyed. More than ten per cent. of her population is accounted for in that first army of four hundred and fifty thousand men.

"It is the end," the soldiers said this spring. "We shall not be asked to do more."

So we all thought. There was to be a small offensive in March, we were told, in which the Serbs would be used. Then they were to be sent to the rear to stay. They were henceforth to be used only in guarding railway lines and bridges and town places. The winter of 1916 would be remembered as their last campaign. When I sailed from France for America, a month later, I read in a Bordeaux paper that the Serbs had just taken a German trench near Monastir in their old, gallant, mediæval way.



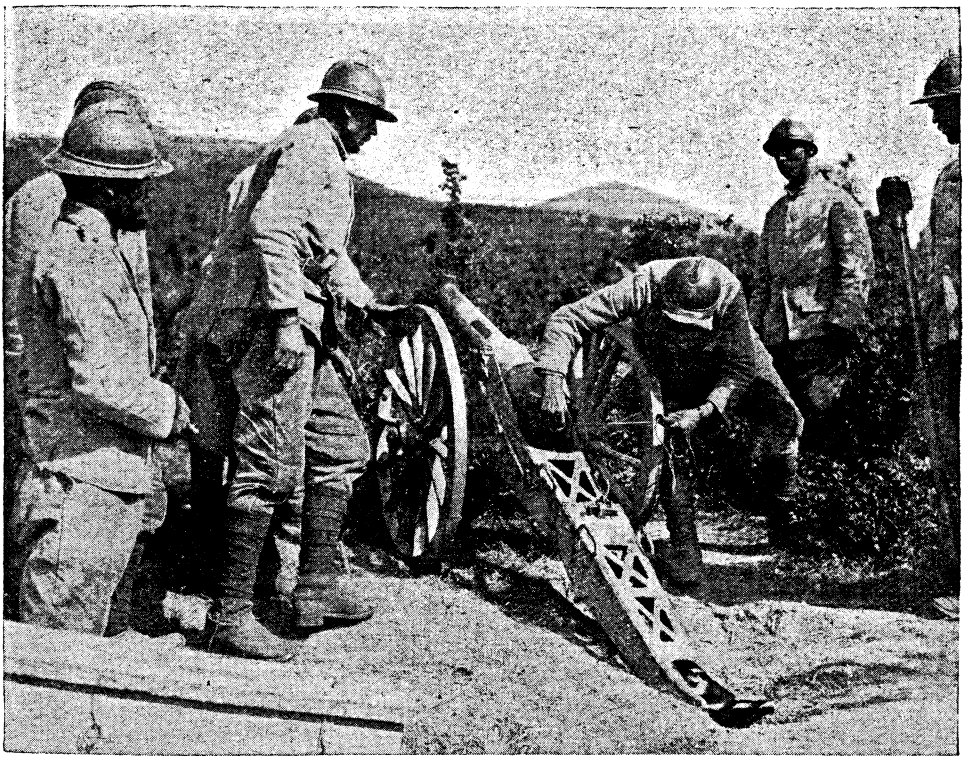
SERBIANS MAKING A ROAD OVER A MOUNTAIN DISTRICT TO BRING UP THE GUNS.
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.

"The Serbians have now been retired," the correspondent added in his dispatch from Salonica. "The Army is exhausted."

I had rejoiced. I knew these *cheechas* —*cheecha* is the Serbian word for uncle; it is the courtesy title given to a man when the light goes out of his eyes and his hair turns grey—would be happy to say good-bye to the front line. There is no reflection to be read there upon their courage or devotion. I believe that any one of them, or any regiment of them, would gladly die for Serbia. That is not a mere phrase. It does not over-praise their spirit. But they have fought very hard and suffered greatly. They mourn their comrades who have passed. Most of them are past the prime of life, and are appalled at the thought of further hardships. They had hoped they might do the rest of their service somewhere else than on the Front. They were not so lucky, poor peasants. Two months later a *communiqué* from Salonica carries on their story.

"After a determined action the Serbs took a Bulgarian trench at the point of the bayonet."

Everywhere else, except on the Serbian front in Macedonia, the life of the fighting man is almost tidal in its regularity. He does a regular turn in the front trench, but he is not kept in that front trench too long. The moral of the individual is apt to break down. In the front trench he is in danger of death or mutilation each passing second of the day and night. His meals come to him irregularly, for the curtain fire of the enemy may cut off the cook *corvée*. He sleeps, when he can, on the floor of a trench angle where the sun has shone in to dry the mud, in a mouldy, straw-filled dug-out, on a firing platform behind the sentry's heels. He is distressed by every instrument man has invented with which to harry man, from the greater cannon to the poison gas. After a few days he develops trench face and trench nerves. When it is practicable, he is taken back for a rest. He is as good a



THE SERBIAN ARMY IN ACTION: LAYING A MOUNTAIN GUN.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.

soldier as he ever was, but his commanders will not strain him too far.

"How long have you been fighting without a rest?" I asked the staff of the Morava Division of the Serbian Army.

"Ninety-five days."

I had seen their trench—their one trench—and I had seen them fight. During that period the men of the Morava did not have a second trench. They lived on the front line, eating there, sleeping there, by hundreds dying there. They left it only to go forward or to go back wounded. There was no reserve behind their thin line. If the Bulgarians had broken through, they might have gone on, unhindered by a single Serbian soldier, all the way to the base at Salonica. It was necessary for the Serbs to watch all the time and fight all the time. On any other sector of any front a first-line trench is often taken. It is of little consequence, for it is the weakest bar of the gridiron of trenches. It is an obstacle designed to hold up the advancing enemy while the men in the second trench and the third trench prepare themselves, and until the enemy gets the new range. The Serbs only had one trench.

"To-night the staff officers give a dinner," I was told, when Colonel Panta Grouitch took over command of the Morava Division. "They will welcome their new leader. You will see all our friends."

The guns seemed to hammer overhead that night. Their grumbling was heard almost every minute. Half-way through the dinner the vacant chairs told that most of the company was still at the Front. Even the staff officers were fighting in the line by this time, for it was early in the spring, after a black winter. So Panta Grouitch caught up the military telephone and talked from the table to his staff in the trenches. They were cheery, the men in those reeking ditches, under the beating rain of a Macedonian night. Some of their great voices so roared through the telephone that we who sat at the table could catch the words. Others were not able to leave their watch.

"The Bulgarians are up to something to-night, and the captain will not enter the dug-out. He is watching them from the parapet," one orderly reported, "but he has just called to me to give you his very dear love."

The fighting was of a Middle Ages character, somewhat influenced by modern instruments of war. The Serbian rather looked down upon the Germans who furnished the stiffening for the Bulgarian and Turkish lines. It was not that the German was inferior in quality. Quite the contrary. The German is better armed and fed and clothed and equipped than is his Balkan confederate, and he has infinitely more iron in his soul. But the Serb and Bulgarian have been fighting neighbours for hundreds of years. They know each other's little ways, and fight each other in a comfortable fashion. Neither relies much on artillery. They prefer to make war a personal affair, and settle the national difficulty with the individual knife and butt. Only on the surface is their war more savage than the Western war. That very intimacy of contact which makes a Balkan battle so distressing, by comparison with the impersonal and machined killing in the West, sometimes flowers in an old-fashioned chivalry.

"A Turkish company held up our advance on one occasion," said Captain Milan Georgeovitch, who was once military attaché at Constantinople. "They had the high ground, and fought desperately. I do not know how many of our men were killed, but when we got into the trench there were but four Turks of the company left alive. By a miracle the Turkish captain was unhurt. His clothes had been pierced in seven places by bullets, but he had not been touched. He was brought before Voivode Mischitch.

"'Give him his sword!' shouted the Voivode. 'Where is his sword? How dare you bring such a soldier as this before me when he is not wearing his sword?'

"That night we started back for headquarters, and General Mischitch called for his car.

"'The Turkish captain rides with me,' said the general. 'No doubt he is tired.'"

One day, at Soubotsko, a big Serbian soldier called upon his captain. He had an equally big Bulgarian by the crook of the elbow. Both men were grinning.

"This is Stefan," said the Serbian. "He captured me in the last war."

Then, Balkan fashion, the Serb and Bulgarian kissed each other on both cheeks and patted each other on the back, and acted as though this reunion was one of the joyful incidents of two particularly sunny lives. The captain gave them bread and cheese—at that time the Serbian dietary was mostly bread and cheese—and poured out a drink for each from his own bottle of cognac. That afternoon they sat on a mud-bank gossiping. When the day's catch of

prisoners started down the road that night, the Serbian secured an assignment as guard. The two good enemies marched side by side, chatting like two bearded children.

They regard the rules of war in the Balkan hills. Only once, so far as I know, did the Bulgarian prove recreant. There is an understanding that meal hours are not to be disturbed, so the artillery play is lively in the early morning and dies away to nothing while coffee is being served in the trenches. It rises to a crescendo in the forenoon, but



ENEMY GUNS CAPTURED BY THE SERBIANS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

two hours of peace are allowed for lunch. Then the fighting men on either side lie down in their dug-outs, leaving only a few sentinels on watch.

They need the sleep, for it is the Balkan practice to fight all night. Three o'clock in the morning charges are particularly in favour. After the siesta there is more fighting, and then peace comes with the dinner. That is the great occasion of the day, when the cook's helpers come through the trenches with steaming pots of soup and stew and meat with paprika. Once the Bulgarians, on Dobrapolya, shelled the cook's helpers, but only once. An aroused soldiery taught them penitence.

"We will want more bread in the first line to-morrow," said a captain in my hearing. "We expect many deserters."

Every army receives deserters, but I had never heard before of an army making preparations to receive them. The story that was told me illustrates the extremely personal nature of the fighting in Macedonia. The Serbians had directed a number of Bulgarian prisoners to wash their faces and brush their clothes and slick back their hair. Then the captors distributed much soup and stew and lamb broiled in strips over the coals of a wood fire.

"Now sit down," was the order, "and look pleasant."

The stuffed and shining men dropped on the grass and began to loll about in garden-party attitudes. The picture which an army photographer took is the most ridiculous thing in the Balkans. The grinning Bulgarians entered fully into the spirit of the affair, and put their arms about each other's necks, and draped themselves in

elaborate postures, and featured the large hunks of bread and the strips of beautifully greasy meat and the steaming cans of coffee. Except for certain details of clothing and the guards in the background, it might have been a basket picnic. The Serbs tied copies of this picture to stones and threw them into the Bulgarian trenches.

"See how well we treat your brothers," ran the legend. "Come on over."

They came for a time. Then the bait ceased to attract more deserters, though the Serbs dangled it never so wisely before enemy eyes. After a time the Serbian officer who had been responsible for the plan to get deserters by advertising made inquiries along the best follow-up methods in use commercially. He wrote letters to his prospective customers and threw them into the Bulgarian trenches. He wanted to know what was the trouble. Were not the samples of his goods convincing? The Bulgarians said they were not.

"Our brothers smile in the picture," was the reply, "but how do we know what they are thinking?"

The Serbian officer considered for a time. Then he visited the prison camp, armed with much writing-paper and many pencils.

"Write to your friends at the Front," said he, "and tell them truthfully how well you have been treated."

So for days that squad of enemy soldiers sat in the sun and sternly sucked the tips of their lead pencils and gazed into grey distance for inspiration, and painfully wrote down their testimony. The essence of the Serbian plan was that each letter should be addressed by a captured Bulgarian to his nearest friend in the trenches opposite. Perhaps the letters did not always reach the men to whom they were written, but the success of the plan was ample. It forced the Bulgarian officers to abandon their comfortable dug-outs in the rear of the line, and stay in the unpleasant front trenches to keep their men from leaking away. The correspondence school of prisoners was the winter's joke on Wetternich.

"It was our Yankee trick," the Serbs said, laughing.

The story of last year's campaign of the Serbian Army might be told as a tragedy. It is tragic enough, Heaven knows. But to those who saw it the memory will always be an inspiration. They are only peasants, these men who are left. Many of them were in the fourth "ban" before the War, and considered exempt, by reason of age, from further service. A very considerable number of them have been wounded more than once. They are silent men, except when they are stirred by action.

One never hears them personify "duty," nor do they ever speak of sacrifice. They are candid in their detestation of war, and they are almost sick with longing for the cottages set on the flanks of the Serbian hills, for they are a home-loving people. They apologise to their guests sometimes because they are unhappy. Only once did I see mirth in their ranks. That was when we rode into Jivonia one day to find the Serbians breaking camp. They had just received a message that the Bulgarians had evacuated Monastir, and the men streamed along the road toward the new front, shouting at one another and calling out jokes and laughing. Their faces beamed like those of little, happy children.

"Think of it!" they called to one another. "At last we are on the way home!"

In order completely to understand the heroism of the Serbian Army—what there was left of it—during the campaign of 1916–17, it is necessary to glance for a moment at what had gone before. No one knows, and no one may ever know precisely, how many have fought for Serbia. The records were destroyed, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, or lost or scattered. As nearly as can be told, the total of enlistments is something more than four hundred and fifty thousand. In 1914 and 1915 the Serbians first defeated Austria, and were then crushed under the weight of the Hapsburg armies, and a retreat was ordered. Voivode Mischitch, the genius of the Macedonian campaign of 1916, would have stayed to fight it out, but he was overruled.

The world knows a little—not much—of that retreat through the snow-filled passes of Albania and Montenegro. A rearguard action was fought every day. There were days when the only trail through which it was possible to move was barely ox-team wide, and packed with beaten snow. Some of the minor trails were not even wide enough for wheeled vehicles, and to this day the bones of pack-mules and men who fell down the precipitous slopes moulder on the mountain-sides. The Army was encumbered by women and children and prisoners. For days it was under artillery fire from three sides. There were weeks when the only food of some units was half an ear of corn a day for each man.

"We held our men together by the most



Photo by] [*Underwood & Underwood.*

MINISTERING TO THE WOUNDED SERBIAN SOLDIERS IN CORFU.

rigid discipline," a captain who passed through the retreat told me.

Of those who reached Corfu, not all were fit to go to Macedonia and fight again in the summer of 1916.

Those who went to Macedonia last summer were grim and angry men. Life had not lost its attraction for them, but death had become so commonplace that its terror had departed. Their first fight



SERBIANS RESTING.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

was on Kaymakchalan, when they took a mountain so rimmed around with trenches and so dotted with guns that when one walks over the field to-day it seems impossible that it could ever have been taken. The Serbs drove the Bulgars up the slope of Kaymakchalan until they came to the rim-rock that guards its top, and there the battle hung for days. At last the Bulgarians gave way and fled wildly to the valley of the Cerna, which gleamed below.

To-day the bones of Bulgarians who leaped from that rim-rock, rather than stay to face the Serbs, may be found on the reverse slopes. They were driven across the valley until they found good holding ground in the hills on the other side. From that day on the Serbs did not relax their efforts, until their capture of the hills commanding the Bulgarian lines of communication forced the enemy to evacuate Monastir. Wetternich Mountain was taken at a loss of one thousand of the fourteen hundred men who assaulted it. That assault lasted one savage week, during which the Serbs wormed their way upward, taking shelter behind rocks and bushes, and killing when they came to their foes. On the crest of Wetternich is the Rock of Blood, two hundred and fifty feet high, and with sides that were so precipitous that it could not be assaulted. The four hundred men who were left held the Bulgarians on that Rock of Blood for six long weeks before relief came to them. It was a military impossibility — but then the Serbs are accustomed to military impossibilities.

When the Serbian Army was sent into the valley for rest in February of 1917, after having been almost continually on the defensive since August of 1916, many had fallen. Against the opening of the spring campaign, however, there were to be the sick and wounded men, and the men who were too old, and the boys who were too young, who had been gathered at Bizerta, at Tunis.

No one knows how many valid men are in the Austrian and Bulgarian concentration camps, or how many have been held in Serbia to till the Serbian fields for their enemies' use.

So far as we know, those who remain to carry on the race are those who are still too young for war.

"Our people have been killed," the men say, "but we have taken the price."

Not the least tragic element of last year's campaign was the extreme poverty of men and Army. Whatever resources the individual might have in Serbia had been cut off from him by the blockaded frontier. The men were unable even to hear from their families at home. One day I came upon the chief of staff of one of the Serbian divisions looking somewhat wistfully at a postal card he held in his hand. To the suggestion that he had received news from home he assented. Then he added that it had come to him three months before. Two months previously his wife had written it in Belgrade, and it had been smuggled out to him by a subterranean route.

"Can you read Serbian?" he asked.

Unfortunately I could not. Then he translated it to me. I thought I saw a hint of tears in his eyes. He was a magnificent soldier, but he was the kindest and gentlest of men. His wife had written him these few words upon the card—written them five months before:

"To-day I spent my last dinar. I do not know what I shall do."

One forgets even such agony as this in the contemplation of the poverty of the Army. Serbia has no funds now, and no way of getting money except by borrowing from her Allies. The men began the winter with clothes enough, but campaigning is hard on clothes. Long before spring came they were ragged and weather-stained. It was not until the rush on Monastir began that an army that had become almost barefoot was re-shod by France. I was in an English camp one day, when a Serbian officer came in. He knew everyone in the officers' mess, and blushingly received their congratulations upon a recent promotion for gallantry. By and by he called one of his friends to one side.

"Can you loan me a square of canvas?" he asked. "My tent was burnt a few weeks ago, and I have been sleeping in a dug-out since. It is very cold. We have no spare tents, nor can we get any."

"But if you are sleeping in a dug-out, what do you want with a tent?" his friend asked inquisitively.

"You do not understand," the Serb said patiently. "I have always slept in a dug-out, but I wrapped myself in my tent."

The two things the Serbs had in plenty were ammunition and fighting. Their hospitals, by comparison with those of the other Allies, were poor affairs. Often the wounded men slept in sour heaps of straw spread upon the wet ground, and only in the more permanent establishments were bedsteads woven of

withes cut from the willows that lined the creek bottoms. They had not even enough stretcher-men in some of their most important actions, because the men who should have carried the wounded had been called into the trenches. The wounded men walked out—those who could—from the high places in the hills where they had been fighting. Those who could not were huddled on mule litters—one on either side of the mule, lurching in sickening fashion as the animal moved, or leaning against each other in a pathetic comradeship of pain—or sprawled in the bottoms of the empty carts that were going out for more shells.

Yet one never heard them complain. They were desperately unhappy and infinitely tired of the War, but they always went on when they were told. A captain of the Choumadia Division told me of the fighting on Dobrapolya, when his regiment was told to take a trench that seemed impregnable. The men protested, for war has taught the Serbian private many things about war. Some of them have been fighting for five years—ever since hostilities broke out in the Balkans in 1912. The captain knew that the capture of that trench was essential to the further movement that had been planned, and told his men so. Still they demurred. Then he made his final appeal to his homesick soldiers.

"On the other side of that trench," he said, "is Serbia, and your wives are alone in Serbia."

An hour later those who were still alive were in the Bulgar trench.



SERBIAN TROOPS RECEIVING RIFLES BEFORE LEAVING CORFU FOR SALONICA.

From a French War Office official photograph issued by Newspaper Illustrations.

THE REAL DRAMATIC TOUCH

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Frank Gillett

IT was a great nuisance, of course, especially for a young man in the first flush of a glorious manhood, properly gilt with a fine overlay of necessary dollars, but there was no help for it. It did not necessarily follow that Perry Brogden was any the less of a business man because his life was entirely devoted to pleasure and the seductive joys of New York. Because he came from a race of business men—the instinct was in his blood—and, rich as he was, he did not view with equanimity the idea of sacrificing a million or two simply because he was too lazy to stretch out his hand and get it. Still, it was the season in New York, the hospitalities of Fifth Avenue were in full blast, and the theatres were more than usually alluring. All this naturally appealed to the fine, athletic young man, who was wont to come up smiling at breakfast-time on the morning after the night before, and declare with perfect truth that he had never felt more fit in his life. Moreover, he belonged to all the exclusive clubs, and there wasn't a single dowager in Fifth Avenue who would not have been delighted to call Perry Brogden her son-in-law.

And now he had come into still more money, left him by a typical backwoods uncle, the genuine "hayseed" who had made his money somewhere north of Patagonia, where he had died after forty years in a wilderness without one solitary glance of Western civilisation. This uncle had been the owner of the Island of—well, let us call it Terra Incognita, a long slice of country, picturesque and romantic, between Brazil and Patagonia, where he had devoted his energies to something like a million head of stock. As a matter of fact, Brogden had never seen him; but this neat little accumulation of dollars had come his way now, and it was up to him to look after it. His idea was to get out to Terra Incognita with a view to making an inventory of things there, and sell the property as quickly as possible to the best advantage. He knew something about ranches, for he had once spent the best part of a year in the *rôle* of an amateur cowboy on the plains of Texas, before his father had died and the lure of New York had proved too strong for him.

He didn't in the least want to go—he had no desire to turn his back upon the theatres, where he was favourably known, and where a score or more of actresses called him by his Christian name—but he was wise enough to see the necessity of grace before meat, so to speak, so he hired himself a steam yacht and set off for the long journey beyond the reach of civilisation, taking with him one Larry Hack, a genuine Texas cowboy whom he had made friends with, and who would not only be a friend and companion, but a sound judge of the fat beeves and wool-bearing sheep that formed the population of Terra Incognita. There was an old overseer there, it was true—a dour, sour Scotsman with a taste for solitude—a handful of peons, and certain natives who did much as they liked on the island, so long as they did not interfere with the course of business.

The yacht came, in the course of time, to the little natural harbour, and the overseer was looked up by Perry Brogden and his *fidus Achates* in a dilapidated old hacienda where Havelock lived and divided his time impartially between his work, his whisky,

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and certain theological books of the school made popular by Ernest Renan and his satellites. He was a crabbed man, hard as nails, exceedingly bad-tempered, but, withal, industrious and honest, as your Scotsman is the world over.

"You'll no stay here long, I'm thinking, Mr. Perry," he said, as they smoked a pipe together. "It's a mighty fine climate the noo, and a bonny picture, but it's dull—aye, it's dull—and if you could stand it——"

It certainly was a beautiful picture, with those great frowning cliffs on the verge of the sea, and the deep fertile valleys fringed with forest trees behind, a marvellous natural picture and a perfect setting for any romance that might happen along, and Brogden was greatly impressed by it.

"It's grand," he said—"grand! Absolutely made for adventures. Do you ever have any, Mr. Havelock?"

"Never one in forty years," Havelock said. "Hoots, mon, there's nothing here to stir the sluggish blood. We used to have wee bit trouble with the natives, who are part Patagonian Indians, ye ken; but we let 'em alone, and they let us alone. And if we miss a beast or a sheep sometimes—why, it doesn't much matter, and no questions are asked. But maybe it is not your intention to stay here."

"Certainly not," Brogden said emphatically. "I'll just remain long enough to make an inventory, with a view to selling the whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel. How long do you think that'll take me, Havelock?"

"Ah, well," Havelock said guardedly, "perhaps a week, perhaps a month. But we'd better say a month. Because, ye ken, the spirit moves me sometimes, an' it takes a ween of whisky to lay it again. Forby, I may keep sober for a fortnight, and then ye'll be all right."

"Oh, take your time," Brogden said. "Meanwhile Larry Hack and myself will do a bit of prospecting. You've got some nice-looking horses here, I see. Just pack us enough grub and blankets to keep us going for three or four days, and we'll have a run round the island. I don't want to interfere with your work, and you needn't hurry over it, either."

For the next few days Brogden and his companion ranged far and near over the glorious country, at one time down in the well-watered valleys, where the grass was nearly knee-deep, and the contented herds were fattening, at another killing game in the forest that fringed the slopes, and anon along the higher ranges, that were capped with snow. It was a glorious life in one of the most glorious climates in the world, and the air, fine as champagne, sang in the veins of the adventurers.

"Aye, it's real grand, this," Larry Hack said. "Knocks spots off Texas. All we want now is a convenient bar and an occasional mix-up, just to make things happy and comfortable. The better I feel, the more I spoil for a fight. Not that we're likely to get it here, anyhow."

"I'm afraid not, Larry," Brogden said regretfully. "The few Indian chaps we've met are picturesque-looking enough, and the right type, according to the pictures, but they are most disgustingly peaceful."

"Well, I guess we've got to make the best of it," Hack said. "Anyway, it's good to be out in the open air again, with a fine horse between one's knees, and, perhaps, with the blessing of Providence, we shall hit something up yet."

A day or two drifted by, until at length they emerged out of the valley past a wide, sweeping plain along the edge of the cliffs, which were broken here and there by sudden declivities and rocky ramparts that fringed the shore. A mile or so ahead, on a bold promontory, stood an old farmhouse, or hacienda, which appeared to be deserted and more or less falling into decay, a house built there, no doubt, in the old days by some sanguine settler, before the advent of old man Brogden, with his new methods and keen business habits. The two men lay there on the grass, smoking their pipes after a hearty tea in the early afternoon, and idly debated as to whether it would be better to push on and make the picturesque ruins their headquarters for the night, or stay and camp where they were. They were still talking it over idly, when Brogden sat up suddenly.

"Here, what's going on over there?" he asked. "I can see figures moving about like bees outside a hive, and—well, if that place isn't on fire, I'm much mistaken."

Surely enough a thin wisp of smoke rose from the hacienda and drifted idly on the amber air. It increased in volume presently, until a dense black pall hung overhead, and yellow tongues of flame lifted themselves above the broken timbers of the house. Round about the blaze a score or more of figures danced excitedly, buzzing around like wasps that had been smoked out of their nest. Brogden grabbed eagerly for his glasses.

"They're Indians," he said, after a long inspection. "Here, Larry, look for yourself. They're Indians on the war-path, and they've set the place on fire. Here is your adventure, my boy—something wrong over there."

"Yes, they're Dagoes, right enough," Hack drawled. "And, by all that's holy, they've got guns, too! There's something going on inside that old building that's got their dander up considerable. Now, shall we cut in and take a hand, or shall we just sit quietly here and see how the land lies? It would be a thousand pities to miss the fun."

By way of reply, Brogden snatched the glasses from his friend's hand and glued them to his eyes.

"It's no ordinary scrap," he said. "There's something going on here that I don't like the look of at all. Look, there are women there! White women, too! American girls dressed in white, and ladies, I should say!"

Amazing as it seemed, it was even as Brogden said. With the aid of the powerful glasses he could see everything that was going on. He saw the natives rushing the building they had set on fire, he saw one of the shuttered windows open, and two girls standing on the verandah, clinging to one another and evidently terrified to the verge of distraction. Then he saw half a dozen men rush frantically towards the blazing mass and snatch up the girls in their arms.

A moment or two later a man appeared, a man dressed as a tourist, in a neat grey flannel suit, a man who had a cigarette in his mouth and in either hand a revolver, which he emptied indiscriminately into the crowd opposite. In Larry's language, he was no slouch of a shot, for half a dozen of the foe suddenly collapsed and lay there on the grass, taking no further interest in the proceedings. Almost immediately there was another rush, and the man in the grey suit was overpowered in his turn and rendered harmless. Then the whole party slowly began to move towards the cliffs where the rocks shelved down to the shore.

"Well, that chap ain't no slouch as a revolver shot," Larry said, speaking in the tones of an expert. "But say, boss, are we goin' to stop frozen here, or are we goin' to hustle round and strike a blow for civilisation?"

"Of course," Brogden said, "it's no use butting headlong into a fray like this. There are only two of us, and we are none too well off for ammunition. If we do anything rash, we shall share the same fate as the rest. No, we must stalk them, and try to take them unawares."

The horses were picketed in a little grove, the provisions hidden, and then, very slowly and cautiously, Brogden and his companion crept through the long grass in the direction of the spot where the Indians had gathered together in a circle, in the centre of which were their captives, bound and helpless. The whole thing was amazing—a sort of spectacular dream, and the last thing in the world to be expected in that peaceful spot.

"Seems almost like a nightmare," Brogden murmured. "Now, who, in the name of Mike, can those people be, and what are they doing here? The man in the grey suit might have just stepped out of his club, and those two women are most beautifully turned out—white muslin dresses, suggestive of Paris, and all the rest of it. I have never seen anything like it outside the theatre before."

"Well, we'll soon know," Larry said cheerfully. "What we've got to do is to get as close as we can and lie low till it gets dark. I don't suppose they'll trouble to post any sentries. Guess they look upon themselves as absolutely safe, which is where we come in later on, when they lie down with clear consciences for a good night's rest. And we, with a couple of revolvers apiece, ought to be able to round up the bag and balance the accounts of those chaps nicely."

"Yes, that's a very good programme," Brogden said impatiently, "especially if they play the game according to the rules. What are they up to now?"

As he spoke, one of the girls in white was jerked to her feet and led away, shrinking and protesting, in the direction of the low cliffs, which hung sheer for twenty feet or so over the edge of the sea. Through the glasses it was plain to see the fear on her face and the look of dumb anguish in her eyes. But her struggles and protestations were apparently all in vain, for she was urged on, not without violence, towards the edge of the sloping cliff where it came within some twenty feet or so of the sea beneath. And all this was being watched with the keenest interest by the two men, anxious and willing enough to take a hand, but quite conscious of the fact that any interference on their part might lead to unpleasant consequences to themselves without benefiting the hapless victim in the least. They could only sit there and sweat, and swear, and grind their teeth, hoping

against hope that something might happen to give them a real chance.

And then gradually they began to understand what was the real intention of those dancing, yelling fiends on the edge of the cliff. They could see that the leader of them—a big man who appeared to belong to another nationality altogether—had passed a rope or a lariat under the woman's arms, and that she was being lowered over the edge of the cliff until she was suspended six or seven feet above the sea. Then the end of the rope was made fast on the top of the cliff, and the woman, helpless and impotent, was left to her fate.

Hack drew a long, deep breath.



"The rope broke, and the girl in white fell almost into Brogden's arms."

"Do you begin to spot what the game is, boss?" he whispered. "Those devils are going to leave that woman there to drown. As the tide rises, so will her fate be sealed. And all we can do is to sit here looking on like a pair of dudes in the stalls of a New

York theatre! I have seen some pretty cold-blooded things in my time, but never a stunt like this. Guess that woman's got some secret they want her to tell, and they'll leave her there to drown or call out before it is too late. Here, say, I can't stand this!"

"What are you going to do?" Brogden asked.

"Well, I guess I'm going to crawl back as far as the camp and get hold of a Winchester. You just freeze yourself here till I come back. I ain't no slouch as a shot, as you know, and from here I calculate I can lob a bullet into that big bully in the sombrero, and fix a receipt stamp to his little account. And there ain't no hurry, either. It brings the blood into your face, but I calculate that poor girl's got to wait a spell. And maybe we can save her yet."

Larry Hack was back in a few moments with a rifle in his hand. He gazed long and earnestly in the direction of the speck of white suspended there between heaven and earth over the side of the cliff. Then his lips began to twitch and his eyes to sparkle.

"Say, boss," he said, "you ain't no slouch as a swimmer."

Brogden admitted the compliment, which in his case was no compliment at all, because he really was an expert in the water.

"Yes, that's all right," he said, "but I don't quite see how it helps matters."

"Well, it's like this, general," Hack went on. "You drop into the water and swim out as far as the girl. You can't reach her from the sea, I know, but that's where I come in. Now, from where those chaps are they can't see what's going on, and, as far as I can guess, they seem to be getting pretty busy with the Bourbon. And they won't move till the girl cries out, which I don't suppose'll be till the water reaches her knees, anyhow. Long before that time you ought to be right handy there on the spot, and when the persecuted heroine drops into your arms, you can swim with her round the point. There's a bit of a sandy beach on the far side which you can just see, and you can land her there. You can do that, can't you?"

"Well, that ought to be easy enough," Brogden said. "I can get her ashore without a doubt. But how am I going to lay hands on her?"

"I'll tell you all that," Hack said. "I can creep within a couple of hundred yards or so along yonder ledge of rocks, and I'm going to shoot her free."

"Shoot her free?"

"Guess that's the programme, commander. I can hit that rope at two hundred yards and cut it in a couple of shots, or I've forgotten how to shoot. Why, I've split a willow wand at three hundred yards before now, and won money over it. Oh, that's all right. Then you get along with the booty, and I'll skirt the camp and join you on the other side with the Winchester and our revolvers. We'll put up some sort of a fight, and maybe, with any luck, get away safely."

It was a desperate chance, but then the situation was desperate, and Brogden was not disposed to hesitate. He had no doubts whatever about his prowess as a swimmer, and he felt convinced that, if Larry's aim was sure, he could manage to convey the unfortunate girl to safety without very much trouble. If she had ordinary pluck, she might listen to what he had to say, when he got near enough to her to explain, and once he had her safely in his arms he did not doubt the issue. Moreover, from where they were seated, the Indians could not see what was going on, and, so long as they remained where they were, the plan might go forward without hindrance. And once the girl was landed on the beach, and Hack joined his companion, they might have a real fair chance of getting away altogether.

The moment of danger would come, of course, directly Hack fired his first shot. That would certainly alarm the ruffians and bring them to their feet at once. But then, if Hack were cautious, he would be able to hide himself, and the search for him might, in fortunate circumstances, give Brogden the precious moments that he required.

All this having been settled, Brogden divested himself of most of his clothing and plunged boldly into the sea. A quarter of an hour's steady swimming brought him to the point of the cliffs over which the fair victim in white was suspended. He could see that her hands and feet were bound, and that she was supported by leather thongs under her arms. Apparently her captors were not entirely devoid of human feeling, for Brogden could see that the rope was padded. He could also see that the girl was exceedingly fair to look at, with regular features, which features, however, to his surprise, bore the evident marks of paint and powder. Evidently a heroine, no doubt, who was not familiar with the rough life of

the South Pacific, and probably, with her unfortunate sister and the man in the flannel suit, had landed on that lone coast from some ship or yacht, which in all probability was not far off.

Those bonds were all in Brogden's favour. They would prevent the helpless heroine from dragging on him, so that, when the time came, she would be compelled to do exactly as he told her. He trod water easily and began to speak.

Hardly were the first words out of his mouth before there came the sound of a shot, followed by a second one, and then, as if by a conjuring trick, the rope broke, and the girl in white fell almost into Brogden's arms. He heard the wild scream that came from her lips as she disappeared under the surface, then, as she came up again, he caught her by the shoulders and turned her gently on her side.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "You are perfectly safe. You can manage to get the tips of your fingers on my shoulders, can't you? But, whatever you do, keep your nerve, and I'll have you out before you know what's happening."

"Is that so?" the girl said, and in a voice so astonishingly cool that Brogden was fairly startled for a moment. "I haven't the remotest idea who you are, but you are rather a comfort. Oh, I'm not going to lose my nerve. This sort of adventure is quite in my line."

Brogden went on marvelling, but said nothing. He wanted all his breath now, despite the fact that his task was an easy one, and that the girl was doing everything he could desire. He swam on steadily round the point, and was drawing into shallow water, when he heard a shout from the cliff, and, looking up, saw Hack gesticulating wildly there, utterly indifferent, apparently, to the fact that he was in full view of the foe.

"Get back, you fool!" Brogden panted.

"Too late," Hack said—"they've spotted me. They spotted me some time ago. And they've got a Maxim gun yonder! Heaven knows where they got it from, but it's there!"

Surely enough, what might have been a Maxim gun was trailing over the edge of the cliff, and what appeared to be another one suddenly showed its nose on the headland behind the gesticulating figure on the cliff. Already on the shelving bit of beach where Brogden intended to land was a band of Indians eagerly awaiting his coming. They lifted him out of the water and, without further ceremony, rendered him helpless with ropes and raw hides. Then a moment or two later Hack, downcast and disconsolate, and much in the same sorry case, joined his commander.

They were dragged away up the cliffs to the impromptu camp, where the desperadoes were apparently doing themselves remarkably well out of a number of picnic baskets flanked by a small regiment of tempting-looking bottles, over which the big man in the sombrero effectively presided. He was apparently the leader of the gang—no doubt one of those South Sea desperadoes of European origin made familiar to civilisation through the medium of Louis Becke and other picturesque writers who have chosen the Pacific Ocean for the scenes of their stories.

For the moment, at any rate, the persecuted heroine had vanished, so had the other girl, and the man in the flannel suit was not to be seen.

"I think that'll about do," the man in the sombrero said, and immediately the two Maxim guns on either side of the camp vanished. "I think that'll do. Here, Joe, cut away those bonds and offer these gentlemen the hospitality of the circus."

"You want us to drink with you?" Brogden said. "Do you mean to say that you have the infernal cheek——"

"Oh, cut it out!" the chief pirate said genially. "You don't understand, of course. One of our chaps spotted you some time ago, but I didn't come round and exchange cards because, you see, we were busy. And when I saw what you were up to, then I let you go on, because it seemed to me that you'd embroidered some on our original scenario, and I guess we're always open to hints from intelligent strangers. Say, young man, you're a bit of a dandy with a gun, aren't you? When we saw what you were going to do, I didn't interfere, because I'm some of a sportsman myself, and I was ready to bet long odds you couldn't cut that rope at two hundred yards with a rifle bullet. Well, you did, and I've got a record of it on the film—the thing that you took to be a Maxim gun. Guess you mistook a cinematograph apparatus for a weapon, eh? Well, it was a dandy shot, and it's going to improve our film some. You can see what our game was, but yours was a darned sight better, and if the Broad Highway Film Company have got any sense of gratitude—why, I guess they'll call you part-author of this big new film of ours, and see that you get a handsome royalty."

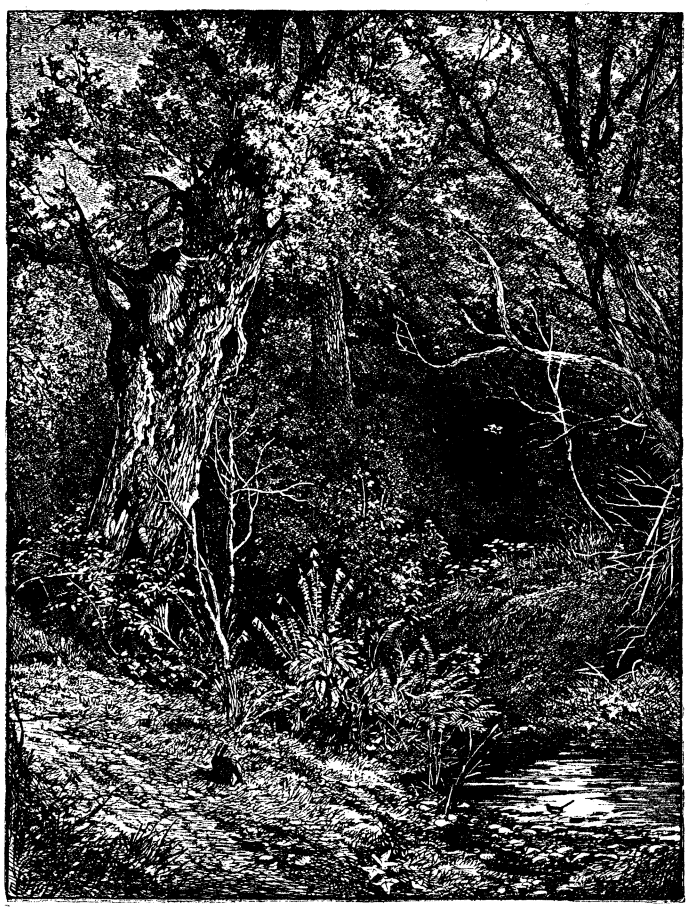
Brogden sat there with a cold, white light steadily filtering its way to the back of his intelligence.

"So that's the game, is it?" he asked. "Well, you fairly put it over my friend, Mr. Larry Hack, and myself. Yes, I see it's quite all right—I see, on closer acquaintance, that your wild Indians are all duds. But what on earth are you doing here? Why did you come all this way?"

"Local colour, my dear sir, local colour," the big man said. "The finest and most realistic firm in the world is the Broad Highway Film Company. And we're working on a big drama now that's going to make little old New York sit up and take nourishment. There's ten million dollars behind our firm, and the universe has got to know it. And round yonder point is a regular cinematograph ship that's taken us half round the world. I guess it'll be the finest panoramic effect ever seen on the screen, and it'll take two years to complete. Now, say, mister, did you ever hear of an actress called Crystal Rays, and another called Maizie Corn? Well, the first-named star is the lady you pulled out of the water, and the other one you haven't seen yet, and the dude in the flannel suit is our leading man. Some cast, eh?"

"You're right there," Brogden laughed. "I'm from New York, and I know. You might introduce me."

"Certainly, with pleasure, and the artist with the Winchester, the genius who's given us a new sensation in the shape of a thrilling picture. Look here, my champion shot, if you want an engagement at five hundred dollars a week with the Broad Highway Company—why, it's yours!"



"AT THE BROOKSIDE." BY BIRKET FOSTER.

HARVEST.

LURCHING down the leafy lane—
Into ruts and out again—
Goes the heavy-laden wain.

Every swaying bramble draws
Precious toll of golden straws
Ere the willing bearers pause.

Patient beasts, they need no goad;
They have drawn a ripened load
Year by year the self-same road.

But the lads who decked each brow
With an elm or willow bough
Yester-year are missing now.

In a wider, foreign field
Grimmer weapons now they wield,
Garnering a sterner yield.

Lord of harvests, here and there,
Hearken, and in mercy bear
Grain and gleaners in Thy care.

LILIAN HOLMES.

CARNFORTH'S APOLOGY

By MICHAEL KENT

Illustrated by Harold Copping

FOR the first moments, when Bates had left him alone in the room, Carnforth felt a distinct sense of the order and quiet of the place. There followed a certain vague misease, and he set to valiantly reminding himself that, after all, he was E. Watson Carnforth, author of "Starshine, and Other Verses," potentially the new voice in the world of verse. "The new voice!" A voice in the wilderness, he thought, smiling that he, the unorthodox, the pioneer, should borrow a phrase from the most orthodox of all literature.

"Voice!" The mere word set him to analyse the voices of the room, as he had done in the first of his verses that had attained recognition. The contrast was almost ludicrous, for in his work the voices of the room had emanated from a Fragonard fan, a Boucher drawing, and a volume of Wycherley's plays. They were soft, seductive voices—certain plain men would have thought them just nasty—but to Carnforth and his coterie they represented the last word in art. He found the voices in this room different, when he came to analysis. They were strident, restless voices, and they proceeded from a study of Watts's "Energy" on the wall, the ancient blue-banded oar, companioned by an ice-axe, in the corner, and a volume of Matthew Arnold on a little table by one of the windows. He picked up the book, and it opened naturally at a page. Automatically he read a line or two—

> Ye move through the ranks, recall
> The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
> Praise, reinspire the brave.
> Order, courage return;
> Eyes rekindling and prayers
> Follow your steps as ye go.
> Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
> Strengthen the wavering line,
> 'Stablish, continue our march
> On to the bounds of the waste,
> On to the City of God.

He put the book down hastily, and wondered a moment cynically whither he and his were tending.

There was a step outside—a light, boyish step. He turned and faced one of his younger brethren—a comrade and co-scholar of his beneath the roof which S. Eadhelm had raised for piety and learning a dozen centuries ago.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir," said the boy; "I thought the Head was here."

"I expect the Head will be here soon," said Carnforth. "What were you sent up for?"

It felt rather fine to look down on the merry-eyed boy before him, and feel how far he had travelled on the path of human experience since he had left S. Eadhelm's for the banks of Isis.

The boy pointed to a photograph, framed up in passe-partout, upon the wide black mantelshelf.

"That chap brought me here," he said, with a grimace.

Carnforth walked across the room and inspected the photograph. Khaki, of course. It was of Lal Dale, the Head's only son. Carnforth could not help admitting that in a brutal, obvious way he made a gallant figure. There was something clear and clean

about him, like the chisel-work of ancient Greece.

"He did not get you into trouble, my friend," he said.

"Oh, it wasn't his fault," the culprit admitted. "But I'd just finished a sketch of him going over the top, when Sam—Mr. Sinclair nabbed me."

"And then?" suggested Carnforth, feeling very old and wise.

"Then there was an air raid," returned the artist, rubbing his head.

"And didn't that settle it?"

"Oh, I said the drawing was as patriotic as 'Germania.' Putrid stuff, Tacitus!"

"So he sent you up?"

"He said I was impertinent," explained the youthful delinquent. "It's only because he's got a crocked knee and can't go himself. Anybody else would have let me off, only that sort of thing stings him up a bit."

"Victim of injustice, eh, my friend?" said Carnforth sympathetically.

"Oh, Sinclair's all right, really," the boy returned. "It's hard lines, after all. Do you think it will be over in four years, sir? Then I can go."

"I don't know," replied the poet, a little uneasy. "What'll you get?"

"Oh, three bending, I expect. The Head won't be hard. Only he pinched my picture, and it was jolly fine."

There was a quick step in the outer passage, and the Head entered, tall, lean, dark, and grizzled, a tight jaw furrowed under the rigid maxillaries, withdrawn and kindly eyes. Two strides took him to his desk, bundling his gown into a chair as he passed.

"Ah, Carnforth," he said, "I am glad to see you." Then he turned to the boy. "At prayers to-morrow, Windsor," he said; "I am busy now."

Exit the accused. Carnforth felt conscious that he no longer had that sense of superiority with which he had opened his interview with the boy. He was glad of his withdrawal. Also about the Head's greeting he perceived a freedom from pose, a nicety of intonation that was entirely sincere and by no means over-cordial. He felt a qualm of distrust.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said, "and to visit the old place again."

Looking beyond the age-old elms that stood with gnarled ankles round the New Court, to where the grey north transept of the cathedral and the strong, sharp edges of the Angel Tower cut the primrose-yellow of the western sky, he found his remark, on the instant, strangely *gauche*. "The old place," which had seemed a term of easy, tolerant affection, became on the tongue intolerable assurance beneath those elms, before the unchanging flint and Caen stone of the ruined sacristy. It seemed to him that in the deep recesses of his mind the Head was smiling, although his face was still.

"I have your little book here," said the Head, and indicated a dainty volume with yapp edges and gold tooling. Carnforth saw it on the shelves. It was certainly the prettiest binding there. He winced to find it in such stern company—Skeat, Bright, and Paley, and a purple paper text or two of Early English.

"I hope you found it not altogether foolish," he said, and then again came that critical blame. His ultra-modest pose seemed so vain.

The Head smiled. "Classic tradition unfits me for the part of critic," he said kindly; "we are not modern here." He reached a long arm for the book and, opening it, read—

> "Were it not better than the till and desk
> To lie up-gazing out of beds of flowers,
> Sucking rich laughter from the pose, grotesque,
> Of such as—worshipping their office hours—
> In portly solemness file slowly by,
> To leave us love and gentle irony?

S. Eadhelm's stands for more than that, I think." He glanced out of the mullioned window across the green. From the choir school the choristers were filing into the north porch for vespers, their white gowns gleaming silver in the prevailing blue within the shadow of the gaunt pile. The Dean, with his manciple before him, came robed out of the deanery gate. So the ample, dignified life had gone unhurried on for centuries. Carnforth, looking out, too, felt a momentary distrust of his own attitude and all that it stood for in art. That anarchy which he had been wont to extol seemed in this placid environment ephemeral and mean. Were long-established things as rotten as he had got to think they were?

"It has its charm," he said, throwing out an arm toward the window. "I represent, I suppose, much that is modern, free, unrestrained, but I recognise the charm of this—its dignity."

"Restraint," returned the Head, "restraint, voluntary and purposeful, that is the text of it—discipline, in brief."

He cast a quick, luminous glance at his visitor, who laughed uneasily.

"Discipline," said Carnforth. "That reminds me of the special purpose of my visit." He stopped, hesitating.

"Yes?" said the Head.

"I am in a cleft stick—a matter of conscience."

"A matter of—conscience?" the Head queried, with the minutest pause before the last word, the faintest indication of surprise.

"I have received a call-up form—the ordinary course, you know, sir."

"The ordinary course?" said the Head. "I did not know."

It was quite simply said. S. Eadhelm's sons had not often waited for the ordinary course, but the young man felt that the matter was difficult to put in the right light.

"Classes Six to Ten are to report for service on the twenty-second," he said.

"And your difficulty, Carnforth?"

"Well, sir," the poet replied, "I have given the matter a great deal of consideration—I hope impartially. I see many difficulties in my case. Violence is abhorrent to me." He stretched out his graceful manicured hands palm upward; a jewelled bangle flashed and slid up his slim white wrist. "I was never, even at S. Eadhelm's, what you would call a sport."

The Headmaster allowed a grim, thin smile to flit a moment across his features like a wisp of wind at play on standing corn. Carnforth, watching, grew uneasy. If only the Head would talk, question his position, debate it! He took up his tale. "In all my adult life I have sedulously cultivated the environment of things beautiful, and I have endeavoured, as far as I might, to hand on that heritage of beauty to all around me. Warfare is not beautiful."

"There is a beauty in stark strength," said the Head. His eye passed Carnforth by and rested a moment on the virile, rough-hewn lines of "Physical Energy," where Watts's gallant youth, poised like a god, shaded his eyes and gazed forward, forward into the sunlight.

There was a quiet knock, and Bates re-entered at his master's word. He bore a telegram upon a salver. As the Head took the brown envelope, the man regarded him with a strange solicitude.

With the usual apology, the Head opened it, read it slowly, refolded it, and set it aside upon the desk.

"There is no answer, Bates," he said quietly, in his full, vibrant voice.

He leaned back in his chair, and for quite a little while sat very still, not speaking.

"There is a beauty in things merely strong and wholesome," he said at last. "Steadfastness under the lash of the ephemeral—that is beautiful."

It was defiant, fundamental, an essential creed. It made Carnforth uneasy. "The sub-conscious effect of years in this man's care," he pleaded with himself, and took courage.

"I have wondered," he said aloud, "whether a line from you concerning my place and potentiality in literary circles might leave me free to follow my ideals in peace."

"To follow your ideals?" repeated the Head, and in the gathering gloom his deep eyes blazed.

"Beauty, rest, peace, all that the world will need after the holocaust."

"Once there was a leader of rebels against a wicked king," said the Head, "and he came with an armed following against the city of his evil lord." He spoke slowly, picking his words with a simplicity that made Carnforth regard himself as a backward child. "Messengers came from that king to know what the rebel would do, and they asked him: 'Is it peace?' He answered: 'What hast thou to do with peace? Turn thee behind me.'"

The blood rushed into the young man's face.

"But the life of a nation," he cried, "the essential spirit of it—we must not let it die! There will be a time when things come back—the happy, normal things, all the fairness of our English art and craft. It would have to start afresh; there would be a break in the tradition."

The Head reached forth and grasped the folded message form.

"I think," he said, "that there is more splendour in spilt blood than in spilt ink for England to-day."

"Perhaps you find my assumption arrogant?" said Carnforth hotly.

"I do not judge," returned the Head.

There was a pause. Across the green the windows, the miracle windows of S. Eadhelm's, glowed dim in the mist, but rich with the rare blood and sapphire of a long-dead age. The organ pressed, with a noise of myriad tireless wings, through the last triumphant phrases of the Cantate Domino. The elder man sat a moment musing, then: "The school has done well," he said—"well."

The implication smote Carnforth with distaste.

"Then, sir, I must look to quarters with a different estimate of the place of art in life, or of my place in art?" he said.

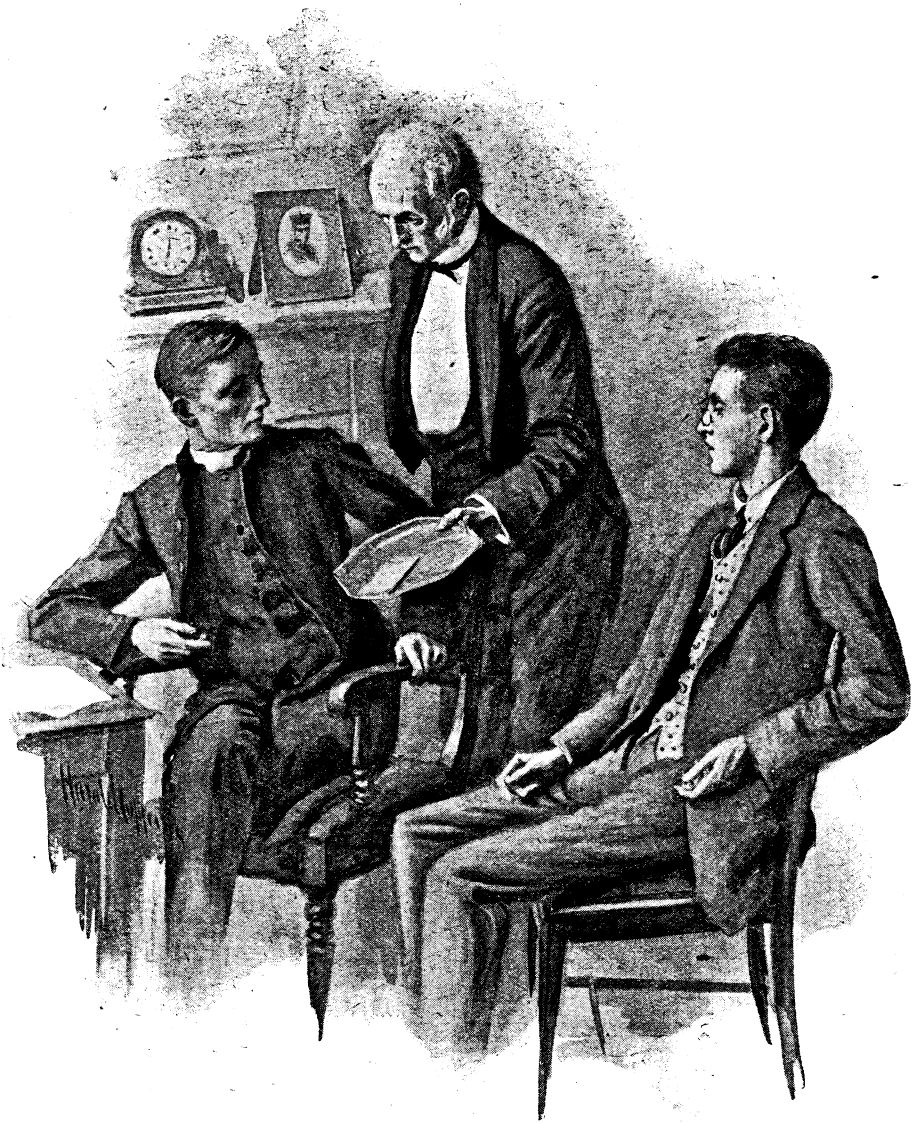
"I cannot write your letter," the school-

master returned; "I wish you had not asked me."

Carnforth got up diffidently. It did not seem to him any longer that he was the new voice in the world of letters. He wished to feel angry with his host, but he could not.

owe to the school, to all this"—Carnforth indicated the quiet precincts—"to you above all." The Headmaster nodded.

There was another gentle knock. Bates entered again with lighted candles and a letter.



"The man regarded him with a strange solicitude."

"I—I hope, sir, that you appreciate my motives?" he said.

"Believe me, I try," returned the Head. He seemed to have crumpled a little in his chair. In the half-light he looked very worn and frail.

"I am very conscious how much I

"The post, sir," he said, placing his burden orderly upon the desk, and retired.

The single letter was unstamped, except for the familiar field-service mark. It reminded Carnforth of the conventions.

"Oh, how is Lionel?" he asked. "I hope he's fit and well, and likes his work."

The Head stared at him a moment with knit brows, as though he hardly heard, then he threw back his head—they were moving towards the door. "It is well with the child," he said. "See!"

He placed the wire in Carnforth's hands, who, wondering, spread out the dingy carbon scrawl and read:

"The Minister for War regrets to inform the Rev. C. M. R. Dale, D.D., that Lieutenant C. L. R. Dale, of the Monmouthshire Borderers, was killed in action on the 25th inst."

"My God!" said Carnforth. "And you sitting there and talking to me about—about—— It is vain to tender my regrets." He took the Head's firm hand, bereft of words, and moved to the door.

"Oh, you can be proud, sir, proud!" he cried, and went out—the sincerest words he had used in all their talk.

The Head remained there, half-way to the door; he stretched his arm out to a chair and leaned his weight upon it a little helplessly. So he stayed some moments, bowed and old, looking appealingly across the room to the photograph upon the mantelshelf, faint in the mellow candlelight.

A step sounded at the door. It was Carnforth.

"Oh, sir, you were right," he said—"about blood and ink, I mean. Wish the splendour for me, too. I will go."

"That is well, that is right," said the Head. But Carnforth had gone, almost running down the corridor.

The old man stepped totteringly forward and sank into the chair, and "Lal!" he said, "Boy Lal!" over and over in a whisper.

In the cathedral the organ was hurrying through the fiery prelude of a hymn. Suddenly it stopped, and in a beat resumed slow, full-throated trumpet stops released.

The old man rose, fluttering, and hurried to the window, throwing aside the curtain. He could almost hear the words—certainly he knew them:

> But soon there comes a yet more glorious day,
> The saints triumphant rise in bright array.

Then slow—slow, pervasive, as if all the world were straining to acclaim:

> The King of Glory passes on His way.
> Alleluia! Alleluia!

"Amen," said Doctor Dale.

TO THE UNDYING DEAD.

HAIL! ye undying dead,
Whose influence yet courses like a flood
Empassioning the pulses of our blood;
Mysterious visitants, that dreams inspire
Enkindling flames of an ethereal fire:
Fameless ye fell on a far foreign strand,
Yet alchemy your homing phantoms shed,
Strong to transmute the spirit of our land.
Hail! ye undying dead.

JAMES SURTEES PHILLPOTTS.

NAOMI

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

"YOU made my lad very happy," said old Mrs. Britton. "Afore he died he told me that you were the best wife that ever lived—aye, and he begged me to keep you from grieving and pining more than was natural. I'd been a stupid old fool to hold out so long, but obstinacy is a feature of my family. I'd wanted him to wed a rich lass; instead, he showed himself a man, and would have his own choice."

"It was the great day of Will's life and of mine, too," said her daughter-in-law—"the day when you came to us and told that all was forgiven. I mind him coming in from the stack-yard—he was thatching a rick—and gripping my arm and whispering: 'There's mother coming up the lane.' And you kissed me and kissed him, and none of us spoke a word!"

"Aye, we were too full up!" said Mrs. Britton. "Then you brought out your best sheets to air for my bed, and, mercy me, I can't say what I did! More crying than laughter, I'll be bound! You were that kind and tender with me, you turned me weak as a kitling!"

"And now you've got into your head-piece as I want to make a change," said the young widow. "Nay, my dear. We've lived together ever since Will was taken, three years ago, and never had a word but was good and gentle. You've helped me in the farm with work and with money; if it hadn't been for that, I'd not have kept out of debt. Our lad's accident came at an ill time."

"He said to me, once as I sat along with him, as he wanted you to be happy," said the old lady. "No dog-in-the-manger was Will! 'Mother,' says he, 'if another comes along, one who's good enough for my Livvie, you'll tell her it's for the best. All her life's before her; 'twould be dree for her to rest lone and lorn.' And now Mr. Broomhead! Why, my deaf, 'tis easy to see you're the very eyes of his face!"

Lavinia, who was plump and fair and in the prime of her young beauty, laughed and shook her head.

"It's no use, mother," she cried; "you'll never do for a match-maker! I may have taken his fancy, or I may not; anyway, it doesn't matter. If John Broomhead chooses a mate, it'll need to be someone with a fortune. Broom Lea—for all it's called his own property—is fair honeycombed with mortgages. You know that, same as all the world."

"He's good at business and a hard worker," said her mother-in-law. "I reckon his poor father was much to blame—always with some harum-scarum notion or other in his mind. It'd have been a mercy for the son if he'd been called home long ago, 'stead of the same month as Will. Hard times it was to find naught but a struggle to face!"

"It's clear enough that John'll never ask anyone to keep the house-keys till he can do it with a clear mind," said Lavinia. "You've got a queer notion in your head. Why, he only comes here as a friend and neighbour! Eases his mind, it does, to talk with you. Tell you what, if I was in love with him, I'd be more than a bit jealous!"

Mrs. Britton, although not ill-pleased with this simple badinage, shook her head deprecatingly.

"I do declare you've not got a scrap of respect," she said. "Me well-nigh seventy, and him but twenty-eight—two years older nor you! Seems as if I can't get you to talk serious, Livvie. You've got to face things; there'll come a time when you'll wish you'd made a change. It's true you'll get my bit of money when I'm gone, but money's not everything. If you'd a chick or a child, I'd not feel about it as I do."

"You're not tired of me, mother?" said Lavinia. "I know it's hard enough for you,

having money to live like a lady, but helping here same as if you'd to addle your living."

"I've been as happy as a bird on a bough," said the old lady smilingly. "If I don't bestir myself, my limbs get weak and stiff; and I'm not minded to spend my time beside the fire, mumbling and chuntering, like some folk of my time of life. Why, bless my soul, Livvie, keeping house with you keeps me young and fresh! Nay, hearken to the dog; he's barking as merry as can be. 'Tisn't a tramp, for sure!"

Lavinia went to the window and moved aside a bough of the big fuchsia that screened from sight the farmyard gate.

"Talk of angels!" she exclaimed. "Why, it's John Broomhead himself! Whatever can he be coming for at such a time?"

"When I was getting a sallet this morning, I saw him passing the garden," said Mrs. Britton. "He looked a bit woebegone, so I asked him what was amiss. Money worries, it seems; he said he'd got to visit Lawyer Sampson. I made bold to bid him step in on his way back. Maybe it'll do him good to open his mind to somebody who's known him since he was a little lad."

"I'll reckon you'll wish to talk in private," said Lavinia; "so I'll go and pack the eggs for Huckster Binns. But mind, and don't play any roguish tricks; when your eyes twinkle like now, I know you're up to mischief!"

She left the parlour laughingly, but before she admitted the visitor one might have heard a heavy sigh. Mrs. Britton glanced at the spotted mirror and set her lace cap aright. When Broomhead was shown in, her comely face displayed all its Sunday gravity. The young man was tall and upstanding, with frank and kindly eyes. Excess of contriving how to join both ends with justice and honesty had brought deeper lines to his forehead than may usually be observed in folk of his age. He was dressed in well-fitting grey tweed; she remembered that she had first seen that suit the summer before Will's death.

"Sit you down, my lad, sit you down," said Mrs. Britton. "You look fair tired out, and no mistake. A nip of sherry wine'll do you good."

"Nay, don't trouble," said Broomhead. "I've always kept off liquors; I'm best without. It's been a heavy day, and I've had some hard thinking to do. You've always been a good friend to me, so there's no reason why I shouldn't tell. It's settled as I'm going to Tasmany."

"Going to Tasmany?" cried the old lady, with surprise and sharp distress in her voice. "Nay, but that is ill news!"

"The mortgage has been called in," he replied, "and Lawyer says it'll be hard to get another, and only at higher interest. My poor dad raised two thousand on the land—he was always hoping to make a grand fortune. I've strove and struggled to keep things in working order, but 'tisn't any use. Broom Lea'll have to go. There'll be a few hundreds for me to start with in a fresh country. I've kin over there—belike they'll advise me."

"But Broom Lea's been Broomhead property for over three hundred year!" said Mrs. Britton. "It'd never do to let it pass to strangers. Tell you what, my lad, you ought for to look out for a wife with money. It's a fine house, and—well, you'd pass in a crowd."

He smiled faintly; then the lines on his forehead deepened. "There's only one woman as I ever fancied," he said, "and I think too much of her to ask her to share my worries She's had one trouble in her life—a big one, too. If she mated with me, all her days would be filled with scheming about how to make things meet. I'm older than my years—she'd soon be the same."

"If she was the right sort, she'd never heed worries," said his friend. "But maybe she's rich."

"If she had been, I'd have kept away from her," he answered. "I couldn't bear to think as I owed my wife for bread and cheese! When I've thought of wedlock—and I've thought a good deal of late—I've made very different plans. There ought to be a smooth path for a wife to walk on—her man should stand betwixt her and all the troubles in the world. The one I've cared for is in a comfortable way; she works, 'tis true, but she hasn't to count every penny. It'd have been a sin and a shame to worsen her way of living."

"I'd like to know her name," said Mrs. Britton. "Maybe I could give you a bit of advice. Why, now I think of it, 'tis John Hancock of Farlow Dale's eldest daughter! A nice little bit of money her Uncle Josiah left her, and there'll be more when John goes to Kingdom Come."

"How you do talk!" expostulated Broomhead. "Why, I've scarce spoke half a dozen words to her in all my days! You're on the wrong trail, and no mistake!"

"Then 'tis the school-missis," said the dame. "It'd be for you as she got that

bonnet like a bee-skep—the one she wears for church."

"Wrong again," said Broomhead, whose voice was no longer flat and melancholy. "You'll never find out, so we'll talk of sommat else. Aye, I shall be sorry to go to Tasmany; I shouldn't mind so much if I could take one or two as I know. The folk over there may be as good as gold, but they'll not be the same as those I have lived amongst."

"Aye, you'd like to transplant Grassbrook village and all the countryside," she said—"Hog Torr, and Pewit Wood, and the River Darrand."

"I'd miss the country. sure enough," he replied, "but I said one or two as I know. Why, Mrs. Britton, you'd be amongst 'em!"

Her bright eyes softened—she blinked as though to prevent the coming of tears. "You're a good lad," she said gently. "Something about you always puts me in mind of my own son. Think twice about going—there's surely no hurry?"

"Lawyer Sampson knows a gentleman who wants to buy land here for a country house," said Broomhead. "He means to build himself a fine mansion—the old spot 'd have to come down."

"Broom Lea to come down!" repeated Mrs. Britton. "I never heard of such an outrageous thing; it'd be a sin and a shame! As well pull down Grassbrook Church!"

"The furniture'll have to go," he continued. "There's some rare pieces as I've always understood—more nor one bears the same date as is over the porch. Maybe I'll be able to take a few along with me. 'Tis Wednesday to-day—I've got to say aye or nay before Saturday."

"Looks to me as you've made up your mind," said Mrs. Britton. "I'd have thought you'd more regard for your forefelders. Why, if I was you, I'd sooner die than give up what those of my name had held so long! Aye, and if I was fond of somebody, same as you reckon you are——"

Broomhead winced painfully and turned aside his face. "I'm not one as talks much about myself," he said, in a low voice, "but—well, I've suffered a good deal. And I'm glad I never asked the woman I loved. How would it be with her if she'd said aye, and now had this trouble to face?"

"A woman worth her shoe-leather would think naught about it!" Mrs. Britton said almost indignantly. "For better or worse, for richer or poorer, says the Prayer Book, and, thank Heaven, there's a good many of us built that way! A chap who ventures naught wins naught—'tis an old saying, but gospel true. Eh, well, if there must be changes, there must be. I'm well in years myself, but I doubt I shan't be long in this spot!"

"You're surely not going to leave—to leave Mrs. Will?" he said. "Nay, I thought you meant to bide always with her."

Mrs. Britton jerked her thumb towards the shut door, as if to hint at some secret. "It's come into my head that Livvie will be getting married ere long," she said. "I needn't ask you not to speak of it—you're not of the blabbing kind. But there's a gentleman comes regular, and I've seen, plain as plain can be, what he's after."

Broomhead picked up his cap and rose. She saw that his face had grown paler, and that his hand trembled slightly. "I ought for to be going," he said, in a strained voice. "I've letters to write afore post goes out."

"Put 'em off till to-morrow," she said petulantly. "Seeing as you're soon going for good, you needn't grudge an old body a bit o' talk. It'll ease my mind to talk about Livvie. Would you believe it, I'll not be sorry if she does take a second. She's been as my own daughter, and I'd fain see her happy. It'll be a love match—he's not after her money. She hasn't much, so maybe 'tis better so. Sit down again, my lad. If you'll only bide a while, we'll drink tea together."

Just then her daughter-in-law came in, fresh and gay and charming. She had packed the eggs, then had visited the garden to gather ripe rasps. In one hand she carried a quaint dish of the fragrant fruit, in the other a big bunch of damask roses. She brought with her the smell of the lad's-love border, against which her skirts had brushed.

"Bless my soul, if you're not a nosegay yourself!" cried her mother-in-law. "Never have I known a lass like you for sweet scents! If you but stand in the doorway for a minute, you're fresh as a May morning!"

In spite of the lightness of her voice, Lavinia divined that serious matters were in question. Broomhead's eyes were clouded, the knuckles of the hand that held his cap were white as ivory. "Why, whatever's amiss?" she said. "You might both be sitting at a funeral!"

"Mr. Broomhead's just been telling me bad news," said Mrs. Britton. "Seems as we're going to lose him; he's got into his mind to go to Tasmany."

If either had watched Lavinia at that

moment, they would have seen her droop and shrink like a flower beneath a scorching sun. She turned giddy, laying the dish of fruit so sharply on the table that it cracked from rim to rim. Her hand rose midway to her heart, then stopped with a jerk.

Will's widow left the parlour, her footstep heavy as in the days of her bereavement. In the houseplace she stood for quite a long while gazing into space, possibly trying to make a picture of a strange and distant country. Then, after sighing with mournful



"She brought with her the smell of the lad's-love border, against which her skirts had brushed."

"To Tasmany?" she said faintly. "Well, that's news, and no mistake!"

"Not as all's settled," said the old lady. "Maybe something'll happen to stop him. Do you hasten up with tea, Livvie. When I'm put about, I get dry all of a sudden."

heaviness, her common-sense returned, and she began to bustle in the preparation of a meal.

"You gave Livvie quite a turn," said Mrs. Britton, when the door was closed. "She's one of the old-fashioned sort, same

as myself—she can't abide change. I reckon when the gentleman who's after her puts the question, she'll make a rare to-do about leaving me. Poor Livvie, she's got very fond of me, the years we've lived together."

"He'd be a fool if he thought of parting you!" said the young man savagely. "Why, he ought for to beg and pray as you'd live in the same house. If I was him, I know what I'd do!"

"And what's that?" she inquired. "Not as it matters, since you're going to Tasmany, only—well, all womenfolk are curious."

"I'd say I'd be proud as a peacock to be her husband, but as I'd not be really happy and contented unless you were always by," he made answer. "You'd have a fine parlour all for yourself—aye, and the best chamber in the house!"

"Just as if I was a lady born and bred!" she exclaimed. "Maybe, after all, he'll talk so, and maybe I'll say aye. Livvie's the nearest I've got in the world. Do you excuse me a moment—I'll tell her to open a pot of cranberry jam. 'Twas only made last week."

She returned from the houseplace with a smiling countenance. "There wasn't any need for me to interfere," she remarked. "Table's being set out just as if fine comp'ny was expected. Maybe *he'll* speak this afternoon."

Broomhead rose again in haste. "I'd liefer not stay," he stammered. "I don't want to meet the chap—I've got enough on my mind——"

"Nay, come, come!" said Mrs. Britton soothingly. "No good's to be gotten with behaving like a fretful child. You're a man, and you've gotten to face things!"

She caught his sleeve and prevented him from approaching the door. "Seems to me as I'll be forced to speak plain," she said. "You'd have been wiser if you'd spoken long ago, for sure I'm well-nigh tired of waiting. What'd you say if someone came forward and said they'd find the money to clear the land—every blessed pound as is needed?"

"I'd call it a fairy tale," said the farmer. "You might read of such in a book."

"And what'd you do?" insisted Mrs. Britton. "What'd you do if all was straightened up?"

A wild hope began to rise in his heart. He found himself gazing closely into her face, and wondering at the kind gravity behind the smile. "Do?" he said, almost in a whisper. "Why, I'd speak afore the other chap came along! Mrs. Britton, 'tisn't friendly—you haven't any right!"

"Maybe I'd best be plain, after all," she said. "I don't say as the gentleman wasn't yourself—you, and you alone! Why, Livvie's ne'er looked at another! You'd best go and speak to her afore she brings tea in."

"Nay, but I don't understand," he began.

She lifted up her hands in a gesture of protest. "Haven't I said I'll find all you need?" she said. "I can do it, and still have a bit left for myself."

Broomhead moved down and kissed her cheek. "God bless you!" he said. "'Tis like as if you showed me a bit of Heaven."

"And me naught but a selfish old body!" she expostulated, her eyes dancing like a happy child's. "Why, I'm not sure as I'm not the luckiest of the three! I'm like to Naomi of old—much was taken, but full measure was repaid. Now, my lad, 'tis time to go to Livvie and to speed your courting."

But that same moment the door opened and Lavinia appeared, to say that tea was brewed and all ready. She must have divined that something wonderful had happened, since her colour rose until she was as lovely as the freshly-gathered roses. Without a word she went to her mother-in-law, and her arms glided tenderly round that comfortable waist. A soft, cooing little murmur came from Mrs. Britton's lips—that rarely heard music that tells even the dullest hearer of perfect content.

THE SALMON SPEARER

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

IN that country the king of fish may now be taken only by certain methods, under certain conditions, and in certain seasons of the year. The methods of killing, reduced now to the stationary net and the feathered hook, and the conditions are not the same on all rivers. They vary wisely with the varying natures of the waters; but under no conditions and on no water do they permit the killing of the great fish by means of the luring torch and the jabbing spear.

Tom Hazzard had learned to spear salmon and green bass when he was a boy, down on the big river. Peter Sacobie had initiated him into the thrills and subtleties of the sport; and for many years afterwards, even when a grown man and married, the memories of those exciting nights remained with him. He was a man of active and daring ways of life. Since the days of his boyhood he had experienced many thrills—he had hunted bigger game than the silver fish, and tricked death in the hunting—and yet the pictures of those nights on the big river with the old Malisset were always alert at the back of his head, ready to flash bright to the eyes of his mind. Again he could see, clear and vivid as reality, the drifting canoe, with its patched and resined sides, the red glare of the smoking torch on the black water, the stir and rise of vague shapes from the depths, and at last the quick downward plunge of the spear.

Tom worked as a chopper in a lumber camp on the Tobique for several winters, and it was there he met Ellen Kay. Ellen was the sort of girl that any sane man would want to marry; and Tom was sane enough, in spite of a certain whimsical vein in his nature. So he obtained the grant of one hundred acres of forest land, within fifteen miles of Ellen's home, and set himself strenuously to the tasks of felling timber, burning brush, sowing, fencing, and building a cabin. In the winter he trapped fur and worked at "lumbering" for his own hand, on a small scale. In the spring he married Ellen.

Tom Hazzard's was the only clearing on Beaver House Lake. This lake feeds the right branch of the Tobique River by way of a short "thoroughfare," not more than two miles in length, and, in its turn, is fed by a string of ponds, which dwindled successively in size in their gradual ascent of the water-shed, by spruce-flanked valley and cedared flat, to the height-of-land.

Trout are to be had in Beaver House Lake, but no salmon. So it is with the ponds and connecting links of narrow water further up. But the Tobique is rich in salmon, and one of the best salmon pools on the right branch of that river lies, black and smooth, just below the point of entry of the thoroughfare. This pool is private water. The fish in it, and the right to kill the same within the season and conditions as laid down by the game laws of the Province, belonged and still belong to Mr. W. Tuffington Meyers, of New York City. He pays the Provincial Government handsomely for these regal privileges.

As the years passed, Tom Hazzard prospered slowly but steadily, and his contentment grew without a check. He had chosen his wife as wisely as his land; or, to speak more accurately, he had been as lucky in his swift

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and ardent conquest of Ellen as he had been discriminating in his selection of the hundred acres. She was a remarkable young woman, this Ellen—a good playfellow as well as a reliable helpmate. She was at once serious and light-hearted. Though a capable housewife, she did not make a drudgery of her commonplace tasks, and was always ready to leave them to go fishing or shooting or any outdoor adventure with Tom.

The clearings on the lake extended ; the log barns and stables behind the brown cabin increased in number and size ; and, in the course of time, cradles were added to the furniture of the cabin, and tiny garments, far too small for either Ellen or Tom, flew white and blue and pink from the clothesline.

One evening in early spring an old Indian named Gabe Sollis called at the Hazzard cabin on his long way out to Plaster Rock. For years he had lived far back in the wilderness, beyond the height-of-land, but now he had turned his back on those secluded hunting grounds for ever. Now it was his intention to spend whatever years remained to him amid the sheltered conditions of the settlements, moving at his pleasure from the home of one son or daughter to that of another, always with a hot stove to sit beside, always with pancakes and fried pork of another's cooking to eat, and always with someone else's tobacco with which to fill his pipe. He had been a father on a generous scale ; all his offspring had deserted the deep woods for the fringes of civilisation, and now he planned to take his reward.

Gabe came to the Hazzard cabin across the hard and bright March crust, drawing all his worldly goods on a toboggan at his heels. He found Tom, Ellen, the three-year-old baby, and the one-year-old baby all at home. His acquaintance with the family was of the slightest, but this fact did not embarrass him at all. He removed his mittens and sat down by the glowing stove, with his fur cap still on his weather-beaten head. He looked at the table, all laid for supper, with a white cloth and blue-and-white dishes. He looked at the big bowl of batter, at the browning cakes on the griddle, and the crisping bacon in the pan.

" How do ? " he said. " Fine night."

Gabe enjoyed his supper, Tom Hazzard's tobacco, and his shake-down on the kitchen floor. He enjoyed his breakfast in the morning, and, to show his appreciation of the Hazzards' hospitality, he made a gift to Tom before continuing his journey.

" You have um," he said. " No good to me. No good to no one no more."

Then he took up the rope of his toboggan and set off over the gleaming crust, leaving behind him a vanishing trail of tobacco smoke.

" It's a fish-spear," said Tom. " A salmon spear. That's just like an Injun—to give away something that's no use to him nor anyone."

Ellen laughed. " But he was honest about it," she said. " He told you that it was no good to him. What shall we do with it ? "

" Best hide it in the loft," replied Tom. " A fish-spear ain't a healthy thing to be seen with these days, and that, I'll bet a dollar, is the very reason he gave it to us. He hadn't the heart to throw a good spear away, nor he hadn't the nerve to take it to Plaster Rock."

So Gabe Sollis' gift was put away in the loft under the cabin roof, where it lay forgotten and undisturbed for more than a year.

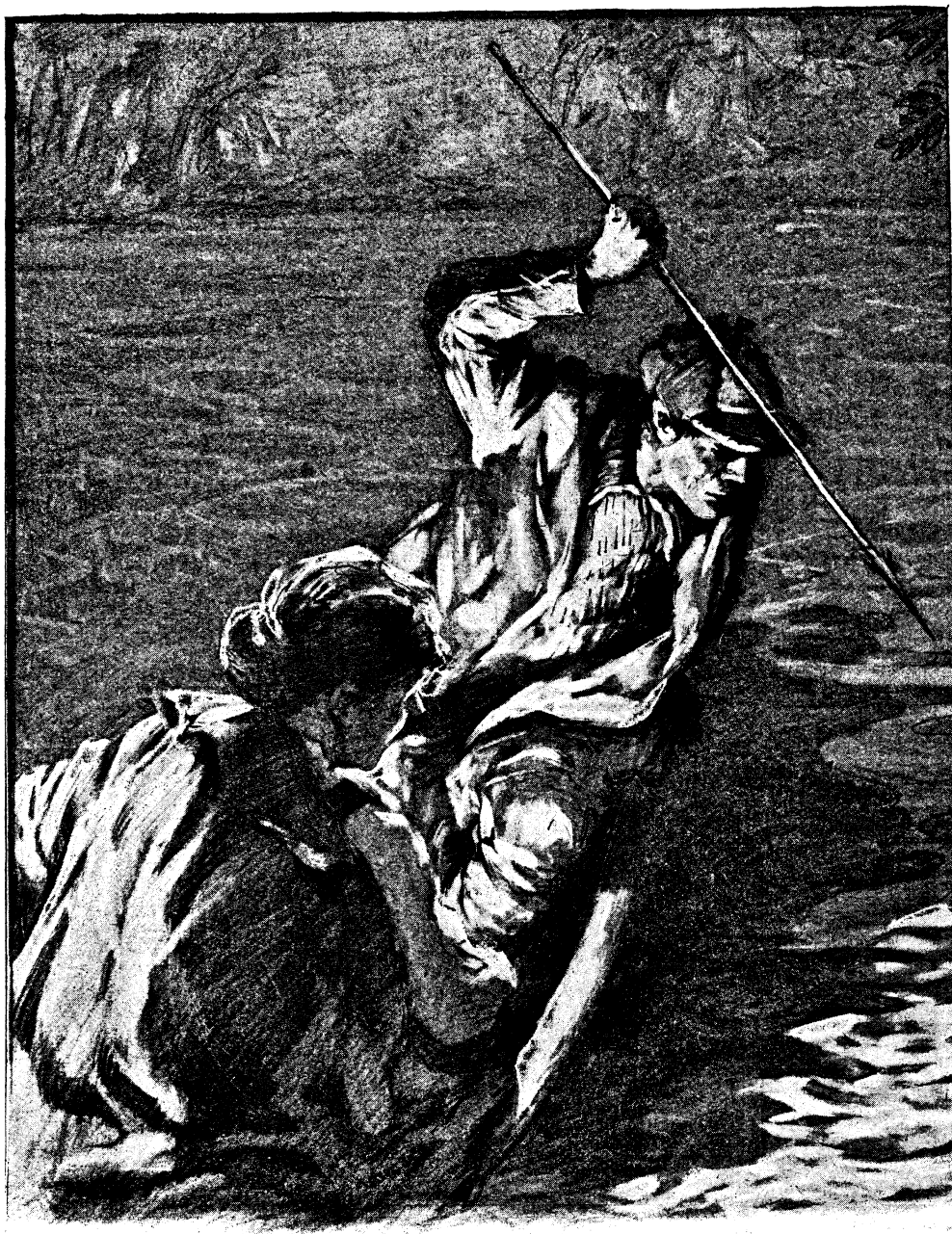
II.

One golden July morning of the year following old Gabe Sollis' visit to the Hazzards' cabin, Tom Hazzard was possessed by an urgent spirit of restlessness. He felt inclined toward almost any form of activity in the world except the hoeing of turnips. So, after contemplating the objectionable young roots for a few minutes, he turned his back on them and seated himself on the top rail of the fence. He filled his pipe, and before it was half smoked out he came to a decision. He would go fishing up beyond Pappoose Lake, and take Ellen and the children with him. But the canoe leaked. He had noticed it two days before, down on the river. So he descended from the fence with more enthusiasm than he had felt in ascending it, and hastened to the cabin. He warned Ellen to get herself, the children, and a cold dinner ready for the trip, and then inquired for the resin-pot.

" I put it in the loft last Sunday," she said. " You left it on the top of the stove."

He went up the ladder and felt about in the dark loft for the pot. As his right hand encountered it, his left hand struck the shaft of the forgotten fish-spear. The spear fell and struck him a sharp blow across the neck. He descended to the kitchen with the resin-pot in one hand and the spear in the other.

" What are you doing with that ? " asked Ellen.



"'There! There!' whispered Ellen again. And Tom struck."

He set the pot on the stove, then twirled the spear, balanced it, poised it as if to strike at an imaginary object on the floor.

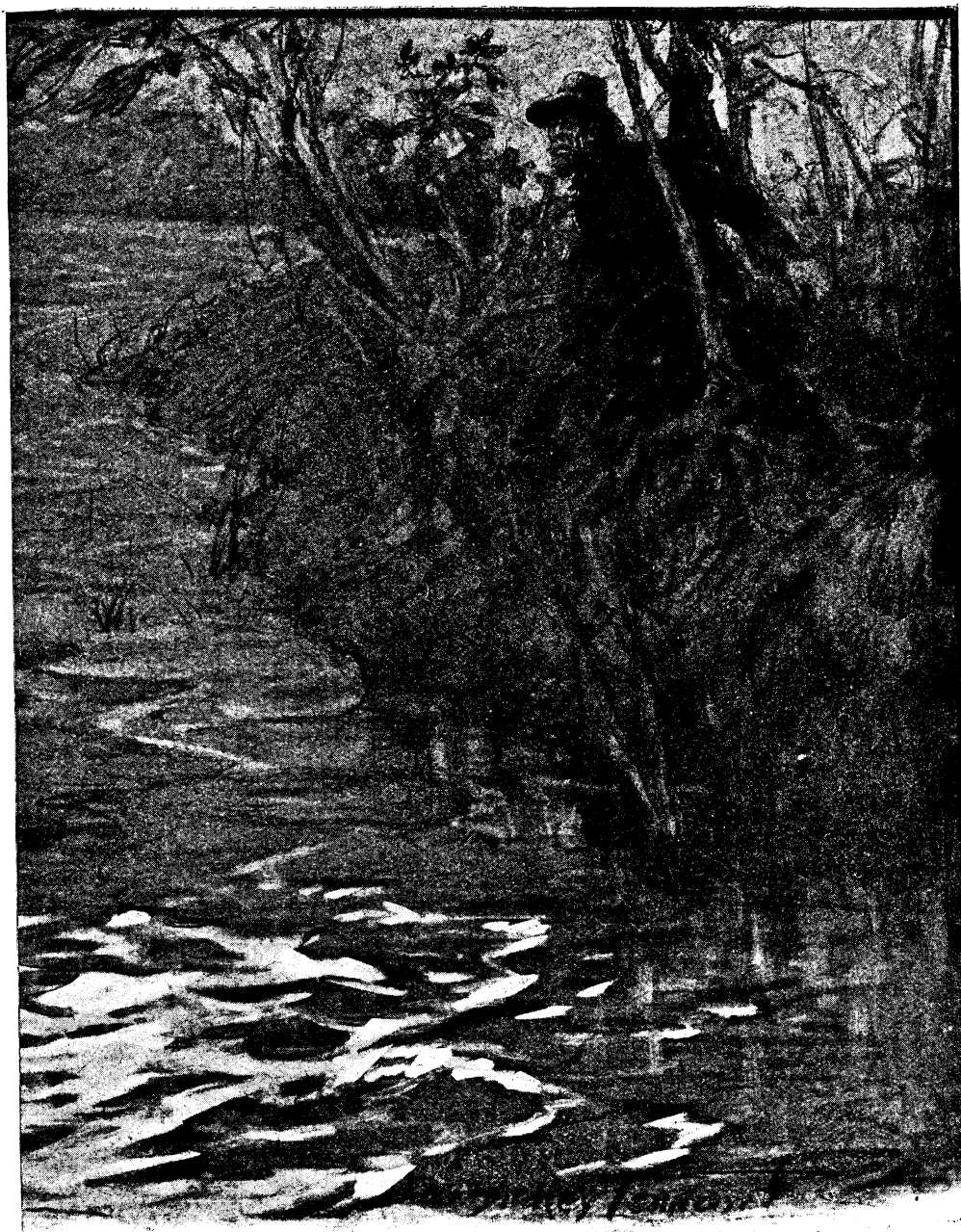
"It's a dandy!" he said. "I bet it's as good as any old Peter Sacobie ever made." He looked at Ellen with a whimsical, questioning glint in his dark eyes. "Did you ever spear a salmon?" he asked.

"You know I never did," she replied. "You know that it was against the law long before my time."

"Sure it was," he said. "But it is great sport. How would you like to see it done?"

"What is in your mind, Tom?"

"Well, girl, I'll tell you. When this here present from old Sollis took a fall on to the back of my neck a minute ago, the thought just popped into my head that one salmon



"'I see him make a jab down into the water and strike a big fish.'"

more or less ain't goin' to hurt the Government none."

"But you've always been dead against breaking the game laws."

"Sure thing. I hold with the game laws because they're mostly right; but suppose I wanted to go fishin' for a salmon with a rod and fly? The game laws ain't against that. But where'd I go to, with any sort of chance of hookin' a fish? A devil of a long way! You was born on the Tobique, and I was born on the St. John, Ellen, and we own land here, and live here, and raise good crops and good little citizens; but we can't take a salmon out of Tobique River with a fly, as the game laws allow, nor with a spear, as they don't allow, for the simple reason that rich men who don't live in this country own

the pools. And some of them rich men ain't citizens of this Province, nor even subjects of the King. I hold with the game laws, but I sure would like to take a salmon out of Meyers' pool, and, as it's the sport I'm after, I'd like to take it with a spear."

"And go to gaol!" said Ellen.

"Not likely," replied Tom. "I'd have to pay a fine if I was caught; but I don't see myself gettin' caught. Meyers ain't come on to the river yet—leastways, he hadn't two days ago. I went ashore and took a look at the camp, and it was still all boarded up."

"We'll go trout fishing on Pappoose Lake, and forget all about Mr. Meyers' pool and Gabe Sollis' salmon-spear," said Ellen.

"You're right, girl," said Tom; but his left eyelid flickered as he said it.

He took the resin-pot from the stove and went down to his canoe on the shore, whistling cheerily as he went.

They had a fine day's sport on Pappoose Lake, and did not get back to the cabin until seven o'clock in the evening. The children went to bed and instantly to sleep immediately after supper. Tom lit a lantern and left the cabin, presumably to split kindlings for the morning; but when he returned, fifteen minutes later, he brought no kindlings with him.

"Come along, girl, for a bit of a paddle," he said.

"But we've been paddling all day," protested Ellen.

"That's right; but it's a fine night for the water."

"A fine night? Why, it is as black as the inside of a pot!"

"True, the moon ain't shinin', but what of that? Come on, girl! We'll only be gone an hour or so, and the youngsters won't mind, even if they chance to wake."

"I know what you mean to do, Tom."

"Sure thing; and I'm just bound to do it once, sooner or later. I want to know if it's as good sport as it was when I was a lad; and, by thunder, I want to cheat Meyers of a fish!"

"Once, Tom?"

"Only once, girl, I give you my word."

So they extinguished the lamp and the fire in the stove, and went down to the canoe. The stars were dim, and there was no moon; but Tom knew his way without a light. Upon reaching Meyers' pool on the river, the canoe was run into the bank, and Tom stepped ashore. He soon returned.

"Safe as a church!" he whispered. "The camp's still all boarded up, and there ain't another camp or house within three mile of here."

Ellen trembled with excitement as she moved to the stern of the canoe and took up Tom's paddle. Tom knelt in the bow and fixed and lit a torch of birch-bark and oil-soaked pine of his own construction. Then he gave the word to Ellen, and the canoe slid smoothly out from the shore on to the smooth, black surface of the pool. The flaming torch threw a red glare into and over the deep water. Shapes moved in the depths like shadows—vague, uncertain, vanishing.

"There!" whispered Ellen.

But Tom did not strike. His keen and eager glance probed downward and forward. His left hand grasped a gunnel of the canoe, his right, held high as his head, gripped the shaft of the spear.

"There! There!" whispered Ellen again.

And Tom struck. The thrill of it ran through the frail craft from bow to stern. Then followed frantic splashings as the great fish was drawn to the surface, then the thud of it on the bottom of the canoe.

The children were still sleeping peacefully when they reached the cabin. Tom cleaned the salmon and placed it in the cool spring-house. When he returned to the kitchen he found the fire burning in the stove.

"Hot coffee," explained Ellen. "I think we need something after that."

"You're right," said Tom. "But where's the spear?"

She pointed at the stove in answer.

"Did you think I'd use it again?" he asked, smiling.

She shook her head, then moved close to him and placed her hands on his shoulders.

"It was exciting," she whispered, "and I was afraid."

"Afraid of what, girl?"

"Afraid that I might ask you to take me to Mr. Meyers' pool again some night, so I burned the spear."

"But I wouldn't ever have risked that game again," said Tom, "no matter how much you asked me, girl. I guess I ain't as young as I used to be. I ain't got the nerve I once had, anyhow. I felt real scart to-night, and it seems to me that salmon spearin' ain't the fine sport I thought it."

Ellen laughed and kissed him.

"I am glad of that," she said.

III.

ILLNESS kept Mr. W. Tuffington Meyers in New York City until well along in the month of August. As soon as his doctor let him

out, he sent a wire to his man at Plaster Rock and started north, taking the doctor with him. They found the camp aired and provisioned, and the canoemen and cook in attendance. Everything seemed to be normal, and the fish were hungry.

One night after dinner, five days after the arrival of Meyers and the doctor on the pool, a worthless old man by the name of Jim Splint appeared at the back-door of the camp and told the cook that he wanted to see Mr. Meyers on important business.

"Glad to hear ye've got a business at last, Jim," said the cook. "Go around to the front, and ye'll see Meyers and the doc. on the verandah, a-smokin' fifty-cent. cigars. Maybe they'll give ye one."

"Maybe they will," returned the worthless old man.

He found Meyers.

"I see queer goin's on hereabouts one night, mister," he said, with a conciliatory grin, "and I sez to myself, sez I, the big gent from New York will hear about this as soon as he comes back to the river. Jim Splint ain't the sort to conceal crime nor unpleasantness, he ain't. Howsomever, I ain't here as soon as I looked to be, mister, owin' to the fact that I did a job of work in the rain one day, and was left flat on my back in bed with a stroke of rheumatics."

Meyers leaned forward in his canvas-chair and stared at the old fellow in the ray of lamp-light slanting from a window behind his shoulder. He removed the half-dollar cigar from his lips.

"What the mischief are you babbling about?" he asked.

"That's what I'm tellin' ye," said Splint. "I see queer goin's on one night in this here identical pool—durned queer. It was quite a spell back—yes, mister, quite a spell. It was the night of the day my daughter Susan's husband finished cuttin' his upland hay—and a starvation poor crop it was. That would put it somewheres along in the third week of July, I reckon."

Meyers turned to the silent man in the chair beside him.

"Wake me up, doc., when he comes to the story," he said.

"But ain't I tellin' ye?" cried Jim Splint. "The world warn't made in a day, mister."

"Six days," returned Meyers wearily. "But how long it would have taken if you'd had the job, I hate to think."

Splint tried to express injured dignity in voice and attitude.

"As I was sayin'," he continued, "I see a canoe on ye're pool one night—a canoe with a burnin' torch in her bows—yes, mister, and folks in that there canoe a-spearin' yer salmon. Now ye've heerd it, mister! Be that worth listenin' to?"

W. Tuffington Meyers was a fat and flabby person, but now he bounced out of the sagging embrace of his chair with the agility of a gymnast.

"Come inside, where I can see you!" he exclaimed. "Come along in, doc. This old guy may really be saying something worth hearing."

He seized Jim Splint by a scrawny elbow and propelled him into the lighted living-room of the camp. The silent doctor followed.

"Now, out with it, and cut the trimmings!" ordered Meyers. "Sit down. Have a cigar. Now, who were the people you saw spearing my salmon? Get on with it!"

"Well, mister, this was the way of it," began the old man, grinning at the expensive cigar in his fingers. "I just happened like to take a notion to walk over and have a look at this here camp, to see if everything was as it had ought to be, for I take a deal of interest——"

"Cut that!" cried the big man. "Pull yourself together, you old driveller! I want to know this—who were the people you saw spearing my fish?"

"Well, mister, I didn't see who was paddlin', but I see the man with the spear, right enough. I see his face in the light of the torch. I see him make a jab down into the water and strike a big fish—a huge big fish—and h'ist it inboard."

"Name?" exploded Meyers.

"Name, d'ye say? Well, mister, his name be Tom Hazzard I see his face that night as clear in the light of the torch as I see yer face to-night."

"Would you swear to that?"

"Yes, mister, if circumstances was such that I'd feel it my duty to go that far. I be a poor man, ye know, and——"

"Would you swear to it?"

"Yes, mister, I'd swear to it before a magistrate."

"Tom Hazzard, of Beaver House Lake?"

"That's him. That's the identical cuss. A smart young feller, that. He married Dave Kay's girl Ellen six year ago come next May—or was it seven?—or maybe it was along late in April——"

"Turn off that tap! Pull yourself together! Have you anything more to tell me about that spearing?"

"Ye're a sight too hasty, mister. I never was one to be driv and hustled. There's some folks I wouldn't stand it from a single minute. Yes, I got more to tell—heaps more. Now, there's Gabe Sollis, the old Injun. D'ye happen to know Gabe Sollis?"

"No. What about him?"

"Well, I see him one day in Plaster Rock. He used to live 'way back in the woods, but he come out to the settlements a year back last spring. Yes, it was along towards the end of March. He was tellin' me, was Gabe—and he's a durned respectable old Injun—how he stopped a night with them Hazzards on his way out and give them a present. Yes, mister, and the present he give to Tom Hazzard was a salmon-spear what he hadn't no more use for."

Meyers pulled a ten-dollar note out of his pocket and pressed it into Jim's ready hand.

"Perhaps there's more for you where that came from," he said. "It's up to you. Bring Gabe Sollis here to see me as soon as you can—by day after to-morrow at latest. Good night."

He pulled the old man from his chair and pushed him out of the camp, across the verandah, and down the steps.

"Beat it," he said, "and keep your mouth shut about this affair."

Meyers cautioned his friend the doctor not to mention Jim Splint's story to the canoemen or cook, for he knew that these backwoods folk had a stupid habit of sheltering one another from the just indignation of outsiders and the rigours of the law. They worked their way up through the thoroughfare next morning by themselves, and paid a furtive visit to Tom Hazzard's clearings on the lake. They obtained long-range views of Ellen and the children, but saw nothing of Tom.

Jim Splint returned to the camp on the evening of the following day, bringing Gabe Sollis with him. Meyers found Gabe to be as reticent as Jim was talkative; but after a few well-considered questions, he learned that Jim had told the truth concerning the gift to Tom Hazzard. He then dismissed the old Indian with a five-dollar note, and took Jim Splint up to Beaver House Lake.

This time Meyers led the way straight to the cabin and knocked on the open door of the kitchen. Ellen came to the threshold.

"I want to speak to your husband," said Meyers.

"He's not at home," she replied.

"When do you expect him back? My business is important."

"I don't know when he'll be back. If your business is urgent, I think you had better tell me about it."

Meyers read anxiety in her fine eyes.

"It will keep," he said, and turned away.

At this time Meyers was of the opinion that Tom Hazzard was no farther away than the woods behind his clearings. So, without making known his business to Ellen, he went back to his camp. He was a man of quick and suspicious mind and clouded soul. The very fact that Hazzard's record on the river was good made the crime of the salmon-spearing look doubly black to his eyes. He saw it in the light of an insult to himself and a threat to all private sporting interests on the Tobique. He saw in it the establishment of a dangerous precedent. Should this flagrant offence be allowed to pass unpunished—this sin at once against the game laws and the laws of property—the country would soon fall into a sad state of outlawry. He was not a fool. His reasoning would have served him well enough in twenty cases of the kind out of twenty-one; but this was at once the first and the twenty-first. The great fault in his attitude and reasoning lay entirely in the fact that he did not know Tom Hazzard.

It was his duty to catch Tom Hazzard "with the goods." Splint's evidence and old Gabe's story about the spear were not enough to set the grim machinery of the law in motion. He decided to work by himself until his case was stronger, unknown to game-wardens and magistrates. He was determined to nip this menace to private rights in the bud, no matter what the cost might be to his pocket and his comfort. To this end he announced his immediate intention of returning to New York. He dismissed his cook and canoemen and closed the camp. He impressed upon Jim Splint the importance of forgetting all about Tom Hazzard's deed of darkness until such time as he should be asked to remember it again. Then he went out of the Tobique country by way of Plaster Rock. He parted with the doctor at a way-side station on the St. John River, and there, next morning, old Gabe Sollis met him by appointment.

Gabe had a canoe. The two made their way furtively back to the salmon pool. They took up their residence in the camp, but unboarded only one of the back windows. Beds, bedding, and provisions were all there. There they slept well and ate well during the bright days, and from there they spied on the pool and Beaver House Lake at night. No smoke went up from any chimney of the

camp, for Gabe did the cooking in a cleverly-constructed retreat set well back in the woods.

It was nuts to old Gabe Sollis. It was two dollars a day to him, good grub, tobacco, a soft bed, and light work. And it amused him greatly, though his amusement never showed on his face.

The nights and days wore on, and nothing happened to reward all that spying and hiding, that sleeping by day and roving by night. Nobody came to the deserted pool with flaming torch and jabbing spear. Not so much as a footprint in the mud was seen of Tom Hazzard. Ellen's father and youngest brother came to the lake from fifteen miles down river to cut and house the hay. Later they came again and harvested the oats and buckwheat. They dug the potatoes; but just before they pulled the turnips, Meyers gave up in disgust for that season.

IV.

In June of the next year Gabe Sollis received a wire from the rich man. His youngest daughter read it to him. Again he and his canoe met Meyers at the wayside station on the main river, and again the two made their furtive journey to the camp on the salmon pool. Again only one window was unboarded, and the old life of sleeping by day and spying by night was taken up where it had been laid down. They spied on the Beaver House Lake. Ellen and the children were still there, but they saw nothing of Tom. When questioned as to whether or not Tom had spent the winter at home, old Gabe displayed the profoundest ignorance.

"I see that the crops are in, and everything looks shipshape," said Meyers. "Who did the work?"

"Maybe her folks. Maybe Tom."

"Do you suppose he has deserted his wife and children?"

"Maybe."

Two weeks of spying brought no reward. Then Meyers lost patience. He and Gabe visited the cabin on Beaver House Lake in broad daylight, and again he knocked openly on the kitchen door. When the woman opened the door, he read anxiety in her eyes again, and noticed that her face was thinner and paler than when he had last seen it.

"Hasn't your husband come home yet?"

"No," she said. "What do you want of him?"

"Tell him that he may as well come back and take his medicine."

"His medicine?"

"He is wanted for spearing salmon in my pool."

The blood flamed in Ellen's cheeks.

"Your pool!" she cried. "Is this your country?"

"No; but the fish in that pool are mine, and I am protected by the laws of this country."

"Then set the law on to me. I am here, and he isn't. I was with him that night he speared the salmon in your pool."

"Nonsense! I must deal with him. Where is he?"

The colour went out of Ellen's face, and tears dimmed her eyes.

"You can't touch him where he is," she said, in a faint voice. "He is overseas—in Flanders."

"Flanders? Do you mean he is fighting?"

She nodded her head.

"Good Heavens! Did I frighten him as badly as that?"

"You? He joined up before you came in last year—before you knew anything about the salmon he speared. Do you think he would have left us for fear of you—or of a thousand like you? He went because of what he read about the Germans. He said that any man who didn't go after the Germans deserved to have his own children shot and bayoneted."

At that she turned away and covered her face with her hands.

Meyers lost his air and expression of self-possessed superiority. He turned to Gabe.

"Did you know this?" he asked.

Gabe nodded.

"Then why the devil didn't you tell me?"

"No business of yours. Tom Hazzard want to fight—he fight."

"But why have you kept me wasting my time looking for him?"

"Two dollar a day, that's why."

Meyers glared at the unabashed old Maliseet. Gabe met his glare with unwavering eyes. Presently the corners of Meyers' mouth twitched, and he turned away. He laid a plump hand on Ellen's shoulder.

"I am sorry," he said. "I did not know your husband. I have a queer name, I know, but I want to tell you that the man who is fighting Germans in Flanders is welcome to every salmon in my pool when he comes home. As for the salmon he killed last summer—well, I want to forget about it."

"That right," said Gabe Sollis. "You talk pretty good sense at last; but I lose two dollar a day—what?"

UNDERSTANDING

By CHARLES INGE

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

"THERE'S the good old Thames!"

Though Winnie Fairband had only whispered, as the train rumbled over the river bridge in sight of Windsor Castle, her companion started excessively.

"Yes, the good old Thames," he said, in a dogged attempt at jauntiness, straightway smoothing the knees of his trousers to relieve the moisture of his hands, which was not all heat.

"Oh, but you should have come in your flannels!" She repeated her original protest with extra emphasis, whispered because of the other passengers, and her small open face, a little daring about the eyes, puckered in dismay at his thick brown suit.

"Yes, I should have," he announced, and again he wiped his hands, palm downwards, over his knees.

For Daniel Ribbin had no flannels, never had had, never expected to have any. They were outside his scheme of things, which even in his twenty-fifth year included little more than a conscientious, if rather stolid, desire to assist his energetic mother worthily in her stationery shop, over which they lived.

His implied possession of flannels ranked with the morning's prevarications necessary for this day on the river. He did not like them. For Daniel Ribbin was new at subterfuge. Even the escapade itself, suggested by Winnie more as a challenge to his awkward homage, but accepted by him as a slur on his manliness, had long ago become only a compulsory fulfilment of his sudden unaccountable bravado.

But these things were minor shames. The real overshadowing horror—the horror that kept him an automaton, except for his hands, that troubled his faithful eyes, and gave his solemn face a look of guilty self-consciousness—was the deed that had made this fulfilment possible. The thought of it kept giving him a nasty sensation in his throat that made him swallow, and moisten his lips.

It was a sorry beginning to a day on the sparkling water, beneath the blue-and-white glories of the shining sky, with this girl, so waywardly confident, but so desirable, who had come as a boarder into his mother's house in North London.

His confession on the landing stage, while the boatman got ready the skiff, produced further protest, this time really aggrieved.

"Can't row! Honestly? But——" And then, because of the dull crimson of his distress, Winnie made light of the absurdity. "Well, we must have a waterman. More expense! But don't be down-hearted!"

To Daniel the presence of that waterman, with his hairy brown arms and battered straw hat, was the final disillusionment. He had not realised how close he would be, preventing any sort of privacy. The deprivation completed his remorse. He had risked so much, had offended his scruples so wantonly, had suffered such stinging repentance for no more intimacy than he could have engineered from a tram ride. So he thought; and as they moved forward over the sunlit spaces of water to the rhythmical sound of the sculls in the rowlocks, the day came to be for him a horrible masquerade.

While Winnie, trailing a hand in the cool water ecstatically, chattered without pause, he pictured the inevitable disgrace. It included the very irony of retribution. With the quickened insight of the repentant, he saw now the inevitable end to the little favours of attention vouchsafed to him by this wonderful creature who had come into the limited routine of his life to awe and captivate him with her cheeriness, her assurance, and her gay talk of life such

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as is seen by an unattached assistant in a fashionable milliner's. He glanced at her now and then, in answering her chaff, wondering how she would look in anger. Even her occasional outburst of appreciation, which ordinarily would have been received with such gratitude, only reminded him of the consequences he must face.

Gradually these consequences possessed him entirely. They darkened the sun, and made the dancing reflections evil shapes of danger, and the peaceful fields of browsing sheep a mockery. He began to see suspicion in the grim, weather-beaten face of the waterman, and the man's unintelligible greeting to the lock-keeper he construed into some sinister reference to himself. Thus separately and in turn he suffered all the penalties of conscientious guilt.

At lunch even Winnie remarked on his wooden attempts at conversation. Seated snugly against a willow amid the arrayed contents of a heavy rush basket, she twitted him.

"Why so more than usual quiet?" She patted the ground in invitation. "Lunch is served, sir!" And because he still stared after the boatman, who had trudged off up a field path in search of refreshment, she added a little sharply: "Sorry you brought me?"

He dragged away from envying the man's peace of mind, and for very relief plunged into bravado: "Sorry! By George, no!" And out of his effort, as sometimes comes with desperate pretence, came a curious change of mind. He laughed, repeating with unconscious emphasis: "By George, no!" He sat down emphatically, grinning at her. "This is just the thing for me! Me sorry! What made you think so?" He did not wait for her reply, being still fearful of her questions, but launched forth into an excessive declaration of his enjoyment.

He spoke a little too loud, his rhapsodies were a little too extravagant, also he fidgeted continually; but to Winnie, accustomed to the mannerisms of those seeking servility and prolonged credit, his enthusiasm seemed real. Also the little signals of his returning homage were welcome.

She answered him with chaff and just a little coquetry, so that he began to imagine himself really indifferent. Nor was it entirely imagination. During the days of yielding, and in the remorse after actual accomplishment, he had reached his limit. The strain of unusual guilt, piling up within his simple mind, had momentarily distorted his remorse into a semblance of recklessness. For the time his traditional rectitude slipped from him; supported by the false comfort of food, he even imagined some eventual escape.

He became awkwardly hilarious. He threw little pellets of bread at her, and, in packing up, put a small screw of newspaper on the brim of her hat. It was the fictitious hilarity of desperation, but it transformed him, so that Winnie began to get disappointed in him. For beneath all her sprightliness was the real dignity of independence, and it was the contrast of his seriousness that had attracted her. She feared he would overstep the boundaries.

This he was trying desperately to do to complete what he considered was the right attitude. He felt he ought to kiss her; and once, as he passed the remains of a cake to be put back into the basket, his hand closed over her fingers—he would have kept it there.

But always some instinct of diffidence just restrained him. It was not so much his natural shyness as respect; for from the beginning he had put her on a pedestal.

Yet in his warped mood he repudiated himself, and tried her once, clumsily: "I say, aren't we rather far apart for a couple picnicking?"

"Near enough for me, thanks."

Sprawling as he was, to coincide with his mood, he turned his face to her, managing a laugh; but her reproof relieved him, made him grateful. This sense of gratitude jerked him up on to his elbow; and then the reason of it came, flooding the real, staid simplicity of his mind, which had suddenly come back. It was because he loved her that he was glad she had reproved him; it had been his love for her, his desire to stand well with her that had influenced him to——

He groaned in the realisation of his folly, as spectres of those waiting consequences rose up again. For the sake of a mistaken method of winning her approval he had done that which would for ever debar her from speaking to him again—when it was found out. He grunted like some stricken animal in pain.

"Indigestion?" she asked flippantly, to make amends for her snub.

But he only shook his head, having fallen back into despondency. With the return of the waterman his reaction was complete.

So the voyage back was for him a repetition of the morning, made more miserable because it was the return. In the silence

he once thought of confession; but Winnie was so gay, so downright, he felt she would not understand his temptation, would turn from him in scorn. That he would have to suffer soon enough.

Somehow he answered her conversation, joined her in feeding the swans from the place where they had tea after landing, acquiesced dumbly in her brief inspection of the Castle afterwards. But in the train remorse descended on him like a pall, and in self-defence he pleaded a headache from the sun.

That was the beginning of an initiation. She fussed over him, making him put up his feet. Her practical sympathy surprised him and also made him feel, in a faithful sort of way, more than ever guilty. She commanded him to lean his head back against the cushion. She even accused herself.

"I've been chattering away like a dozen magpies," she exclaimed, "never thinking of you; and you've given me such a lovely day! I've been a pig!"

Her self-abasement added to his distress, though it stirred something beneath his weight of dread. But he would not allow it. "You've been awfully kind to a chap like me."

"I?" The hopeless trouble in his eyes held her, while the colour came into her cheeks; she tried to be gay, but was only shy. "Not me! It's you who've been kind." And, because of that something honest and stolid about him which had touched her sprightly nature, she added quite softly, looking away: "You're too humble, you are."

He coughed in his confusion. The unusual tone had completed his repentance; and she, turning suddenly, afraid of her own forwardness, saw it happening within him.

"What's the matter?" she cried out.

Some rising force was moving him awkwardly; his face, lighted abnormally by the lowered sun, worked painfully.

"I'm a thief!"

The words were pushed out, he moving spasmodically with the effort of them. Because she said nothing he turned to look. "Did you hear what I said?"

She shook her head, her face gone suddenly forlorn; it had come to her at once what he meant, confirmed by a dozen little trifles of his manner since he had asked her.

He seemed wound up. "But I am! I've stolen," he jerked out, "stolen because I wanted to swagger before you," he went on, in pitiless accusation of himself, because she still only shook her head. "And I've got no flannels!"

Her lips moved, but she could only look. Some new feeling, the result of what she had heard, was coming within her, absorbing all her capacities.

While they sat staring—he looking for the condemnation which did not come, she curiously transfigured with something dawning in her face—the train ran into the junction.

An ample woman bundled in, and they had to suffer her pleasantries and reply to them—at least, Winnie did, though every commonplace she spoke and listened to seemed an outrage on the tense communion of suffering and sympathy which the woman had interrupted. Daniel only stared stupidly, occasionally nodding his head. At the third station the woman got out with many farewells.

As the train commenced to move again, he started pitifully. She had touched him on the arm, whispering with softness—

"How much?"

He fidgeted almost impatiently, because her hand remained, a light touch of penance on his arm.

"How much? Please tell me."

"No."

"Please!"

"No!" He turned to gauge her motive. "What's the amount matter, anyway?"

The glisten in her eyes increased at his hopelessness. "But will you tell me?" she was pleading now.

"Why?"

"Dan!"

A great shiver moved him, running down his thick figure like some transmitted force. "Two—pounds!" he blurted out. And, having spoken, he got out his apologies for his confession—awkward apologies, very hopeless, but curiously sincere in their awkwardness. Of the actual deed he refused to say anything.

So she had to plead again. He was obstinate, like some clumsy animal being driven, but she was the stronger in her perseverance.

When the curt, unwilling sentences were finished, dragged out of him with an infinity of gentle patience, she was looking rather as a mother might who hears childhood's confession, while she felt about for her handkerchief. His story—a blunt recital, extenuating nothing, of money taken from

his mother's till—had made her want to blow her nose: the momentary bravado, his fear of her ridicule, the temptation, though unspoken, were all so obvious, so eloquent of his simplicity.

With a new assumption of authority, sitting up a little, she asked him his intentions. When he had acknowledged his duty, with a stubborn indifference that disclosed his shame more than any protestations, she asked oddly—

"When shall you tell her?"

"At once."

"Wait till to-morrow," she suggested; and then rather hurriedly, because of his instant surprise: "Better, really—night is a bad time for—for explanations."

In the same manner of decision, a little nervous, it was she who contrived the necessary separation for their arrival home by inventing a need at a chemist's, so as to avoid all further planning. During the evening meal, too, she talked to Mrs. Ribbin, a severe woman inclined to complaint, with assurance which was yet different to her old manner, softer and more serious.



"She reached them as Mrs. Ribbin subsided into a chair to bewail her son's lapse."

But besides this new seriousness was a certain expectancy suppressed as of contemplated action; and every now and then she glanced across at Daniel, as one gauges the silent endurance of a dear one. This expectancy, which had appeared only after she had made herself ready for the meal, increased as it came to an end; her fingering of her tea-cup became continuous. Then, in the silence when they had all finished, she contrived her opportunity. It was a contradictory inspiration, in part the stirrings of a strange, new motherliness, in part dictated by her real womanly reserve, as a final test. She wanted him saved confession, and yet hoped he would confess; she acted instinctively for very fear of analysis.

She got up, smiling across at Daniel, though in her young eyes, now younger than ever, was an open anxiety. Then she spoke at him, hurriedly and rather loud—

"I'll get you that money now, Mr. Ribbin." And to his mother, who turned on her sharply to inquire, she added: "Your son very kindly lent me two pounds this morning; I am going to get it for him." Then she fled, just seeing his thick back lift and stiffen.

She re-entered the room very differently, slowly, with an inquiring reluctance, until she saw Mrs. Ribbin confronting her son in horror, and he all shame, but looking steadfast. Then she came forward blithely, though the anxiety was still in her eyes.

Daniel, looking up, saw her tuck away the sovereigns wrapped in paper into her waistbelt, and nodded.

"I've told her," he announced.

She reached them as Mrs. Ribbin subsided into a chair to bewail her son's lapse. To her Winnie spoke softly, a sudden shyness in her voice: "But has he told you about us?"

Daniel grunted, but her tone caused Mrs. Ribbin to peer up quickly with womanly intuition.

Winnie smiled bravely at the scared face of suspicion, and then, with a little fluttering sigh, at Daniel—to him a smile of entreaty and command: "Tell her we're engaged—if you like," she said.

She restrained his movement, turning at once to his mother: "And I said that about lending because—oh, well, because——" Then she was speaking to him again, a little tremulously, her eyes all glistening: "Will you forgive me that, Dan?"

She tried no longer to restrain him, and for a while Mrs. Ribbin's petulant demands for further enlightenment went on unheeded. Later, when she had been appeased, and the two were alone, he still humbly disbelieving his good fortune, Winnie made explanation—

"Well, you know, you would never have asked me on your own."

VINTAGE.

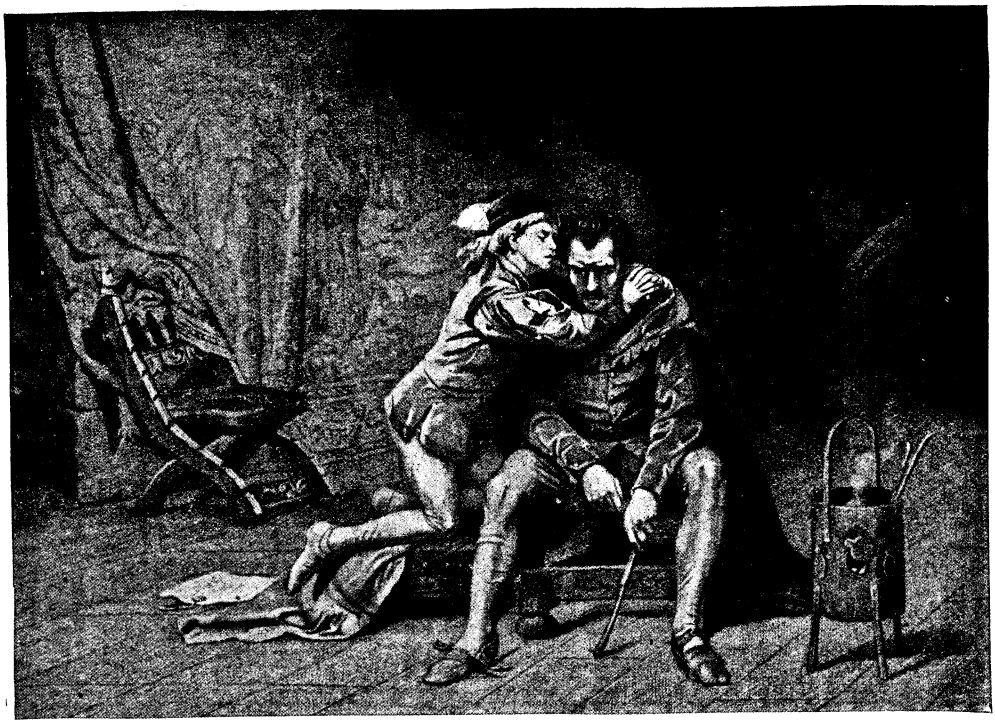
"The vintage is now at its height around Rheims."

THE ripened grapes are gathered for the press,
Purple and golden, tress on heavy tress;
Nature in ample plentitude prevails,
Nearness of warfare naught at all avails.

There is another vintage than the vine;
Nor doth alone the wine-press now yield wine;
Scarlet it flows, ruddier than grape its flood—
A sacrificial wine of human blood,

Pourèd there forth, supremest sacrament,
Death with young life in one oblation blent:
Humanity draws nearer the divine
While it makes offering of such priceless wine.

EDITH DART.



"PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT, IN 'KING JOHN.'" BY LASLETT J. POTT.
Reproduced from the engraving published by Virtue & Co.

PICTURES FROM SHAKESPEARE

SCENES FROM THE ENGLISH HISTORIES

I. "KING JOHN," "KING RICHARD II.," "KING HENRY IV."

WHEN our progress through the long gallery of pictures on themes from Shakespeare brings us to the group of those inspired by the poet's plays from English History, we pass away from all question of the existence of renderings of any subjects by foreign artists finer than those achieved by English talent. With a passing tribute to the emotional sincerity and true pathos of Paul Delaroche's well-known picture of the little princes as prisoners in the Tower of London, we may reverse the point of view admitted in the case of certain of the tragedies, and acknowledge as eminently good much of the talent that English artists have lavished upon the long sequence of chronicle-plays from our nation's story.

But in doing this we must also modify the distinction drawn in our opening article between separate paintings of single moments or scenes and the more connected work of whole sets of consecutive illustrations to certain of the plays for reproduction in book form. The tragedies and comedies, with their wealth of situations famous upon the stage or familiar to the reader for their verbal beauties, have always lent themselves to the painter's inward eye for selection at his own vagrant will, and therefore, in any group of reproductions such as the present, the available space is swiftly filled from the scattered works of a large number of artists. The English chronicle-plays of the poet, on the other hand, as they have never to the same extent held the stage, so also have not as frequently attracted the painter to find them "a local habitation" in the picture gallery; but for the somewhat different purpose of the illustration of the printed



"THE TREATY BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH KINGS BEFORE THE WALLS OF ANGIERS, IN 'KING JOHN.'" BY BYAM SHAW.

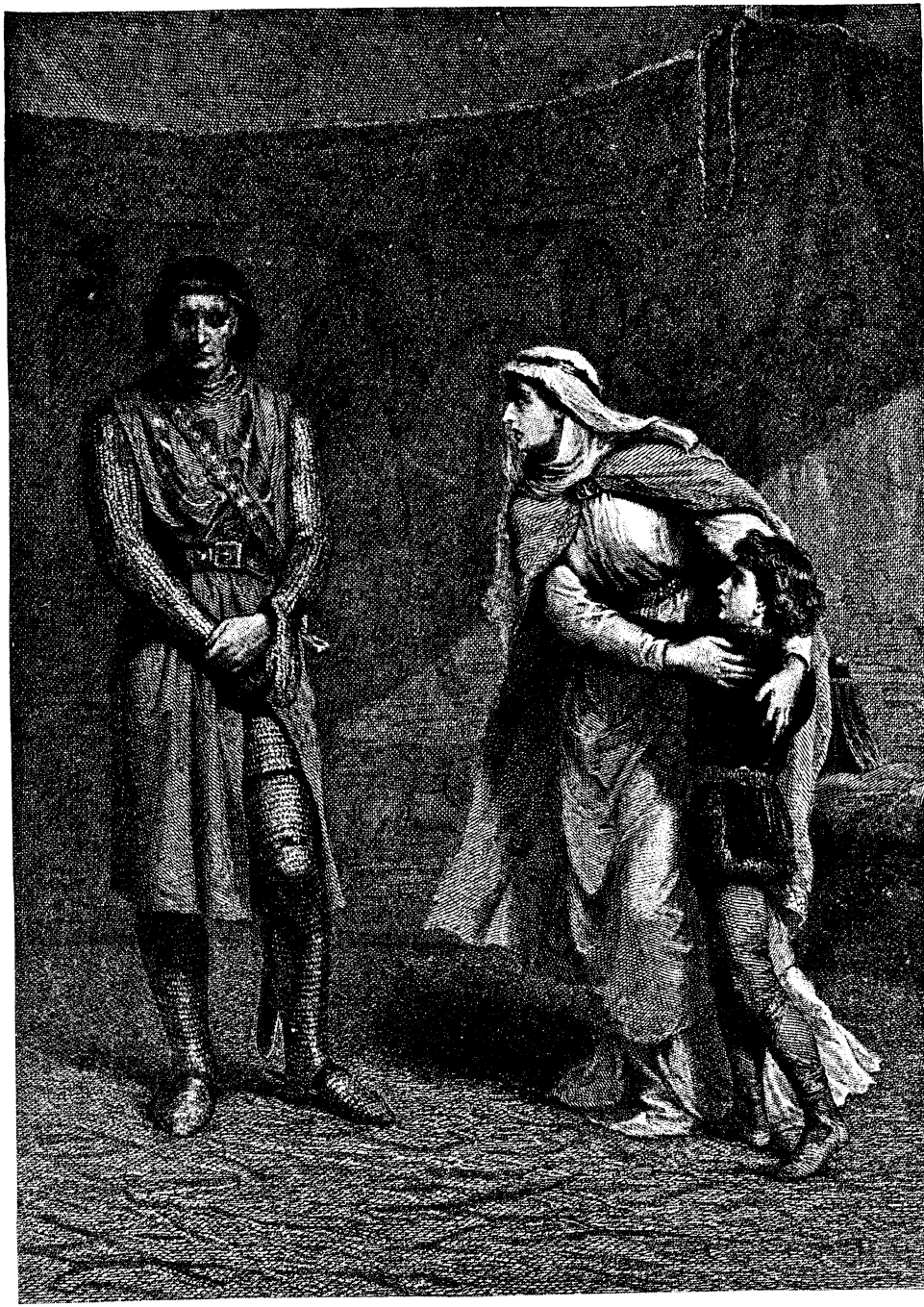
word they have had an inspiring fascination, especially when the artist has been a devoted student of antiquarian and historical matters as well as an accomplished painter, as was the case with both Sir John Gilbert and Edwin Abbey; with Mr. Frank Dicksee, who has illustrated the plays of "King John" and "King Henry V."; and with that masterly illustrator of these historical plays in a still more individual manner, Mr. Byam Shaw, as is repeatedly shown in the course of his distinguished series of illustrations to the "Chiswick" edition of the poet's works. To attempt to separate such fine work from the comparatively small number of larger paintings which have ever been made from the same plays would be to impoverish the historical section of our Shakespearian picture gallery quite unduly, and that is no longer necessary for the keeping of our selection within reasonable bounds, as it was in the grouping of pictures from the more familiar tragedies and comedies.

Separate pictures from "King John," for instance, the earliest, in the historical order of its theme, of Shakespeare's English chronicle-plays, give us little beyond several versions of the pathetic scene between Prince Arthur and Hubert, in which the boy implores his gaoler to spare his eyesight. To the painter roaming at will through the galaxy of wonderful moments scattered throughout the whole of the poet's works this would always be the finest subject to be found in this tragedy; but the artist who sets forth to choose other scenes within the same sombre drama has been fascinated by the possibilities of several other moments in it, and so, with his whole heart in his work, has in turn fascinated the spectators of his effects, as the distinguished work of Sir John Gilbert still does in his illustrations of several scenes from this play. There is true pathos, too, in Mr. Frank Dicksee's rendering of the scene between Constance, that symbol of tragically wounded motherhood, and Salisbury, while she still holds by her side the beloved child whom she is soon to lose to her enemies. And how picturesquely a moment of sombre thought and speech can be expressed in terms of



"KING JOHN RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HIS MOTHER'S DEATH." BY BYAM SHAW.

Two drawings reproduced by permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.



"CONSTANCE, PRINCE ARTHUR, AND SALISBURY, IN 'KING JOHN.'" BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

black-and-white art is shown in one of Mr. Byam Shaw's subtle illustrations, in the drawing which shows us King John receiving the news of his mother's death—

> Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
> O! make a league with me, till I have pleased
> My discontented peers. What! Mother dead!
> How wildly then walks my estate in France!

Boldly animated, too, can the pomp and circumstance of warfare at that period of history be made by pen and ink in such a work as the same artist's representation of the treaty between the English and French Kings before the walls of Angiers, or Edwin Abbey's drawing from the same moment in the



"PRINCE ARTHUR ENTREATING HUBERT TO SPARE HIS EYESIGHT, IN 'KING JOHN.'"
BY J. NORTHCOTE, R.A.

story. Kaulbach did a more elaborate but more artificial version of the same scene, but far truer to the Shakespearian feeling is Mr. Byam Shaw's rendering of the ensuing episode in which Pandulph, the Pope's legate, denounces John to Philip of France and his son. Here, again, this artist makes us realise how powerfully black-and-white art can express a scene of passionate rhetoric and tense drama.

The scene of Prince Arthur's pitiful entreaties to Hubert to spare his eyesight was painted by James Northcote for the Boydell series of pictures with a force more melodramatic than poetical, the presence of the attendants with their irons, ready to do Hubert's bidding, adding a grim terror to the boy Prince's words—

> O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
> Even with the fierce look of these bloody men.

Both Laslett Pott and a later artist, Mr. W. F. Yeames, chose the moment of gentler pathos, before the entrance of the attendants, in which the boy reasons with Hubert "with his innocent prate." Mr. Yeames's picture hangs in the City Art Gallery of Manchester, and Northcote's in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, where is also to be seen another picture from the same scene by C. H. Harlow, an artist of much promise, who died at the early age of thirty-two. Harlow is chiefly remembered nowadays by reproductions of his picture of Mrs. Siddons and other members of the Kemble family in their respective *rôles* in the trial scene in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," of which the original is also now in the Stratford-on-Avon Gallery.

There is a picture of Constance and Arthur, before their parting, by F. Y. Hurlstone, and single character studies of Constance have been made by both J. W. Wright and Edward Corbould, and of Arthur and John by Edwin Abbey.



"THE TRIAL BY ARMS OF BOLINGBROKE AND MOWBRAY, IN 'RICHARD II.'" BY BYAM SHAW.

Two drawings reproduced by permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.



"RICHARD II. IN HIS SPEECH AS THE DYING JOHN OF GAUNT IS BORNE OFF ON A COUCH." BY BYAM SHAW.

The poignant grief for the loss of her child, which inspires the wonderful speech of Constance in her interview with the French King, the Dauphin, and Cardinal Pandulph, forms the subject of one of the dramatic but unpoetical pictures of Richard Westall. The Cardinal is the principal figure in one of the fine water-colour paintings of Sir John Gilbert, in which, as "the holy legate of the Pope," he excommunicates King John. From this period of the play one may assume that Mr. Charles Buchel found the moment of soliloquy for his powerful portrait of Sir Herbert Tree as the King, in the memorable revival of this play at His Majesty's Theatre. The sombre tragedy of John's death in the orchard has been subtly illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw. Although Philip Faulconbridge is the true patriot hero of the play, artists have not found the same scope for pictorial detail in his lyrical speeches, but he closes its turbulent drama with his trumpet-call of national spirit—

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

The next period of English history that Shakespeare chose for presentation on the stage, the reign of "King Richard the Second," opens the long sequence of his plays on the fluctuating fortunes of the Lancastrian dynasty, rising with the deposition of Richard II. by Bolingbroke, maintaining a brief but brilliant ascendancy in the epic glories of Henry V., and falling before the upward course of the rival House of York in the Wars of the Roses.

The earliest moment in the drama of "King Richard the Second" which has appealed especially to artists is that of the trial by arms of the deadly feud between Bolingbroke and Mowbray, the scene of the lists, set out before a throne, on an "open space near Coventry," having given scope



"RICHARD AND BOLINGBROKE, IN 'RICHARD II.'" BY H. C. SELOUS.

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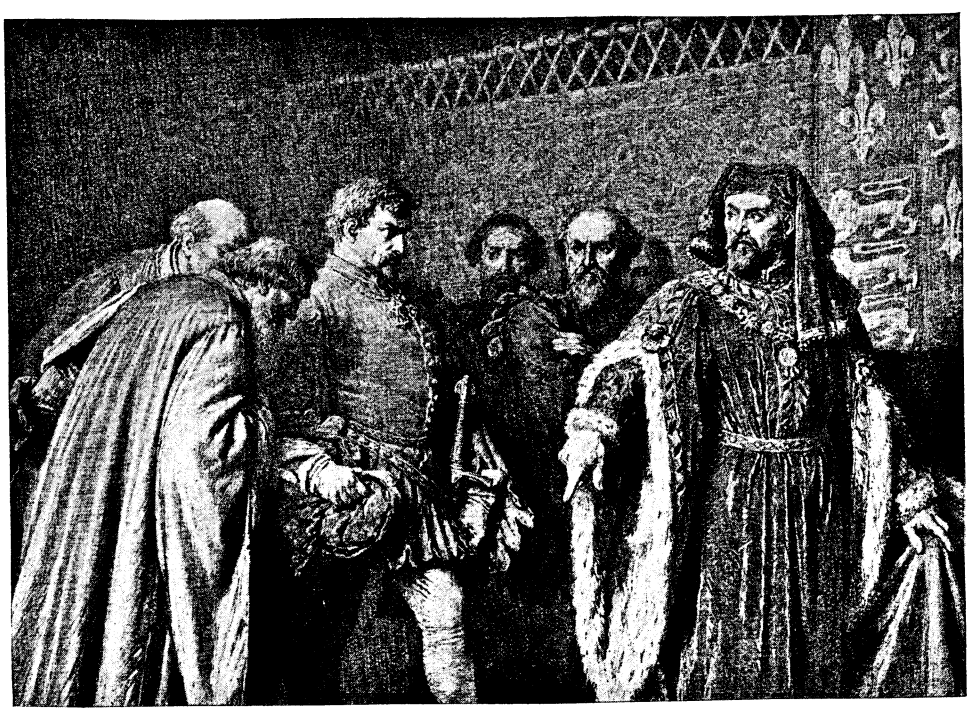
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"HOTSPUR CONFERRING WITH MORTIMER, OWEN GLENDOWER, AND WORCESTER, AS TO THE DIVISION OF THEIR TERRITORIES IN WALES."
By Edward Grutzner.



"HENRY IV. COMMANDING HOTSPUR TO SEND TO HIM THE PRISONERS OF HIS VICTORY AT HOMILDON HILL, WITHOUT BARGAINING FOR THE RANSOM OF EDMUND MORTIMER." BY EDWARD GRUTZNER.

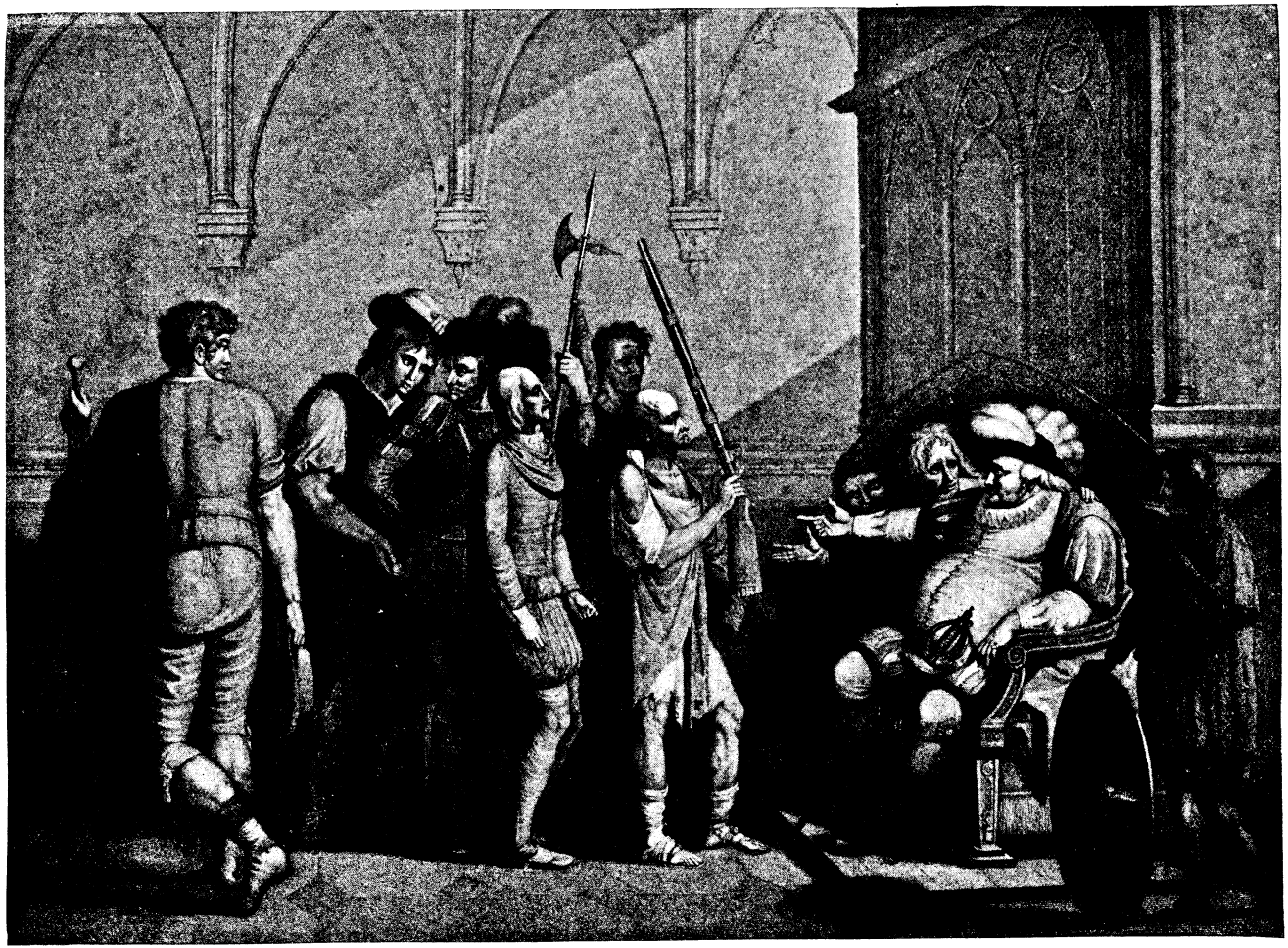


"FALSTAFF AND HIS PAGE." BY EDWARD GRUTZNER.

The second moment chosen by Gilbert illustrates Richard's contemplation of his own face in the looking-glass for which he has asked, and his soliloquy—

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me.

Another picture of the same scene of sorrowful fantasy is one of the Shakespearian subjects of H. C. Selous; but we turn to a work of Sir John Gilbert's, entitled "Conspiracy," for a picture from the closing lines of this scene, when, after the departure of both Kings, there are finally left together only the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and the Duke of Aumerle, loyal supporters of the deposed King, who here begin to plan their counterplot. The poignant poetry of Richard's parting from his



"FALSTAFF MUSTERING HIS RUSTIC RECRUITS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE." BY JAMES DURNO.

Queen, in "a street leading to the Tower," has been illustrated by Mr. Ralston with genuine feeling; and then, after the failure of the plot on behalf of the dethroned King, we pass to the solitude of Richard in a dungeon at Pomfret Castle. The last terrible episode of violence, in which the distraught prisoner kills first one of Exton's assassins and then another, before Exton himself strikes him down, forms a scene of fierce energy which is powerfully presented in Francis Wheatley's picture of it; and the ensuing moment of Richard's expiry from Exton's blow was realised by Sir John Gilbert with his true sense of tragic emotion.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown

are words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of the victorious Bolingbroke, later on, in the two-part play "Henry IV.," which deals with his reign as the first King of England from the House of Lancaster; and there were various reasons incidental to the circumstances of his accession to the throne which may well have prompted such a lament. Henry's first Parliament consisted of the same members who had elected him King in place of the deposed Richard II., and was therefore entirely accommodating to its new monarch. But the weakness of his claim to the throne—the Earl of March, as descendant from a son of Edward III., who was the elder brother of Henry's father, having a better title according to any law of hereditary succession—kept him dependent upon the good-will of Parliament, which had remedied any such flaws in his title by the form of election which followed the deposition of Richard.

But before the resulting constitutional changes had evolved from the new relations of King and subjects, and while Richard was still alive in prison, came the conspiracy among the remainder of loyal adherents to the cause of the imprisoned Richard II., a plot contrived chiefly by five of the "lords appellants" of Richard's reign, who had been severely punished by Henry's first Parliament for having "appealed" of treason the late Duke of Gloucester and his party, for their coercion of Richard's government.

The conspiracy was betrayed to the King. The Earls of Kent and Salisbury were taken and beheaded at Cirencester, Lumley and Despenser were executed at Bristol, Huntingdon at Plashy, Blount, Shelley, and eighteen others at Oxford, while other leading spirits of the movement met a similar fate in London. While the deaths of these conspirators are being reported to the new King, Shakespeare brings suddenly into his presence his "buried fear," the lifeless body of Richard, borne in a coffin by Exton and attendants. This scene, so tragically impressive upon the stage, has been cleverly rendered by Mr. Byam Shaw, who, like actors of the *rôle* of Henry IV., leaves one still pondering on the strange mixture of unscrupulousness, pity, and religious sentiment that cannot entirely escape the semblance of hypocrisy, which inspires the new King's eloquently-worded speech—

In weeping after this untimely bier.

The opening lines of the first part of "King Henry the Fourth" remind us how little peace or joy in reigning Richard's supplanter was destined to know, for, when the drama opens, three years after his coronation, Henry has already been overtaken by the alarums and excursions of disaffected nobles, invading Scots, and rebellious Welsh, in league with insubordinate English barons, until he must frequently have used words equivalent, at least, to those which Shakespeare makes him say—

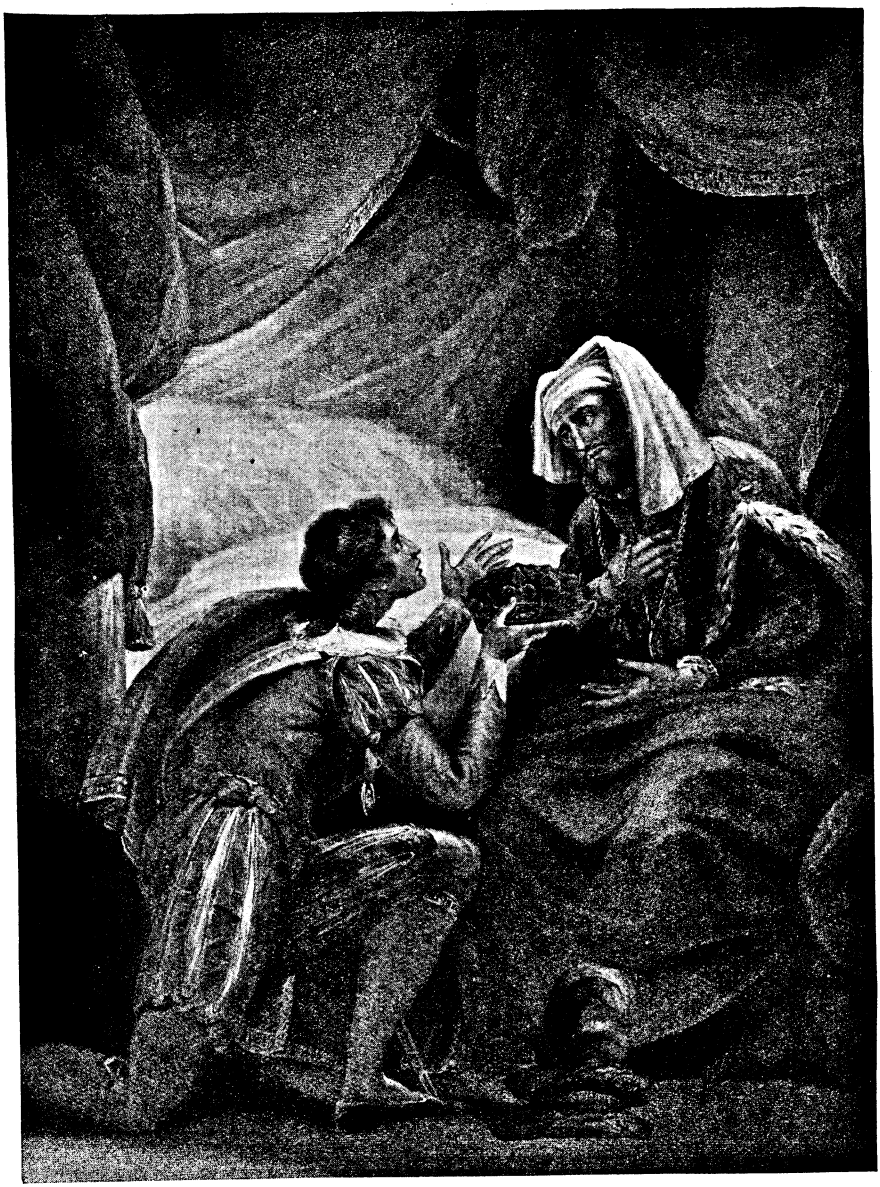
So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils.

A vigorous picture of the King and the nobles to whom he addresses the long and vehement speech which he gives with these lines opens the elaborately wrought and often happily inspired series of pictures which Edward Grutzner made from this two-part play; but in surveying the pictures which have been inspired by Shakespeare's drama from Henry's troubled reign of but thirteen years, considerations of space must here preclude the further following of the various episodes illustrated in their chronological order. We will therefore divide them into two groups—firstly, the serious historical scenes of the two plays which have been chosen by painters of strenuous themes; and, secondly, the larger number of works which deal with the subordinate story of Falstaff and his associates, with its wealth of humorous characterisation and episode.

The pictures which illustrate the more serious scenes of this play deal principally with the gallant deeds and death of Hotspur. One of the best of these, for dramatic force and bold characterisation, is Edward Grutzner's picture of the King commanding Hotspur to send him the prisoners of his victory over the Scottish forces at Homildon Hill, without seeking further to bargain for the ransom of his kinsman, Edmund Mortimer, before fulfilling

that obvious duty. And from this scene we may refer back to that earlier moment on the battlefield of Homildon, here described by Hotspur, when he "answered neglectingly"

From this first introduction of Hotspur in the pictures from this play, in the sequence of its plot, we may pass to the other scenes of his impetuous career which have



"PRINCE HAL RETURNING TO HIS FATHER THE CROWN, WHICH HE HAD TAKEN FROM HIS SIDE, BELIEVING HIM TO BE DEAD." BY JOSIAH BOYDELL.

to "a certain lord . . . a popinjay"—a scene chosen for a vigorous painting, with the irony of the interview well suggested, by that popular mid-Victorian artist Alfred Elmore.

inspired various artists, the earliest probably being Richard Westall's picture of the conference at the Archdeacon's house at Bangor, at which Hotspur is seen conferring with Owen Glendower, Mortimer, and

Worcester, as to the division of their territories in Wales. Grutzner has also done this scene, at the moment of Hotspur's showing, with his finger on the map—

> See how this river comes me cranking in,
> And cuts me from the best of all my land.

Hotspur's delightful duologue with his wife, Lady Percy, with its charming touches of comedy, has been somewhat strangely overlooked by artists in their preference for the heroic Percy's more strenuous career as conspirator and soldier, but separate representations of Lady Percy herself, in bygone "galleries" of Shakespeare's heroines, have been painted by J. W. Wright and other early nineteenth-century artists.

"Hotspur Before the Battle of Shrewsbury," by Sir John Gilbert, is one of that artist's larger pictures from this play, as distinct from his notable black-and-white illustrations to it, and then follow various renderings of Hotspur's death in the battle, at the hands of Prince Hal, by Rigaud—who painted this subject for the Boydell series—by Edwin Abbey, and more recently by Mr. Caton Woodville in one of his vigorous reproductions of scenes from British battles of the past.

Fewer of the serious scenes of the second part of this play have found their way into picture, more popular interest having been found in the sub-plot of the humours of Falstaff and his roystering companions, connected with the main theme of political life by their association with the madcap Prince Hal. There is, however, an excellent picture by Sir John Gilbert of the consultation between the Archbishop of York and the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph, which closes the first act, and the same artist gave us of his best in a picture of the sick and harassed King in his famous soliloquy on that "gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse," which his tired brain and body can no longer enjoy. Then we come to the traditional story of Prince Hal's impulsive setting of the crown upon his head by the bedside of his dying father, and his humble apology when the awaking King rebukes him—

> O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
> The moist impediments unto my speech,
> I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
> Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
> The course of it so far. There is your crown;
> And He that wears the crown immortally
> Long guard it yours!

Josiah Boydell chose these two passages, first the taking up of the crown and then the laying aside of it after the King's rebuke, for his two contributions to his more famous kinsman's Shakespearian Gallery; but a better specimen of his talent is his picture of the Choosing of the Roses for the emblems of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster in the play of "Henry VI." Arnim did a sympathetic picture of the young Prince's apology to his father, in which the characterisation of the dying King is particularly good, and the close of this scene forms the subject of one of the cleverest of Edwin Abbey's oil sketches. As in the case of the two preceding plays, the distinguished work of Mr. Byam Shaw, in illustrating several of the scenes which give the political turbulence and unrest of Henry's reign, must also be mentioned before we turn to both his and other artists' larger harvest of subjects from the subordinate scenes of unique comedy.

From this lavish source of inspiration we have a wealth of pictures. Robert Smirke painted several for the Boydell series, among them one of Falstaff on "the road by Gadshill," in the scene with the thieves, and another of the knight impersonating the King in mimicry at the Boar's Head. But though Smirke's general treatment of the incidents is good, his Falstaff lacks the right geniality of humour, with the result that these pictures are not as satisfying as his renderings of the more ironic comedy of humorous scenes in the Italian setting of "Measure for Measure" and "Much Ado About Nothing." One of his pictures, now in the Stratford-on-Avon collection, gives us Falstaff at the moment of his familiar speech on the battlefield, beginning with the words: "The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have served my life." The best work of Smirke's from "Henry IV.," however, is his picture—also in the Stratford Gallery—of the scene between Gadshill and the rustic carriers in the inn-yard at Rochester, so perfectly touched in as a mere interlude by Shakespeare, a moment still more excellently illustrated at a later date by Edwin Abbey in one of his vivid oil sketches. Falstaff's imitation of King Henry's manner in a pretended rebuke of Prince Hal, beginning with the words "This chair shall be my State, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown," is admirably represented in Charles Leslie's picture, which is now in the National Gallery of British Art. The ensuing moment in which the two characters are reversed, Falstaff impersonating the Prince, while Hal himself plays the King, his father, was painted

with humour, but in almost too grotesque a vein, by H. W. Bunbury, the Mistress Quickly who looks on being a mere caricature; and the same artist did an equally farcical rendering of Falstaff mustering his recruits. A truer touch of quaintness, without the extravagance of farce, characterises the picture of this recruiting scene which James Durno did for the Boydell series.

The next artist of importance, after the generation of Smirke and Durno, to represent the Falstaff of some of the incidents of this play was probably Sir John Gilbert, although in the interval various painters had limned the more familiar but much less subtle Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Gilbert's idea of the fat knight, however, lacks the natural gaiety and high spirits of the character, and makes him, for the most part, rather too grim an old gentleman, despite his rotundity; but the characterisation of his associates, from the madcap Prince to the tavern servants, including Bardolph, Pistol, Mistress Quickly, and Doll Tearsheet, is wholly admirable, and the Old English setting and atmosphere of the period is suggested as only Sir John Gilbert could do it—never as an over-elaborated stage scene, but always as something incidental and utterly natural. Falstaff's burlesque impersonation of the King is, perhaps, one of the best of Gilbert's moments of characterisation of the old knight himself in black-and-white, but nearer to the real Falstaff is the artist's mellower version of him in a quaintly vivacious water-colour of the recruiting scene at Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire.

More genial, and more rollicking altogether, is the Falstaff of Edward Grutzner, especially in such moments as that of the knight's sudden impersonation of the King rebuking Prince Hal; but the essentially homely Old English atmosphere is a little overlaid by the artist's tendency to make his scenery and his costumes rather too ornate in their details, as is the way of modern producers of Shakespeare upon the stage. There is real life, however, and an unforced vivacity in all this artist's series of pictures from the two parts of "Henry IV." Then we have the Falstaff of Mr. Dudley Hardy—a less broadly comic type, and rather more of an elderly epicure with a half-cynical sense of humour—and the earlier Falstaff of Sir William Quiller Orchardson, of whom we would fain have seen more than his broad back, as he turns from Prince Hal and Poins to leave the Prince's apartment for their rendezvous at Gadshill. Less robust in its humour, but delightfully quaint, is the rendering by Stacy Marks of the dialogue between Falstaff and Feeble, the "Woman's Tailor," in the recruiting scene.

Among single studies of Falstaff that aim at representing something of his personality, rather than illustrating an incident in his vivid career, are drawings by Charles Leslie and Edwin Abbey, and one by that distinguished Oxford scholar and ecclesiastic, Dr. Burgon, Dean of Chichester, which now belongs to the Guildhall Museum. The last-named sepia drawing has the especial point of interest that it was done from the doorstep of the building which now occupies the site of Falstaff's favourite rendezvous, the famous Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Two pictures from these Falstaff scenes, which now hang in the Stratford-on-Avon Gallery, include Doll Tearsheet, who some years ago made her reappearance upon the stage at the adjoining Memorial Theatre, in Lady Benson's vividly realistic impersonation of her. That was in the first revival of this play that any English theatre had seen for many years, but since then it has frequently been repeated at subsequent Shakespeare Festivals. On canvas, in the picture gallery, Doll is to be seen in one of Robert Smirke's pictures of scenes at "The Boar's Head," and in an interesting work by John Cause, a painter better known for his portraits, which represents the sudden quarrel between Falstaff and Pistol, with Doll intervening to stop the brawl.

A group of pictures from the plays of "Henry V.," "Henry VI.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII.," will be reproduced in an ensuing number.

GULLEY'S STRATEGY

By JAMES BLYTH

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa

IT was a fine, warm morning in the middle of April, and the crowfoot leaves were springing sweetly in the Split Willow Marsh, while, further out on the level, horn-pie (plover) and red-legs were wheeling and darting over the Tussocky Marsh, promising guerdon of eggs to a wise marshman whose eyes were trained to find the speckled beauties in spite of their wonderful colour protection.

Old Gulley Cracknell had been round his own level at sunrise, had breakfasted well on a pork-and-onion roll, washed down with the quart of mild beer he had saved from the gallon he got from "The Grey Mare" on the previous evening, and he decided that it was a day for accumulating "brass."

"I reckon," he said, "as the old ringers" (wood-pigeons) "will be as fat as old hens, stuffin' their crops with the crowfoot, and there did ought to be a nice lay o' horn-pie and red-leg eggs for me and my old dorg to find."

He took his double-barrelled eight-bore muzzle-loader from the corner of his kitchen—a Spanish piece, and a wonderful killer—and thrust his powder and shot flasks in one of his outside pockets. The inside lining of his coat was an elaborate system of huge game pockets, useful for the concealment of illicit spoils in the way of game. Indeed, Gulley had been known to stroll home with three hares hidden in those mysterious receptacles without a sign showing outside his coat.

He whistled his dog—a lurcher, almost as wily as Gulley himself—and strode out towards the "carnsa" (causeway) down to marsh without taking leave of his wife. Ever since that worthy woman had refused to pluck and cook certain tame ducks which her husband declared he had shot in mistake for wild ones, the old poacher had regarded her as "too narvous" to be consulted in matters of sport. He had plucked and cooked those ducks himself, with some marrowfat peas from his own garden, and though he had urged his wife to partake, declaring that they "ate bewtiful," the timorous woman had declined.

"She couldn't have much to say about ringers," said Gulley to himself, as he saw that the powder was well up in the nipples of his gun, and that the caps had a sufficiency of fulminating silver in them. "But there's no knowin' how women will fare to take anything, and the least said the sunest mended."

As yet the crowfoot nestled close amongst the springing grass. The blaze of buttercups would not make the marshes a golden sheet of glory for another three weeks or so. But as the pigeons preferred the leaves to the flowers, so did old Gulley, and he carried his gun in as happy a mood as a man who wishes to shoot straight need desire.

The carnsa opened on to a wall which led to the ligger affording access to the Split Willow Marsh, a twenty-acre expanse deriving its name from an old pollard willow which thrust its roots in a dyke, and which had been struck by lightning so long ago that even old Gulley could not remember it as a whole tree. Over the ligger went Gulley, with "Roover," the lurcher, at his heels. It is not every dog which could have passed over the two crooked boughs of which the ligger was composed with dry feet. But Rover did it. He knew as much as his master, and was quicker at finding horn-pies' nests.

As yet the great levels were clear of stock. It is not till the first of May that our Norfolk farmers turn down the "young Irish things" bought at Norwich Market with their ribs almost through their hides, and which are taken from the rich grazing alluvial at the end of September as fat bullocks, providing the finest beef in the world.

"Thank mussy," said Gulley to himself, "as there bain't no young things about yet. They allust seem to get into the line o' fire when anything get up—dew it o' puppose, I reckon, out o' their contrariness. Heel, Roover, bor!" For the dog had caught the scent of a hare lying shivering on its form within twenty yards, and it is difficult to teach dogs that hares and rabbits are not fit for food in the lush spring months.

Gulley knew that the crowfoot was at its best towards the further end of the marsh, and he began to brisk up and hold his Spanish piece ready as he passed the Split Willow.

He looked up a little impatiently at the multitude of larks which were soaring and singing: "Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle-dee!" He said: "I'd give ye tweedle if yew was worth a charge o' shot! Pretty nigh done for my spring cabbages, yew hev!"

But the larks "paid no regard"—as Gulley would have said—to his ill-will, but continued to soar, now and then fluttering to their nests amongst the growing grass, but ever alighting some yards distant from their clutch of eggs, lest their descent should be marked and betray their secluded nurseries.

Now the grass grew a little shorter, and appeared to be of a darker green, though this impression was solely the result of the buttercup or crowfoot leaves, which were now thick amidst the slimmer stems.

Flap, flap, flapper, flapper!

A couple of wood-pigeons, with their white rings showing round their slate-grey necks, rose from the cover of the marsh with a mighty clamour, and within thirty yards.

Gulley raised his gun to his shoulder without haste. The loud whip-like report of the muzzle-loader crashed out, and the two birds fell to the double shot in the midst of a cloud of grey feathers.

Rover looked up. "Yew keep to heel, bor," said Gulley. "I can find 'em, and I doubt you'd stut others."

He strode on his way without troubling to retrieve his kill at once, and he was presently rewarded by the rising of a flock of pigeons, which had been so intent on the crowfoot that they did not fly up at the first shot.

Gulley did his best to get as many of the birds in a line as he could before he fired. The result was that four fell to his first barrel and two to his second. His sporting etiquette was entirely different from that of the partridge field, where it is considered to be bad shooting to kill two birds at a shot. Gulley was out for booty, and did his best to get it.

"Fetch 'em, bor," he said to his dog. "There oan't be no more arter that parcel riz."

One by one Rover brought him the eight "ringers" his master had killed, and one by one old Gulley disposed of them in his inside pockets.

"Now," said he to Rover, "come your part. Your eyes are sharper'n mine now."

The dog grinned and fell in. He knew well enough what his work would be, and that he had not yet reached the locality.

A fine six-inch-wide plank was the ligger into the Tussocky Marsh, and as soon as this had been negotiated, Gulley said: "Hi, lost! Seek 'em! Neesten, neesten!" *

He strode out into the marsh in one direction, while Rover scouted in another.

This marsh was quite different in character from the other. There was little lush grass in it. Tussocks of coarse snipe grass rose in lumps here and there, and between them were spots sparsely, if at all, covered with green.

All around the man and the dog, overhead, peewits circled and somersaulted, wailing their pathetic cries. Amongst them red-legs darted in their swift, even flight, uttering the musical, fluty whistle peculiar to them.

Presently a plover dropped to the ground and limped in front of Gulley, holding one wing down as though it were crippled.

"Ah," said Gulley, "I know you, you warmin! You ha' hatched off your lot. Get out with ye! Couldn't ye wait for me to find the eggs and sell 'em proper?"

The old man no longer looked far ahead; he kept his eyes fixed on the marsh, watching every little spot bare of grass.

But it was Rover who found the first eggs. He came trotting back to his master, and led him to a little circle of black soil in which three plover's eggs were lying. The dark spots and the green of the shell were so hard to distinguish on the earth and amongst the

* The Saxon plural is still common in Norfolk. "Housen," "neesten," may be often heard for "houses," "nests."—J. B.

grass that even old Gulley looked twice before he saw the nest.

"My eyen are gettin' old," he said to himself; "I ought to ha' seed that afore."

He gathered a great bunch of grass and placed it in a linen bag he carried. In this he placed the three eggs. Then he and the dog continued their search.

When a nest was found containing four eggs, arranged symmetrically, with their smaller ends together in the centre, Gulley took the eggs to the nearest dyke and tried if they would sink or float. If they sunk, they were fresh and saleable; if not, they were "set upon," and the old man valued his reputation as a supplier of horn-pie eggs too highly to run the risk of delivering any which were too long laid.

Time after time the expostulating horn-pie saw their so-called nests—they are but patches of bare soil amidst the grass—rifled. The air was alive with wheeling birds, and Gulley had accumulated nearly two score. Then along the wall of the Fleet Dyke he saw a "furriner" coming—a furriner with a gun on his shoulder, and dressed in a way which gave Gulley high expectation of making something out of him.

"I'll just get a few red-leg's eggs for my own 'atin," he mused, "then I'll go and hev a hearin' along o' he."

He watched the flight of the red-legs from a distance, and when he had located a dozen places where he had seen them alight, he made his way to them. These nests were all in the heart of a tussock of tall grass, and the eggs were smaller, the spots reddish brown, and the shells paler than those of the plover. No bird has an egg which can be mistaken for that of the plover, except the black-headed gull, called "the Scoulton gull" in Norfolk, because on Scoulton Mere thousands of these birds nest, in due season, on an island in the centre of the mere, whence their eggs are taken by the keepers and sold to London as genuine plover's eggs. The Scoulton gull's egg is very similar to that of the plover, but its end is not quite so sharply pointed, and its spots not quite so dark or so large. It is very nearly equal in taste and nutrition to the genuine horn-pie's egg, and its white is almost as transparent.

To Gulley a red-leg's egg was as good as a plover's, and he could not sell it at a quarter of the price. Therefore he kept the red-leg's pretty eggs for himself.

While he gathered his red-spotted eggs, he kept his eye on the "furriner," and at the proper moment he left off seeking, straightened his back with a groan—"That there lumbaager catch me funny now," he said—and strode towards the ligger leading to the Fleet Wall. He had seen sportsmen of the type now approaching before, and had pleasant recollections of his meeting with them.

As he walked sturdily along, he drew three pigeons from his pockets and held them casually in his hand. He crossed the ligger to the Wall about twenty yards in front of the approaching "furriner."

Claud Emberton had recently inherited money. He had heard of marshland sport, and knew nothing of seasons. His Norfolk jacket was very beautiful; his Harris tweed knickerbockers were only surpassed by the splendour of his ribbed woollen stockings. His gun was a hammerless ejector twelve-bore double-barrel, new; his cartridges were brass-cased. He had been too shy to ask a friend to accompany him, and although the fixed period of his jaunt was all but up, he had hitherto had no luck. His previous tramps had been along the Wall on the further side of the river, and on this his last day he was inclined to abuse the authority on whose advice he had brought his gun, in April, down to marshland.

When he saw old Gulley approaching him with three wood-pigeons, which did indeed look "as fat as old hens," his spirits rose. This simple rustic would, he felt sure, show him some sport if he made it worth his while.

Gulley slouched along, his blue eyes twinkling beneath their bushy brows as he drew near this promising "furriner."

"Mornin'!" said Emberton genially. "Why, what fine birds you've got there! Have you shot them?"

To Gulley "birds" meant the little brown beauties that call out "Chedack, chedack!" from the stubbles at eventide, and he sniffed a little scornfully as he surveyed the stranger.

"They bain't cold yet, master," said Gulley. "You feel on 'em. You're right! They are a nice lot o' dows. Dows we call 'em in these parts, or ringers, seein' they ha' got a ring round their necks."

Claud "felt on 'em." They were very plump. What a delightful, simple-minded yokel he had encountered! At last his luck was in.

"I say," said Claud, "I wonder if you could put me in the way of getting a shot or two? I'm a stranger here. I've been



"'Oh, it s all right! I've only killed this!'"

pottering about for a week on the other side of the river, but shot nothing. I'm staying at 'The Old Bell' at Duckingham."

"Old Harry Buck, over there, ought to ha' larnt ye better," said Gulley. "Why, there bain't nothin' over there! You ought to ha' come acrost afore."

"I wish I had," said Claud. "But I suppose it is not too late to have one decent day's sport, is it?"

Gulley shook his head. "Tha'ss too late and too arly, in a manner o' speakin'," he replied. "I should take your brass 'thout 'arnin' on it if I took ye now. What you want to do is to come along o' me to 'The Grey Mare,' and have a bite to eat and a bit o' bacca and a mug or two o' beer, and then—— Be ye sartin sure as you must be agoin' to-morrow, master?" he asked, before he proceeded to develop his plan.

"Yes, worse luck," said Claud. "I must go up to town to-morrow, and goodness

knows when I shall be able to get down again. I dare say never. I wish I'd come over this way before."

"Ah," said Gulley, "tha'ss a pity, and tha'ss a fact! But I'll tell ye what. 'Arternune time I'll show ye where you can set and kill as many o' these here old 'ringers as you like—ah, and a ph'asant or two, and all!"

There was a lurking suspicion in Claud's mind, but very vague, that one did not shoot pheasants in April. He said so.

"Tha'ss a fact," agreed Gulley; "but I never knowed 'em eat gritty yet, not at no sayson. Besides, where I'm agoin' to show ye, they don't pay no regard to that. Why, they like a man to shoot the ph'asants in April and May, 'cos they do so much harm to the spring wheat and the barley fields!"

"If only George Larner mind his game," thought Gulley to himself, "that ought to be wuth some'at!"

Now, George Larner was the keeper to whose charge the marsh shooting of the district was entrusted.

Claud was delighted with his new acquaintance. He followed the old man to "The Grey Mare," and, on Gulley's recommendation, ordered the fair Amelia Pontifex to cook a couple of fowls for lunch. "And bile a bit o' yar home-cured bacon with the greens, me dear," added the old marshman. "I'm wholly fond of a bit o' bacon cooked with the greens to eat along of a chicken, that I am!"

Claud had his new friend to eat with him, drink with him, and smoke with him, and told himself again and again that he was fortunate to fall in with so simple-minded a sportsman.

Gulley disposed of his plover's eggs at the rate of two shillings a score—this, my envious readers, was before the War—and of his pigeons, all but three, at threepence each, to 'Melia Pontifex. The three he reserved for a special purpose and a special price.

What with the excellence of the fare and the fascination of old Gulley's yarns, Claud found time slip by at a surprising pace. The sun was already low when Gulley rose and took up his gun. "Now," said he, "we want to be agoin' if you wish to set where you can kill as many ringers as you can carry this very evenin'."

On the edge of the marsh level stands a plantation of firs, larches, and ash which is known as "Dow Carr." "Dow," as Gulley has already told us, is the local name for wood-pigeon, and "carr" for a small plantation.

This carr was part of a large estate recently acquired by a City plutocrat, who had bought it in the vain hope of becoming a country gentleman. Although he was no sportsman, Cornelius Schiller, the new landowner, was no fool, and he had made inquiries as to the management of his shoot, and learnt that to put any keeper other than a native marshman in charge of the marshland portion would entail sure disaster. The most skilful man from the shires would be outwitted by the natives if he attempted to interfere with what they considered to be their time-honoured rights.

On the advice of the solicitor at St. Mary's-on-the-Fen, who had acted in the purchase, George Larner, an old crony of Gulley's, had been engaged as warden of the marshes and the few carrs "down to marsh." No hand-rearing was carried on on this side of the estate, and the big woods and big battues were all on the further side, some miles inland. But Dow Carr had always been famous for being a favourite nesting-place for wild pheasants. If anyone could keep it from the raids of the sporting villagers, George Larner could. He disliked serving a "furriner," but he was prepared to do his duty so far as he thought he was bound by his weekly wage.

On the whole, the thing worked well, and Cornelius Schiller had no real cause of complaint, though it may be that his marshland keeper held somewhat more elastic notions as to his "perkisites" than would have met with the employer's approval.

Not only did wild pheasants frequent the carr, but hundreds of wood-pigeons perched in its firs in spring-time.

"Come you on," said Gulley, leading the way towards this famous little plantation. "All you'll ha'e to do is to set inside a little shud I'll show ye, and kill the ringers as they come in to perk. If ye see a ph'asant, 'specially an old cock, shoot it, bor, an' you'll be doin' a good deed."

He turned his naughty old face away. He had great control of his expression, but he could not help letting his internal laughter glimmer in his eyes.

Claud, considerably elevated by the potations he had shared with Gulley, but very pleased with himself, gambolled merrily along beside the old poacher, asking him questions till the old man grew weary of them. "You doan't want to make a n'ise," said Gulley; "the quieter ye go, the better."

Gulley looked about him carefully as he drew near the plantation. He knew that at

this time George Larner was usually at his tea. The keeper's cottage was not half a mile from the carr, and the first shot would bring him out.

"S-h-h!" hissed the old man, as he showed Claud a way through the hedge round the carr. "See that lump o' dark? Tha'ss the shud. Now dee you go and set in there, and you'll soon hear the ringers a-floppin' in the branches. Then you can shoot as many as you like. And don't forget as a ph'asant ate as well now as at any time, and old Girling, at 'The Bell,' will hev it cooked for ye and say nothin'. You can hev it for yar brekkust to-morrow afore ye make a start on it."

As he spoke he dangled the three pigeons he had reserved in front of his victim's eyes.

Now, before Claud left town he had promised more than one friend to bring him back some of the spoils of his gun. He would not have admitted it, but he had little faith in his own marksmanship, and he would look a fool if he went back on the morrow with nothing to show for his jaunt. It might be well to acquire the three pigeons he saw, in case of his adventure proving barren.

"You've been awf'ly good," he said. "I—I hope you won't mind, but really——" He slipped two half-crowns in Gulley's hand.

"Thanky, master," said Gulley; "you're a gennleman." Almost the old man's heart relented, but not quite.

"I—I suppose you can't come with me?" suggested Claud.

Gulley looked genuinely grieved. "Well," he said, "I'm right wexed. But, ye see, my old woman, she fare a bit narvous. I hudly like to lave her longer; I ha' been away a rare old time a'riddy."

"Oh, of course," said Claud, "of course. I suppose you could not sell me those birds? You see, I may not have any luck."

Gulley's face grew very serious. "Well," he said, "ye see, I was thinkin' o' takin' 'em home to the old gal. But—well, I dessay she'd rather have a tidy sum o' brass than the dows."

"Will—will half-a-crown each be enough?" asked Claud.

Even Gulley could not ask for more. "That'll do nicely, I thank ye," he said, handing over the three pigeons in exchange for seven and sixpence. "Now I'll wish ye good sport."

He turned again as he strode off. "If anyone interfere along o' ye, seein' as you're a furriner," he said, and choked down a chuckle, "tell 'em old Gulley give you leave."

"If that don't send George into a fit, I reckon it orter," he said to himself, as he made his way rapidly back to "The Grey Mare." "I wholly wish I dust stay and watch what happen!"

Unsuspecting and hopeful, Claud made his way to the shooting-shelter which had been erected with boughs and sleepers beneath a favourite roosting-place for pigeons. The sun was now well to the west, over Norton Subcourse, and already there were sounds of fluttering wings as the birds sought their rest amidst the trees overhead.

A bench was fixed within the shelter, so that its occupant could bring his gun to bear from his seat all round the little clearing overhead. As Claud settled down upon this, the silence of the evening, which first oppressed him, gave way to the myriad noises of wild life in a wood by the marsh. Water-hen and coots called from a pool in the wood. Weasels and rabbits stirred the undergrowth with a faint susurrus. And now the budding larch boughs overhead and the evergreen spines of the firs were a-throb with the chirping whispers of sleepy birds. A harsh *currock*, *currock*, and a tremendous fluttering amongst the branches startled the Londoner, as an old cock pheasant sought his perch in a fir tree.

Then came the flap-flap of pigeons, and, looking up, Claud saw four or five of the birds circle over the clearing and fold their wings as they darted to their perches. He raised his gun and fired swiftly, both barrels, into the thick of a fir in which he had watched a couple of pigeons settle.

For a moment it was babel among the branches — twitterings, frenzied dashes of feathery wings against twigs, and, loudest of all, a falling object breaking through dead wood and coming plop to the ground. He had got the old cock pheasant.

Unconscious of iniquity, and urged to greater effort by his success in killing something, Claud retrieved the beautifully plumaged bird. He laid it proudly by his side and, when his nerves had grown accustomed to the sounds overhead, resumed his watch on the bench.

Twice again he fired both barrels at homing pigeons, each time vainly. He was raising his gun for another shot, when a voice roared at him—

"Well, if that bain't the master imperence! Who be yew? Who tode yew to set in that there shud? Come yew out, yew poochin'

warmin ! Come yew out till I find Noggin, the pleeceman ! "

"Oh," said Claud, confident in Gulley's advice, "it is all right ! I've only killed this ! " He held up the cock pheasant. "Old Gulley told me to say he had given me leave."

For a moment George Larner stood with open mouth, apparently unable to articulate a word. The position seemed to be too much for him. Yet an acute observer might have noticed that the mention of old Gulley's name had modified the first glare of fury. Nevertheless, when he found speech he raved magnificently.

"Well, that beat Bungay, as the sayin' is ! " he roared. "Here be yew, a furriner, a-settin' in the dow shed, and a-holdin' up a cock ph'asant, and sayin' as yew'd on'y shot it ! On'y ! And then to tell me as that old warmin Gulley give ye leave ! Why, he fare to be the nootoriousestest* poocher from Chetbridge to St. Mary's ! Come yew here to me ! "

He rushed in and seized Claud by the collar of his beautiful Norfolk jacket.

"Don't do that," said Claud. "I hate to be fumbled ! "

"Yew—yew hate—— Oh, lor a massy me ! Be yew shanny (mad)," gasped the keeper, "or be I ? "

Well, well, it is useless to dwell on this painful scene. The one bright spot in the tragic development for Claud was that he found that keepers are human. A five-pound note was a five-pound note, especially in April, when there would be no tips from shooting-guests for many months.

It cost Claud that to escape from George Larner.

"Yew wait," said the keeper, as he pocketed the note. "Lor ! Yew said as yew'd on'y shot the old cock ? Here lay t'ree ringers ? Yew——"

"I bought them—I bought them from Gulley ! " cried Claud.

"Soo yew say," said George Larner, shaking his head doubtfully. "Howsomdever, I'll hev a hearin' with him, the old warmin ! And, bought or not bought, I'll ax yew to lave these here ringers with me ! "

"I'll give you your price for them," pleaded Claud.

George Larner appeared to deliberate. The note in his pocket rustled pleasantly. "Did that old warmin kill 'em in the carr ? " he asked.

"No, no ; on the marsh," said Claud.

And then the keeper's heart softened.

"Well," he said, "yew doan't desarve it, but I'll let ye take 'em ; but doan't ye tell noobardy ! "

Then, feeling that he had been a little "soft," he resumed his ferocious bearing. "Yew be agoin', I tell ye," he shouted, "and doan't ye ever let me cop ye poochin' ag'in ! "

Claud had no desire for a return meeting. He took his departure rapidly.

"Yew wait till I see old Gulley," roared George Larner after him. "I'll larn him ! "

But Claud, now at a little distance, and believing that he could at all events outrun the keeper, cried back : "If I were you, I'd be careful how you tackle that old man. I fancy he can hold his own with most people."

Taking such comfort as he could in the three plump pigeons left to him, he made his way rapidly along the Fleet Wall to the railway line, and, as old Pepys used to say, "so home to ye old Bell."

Larner looked after him. "So he think old Gulley can take care of hisself," he said, with a chuckle. "I reckon he can."

And that evening, when he met Gulley at "The Grey Mare," and handed over two pounds ten as the latter's share of the five-pound note, he said : "But you want to be careful, bor, or you'll be gettin' booth on us into trouble. That young fule might ha' distarbed my neestin' hens. But, there, bor, I pretty nigh kilt myself a-laughin' when I see the back on him. He oan't come here no more, I'll lay ye a penny."

"No," said Gulley. "I'd made sartin o' that afore I tried the game on him. Well, George, bor, here's luck ! Let's wet the fust bit we ha' made togither to year ! "

And the two old cronies raised their mugs and drank deep.

"Well," said George Larner, wiping his lips on the back of his hand, "that hain't done the guv'nor no harm, and it ha' done us a sight o' good ! But there ! There's keepers, some o' them over at the big woods, I reckon, as would ha' robbed that pore young fule ! I on'y took what was right."

"O' course," said Gulley. "We larnt him asperience, and I reckon 'twas wuth the brass ! "

* When a Norfolk peasant uses a long word, he invariably lengthens it.—J. B.

A BIT OF A BLACK SHEEP

By L. G. MOBERLY

Illustrated by Lucien Davis



HE first caught sight of him as she was hurrying to catch a train on a dull February morning, and somehow the sight of his rough, tousled head and brown, wistful eyes brought a little lump into her throat and a queer ache about her heart; and during her busy working day her thoughts repeatedly went back to the small, pathetic form sitting hunched up on the doorstep of that mean little shop in Tranmer Street.

Alison Temple had a very tender heart—especially tender where dogs were concerned—and whilst she performed her clerical duties with her usual care, the brown, shaggy head with the wistful eyes repeatedly came between her and the work upon which she was engaged. And when, on her homeward walk, she passed again along Tranmer Street, and saw the same pathetic form hunched up on the doorstep of the mean little shop, she bent down and touched the rough brown head.

"You poor, wee thing," she said; and at the touch of her soft hand and the sound of her soft voice a brown tail thumped vigorously. "You look as if you had lost everything you cared for in the world." The tail thumped again, but the small dog cringed and shrank when, hearing her speak, a man came out from the dark depths of the shop.

"Why do you tie him up so tight," the girl exclaimed, warm indignation in her tones, "and why does he look so starved and wretched? I don't believe he is properly fed, and he seems miserable."

The man—he was ugly and undersized, with mean and shifty eyes—looked at the speaker and spoke with a sneer.

"'E'll soon be in the better land o' dawgs, that's where 'e'll be. I ain't no bloomin' philanthruppist, takin' care of other people's dawgs for love. I've kep' 'im long enough—I'm a bit fed up with the brute." And the man punctuated his remarks by giving the dog a kick. The blue eyes of the tall girl flamed angrily. She seized the shopkeeper's arm with a fierce grip.

"How dare you do it?" she said. "How dare you kick a tied-up dog who hasn't a chance of helping himself? You are the brute, not he!" The man laughed an ugly laugh, but before he could answer her Alison said quickly—

"Whose dog is he? If you can't afford to keep him any more, I will buy him." The man's mean eyes narrowed.

"'E belongs be rights to a soldier," he said, and there was a considerable softening of his tone. "But I'm a poor man meself, and I can't go on keepin' the dawg for nothin', and I ain't 'ad no money for 'im this month and more; and 'is master, 'e was a bit of a black sheep—and so——"

"I'll give you a pound for the dog," Alison struck in sharply, realising only that she must rescue the forlorn scrap of brown shagginess without further delay, not pausing to count the cost, though in the back of her mind she knew quite well that the pound she was offering represented all her small margin for the amenities of life, as apart from its bare necessities. Alison Temple's pounds were limited—very strictly limited indeed—but the small, rough body that had shrunk away from the mean-looking shopman, and the brown, wistful eyes that had looked into hers, made the girl forget or thrust aside the

thought of her own poverty. At all costs she must rescue the pathetic Irish terrier; if she had to starve herself in the doing of it, it should be done.

"Well, I dunno," Joe Crabbe, the shopkeeper, said slowly, scratching his head the while, "I dunno. Supposin' 'is master was to come back, where'd I be if I sold the dawg?"

"Where would you be if his master came back, supposing you had killed the dog, as you said you meant to do?" Alison asked, her voice all a-quiver with indignation. "You can have my address. If the soldier comes back, send him to me. He will find me." And she wrote on a slip of paper she drew from her bag: Miss Alison Temple, 24, Fairly Street. "Now unfasten the dog and give him to me, and I will give you the pound."

Slight and girlish as she looked, there was a certain superb masterfulness about her which had a curiously overawing effect upon the man with the shifty eyes. His hands fumbled a good deal as they unfastened the cord round the dog's neck, and he glanced nervously into the blue, scornful eyes which were watching him so closely.

"I'm a poor man meself," he said, with a desperate attempt at apology, as he put a frayed end of cord into Alison's hands, "and it ain't to be expected I should keep another man's dawg for nothin', and 'im a bit of a black sheep, too, or I'm much mistaken."

"I don't see what that has to do with your ill-treating the dog," Alison answered sharply, and she stooped and ran her hand over the thin, little body, with its shabby, unkempt coat of brown. "Here is the pound." She put the note into Crabbe's grubby, outstretched hand as though she loathed contact with the man. "No, there is no excuse for your cruelty to a little, helpless beast—none at all. If I were a man"—she looked full into his mean, sullen face—"I should like to horsewhip you for ill-treating a dog who is worth fifty of you!" She had turned away and was walking briskly down the street, her new *protégé* trotting at her heels, before Joe Crabbe found wits enough or breath enough to make any retort, and Alison was well out of earshot when he let loose a flood of angry and unprintable language, and shook his fist at her retreating form. She dismissed him from her mind as she would have shaken off a venomous reptile, all her thoughts intent on the small person who padded along so close beside her—a person who was already a personality.

"Kim," she said, when she and the dog reached the bare little bed-sitting-room in the lodging-house which was all that the girl could call home, "Kim—I'm going to call you that because the other Kim was Irish, and wise, and a dear, and I believe you're all those—Kim, I know I can't ever make up to you for the master you've lost, but I will do all I can. And you will let me be second best, even though I can't be best." She dropped on her knees beside the dog, and while he looked at her with eyes that seemed to be saying so much that could never be translated into speech, her hand gently stroked the rough hair between the two ears, which suddenly lost their droop and became very erect. "You see, Kim, I'm alone in the world, and so are you." Her brave young voice shook just a little. "And you have had a bad time, and so have I. Somebody very clever said that fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. Ah, you agree with him, do you?" And Alison laughed just a little, as Kim's tail flopped against the floor and he touched her arm ingratiatingly with one of his paws, as who should say: "Keep those soft fingers upon my head." "We shall have to live rather low for a bit," Alison's voice went on, "because, you see, I spent such a lot of money in getting you away from that horrid man who was making you unhappy and who meant to kill you." Again Kim's tail flopped, and he suddenly rubbed his head against the girl's caressing hand. "But you shan't go hungry here," she ended almost fiercely, "and I mean to make you happy, almost a 'jolly-dog-are-we' kind of dog." She glanced whimsically down at the shaggy head which laid itself so confidingly against her arm. "And I rather hope," she added softly, tilting Kim's head up and looking deep into his uplifted eyes, "and I rather hope your master won't come back for a very long time, because—because you've got a way with you, and I shan't ever want to let you go!"

II.

"A BIT of a black sheep!" The mean little shopkeeper's words often came back to Alison in the days that followed, days when the dog who had "a way with him" crept closer and closer into her heart. "A bit of a black sheep!" The phrase haunted her. It reminded her of something she had been trying most valiantly to forget. Or, rather, it reminded her of somebody who, like Kim's master, had also been "a bit of a black sheep," incidentally, in the process, coming very near to breaking her heart. She held

her head high, and her blue eyes looked bravely out upon life, for Alison Temple came of a race of soldiers, and her forbears had learnt to hold up their heads and go to their deaths with unflinching, steady eyes and lips that smiled. Nevertheless, those blue eyes of hers, for all their courage, held in them a sadness which Kim seemed to understand, for after a very few days he laid his big, generous heart at her feet and swore fealty to her by every means in his power. Just at first he had a habit of lying and watching the door with hungry, wistful eyes, and ears that pricked at every sound, and Alison knew that he was always waiting for the master who never came. And although he was unfailingly civil to her, it was not until the end of those few days that he gave in entirely and accepted her as his best friend. But, having accepted her, he became her inseparable shadow, and even the manager of the office where Alison worked broke all rules and allowed Kim to spend the working hours curled up at the girl's feet. He was soon a familiar figure, too, in the A.B.C., where Alison ate her modest luncheon, and perhaps much adversity and a great deal of heartache had taught him valuable lessons of self-control, for he never gave his young mistress a moment's trouble, or asserted himself in any aggressive or troublesome fashion. Only, either his constant presence, or the words Joe Crabbe had spoken, brought back to her days and scenes out of the past which she had put away into the background of her mind and intended to bury in oblivion.

The day when Mark Allen asked her to be his wife—a June day, clear and serene—painted itself afresh before her eyes. She could see the meadows, where the buttercups made a carpet of gold; she could hear the larks singing their ceaseless *Gloria in excelsis;* she could smell the sweetness of the briar roses in the hedges, and the honeysuckle that flung great tangles of bloom over the tree stump by the garden gate. And Mark had looked deep into her eyes and held her hands in a close, warm clasp, whilst he said in those quick, jerky tones which made her heart beat even in remembrance: "I'm not fit to touch the hem of your gown, but love me a little, Alison, my dear."

That he loved her the girl never doubted—the fortnight of eager wooing showed her that beyond all possibility of mistake—and Mrs. Thornton, the kindly landlady of the cottage where she was spending her hard-earned summer holiday, watched the little romance with womanly and motherly delight. "I dunno as he's good enough for you, miss," was her only demur; "they do say in Drabstone as Mr. Allen has always been a bit of a rolling stone—a sort of a waster, so they say. But there, maybe all he needs is a good woman to steady him, for I don't believe, and I never shall, that he's bad at heart."

Alison's belief went on all fours with good Mrs. Thornton's. She was sure, too, that Mark's failings, such as they were—and her love was very lenient to them—were only surface blemishes; that underneath the failings there was a fine character, only waiting to be brought into play. And so she gave her heart into his hands in those golden days of June, and on one of those days he fastened round her neck a fine gold chain with a heart hanging from it, and the world was radiant for her with that light which never was on sea or land. Autumn days, when Mark had taken her out of London to walk under trees that looked as if they were carved out of pure gold, and past cottages flaming with scarlet Virginia creeper; spring Sundays, when they had wandered along country lanes arched over by trees delicately green, and through copses starred with primroses and swinging dog violets—these came back into the girl's thoughts whilst she and Kim walked on London pavements, or sat together in her bare bed-sitting-room. And the April day when the end came was painted as the clearest picture of all. She was in Mrs. Thornton's cottage for the week-end, and Mark had planned to come down to Drabstone for the Sunday—a long, blissful Sunday, when they were to ramble along the downs in the April sunlight and the fresh upland air. But Mark never came. Instead there was a letter from him, curt with the curtness born of an intolerably sore heart.

"I've been an utter fool," he wrote, "a fool and worse. I've lost my job through my own fault, and I'm going away. I was never fit for you. I'm too much of a black sheep for you now. Just forget, as quickly as you can, that you ever cared for such an out-and-out rotter as Mark Allen."

That was all. Never a word or sign had come to her again of the man she loved. He had vanished from her world as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up, and nobody but she herself knew how weary and terrible had been the path she had travelled through the vale of misery. But she had travelled it unfalteringly, using it—in the Psalmist's words—as a well,

coming out at last, scarred and battered, but with a new fineness of nature and a new depth in her blue, brave eyes.

"And so you see, Kim, you and I both know what it means to lose all we most care for in the world, and what it means to be unhappy," she said one day, when the old thoughts would not be thrust aside. "But we mean to help each other to—to 'keep on keeping on.' I am a soldier's daughter, and you are a soldier's dog, and we will 'pack up our troubles in our old kit-bags and smile, smile, smile!'"

Upon which Kim wagged his tail effusively and nuzzled his rough head against her knee, and looked up into her face with loving eyes that understood.

* * * * *

But in the winter days that followed Kim's first coming to Alison, there dawned in the dog's faithful eyes a strange look—a look of doubt and bewilderment—and it was always Roy Sanderson's presence which brought that look. From the very first Kim viewed with disfavour the tall man whose face was so dark and handsome, whose manners were so suave and charming; from the first his doggy soul resented the friendship of his mistress for the man who all at once loomed so large in her life. Kim frankly disliked the new-comer, and as frankly showed his dislike.

"That dog of yours is jealous of me," Roy said lightly one day, when he and Alison were lunching together, Kim seated near the girl, his head pressed against her knee. "He can't stand seeing somebody else as devoted as he is." A flush ran over Alison's face, her eyes dropped under the significant glance in the dark eyes watching her. Her hand instinctively went out and touched Kim's head. Somehow the touch of the shaggy hair and the velvet-soft ears gave her a sense of comfort and safety, although she could not exactly have explained why she should need to feel comforted and safe.

"Kim is a very dear, nice person," she answered, a little tremor in her voice. "He has almost an uncanny amount of wisdom. I"—she laughed, with a desire to pass lightly over an embarrasing moment—"I always consult him about my plans."

"Don't let his influence come between you and me," Roy answered, speaking with equal lightness, yet with an undercurrent of something more serious. "He mustn't put a spoke in my wheel. Remember that."

"Oh, no, you mustn't put a spoke in his wheel," Alison said, a little breathlessly, on an evening a few days later, when she and Kim were crouching close together over the wretched apology for a fire in her room. "You see, angel dear, there is nothing else to do. I've come to the end of my tether, and I can't go on any more." Whether or not Kim understood the vaguely-expressed sentence, who shall say? But his warm little body pressed itself more closely against the girl, as she shivered and held out her hands towards the totally inadequate flame, and he lifted one of his paws and laid it upon her arm in a queer little mute caress. "You are a dear," she said shakily, "and—I know—I don't care for him. There is only one man in my world. But, Kim beloved, this other man cares for me. He is rich; he will take me away from—all this." She shuddered and put out her hands with a comprehensive gesture towards the bare room. "It is so cold, and I am tired of horrible, dull food—and not enough of that—and I hate my shabby old clothes. Oh, yes, I know it is wrong in war-time to think about one's food and clothes, but I'm so often hungry, angel mine, and sometimes I do long for good things to eat and for furs to wear. And he will give me everything I want; so, you see, that's how it is, and if it's wrong——" Her voice dropped into silence, and the girl and the dog sat very quietly side by side, looking at the small fire which threw out so pitifully little heat. "I nearly pawned this a fortnight ago," Alison's voice went on, and her hands touched the gold chain on which there hung the little golden heart which Mark had given her long ago; "but even though he went away and left me, I can't sell Mark's present. He gave it me when the roses were all in flower in Mrs. Thornton's garden, and the nightingales were singing in the wood behind the house. He fastened it round my neck himself, doggie dear, and said: 'That chain means for ever and ever, Amen. And the heart is like my heart—always yours.' And then he kissed me." She fingered the chain lovingly, and Kim looked up at her with adoring eyes, in which there nevertheless lingered a question—a doubt. Was his doggy mind trying to follow her rapid change of thought? Who, again, can say? But Alison drew her fingers thoughtfully between his shapely ears, and there was a new indecision in her voice.

"Why should it be wrong to take what Roy Sanderson offers?" she said, almost as if arguing with an adversary. "Mark has

gone. I am never going to see him any more. And I can't live all the rest of my life—I can't, I can't—just working on from



"'And now you can look at yourself in the glass.'"

week to week for bare existence. Kim, you aren't putting a spoke in my wheel? You will stop being jealous of Roy when you know he is good to me, and that I——"

She broke off once more, and Kim's faithful eyes looked straight into hers.

"Jealous?" they seemed to say. "I am not jealous. I wouldn't be so little-minded, so paltry. But——"

"Oh, I know!" the girl broke out again, as if answering a spoken remark. "I know

I shall be dropping away from all my highest ideals if I do this thing. It sounds hideous in plain English, but I shall be selling myself for comfort and luxury—I shall be sinning against love!"

Kim's tail flopped very softly. Perhaps he heard the note of pain in the voice he loved; perhaps he dimly realised that Alison had reached some big crisis in her life. Perhaps dogs are more of folks than we suppose. Be that as it may, he got up suddenly and, putting his paws on Alison's shoulders, laid his head against her cheek.

"He wants me to marry him very soon," she said, drawing the dog against her and resting her head against his rough one. "He will take us away from this sordid place, and we shall be well off, and warm, and—and happy." There was silence again. "Shall we be happy?" she exclaimed suddenly, a harshness in her voice. "My doggadee, shall we be happy? Is that why you are putting your spoke into my wheel, because you know—because you are so dreadfully wise that you know—we shall never really be happy if we sin against love?"

Alison never knew how long she and Kim sat there in the firelight, whilst the grey shadows of evening crept about them and gathered into the darkness of night. She only knew that when at last she rose she was chilled to the bone and very, very tired—tired both with long mental strain and conflict and with bodily fatigue. But she had something to do before she went to bed that night, and she did it without further delay. She wrote very shortly, but very clearly, and when she had run with Kim to the pillar-box and dropped the letter into it, she knew that she had cut herself entirely free from Roy Sanderson. She had refused to be his wife, and she had so worded her refusal that he could not mistake her meaning.

Kim had very effectually put a spoke into the wheel.

III.

"MISS,—The dawg's marster have come home. I have give 'im your address, though forgot your name, through paper gettin' torn.

"JOE CRABBE.

"'E 'ave the V.C."

The grimy note, addressed to "Miss What-Bought-the-Dog," was handed to Alison on a mild February morning, when some hint of spring seemed to have drifted unawares into the winter air.

"Kim," she exclaimed, "Kim"—and she waved the grubby sheet at him as though he could read it—"your master has come home, and he's got the V.C., and"—all at once she dropped on her knees beside the dog and wrapped her arms about him—"and it means that I shall lose my best friend in all the world!" Kim's tail wagged furiously, because her excitement had communicated itself to him, and he licked her hands eagerly, and his eyes looked at her wisely and lovingly, as though he would like to have told her not to talk nonsense, seeing that best friends cannot ever be lost.

"But we won't think any selfish thoughts," Alison continued, scrambling briskly to her feet; "we'll just get ready for the master. And, first of all, you must be made beautiful, to show him you are pleased about the V.C. Oh, angel mine, only fancy being a V.C.'s dog! There never was a luckier hound!" Kim barked loudly and scampered about the room in an ecstasy, the source of which he had no means of fathoming. But when he and Alison went out into the sunshine, he found the February day vastly pleasant, and racing along the streets a greater pleasure than usual. They were out quite a little while, and then came what Alison called "the great act of decoration." A piece of ribbon—red, white, and blue—was tied round Kim's neck and fashioned into a bow which lay rakishly under his right ear. "And now you can look at yourself in the glass," Alison said, "because you are a man thing, and men things are vain, and you will like to see how charming you look with patriotic ribbons at just the most becoming angle." She tilted the glass on her dressing-table—that dressing-table which, in spite of her poverty, she had made as dainty and pretty as she could—and then she put Kim's paws upon it, and the small dog gazed at his own reflection with an expression of rapt and absorbed interest. Whilst he looked at himself, Alison watched him, a tender little smile upon her face. "What a different-looking dog you are from the shabby little waif you were when first you came to me!" she said. "But I knew you were vain," she whispered into one of his cocked and shapely ears, "though, if you hadn't one little fault, I should be frightened, and think you were going to die! Oh, Kim, beloved, what shall I do if your ugly great master takes you right away? If——" Words and thoughts were cut short. The landlady's face appeared at the door.

"Soldier's come after his dog, miss. I've asked him in my parlour, seein' 'e was

superior, and bin wounded bad, too, and when you think of all the soldiers 'ave done for us." The worthy soul disappeared, and Alison knelt beside Kim for a moment, her head against his, her arms round him.

"You've done such a lot for me," she whispered, "and if all friends were as loyal, and generous, and faithful, and loving as you are, the world would be a lovelier place. Thank you, my little Kim." Just between his soft ears she kissed him, and then, very slowly, very reluctantly, Kim at her heels, she went downstairs to the landlady's parlour.

The tall figure in khaki was standing with his back to the door when she opened it, but Kim's sharp bark of unspeakable joy, Kim's tempestuous onslaught, made him turn sharply. And, as he turned, the civil words Alison had been about to speak were silenced on her lips. She stood very still in the doorway, looking at the visitor as though he were a ghost.

"Alison—you!" The words came from him, and with his hand on Kim's collar, to check his exuberance, the man came forward and seized the girl's hands. "You!" he said again, his eyes looking hungrily at her face, as if they could never look enough.

"Are you Kim's master?" she faltered. "Oh, Mark, and he saved me—Kim saved me from——" Her sentence did not get itself finished. Mark's arms swept her into their eager embrace, Mark's lips were on hers, whilst Kim danced round them both, barking excitedly, determined not to be behindhand in expressing the general happiness.

"You have come back," she said presently, when they were seated on the landlady's rickety sofa, Kim at their feet, "you have come back to me?"

"To you, if you will have me," was the grave reply. "I went to look for you in your old rooms. I could find no trace of you. But now I have found you and Kim together, and I have come back to you both."

"For ever and ever, Amen?" she whispered.

"For ever and ever, Amen!" he answered gravely. "The doctors won't let me fight any more. I must do my part now in England."

"With Kim and me?" she said.

"With Kim and you. I've learnt a lot out there in France, my sweetheart—a lot more than I could ever put into words—and I believe—I believe it has made a different man of me. I shan't be a rotter any more; you won't find now that I'm—I'm——"

"A bit of a black sheep?" she whispered, with a happy little laugh; and Kim wagged his tail and barked joyfully, seeing that all was well with these two who were the dearest beings in all his doggy world.

THE HOSTAGE

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

Illustrated by C. M. Padday

THERE is no need to be precise about the exact location of the establishment. Suffice it to say that it lay within that seething angle of the city between Dougal's chandlery in Silver Alley, the smoke-encrusted mass of the Customs House, and the Landing Stage, and that the jamb of its doorway carried a brass plate which announced that here was the office of Ambrose Quick, a dealer in stocks and shares. That was all—an ordinary plate with black lettering: Ambrose Quick, Stock and Share Broker, all reference to any special line of business being omitted. To folk unlearned in the real mysteries of the sea and the ways of men who hasten to be rich, its innocence was beyond question; but certain of the master-mariners eyed it furtively as they passed, while city men were moved in thought and reference to envy or contempt, according to the standard by which they measured their lives. Not that Captain Rule—Nathan Rule, of the *Conqueror*—was one of these. At all times he treated the place with lordly indifference, and certainly on that day of great beginnings which started with a message delivered in his cabin by a self-sufficient office boy, he never associated the call with a brass plate on a doorway in the city. And, of course, there was no reason why he should.

It was quite an ordinary sort of summons. "You're wanted up at the office, sir." That was all. The mere echo of a message delivered a score of times since his rise to the rank of master, and behind it he envisaged nothing more important than a humdrum business consultation, no flaunting of romance, nor the crowning adventure of a crowded life. Even when the thing was put before him he failed to grasp the prime fact. Not merely because it was so unexpected, but because it was so preposterous. All he was conscious of was a sense of disturbance, like coming on deck and finding the ship a long way off her course. Disturbance, nothing nearer catastrophe than that, with Donal Materson, head of the firm of Materson and Sons—"Young Donal," as the elder skippers still called him—his fingers spread out fanwise tip to tip in front of him, his voice oddly strained and not quite so steady as usual, proclaiming a decision for which there seemed to be neither rhyme nor reason.

"But what's the idea," Captain Rule broke in, impatience battling with bewilderment. "Half the cargo's stowed. I've just come away from her. Left Brand at the hatches, and the derricks slinging the stuff aboard as fast as the gang could handle it."

"Yes. This is—well, a bit for yourself—a—concession to an old servant. We felt that we would like you to hear of the proposal from ourselves before we acted. My brother and I realise that you were one of our father's captains—old and valued servant, you know—and that is why we have chosen this method. As soon as you have grasped our plan, we will make a move. There's no difficulty. Cargo that has been loaded can also be unloaded. At a cost, yes. But it is worth it, even the price."

The words were charged with honey, but Nathan Rule tasted no sweetness. A sense of personal injury, almost of insult, was laying its grip on him, driving him to think more of himself than his ship or the concerns of the firm. And Materson saw it, and hurried to his explanation.

First there was an exposition of the firm's reputation, a reminder of its pride of place in the commercial world, the ideal that Matersons of three generations had kept before them, square dealing, a clean name beyond everything else. It was for this they

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held aloof from methods that others turned to gold. Old-fashioned, perhaps, but reliable, something that men could trust, a name to swear by. To this end they had never played with insurance—simply covered their risk and left it at that. No making money out of losses. But now something had happened outside their borders, beyond their control. It was infamous, of course, but what could one do? Shipowners were mere pawns. The law allowed it—this gambling in ships and lives.

Gambling! Rule snapped at the word. It was a word of revelation. It scattered the darkness, gave form and substance to the unseen. "D'ye mean," he demanded, "that some of them insurance crooks have got t' work? Chalked their crow's-foot on the old *Conqueror*—with their P.P.I. business?"

A gesture answered him. Yes, that was it. The usual thing. Conceived in dark corners, behind closed doors. But there was no doubt about it. The firm had sifted the matter to the bottom, and, painful though the confession might be, there was nothing to be gained by burking it. Afloat the *Conqueror* was worth about a hundred thousand pounds; to these gamesters a hundred and fifty thousand if she sank.

To Donal Materson the figure was obviously one of magnitude, but Nathan Rule gave it the treatment of a trifle. The hooker had got to be sunk first, he sneered. If the fools cared to chance their money on a hopeless spec., why should anyone worry? Who was going to sink her? Who—— And then he bounded to his feet, a veritable hurricane of passion. He was going to have this out, he bellowed, here and now. None of your stabbing in the back. Was he himself suspected? Then let it be said so without any beating about the bush. He was on his trial, his name at stake. Never mind the firm, or the ship, or anything, or anybody. He was the one concerned. And he refused to listen until at last he was silenced by the very anger which struggled for utterance, whereupon Donal Materson pounced on the opportunity.

"You are quite at sea," he said. "Off your course. A man should know when he is trusted without having it dinned into his ears. Your name has not been mentioned. But you are also wrong about the safety of the *Conqueror*. These men have a cunning fancy for sure things, and they make their own certainties. Have you forgotten the *Brunswick?* Gossip told the same tale about her, and she never came back. Also the *Colossus* and the *Asphodel*, and if you go down to Cardiff, you may pick up the names of a squadron. All gone. Insured up to the main truck. By outsiders, too. Policy proof of interest, that's all. As for the *Conqueror*, you may depend on it that someone has been bought—who—I—haven't a notion. But we are going to beat them. We shall cancel the sailing, send the cargo out in other bottoms, and lay her up for a month. It is only what other owners have done."

"More fools they," Captain Rule snapped. "You'd beat 'em far better by letting me take the boat t' sea and fetch her back again. And I'd do it if I'd t' stay on deck from when we dropped the tug till we made our landfall. Brand and me between us. I'd do it or go down with her. Besides, there's one thing you're forgetting. You're guarding your own name, but what about mine? You tell me you don't suspect, but—you won't trust me with the ship. That's what folks will say. My name may be clear in this room, but it'll be daubed outside. You talk about the business costing you money, but it's me who's going t' pay—for the honour of your house-flag."

Alert to all the signs, Rule saw at once that he had scored. On the arms of his chair Materson began to beat an agitated tattoo. "Hadn't thought of that," he confessed. "Never saw it in that light." And then: "Really, captain, you have jammed me in a corner. It all seemed so straightforward, but now—— If we only knew who they'd hooked, it might help. But we're—in the dark. There's the mate, Brand. Are you sure about him?"

"As sure as I am about myself."

"And there's Fearon. But then I can answer for Phillip. He's what I've made him. Gave him his start. Plucked him right from the edge of the gutter, and he can't get over it. His gratitude is almost a nuisance. He'd do anything for me."

"Oh, he's a likely lad, is Fearon, and likeable, too," Rule freely admitted. "I've had many a worse second mate, and he thinks a heap about yourself. But I don't care who the swab is. It'll make no difference, so long as I know."

He ended on a defiant note, sure of himself and his seamanship, and with all the rugged force at his command he pushed his pleading, so that by and by Donal Materson began to waver. "Yes," he said reflectively, "I can quite see your point. Your knowledge of the plot might make all the difference.

Forewarned forearmed, you know. And you are right about the outside critics."

Thus did he herald his capitulation. Half an hour later Captain Rule rolled jauntily back to the docks to pour his story into the ear of Tom Brand. "Cancel the sailing!" he chuckled. "Not with my ship! Let 'em try that sort of prank with some of the youngsters who don't know any better."

II.

In the dark of an April night the *Conqueror* put out to sea, and if you search the records you will discover nothing to give the voyage any peculiar distinction. But that is ever the way with records, skeletons all of them, lifeless and soulless. In this case it is set forth that the *Conqueror* left the port of Liverpool for Singapore, and thence for Canton River, but not a word about a passenger, nor any mention of a certain isle in the wilds of the China Sea. Equally dense is the silence about that conspiracy hatched in the Captains' Parlour at Dougal's, with Captain Sim Grice as the plotter-in-chief, and three well-tried members of the *Conqueror's* crew as accessories to its execution. For the second movement in the drama the Tuskar Rock, that famous meeting-place of homebound craft and speculative tugs, provides the setting. It was here that the *Conqueror* parted with her own escort, and, the last of the ropes having been coiled down, the skipper mumbled something about "sailing into it," and went below. As he passed the mate, he tossed him a look which Brand found as eloquent as speech, judging by the way he nodded in reply. Down in the cabin, after the lighting of a lantern and the finding of a key, the skipper passed through into the black and tiny cubby-hole abaft his own state-room, and, raising the lantern aloft, he thrust it forward towards the bunk, so that its beams lit up the gleam of a pair of watching eyes, a chalky face, the figure of a man whose limbs were shackled. Not only was the man bound by ropes—he was held by terror, too, terror that also made him dumb. And so he lay there, staring up at Nathan Rule, who stared back in open contempt.

"Strikes me," he said at length, his speech low and grim, "that when you go t' crib, you'll be one of those who get a bit knocked off their time for good conduct. You've been on your best behaviour so far. S'pose it's the gag that's done it. Scared of another dose, eh? And, as for that, you'd better keep mum a bit longer. When I've said my say, you'll not want t' make a noise, and in any case you'd only be wasting your breath. We're at sea now, ten miles south of the Tuskar, and the tug spanking back t' Liverpool. That's point number one. Number two is that any of your noise'd drive me t' tell the crew a thing or two which'd make 'em want t' heave you overboard. Savvy? Well, then, I'll cast you loose from your lashings."

After this not another word did he speak till he had set the man free and helped him to a chair by the cabin table. Then he dropped into the opposite chair and began his catechism.

"D'ye happen t' know what ship you're aboard of?"

He found the question met by another. "You are Captain Rule, aren't you?"

"That's the name I go by."

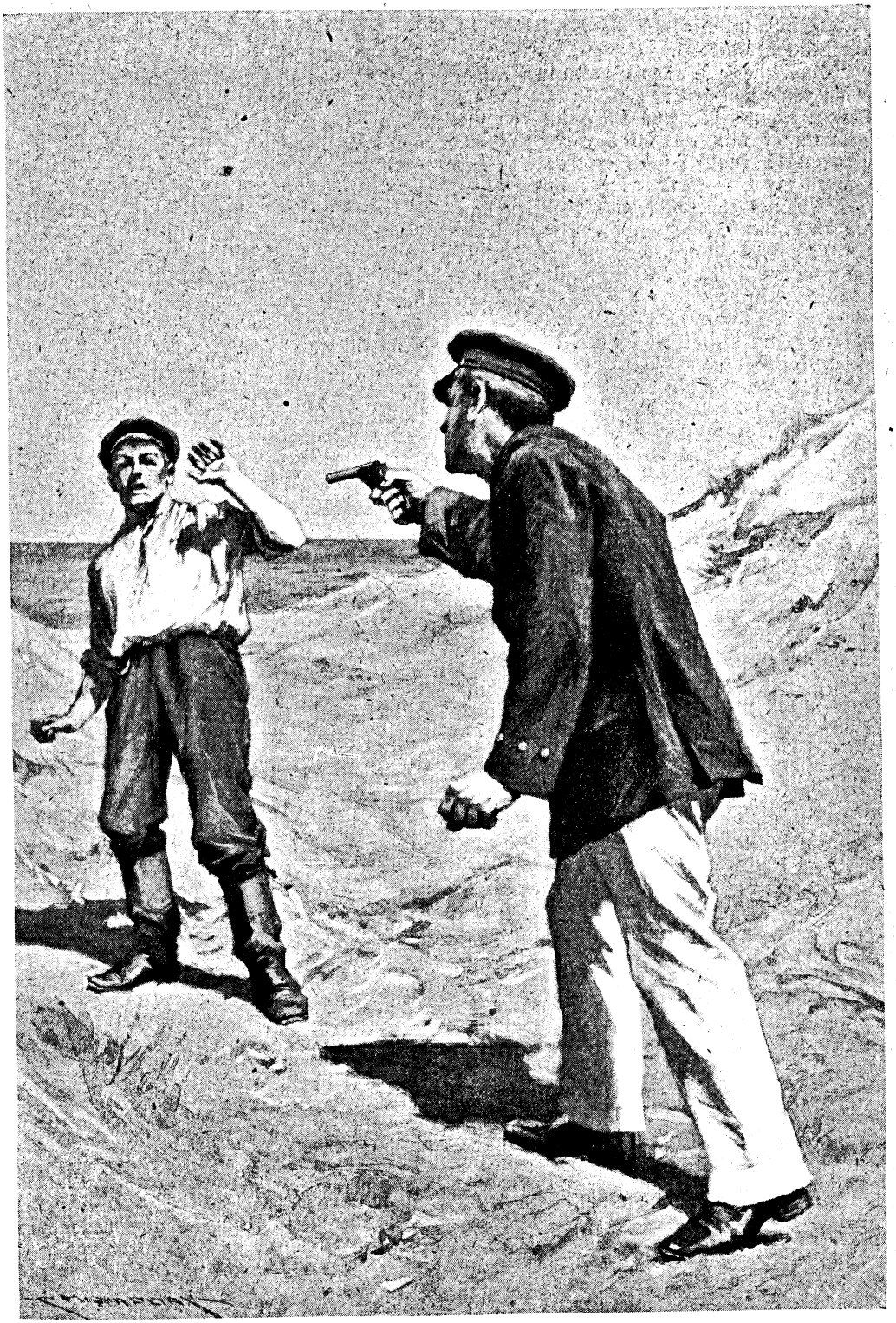
"And that other man—the one who used his threats—and the gag?"

"That's my mate, Tom Brand. A straight man, too. And if you'll put two and two together, Mister Ambrose Quick, you'll find you're aboard the *Conqueror*."

There was a challenge in the statement, and Quick was swift to hoist his signals of distress—a fluttering of the eyelids, a moistening of the tongue.

"Aye, the *Conqueror*," Rule repeated. "The ship that's got t' be lost—for reasons I don't need t' mention. Only it happens that it won't work out quite according t' what's been planned. If the ship goes, Mister Quick goes with her. There won't be any room in the boats for him. I'll see to that. That's how we fixed it up before we kidnapped you. You're what the noospapers call a hostage."

Rule lingered on the word, repeated it. It increased his sense of power, of achievement. And yet, although he might hold the whip-hand where action was concerned, in a battle of wits he was at a marked disadvantage. Even the word which summarised his coup in a couple of syllables had for the other man a ring of hope, for it implied a condition. He was a hostage, and therefore he had a chance. Also there was that qualifying "if." If the ship goes! Here, at any rate, was respite. And so he rallied the thing he called his courage, and fell back upon bluster, became the injured innocent, talked of outrage and the law, of penalties and justice, and also affected ignorance of all that was implied in the indictment. And Nathan Rule let him have his fling—made no attempt to check,



"'I covered him, and then—I put the fear of death into his soul.'"

but simply leaned back in his chair and listened and watched.

"Man," he said, when his own turn came, "but you'd make a fine sea-lawyer. I've no chance against you, and I'll grant you the honours of talk without any competition. But mebbe you'll remember that I've got you in my fist—to do what I like with—and I'm not concerned with your law and justice. Justice? Doesn't the word burn you? What I'm after at present is information. I'm keen on finding the man you've got in your pay—aboard this ship, I mean. The *Conqueror* couldn't sink herself. Who's going t' do it? It isn't me, and I'll speak for Brand as well. And it isn't Fearon. Mister Materson'll answer for him. So who is it? D'ye hear? I'm going t' know before I go back t' Liverpool. Likewise"—he leaned across the table and bit the words off sharp and clear—"I'm—going—to—know—before—you—go—back."

As a threat the prophetic declaration seemed to be altogether wasted. Angrily Quick protested that he had nothing to tell, that Rule had saddled himself with a blunder—a costly blunder, very costly—one that would empty his purse and ruin his career. Even if all the charge was true, it was impossible of proof. It was a fact that he held certain policies on the *Conqueror*. He was not going to deny it. And there were other ships in which he had an interest. P.P.I. business—quite legitimate. He was only one of a crowd—a crowd bold enough for a risk. But, granting the ship went down, who was there to prove anything save accident? Who could link him with the loss? So Captain Rule must see the mess in which he had landed himself—with his theatrical nonsense.

"As I've told you already——" But here he broke off. "Oh, what's the use of talking? Tools, indeed! As if I had no more sense! If I wanted dirty work done, I'd do it myself—for safety's sake. Tools may blab."

So the *Conqueror* went upon her appointed way, crashing through the Bay of Storms, dawdling through the Doldrums, then picking up the Trades and bowling along under all the canvas she could carry. As for the life of those aboard, it was as free from discord as life on a well-found sailing-ship can be, and only the few in the secret were conscious of the never-easing strain. Ambrose Quick was accepted without question by the crew as a passenger who, being a bad sailor, had kept to his cabin at the outset, while the Old Man, on the surface, was just as they had always seen him. Through it all, however, Nathan Rule lived in a world of his own, every day and every hour suspicion and distrust a pair of hateful comrades. He was so horribly lonely, too, lonely and heavy-laden, carrying a load which threatened to crush him, a flimsy, spectral fancy, born in a brooding moment in Dougal's den, a suggestion too repulsive to be whispered in the dead of night and no one but himself at hand. Not even to Brand could he breathe a word—Brand, who thought he knew all, but in reality knew nothing. Perhaps he never would. There might be nothing to know. He was almost sorry now that he had touched the business. Like Jeshurun, it had waxed fat and kicked. And each kick was torture, destructive, too, bringing down one after another the props which held up the fabric of his life. He was adrift—hopelessly so, he believed himself to be—and he remained adrift until that day in the China Sea, when Brand, going into the chart-room, found him staring down at one of his charts, a great sea-map with a slice of continent in one corner, many islands larger than Britain, also a myriad that might be hidden away in one of the creases of the Isle of Wight, and everywhere a splash of tiny dots. It was one of the tiniest to which Nathan's attention was chained, a mere speck of dust.

"See that?" he demanded, calling Brand to his side and marking the dot with his thumb. "Well, you don't need t' be surprised if we happen t' hit it, even if it is off our course. And if we do, it's t' be a case of no questions asked. Think on. Whatever I do, whatever I ask other folk to do, whatever I make 'em do, if it comes t' making, there's t' be no questions. I've a reason good for everything. So I want you t' stand by, keeping the crew in hand and your own lips battened down, even if I never tell."

Brand's reply was that of the well-trained seaman, prompt and free. "Right, skipper," he said. "It's your show. Go ahead. I'll ask nothing, and, if other folk bother, I'll see they get no answer."

This was all the compact they made, but it was enough, and before the coming of the night they set a new course, whereby in the fulness of days they turned the speck of printer's ink into a chunk of volcanic rock, thrust out of the abyss in an hour of

eruptive strife when islands were hurled aloft and others were cast into the depths.

For the space of fifteen hours did the *Conqueror* lie off the islet. In that time the captain's gig passed twice between the ship and the shore, and to three of the men who made the journey those hours were crowded as hours had never been crowded before. Afterwards the ship again sought the track she had so strangely left, the cargo which greed had condemned to the bottom of the sea was turned out upon the wharves of a foreign land, the holds were again filled up, and in the flush of a summer eve the *Conqueror* once more rounded the restless craft which marks and lights the way to Liverpool town, and so to her anchorage off Tranmere Bay, to wait for the tide and the opening of the dock-gates. For Nathan Rule, however, there was now no such thing as waiting. This was the hour of high deeds, of sacrifice, too, and duty would brook no delay. And so, as soon as might be, he was rowed ashore to the stairs by Wapping Dock, and thence, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, he bored his way through the city into the presence of the man to whom he had vowed that he would bring his ship safe home again or go with her to her grave. Outwardly he was just the same as on the day he said good-bye, but the moment he entered the room Donal Materson was conscious of something tremendously new about him, a new atmosphere, and his face clouded with annoyance when Rule brusquely applied a full-point to his congratulations.

"S'pose we cut that cackle, sir," he said. "I've got a bit of a yarn t' spin, and I'm in a desperate hurry." Then he fired a question. "D'ye happen t' have seen or heard anything of Mister Ambrose Quick?"

"Ambrose Quick!" Materson gasped. "Why, it's a queer thing, captain, but Quick disappeared from Liverpool about the time the *Conqueror* set sail."

"Does he happen t' have turned up again?"

"He hasn't been seen from that day to this, nor has anybody had word of him."

Rule's burly shoulders heaved with laughter. "Reckon I've stirred up the old town a bit," he chuckled, and then the laughter died and the eyes grew sombre. "If you'd wanted Mister Quick's address, you should have applied t' me for it. You didn't think, when you watched the old hooker rounding the pier-head, that I'd got the master gambler under hatches. But I had—safe and sound."

"You—mean—that—you—you——"

"Kidnapped him. That's the word, sir. Me and a few of the skippers. Fixed it all up at Dougal's one night. Laid a trap for him, and he walked into it. Spider and fly business."

"Whatever made you play such a mad prank as that?"

"Ever so many reasons, number one being that I wanted a hostage, and we didn't think I could have a better one than the man who'd fixed t' send the boat t' the bottom. Likewise I wanted t' find out the name of Quick's tool—the man in his pay that you and me couldn't guess. Wasn't going to have traitors on my ship without rooting them out. And I've done it. That was one of the advantages of having both the conspirators on board. I reckoned they'd be bound to betray themselves, and they did. Gave the show away with their eyes when they thought no other eyes were looking. But that wasn't enough for me. They'd got t' convict themselves with their lips, and that was where the island came in so handy."

To all this Donal Materson listened like a man under a spell; but his chair was pushed back among the shadows, right in the corner behind his desk, and it was not revealed to Nathan Rule that his owner's face was as grey as a seabird's wing. But the strain in his voice was beyond concealment as he testily bade the skipper cease his riddles.

"What island?" he demanded, and for reply Rule unrolled the chart which he had brought with him, and, laying it on the desk, placed his thumb on the dot he had marked in the same way for Brand.

That was the one, he explained—scrap of rock in the China Sea. Bit bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, that was all. Pretended they had run short of water, and put in to look for a drop. And the whole plan fell out just as he had intended. Never saw men so completely taken in.

"There was Quick parading on the beach, merry as a schoolboy to be ashore again. The other one I marched off through a crack in the island—to look for water. He thought I'd gone loony, water-hunting in that howling desolation. But he never guessed what I was up to, not till I covered him with a revolver and made him throw his own away, That was another blunder the fool made. Carried a revolver in his pocket, which gave the show away every step he took, not to mention his fancy for fingering it every minute or so. Not that he meant mischief, but he was being prepared for—accidents—

anything. Anyhow, it was all wasted. I covered him, and then—I put the fear of death into his soul."

"Did he—did he—tell?"

"He convicted himself, sir. Made a clean breast. Confessed that he was the man that Quick had bribed to wipe the old *Conqueror* out. Fire! That was to be the weapon, which I knew already, having found some of his tools."

On this peg the skipper hung up his story; and in silence, with the gloom of the coming night gathering about them, the two men faced each other, the one seated limply in his chair, the other erect and aggressively virile. Rule had not finished—that was obvious—but he seemed to be waiting for something, and when that something did not come, he crept a little nearer and leaned his arms on the top of the desk. "You're not asking me for his name, sir," he said, "and it's one well known to you. It was your own extra special, the lad you picked out of the gutter—Fearon."

He left it there, without any addition—no attempt at garniture—left it and waited again. But still Donal Materson seemed bereft of speech; and even when he did speak there was no demand for proof—only a call for retribution.

"He must pay, skipper. You must fire him. Clear him off your rating. Mustn't have men of this stamp about us. This is what comes of—giving a man a lift."

He began his declaration over again. "He must be made to pay. You must fire him." But Rule rushed in with a decision of his own. "I'll please myself about that, sir. I'm not wiping him off. I'm going t' stand by. He didn't sink the *Conqueror*, but if he's left he'll sink himself. So I'm keeping a hand on him. There's some good stuff in the lad, and mebbe I'll make a man of him yet." And then he swept away on another tack. "That was Fearon. I'd got nearly all I wanted out of him, but I still had Ambrose Quick to riddle, and, having put the fear of death into his tool, I put the fear of hunger and thirst and madness into the other man." A grim smile flickered for a second about his face. "Aye, what I did to Fearon was child's play to the way I handled Quick. I—I marooned him!"

With a cry of horror, Materson sprang to his feet. "You what?" he shrilled. "You dare to stand there and boast——"

"I went back to him," Rule snapped. "I'm no man-killer. I gave him time t' see what it meant, and then I went back. You should have seen him when I set foot on the beach. He just grovelled there on the sands, gripped me round the legs, sobbed like a kid, and promised to tell—everything. He'd put it down in black and white, if I'd only take him away. And he did. Wrote it down aboard the *Conqueror* before I'd get the anchor—every word. And d'ye know, Mister Materson, it told me just what I began to suspect, one day, when I called to mind what happened in this room—how you changed your plans about the old boat and let me take her out to sea."

This was the end of revelation. Now Captain Rule became the accuser, a strange blend of emotions warring with each other in his voice—anger and contempt, bitter sorrow and biting reproach. "Oh, but it was a clever notion," he confessed, "though mebbe not your own. The sailing t' be cancelled to save the honour of your house-flag, and then the plan t' be dropped t' save the name of an old servant; and at the end, when Quick and his pitiful bit of a tool had got the old hooker in the port o' missing ships, t' be able t' say, 'I told you so.' Oh, it was wonderful clever and wonderful brave—old John Materson's sons getting rich in a hurry, covered by Ambrose Quick!"

Cowering back among the shadows of his corner, his head bowed, himself overwhelmed, Donal Materson accepted the indictment without a word. And suddenly Nathan Rule abandoned his attack. "We'll let it stand," he said. "I'll have no more truck with words. If you want to know, you can ask Quick when you see him. I expect he'll turn up. I landed him in a lonely spot, under bond not to come home till he heard the *Conqueror* had got in first. So you may get the rest out of him. You and me part company here."

From the doorway he fired a final shot. "You understand—you and me part company. I'll skipper no more of your ships. I'm rather particular about the house-flag I sail under, and yours is as black as pitch!"



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF "THE WHIZZ-BANG" COMPANY'S PERFORMANCES.
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by "Topical."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT THE FRONT

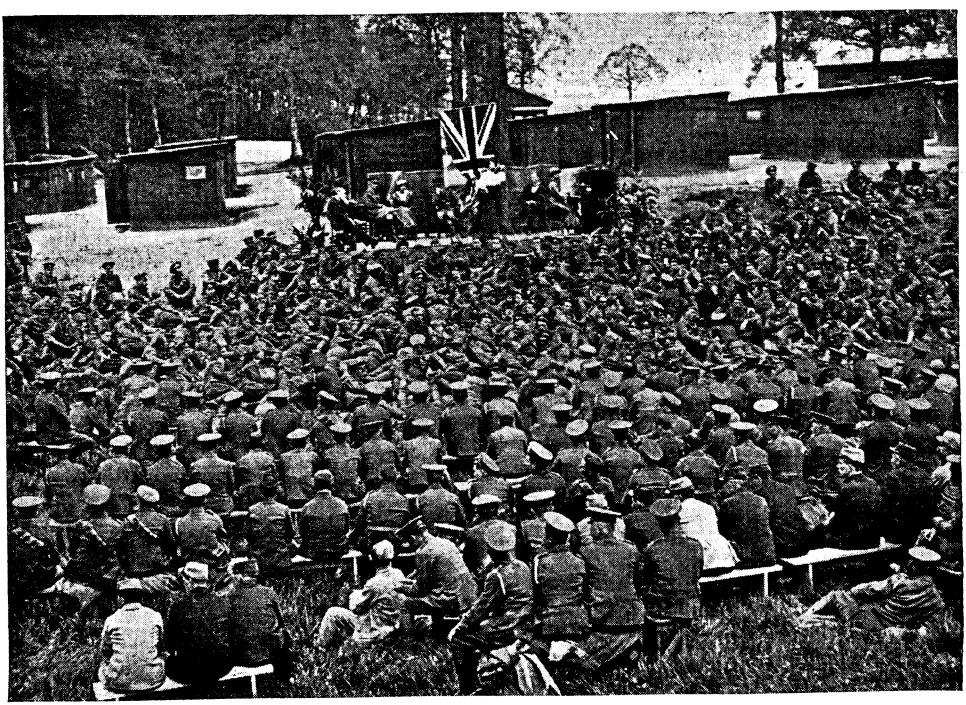
ONE of the things which impress one most in the most terrible of all wars is the readiness with which our men adapt themselves to it, and turn to brighter things with the inveterate "heliotropism" of the human plant. There is a routine of war as of peace—a sense of greyness and stagnation from which the spirit of youth revolts. Samuel Butler tells us that even in Hades, Sisyphus got used to rolling his great stone uphill, and the hapless Danaids to filling their sieves with water. The life of the trenches is one of violence and terror, but this in itself settles into a rut—a monotony of crashing death, with interludes of making tea or warming up rations, with one's helmet as a saucepan.

It is a wonderful faculty, the sinking to the average; without it there could be no war. "*Que voulez-vous, m'sieu?*" the village *cantinière* returns, when one expresses amazement at her unconcern as the high-explosive throws up fountains of dust and *débris* in the village street. "*Que voulez-vous? C'est l'habitude!*" The woman is used to it now, and turns from the smoking welter to small-talk with her friends.

"It's an Achilles life," the soldier argues lightly. "Glorious, but short: 'I came like water, and like wind I go.'" And the Russian "Nichevo," the Moslem "Nectoub," becomes the "Nahpoo" of the British Tommy, who must be amused—who must laugh *now*, if the next moment be his last. For this reason the comic man of the company is an asset beyond all price. The spirit of cheer stirs in the strangest way. The laughing spirit is contagious.

In the main, it appears that the men prefer their own entertainments to those of any professional, no matter how eminent he or she may be, for the soldier-actor may be chivvied on the stage with a barrage of exhortation which would be unseemly and ungrateful in the case of a professional performer. To turn schoolhouse or barn into a regimental theatre is Tommy's supreme delight. He abandons himself to the task with riotous exuberance. One ceases to be astonished at the talent shown, for the Army is now the nation, as our statesmen remind us, so that the soldier's theatre lacks no programme, too, and the paper that reports the show next day, with criticism that spares no one. We have here an entertainment *sui generis*, of broad humour and very strangely mixed. There are extra turns between each act—a peculiar solo played upon horse-shoes by the farrier, a performance given by the pets of the regimental vet., a duet between the soldier-lad and a "flapper," who is really a machine-gun genius.

Of all these interludes, that of the ventriloquist is, perhaps, the most popular, especially with the Indian warriors, who stare in at the windows or lurk at the door, absorbed



A FRANCO-BRITISH AUDIENCE AT AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE BEHIND THE LINES.

From a photograph by L.N.A.

element of reality. Music there must be, of course. The mouth-organ has lost its pride of place at the more ambitious performances, but our men have not the musical genius of the French, for the *poilu* will make a passable violin out of a tin can and string, and essay masterpieces upon it with hair-raising improvisation of his own.

But regular instruments are now the rule, any and every instrument—except the drum, which is avoided as a thing of martial throb and deadly meaning. Amateur theatricals at the Front are a law unto themselves. Soldiers write the play and the songs, the in that marvellous doll. How does it work? What does it cost? What is inside? Who were its ancestors, and what is the future of such a Western prodigy as this? For days previously the great evening is advertised by word of mouth as well as by trench proclamation and newspaper. The printed programme is a curiosity in itself. Attention is gravely drawn to "the new egg-proof curtain." Bogus traders take space on the page to announce strange wares like "Gobbling Glue, the chewing-gum which seals the talkative jaw and renders conversation abso. imposs."



"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."

From a photograph by Alfieri.



A SOLDIER-VENTRILOQUIST ENTERTAINING HIS MATES AT THEIR BILLETS.

From a photograph by L.N.A.

There is a story of a wonderful French piano in the orchestra—one with a queer history. The trench tools of an advance party came upon it in the grounds of a burning château. The great find was thought to be buried treasure, and so it was—a treasure that was removed and patched and tinkered with the greatest risk to men's lives. A third leg was provided, and the huge instrument removed from a trench, where the very formation had been altered to receive it. It was a very sick piano at first, but revived with kindly treatment in a place less lurid and damp. The instrument would not interpret Debussy or Liszt, but put its whole soul into the musical numbers of an uproarious panto. which our lads went miles to see.

Some went to the theatre on traction engines or the 'buses that bring up reliefs. Others used the trench trolleys, the ammunition caissons or the wagons of the A.O.D. and A.S.C., and hundreds walked, cleaning their boots at the door with a pocket-knife. New light leaped into tired eyes as some rollicking air was caught. These theatres vary in many ways. One may be a shell-torn loft, with a rude stage, a few candles and electric torches. Admission costs twenty centimes, or one franc for an officer. Nor must Authority be too censorious if the star actor in the piece swaggers fussily up and down, giving outrageous orders in what may be termed the "monocular" voice.

Quite possibly a living original may be recognised. But the whole skit is played in the spirit of *bon enfant*, disarming all hostility and sensibly relaxing discipline for the fleeting hour. The O.C. Theatricals must have organising genius of a high order. He takes due pride in contriving effects, though he may rely upon Mr. Arthur Roberts for the collection of old or disused wigs and pierrot costumes for his cast. And all the actors are soldiers. The machinist of the theatre is a deadly hand with the Lewis or Vickers automatic; the scene-shifter wears the ribbon of the V.C.



FINDING A "PROPERTY" FOR THE COMPANY'S WARDROBE.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Central News.

Perhaps an officer is present who can laugh with glee over certain topical allusions and battles fought o'er again, although only on their comic side.

You will find amateur theatricals in every field of the War. A big city centre like Salonica produced a regular London pantomime, which brought an audience of some five hundred men each night—not forgetting the Greeks. There were three huge tents, an orchestra of piano, piccolo, and violin. The scenery was mainly Army blankets, and the stage scarcely more ambitious than the "three planks" of great Dumas' ordaining. The author, Frank Kenchington, was a private soldier, who jotted down the dialogue of his droll "Dick Whittington" on appropriate scraps of paper during wayside halts on the march.

Here Dick has a military career. Fitzwarren is a Government contractor, and the villains of the piece bear the names of famous stew and jam vendors, whom Tommy appreciates while he abuses them. The pantomime is a drum-fire of Army jokes, with interpolated songs and variety turns so ingeniously devised as not to appear dragged in at all, but an integral part of the story. All the costumes and properties are locally made, even to the gorgeous gowns and wig of the beauteous Alice. The lighting was done with three acetylene operating-lamps, four headlights of ambulances, and five-and-twenty big candles stuck in as many tins. The performance made a lasting mark, even on military maps of the district, for these soon bore "Dick Whittington" names, such as Fitzwarren's Corner, Alice Lane, and so on. It was a field ambulance which produced this piece, and the general was so delighted with it that he sent it round to all his divisional units as a real tonic for weary men.

"The Babes in the Wood" is another favourite medley of nonsense and soldier-song, with the cinema and ventriloquial dolls between the acts. The girl Babe is a regimental wag of endless resource, full of trench lore and its humorous application to stage situations. Maid Marian, too, is a giant wench with a droll tongue and a roving



MEMBERS OF THE "BALMORAL" TROUPE REHEARSING AT THEIR BILLETS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.

eye, which merely to meet is to be convulsed with merriment. One scene is laid in Sanctuary Wood, near Ypres. Here painted trees glow with electrical effect. Here the final charge is witnessed, with the tragic death of "Kizer Bill," which leads to a howling peace proclamation, with hymns of joy and a general dance, to which the audience will rise with noisy exaltation.

Serious plays are not often attempted. "Macbeth" is sometimes given, however, because the essence of the drama can be rendered in a few scenes and with five characters only. Red Cross screens and furniture made from bacon boxes decorate the stage. In warm weather plays are given out of doors, with an audience lying on the grass or climbing trees, the branches of which groan ominously to the excited applause which welcomes Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal." The famous quarrelling and screen scenes are favourite subjects for the Army theatricals.

One battalion is able to rise to the ironic wit of Shaw in "Man and Superman"; but, as a rule, it is the farrago by a soldier-scribe, played by soldiers, that brings down the house. This phrase reminds one that more than once the "house" has been brought down—at least, in part—by an H.E. shell.

Tommy loves topical allusion in the amateur plays. And the structure of them must be loose enough to take in a boxing bout. "A six-round contest," the young major calls, stepping into the ring, "between Sergeant Macdona, eleven stone two, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Tim Feeney, eleven stone." The soldier-author so easily links this bout with the action of his play. Haply the result of the match will decide the wavering affections of the heroine, a young person in dainty gown and golden wig.



"THE BALMORALS" TROUPE OF THE BLACK WATCH RESPONDING TO A SUDDENLY RECEIVED REQUEST TO GIVE THEIR ENTERTAINMENT.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.



"THE BALMORALS," OF THE BLACK WATCH, PERFORMING ON A TYPICAL OPEN-AIR STAGE.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Central News.



REHEARSING FOR A RAG-TIME PERFORMANCE.

From a photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

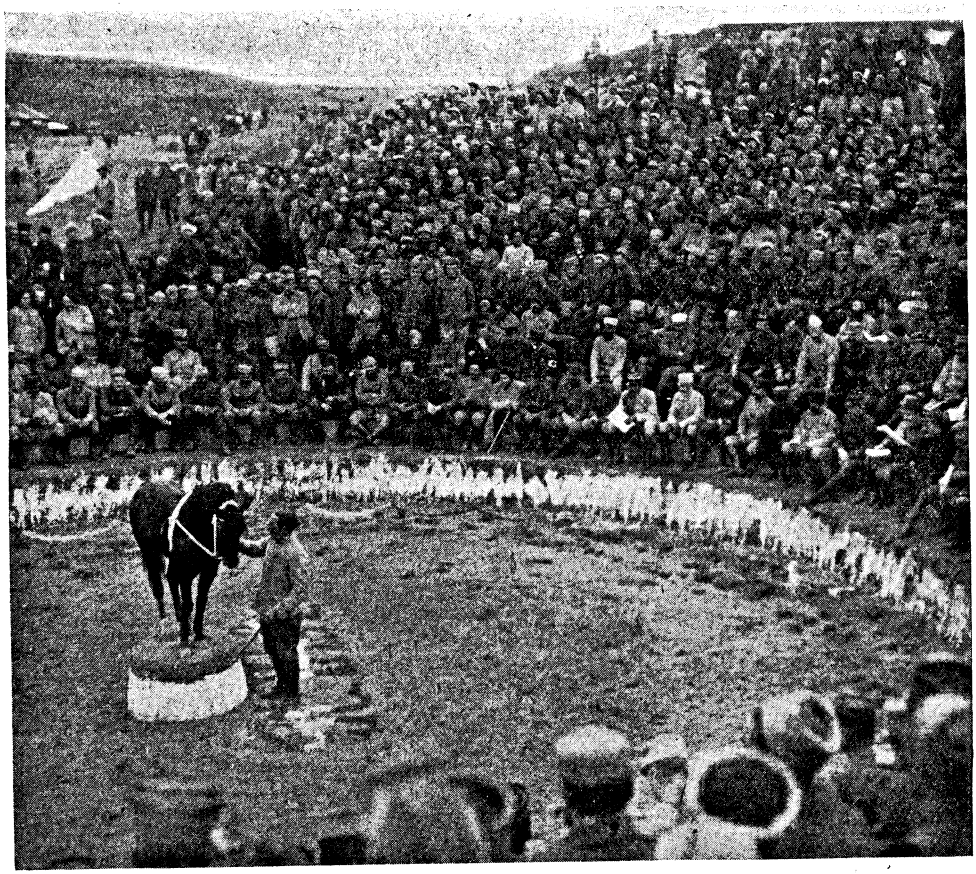
with a pretty parasol, which the sergeant-stage-manager found yesterday in the ruins of a fallen village home.

It is the unexpected and the unrehearsed effect which throw the audience into mirth at these shows. The sentimental fellow who breaks into song, after making love, must expect to be ragged with "Fourteen days C.B.!" "Shoot 'im at dawn!" and the like.

Somewhere a voice is calling,

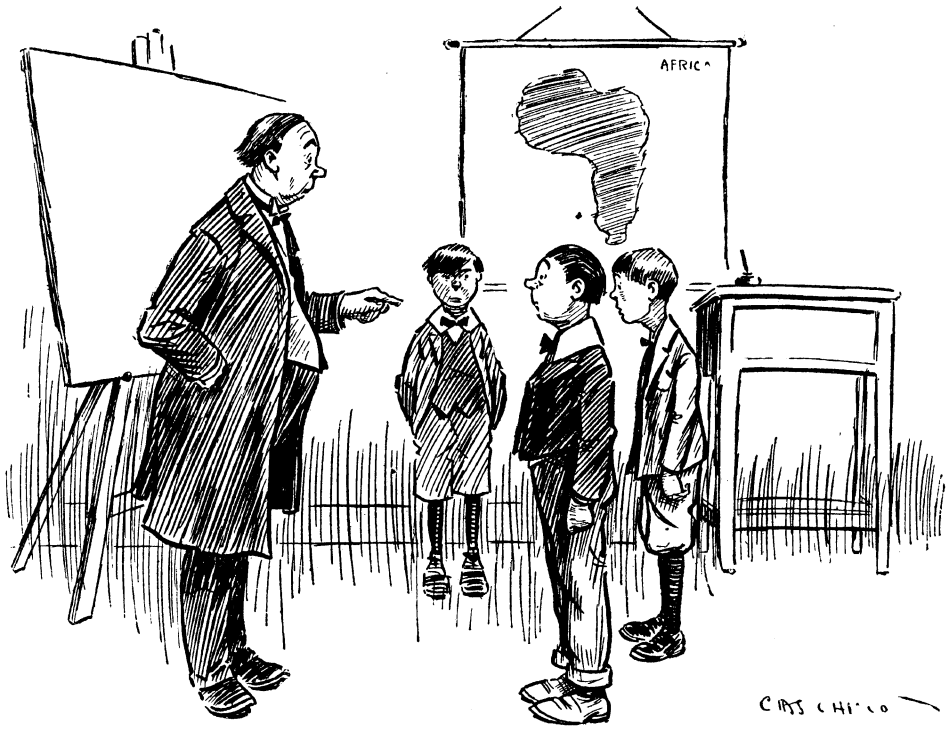
sang a gaunt gunner whom no one had suspected of such dreams. And at that moment the stablemen in the mule lines must have laid out the feeds—with disastrous result for the wistful vocalist. For the "voices" that called in twenty keys could only be compared to the mingled discords of a steamboat whistle and a steam saw striking a stubborn knot in an ash-log.

"The comic," Bergson tells us, "is something mechanical encrusted upon something living." And again: "Rigidity is the comic, and laughter its corrective." Certain it is that in the prodigious tragedy of this War stalks the spirit of humour, which finds in familiar episodes from the trench day the special material for the amateur playwright at the Front. He is in reality a revue writer, with a confederate in the pit ready to ruin a sentimental scene with: "Any cigarette cards, sodger?" The one object of the soldiers' theatre is to turn men's thoughts from the horrid unreality of war to the real things of life. And, strange to say, this is done best by making the soldier a child again in a spirit of sportive play and blithe perception of the contrariety of things. But the value of laughter in warfare deserves a book to itself, as any general will testify. It may be judged from the programme of a one-act piece, with variety trimmings, which contains the information: "Stretchers and rafts at eleven-thirty. Three-ton lorries are admitted to the theatre three hours after the overture is played."



THE CIRCUS ORGANISED FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE ALLIED TROOPS AT SALONICA.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.



NO FEAR!

"Now, Brown, tell me all you know about the War."
"What! And get meself in trouble under the Defence of the Realm Act?"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE CANARY.

By Jessie Pope.

When the Sergeant-Major's family heard that he was coming back on leave, they exchanged glances of horror and apprehension, and all eyes turned to the empty cage. A martinet by nature, and rendered even more autocratic by his calling, the Sergeant-Major still had one soft and silly spot in his heart, and that was for Dickydick, his canary. Dickydick was a slender, brilliantly-plumaged cock bird, with such a gift for song that in pre-war days the Sergeant-Major, after having snubbed his wife and taken his daughters down several pegs, would sit complacently pulling at his pipe and listening to the penetrating, not to say aggressive, canticle from the cage in the window.

When duty called him to join his unit in France, his last instructions dealt with the care and treatment of Dickydick, and some families might have felt wounded at the unequal distribution of his final caresses and regrets.

But the Sergeant-Major's womenkind were a philosophic crowd, and when one night the little songster succumbed to one of those sudden and inexplicable maladies not uncommon to cage birds, and was discovered next morning lying stiff and cold on his back, with his toes turned up, the family, after their own sorrow had subsided, resolved not to add bad news to the worries of an ardous campaign. "Dickydick going strong," "Dickydick sends you his love and a chirp," still figured as the postscripts to the Sergeant-Major's letters.

The tidings of his imminent return, however, made the kindly deception no longer practicable. For a time consternation reigned, but once more mother-wit came to the rescue, and a visit to the bird fancier's resulted in a new tenant for the white-and-green cage, so exactly the spit and image of the departed Dickydick that it required better eyes and a keener intelligence than the Sergeant-Major possessed to detect the difference on his return. And yet there was a difference, though it did not become apparent till the third day of leave arrived, and with it the Sergeant-Major's sister and young Bert, her latest born, a thoughtful child, whose powers of deduction were beyond his years.

"And how is Dickydick?" said the visitor, wishing to please her stern brother by kind inquiries.

"In the pink," replied the Sergeant-Major, his rugged face softening perceptibly. "The little devil knew me—knew me in a moment. Fluttered about 'is cage, 'e did, as if 'e'd go mad with joy. But the shock of seeing me again was a bit too much for 'im. 'E's lost 'is voice. 'Asn't sung a note since I've been back."

"Fancy that, now!" exclaimed his sister. "But 'e'll sing again when 'e gets used to seeing you about."

The Sergeant-Major shook his head.

"I don't think so," he said sadly; "they're delicate creatures. It's the shock what done it."

THE Allens decided to take a house in the suburbs, and shortly after their arrival there an old friend came to call on them. As he approached the house, a dog of generous proportions sprang from the porch and ran toward him, barking fiercely. The caller was about to retrace his steps, when the cheery voice of Mrs. Allen rang out—

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Fisher? Come in. Don't mind the dog."

"But won't he bite?" rejoined the visitor, who was very much frightened, and not anxious to meet the dog without some assurance as to his personal safety.

"That's just what I want to find out," called back Mrs. Allen. "We bought him only this morning."



HIS LITTLE JOKE.

VISITOR: I am going to the village now, Tommy. Is there anything I can get you?
TOMMY: Well, I want a 'aircut and a shave, miss.

Young Bert was standing on a chair, listening to the conversation and peeping into the green-and-white cage.

"Ooo—er!" he suddenly exclaimed shrilly.

"Be quiet!" said his mother. "Didn't you 'ear what your Uncle said about shocks?"

"Well," replied Bert, "the shock of seeing Uncle may 'ave made Dickydick lose his voice, but it's done something else for 'im, too. Look 'ere—'e's laid an egg!"

"DIDN'T I tell you that you would be sick if you ate that ice?" exclaimed a small boy's mother, one frosty morning.

"But, mother," answered he, taking the icicle from his mouth, "I'm not eating it—I'm only sucking the juice out of it."

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND reached home late for dinner.

"I got pinched for speeding on the way home," he explained rather sheepishly. "Have to appear to-morrow morning and get 'a fiver or fourteen days.'"

Mrs. Younghusband fervently clapped two blistered little hands. "What a providence!" she cried devoutly. "You must take the fourteen days, John! The cook has just left!"

"THIS seems to be a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning-board."

"Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning-board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."



NO MISTAKE.

VISITOR: I suppose that even in these remote parts the War has materially increased the cost of the necessaries of life?

SCOT: Ye may weel say that—it's gaun up threepence a gill!



NEVER.

MR. SUBBUBS (contemplating first "early"): And when I tell them—*and I'm certainly going to tell them*—how beautiful you are, they'll never believe me (sadly)—they'll never believe me!

"Now, Harry," said the mother, "take these jugs and go to the grocer's, and get a quart of the best treacle."

"But why give the boy two jugs?" asked a neighbour.

"Well," was the reply, "if he has a jug in each hand, he can't be dipping his fingers in the treacle as he comes home."

THE original work of the day in a school consisted of definitions of familiar things.

"What is water?" asked the teacher.

For a moment a small boy who was being personally addressed was puzzled, then he triumphantly answered: "Water is what turns black when you put your hands into it."

WHEN the bell rang the other day, the little daughter of the house went to the door, but returned alone and without making any remark.

"Who was it, dear?" asked her mother.

"Oh, it was just a lady looking for the wrong house," was the unconcerned reply.

"YOU ran over that fellow there at the corner. Aren't you going to stop?" demanded the startled passenger in a friend's car.

"Yes," nodded his friend, "as soon as we reach a garage. I heard something break when we hit him."



COLD COMFORT.

PESSIMIST: Three miles is it? That's the third bloomin' time we've bin told that in the last nine miles!
OPTIMIST: Never mind, Alf—we ain't losing ground.

TRAVELLING in a rural district, a man stopped at a cottage and asked for a drink of water. An old woman brought it to him, and after drinking he had quite a talk with her, telling her about some of the wonders he had seen in the outside world.

When he finally stopped to take breath, the old woman said—

"Stranger, if I knowed as much as you do, I'd go somewhere an' start a little grocery."

THE callers were staying late, and little Jennie, who had become very tired, finally said—

"Mamma, hadn't all of us better go to bed, so that these ladies can go home?"

A PHASE OF WAR.

They tunnelled with consummate skill,
Seldom was seen so fine a feat;
Each worked with such a ready will
That soon their earthworks were complete.

Their foes attacked from day to day,
They sniped and sent out night patrols,
Yet could not hit upon a way
To circumvent these crafty moles!

Leslie Mary Oyler.

Born 1820—
still going strong.



"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

"The proof of the popularity of 'Johnnie Walker' is inside every bottle."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

"You don't know what torture is," said Jones to Smith.

"What is it, then?" asked Smith.

"I suffered it yesterday," answered Jones, "when the barber had my mouth full of lather, and I sat there watching the shop-boy giving my Panama hat to another customer."

"Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night," cried the chemist, who had been aroused at two a.m. "when a glass of hot water does just as well!"

"Weel, weel," returned Sandy hastily, "I thank you for the advice. I'll no bother ye, after all. Gude nicht!"

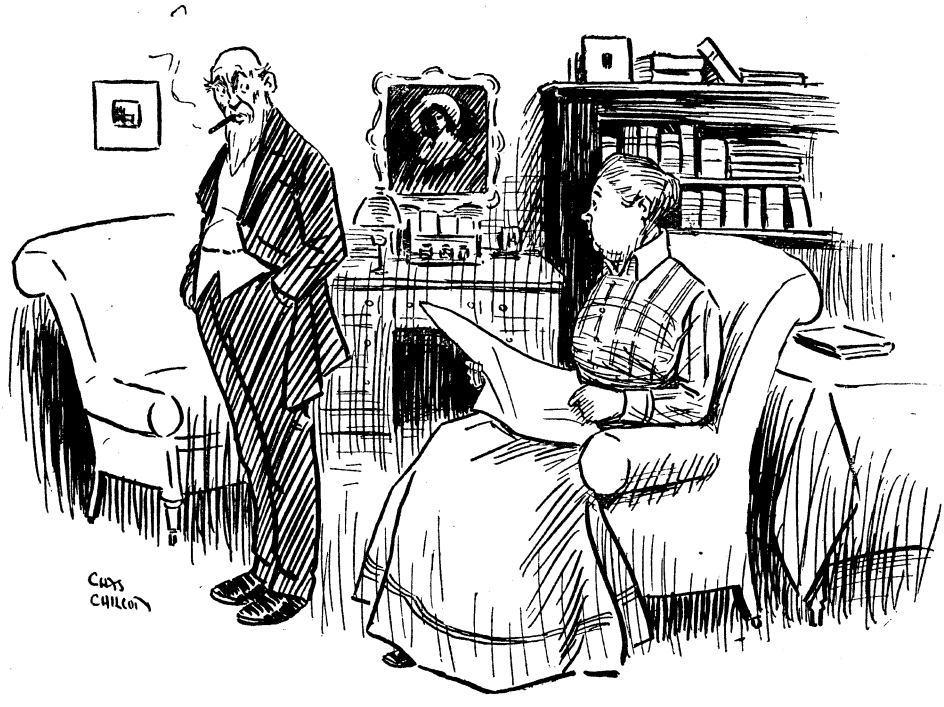
"I'm quite a near neighbour of yours now," said the local bore. "I'm living just across the river."

"Indeed," replied his neighbour. "I hope you'll drop in some day."

"Professor," said the student, "I want to take up international law. What course of study would you recommend?"

"Constant target practice," was the grim reply.

"Ernest," said the teacher of geography, "tell what you know about the Mongolian race."



THE EXPLANATION.

"Why on earth does Mary keep running up and down stairs?"
"She is leaving to be a tram conductor, so I suppose she is having a little practice."

He had reformed, and was full of zeal in the cause of temperance. He was holding a lecture in a workmen's hall, and, fearing that the audience might interrupt, he hired a former prizefighter to preserve order. In glowing terms the orator contrasted home life with drunkenness—

"What is it we want when we return home after a hard day's work? What do we want to ease our burden, to gladden our hearts, to bring the smile of happiness to our faces and joyous songs to our lips?"

He paused for effect, and in the silence could be heard the voice of the keeper of the peace—

"Mind, the first bloke that says 'a drink,' out he goes with a bang!"

"I wasn't there," explained Ernest hastily; "I went to the football match instead."

A famous artist was standing one day bareheaded in a hat shop while his hat was being ironed.

An irate customer entered and, thinking that he was a salesman, tackled him with "Here's a hat you made for me. It doesn't fit me in the least."

The great man regarded him calmly. "You're quite right," he answered suavely. "It doesn't. But, as for that, neither does your coat; your trousers need pressing, and your waistcoat is a crime."



Soft hands swing the scythe,
Fair hands drive the team;
What makes fairer each fair hand?—
Royal Vinolia Cream.

VINOLIA

FOR THE WOMAN WORKER'S TOILET.

ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM.

THE call of patriotism has set many a delicate pair of hands to hard and unaccustomed tasks. Rough labour in garden, orchard and field is harmful to the skin, and will quickly spoil the appearance of the hands if they are neglected. Happily, there is no occasion for neglect, as it is no trouble to apply Royal Vinolia Cream, which is both a remedy and a preventative of skin troubles. It should be understood that Royal Vinolia Cream—unlike ordinary face creams—is a specially medicated Cream with valuable antiseptic and healing properties. Its soothing and curative effects are quickly apparent when the skin is chapped or broken.

Royal Vinolia Cream is recommended by members of the Medical Profession in all cases of skin irritation or eruption.

In Tins, 1/1½, 2/-, 3/9 and 6/9.

Used in conjunction with the Cream, **Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder** gives additional comfort. It absorbs perspiration and protects the skin from the effects of wind and sun. Delicately perfumed. **Tins, 9d. & 1/-**

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VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED,



LONDON AND PARIS.

RV 257—23b

LITTLE Marion, in a state of much agitation, begged her mother not to let remarks be made about her doll when it was present. "Because," she explained, "I've been trying all her life to keep dolly from knowing that she is not alive."

AT last Tommy's desire to possess a watch was gratified. Upon his initial visit to the city he made the plunge and bought the massive nickelled timepiece which the jeweller guaranteed to keep perfect time for one year. Long before the year had expired, however, Tommy returned to the shop, and with him took his cherished treasure, looking very tired and very sorry for itself.

A GROCER, trying to wait on several customers at once, was approached by a lady with a request for some "animal" biscuits, and the customer added: "Please leave out the elephants, as they frighten the baby so."

A CERTAIN little boy was evidently a firm believer in the old adage, "Of two evils choose the lesser."

Turning a corner at full speed, he collided with his uncle.

"Where are you going?" asked the uncle, when he had regained his breath.



THE PATRIOT.

"Wot's 'e say—medikly unfit? (*In great disgust*) Well, all I can say is, if you lose the War, don't blame me!"

The jeweller examined the watch and then shrugged his shoulders. "But you must have had an accident with it," he said.

"A small one, to be sure, sir," reluctantly admitted Tommy. "About a month ago I was feedin' the pig, and the watch fell into the trough."

"Then," snapped the jeweller, "you should have brought it back to me before."

"But I brought it as soon as I could," replied Tommy. "We only killed the pig yesterday."

"IT is impossible for a woman to keep a secret."

"I can't quite agree to that. My wife and I were engaged several weeks before she said anything to me about it."

"Home!" panted the boy. "Mother's going to punish me."

"What?" gasped the astonished uncle. "Are you eager to have your mother punish you, that you run home so fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulder, as he resumed his homeward flight, "but if I don't get there before father does, he'll do it."

"HE is certainly a fine-looking fellow," said Smith to Jones, looking at Brown. "A fine head."

"Yes," answered Jones, "he ought to have a fine head. It's brand-new—he has never used it at all."

MARVELLOUS VICTORY OVER VARICOSE VEINS

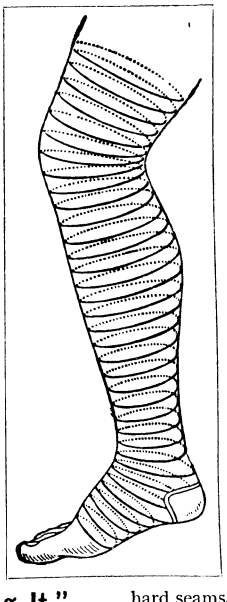
Wonderful New Spirastic Supports.

Elastic Stockings, Bandages, &c., Entirely Superseded.

Mr. D. M. Cooper, the well-known Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances, has made a marvellous discovery which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

As Mr. Cooper, the inventor, says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances.



"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these, constantly pressing upon the distended blood-vessels, may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method, the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

The new Mecca "Spirastic" Supports are made in the finest thread or silk, and are spirally woven in one piece without seams or joins, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity.

Although specially woven to the individual measurements of each customer, they cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, will last at least three times as long, and, moreover, are **sent on approval.**

Already "Spirastic" Supports are being worn by thousands of satisfied customers, who constantly recommend us to their friends.

Amongst the many letters of appreciation received daily the following are a few interesting extracts selected at random:—

"I Hardly Realise I am Wearing It."

PRIVATE WM. STEWART CURRIE, c/o Mrs. Mount, Vicarage Lane, Elham, near Canterbury (Case No. 1635), writes; "Although I have only worn your 'Spirastic' Support for less than a fortnight, my leg has already improved, and does not tire me now on a long march. Your Support fits well and is quite comfortable; in fact, I hardly realise that I am wearing anything at all. Certainly use my name as being perfectly satisfied with your 'Spirastic' Support. I shall be pleased to recommend 'Spirastic.'"

"I have Never Worn Anything so Comfortable."

MRS. PRUE, The Rosery, Hardingstone (Case No. 3020), writes: "The 'Spirastic' Stocking is a very great help and support. I have never worn anything so comfortable. It is many years since I have walked with such ease; as a matter of fact, I should not know I had anything more than my ordinary stocking on. I have also lost the heavy feeling in my leg. This is a great boon, as, since the war began, I have undertaken work which necessitates my walking nearly four miles every day."

"The 'Spirastic' Support Has Saved Me an Operation."

MISS CATHERINE M. SMITH, Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea (Case No. 6398), writes: "It gives me great pleasure to state I have found your 'Spirastic' Stocking in every way satisfactory. It is wonderful the support and ease it gives. I first noticed my varicose vein about ten years ago. Several Doctors advised me to have it out, as it was a bad one, but, thanks to your 'Spirastic' Stocking, I have done away with an operation. I find the relief marvellous."

"My Doctor Recommended Me to Try 'Spirastics.'"

MISS JESSIE FULKER, Birch Hanger, Kingsley Green, Haslemere, Surrey (Case No. 9103), writes: "I had been laid up for fifteen weeks when my Doctor recommended me to try 'Spirastic' Supports. Previously I had had unsuccessful operations. I am pleased to say that the 'Spirastic' Stocking has proved satisfactory, and you are at perfect liberty to mention my name to all who suffer as I did from this painful and distressing trouble."

"My Doctor Says 'Spirastics' are a Big Improvement."

MR. W. COULL, 78, Prince Albert Street, Glasgow (Case No. 6395), writes: "Both my wife and I have worn your 'Spirastic' Supports, and we find them to give us far more relief than the old styles with their hard seams. I have been suffering for this last ten years, and have used both elastic stockings and bandages, but they never did me the good 'Spirastics' have done. I have shown them to my Doctor here, and he says 'Spirastic' Supports are a big improvement on other appliances."

"I Find Them Very Effective and Most Satisfactory."

MISS ALICE WEST, Manor House, Otley, Yorks (Case No. 3722), writes: "I find the Thigh Leggings very effective and most satisfactory. For ten years I suffered from varicose veins and got no relief until I tried your 'Spirastic' Supports."

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, write at once (a postcard will do) to D. M. Cooper, Ltd., Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances (Dept. 359), Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1, for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention.

Mr. Cooper can be seen personally daily (except Saturday), from 11 to 1 and from 2 to 3.

Two little girls were told by their teacher to design a specimen of millinery. When both drawings were finished, one child whispered to the other: "How do you spell 'millinery'?"

"I'm not takin' any chances," came the whispered response. "I'm just goin' to put down 'h-a-t.'"

"WHAT is the plural of man, Willie?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"Men," answered Willie.

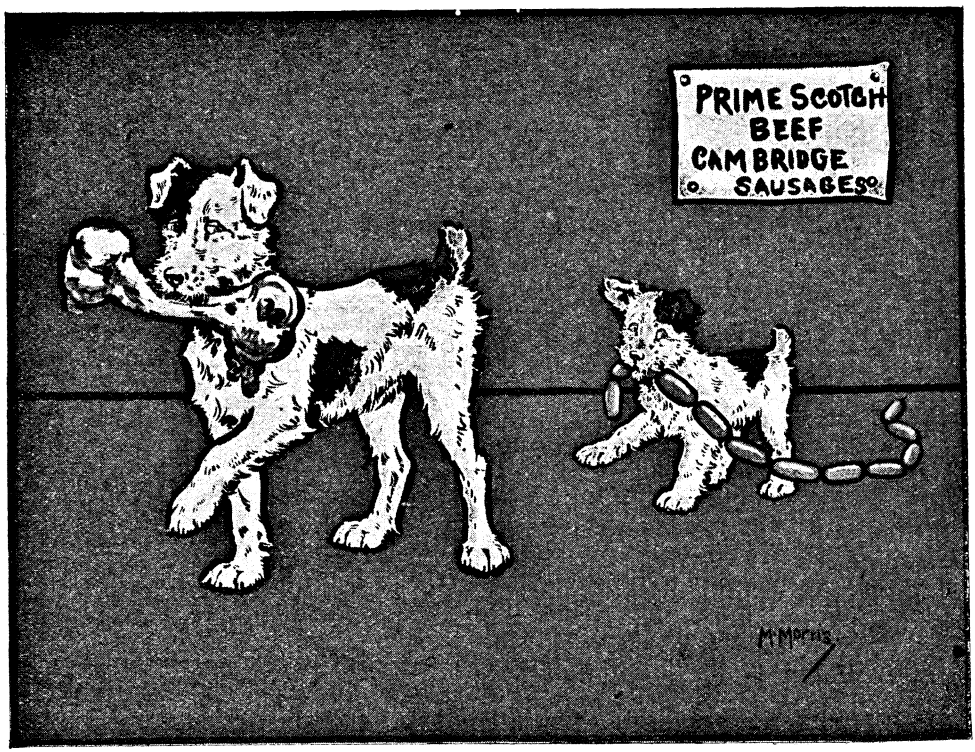
"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the unexpected reply.

"I THINK the one you refused is much the more attractive of the two."

"I admit that. But when he proposed he went into ecstasies over how happy I could make him; but the one I accepted spoke earnestly of how happy he would try to make me."

To what do you attribute your remarkable age and your wonderful health?" asked the summer boarder of the aged farmer.



"FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS." BY M. MORRIS.

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"Well," answered the bucolic one, "I reckon I got a pretty good start on most people by bein' born afore germs were discovered, an' so I have had less to worry about."

THEY were twins. It was bathing time, and from the twins' bedroom came sounds of hearty laughter and loud crying. Their father went up to find the cause.

"What's the matter up here?" he inquired.

The laughing twin pointed to his weeping brother. "Nothing," he giggled, "only nurse has given Alexander two baths and hasn't given me any at all."

POETIC LICENSE.

When Celia kissed me she declared
The poet, not the man, she favoured;
So her dear modesty was spared,
And kiss with compliment was savoured.

I keep the secret for my own,
For if the tattling world should know it,
There's not a man in all our town
But would contrive to be a poet.

Ernest Blake.

Facing Third Cover.]

THE OCTOBER WINDSOR

OCT 24 1917
UNIV. OF MICH.



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To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper of the Present.'



INDOOR WORKERS

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood, and indigestion.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st: Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd: *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.*" These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' CAN NOW BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

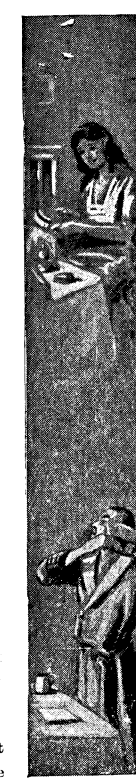
Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.

Your friends in a hundred troubles







THE WORD "Vaseline"



although unknown 50 years ago, is one of the most popular throughout the whole world to-day, but at the same time there are still a great many people who have yet to learn that the word is a registered trade mark and the exclusive property of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., of New York, London, Moscow, Montreal, etc. **"Vaseline"** was coined by Mr. R. A. CHESEBROUGH to immortalise his discovery of the substance which he named **Petroleum Jelly**, and in order that the future generations might benefit, and the sufferings of the afflicted alleviated, he registered **"Vaseline"** as a distinguishing mark, to **protect the public from dangerous imitations and adulterations.**

There are a variety of Preparations, some for the Complexion, Chapped Hands, etc., for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Healing Cuts, Wounds, for giving a Healthy and Glossy Appearance to the Hair, etc.; in fact no Home Medicine Cupboard should be without an assortment of the specialities. A Descriptive Pamphlet will be sent Post Free.

Remember that all original packages are stamped with the Trade Mark, "Vaseline," and the name of the Manufacturers, "Chesebrough," on every tin or bottle.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Cons'd), 42, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.



FEEDING THE GUNS IN ACTION: UNLADING AN ARTILLERY RESERVE-SHELL WAGON JUST BEHIND THE GUN-POSITIONS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

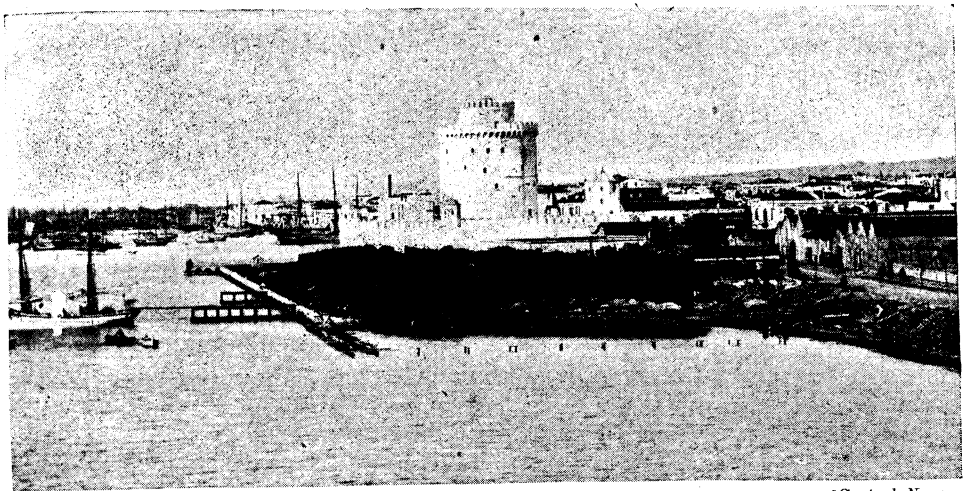


Photo supplied by] [*Central News.*

THE SEA-FRONT AND THE WHITE TOWER AT SALONICA

THE WHITE TOWER OF SALONICA

By MAJOR CLAUDE ASKEW

A QUESTION very frequently asked by people at home, interested just now in Salonica and all that therein is, is: "What about this White Tower that is so constantly mentioned when Salonica is the subject of conversation? Hardly a letter is written home which does not contain some allusion to it, but we cannot quite make out whether it is really an antiquity, or if it is just the name of a popular *café* or something of that sort."

It is both. Probably it is in the latter significance that it is more often referred to in those letters home. "We spent the evening at the Tour Blanche."

Everybody at Salonica spends most of the evenings at the Garden of the Tour Blanche. It is the only reasonable place of recreation in the town during the hot weather. You can dine comparatively well and reasonably, and in the open air, which is an inestimable boon. You can be comfortably installed under the trees, listen to fairly good music, and in front of you you will have the sea, cool and scintillating in the moonlight. And, of course, there are bound to be lots of notabilities, for a large proportion of people at Salonica just now are interesting in one way or another. You will miss the feminine element at dinner, and nearly everyone is in uniform; otherwise, with your back to the sea, you might imagine yourself in a fashionable restaurant of the Champs Élysées.

There is a great space devoted to moving pictures, and this is thronged nightly, for the natives, who do not affect to dine in public, turn up in quantities—whole families of them—and enjoy the show to the accompaniment of coffee, beer, or light wine. For the more frivolously disposed there is a variety theatre, followed by the now inevitable *cabaret*, where you may watch weird dancing, and, if so disposed, drink champagne at thirty-five francs the bottle. We are not very up-to-date with our music in this latter establishment. "Tipperary" is an easy first, while "You made me love you," and "Oh, you beautiful doll!" are second.

Such is the spot which is now commonly referred to as "The White Tower," the grim old edifice which, among other things, guards the entrance to the gardens, frowns

or smiles upon the pleasure-seekers—I do not know which it may be, and, perhaps, since its associations are all of the Turk, it makes little difference. At any rate, its dignity is quite unimpaired; somehow, I cannot imagine anyone speaking disrespectfully of the White Tower. I doubt even if the ground devoted to the above-described entertainments was appropriated from its sacred precincts. These have been, indeed, devoted to a garden, but it is a formal and public garden, where a Greek military band sometimes plays in the afternoon, and it does not grate upon one's ideas of the fitness of things.

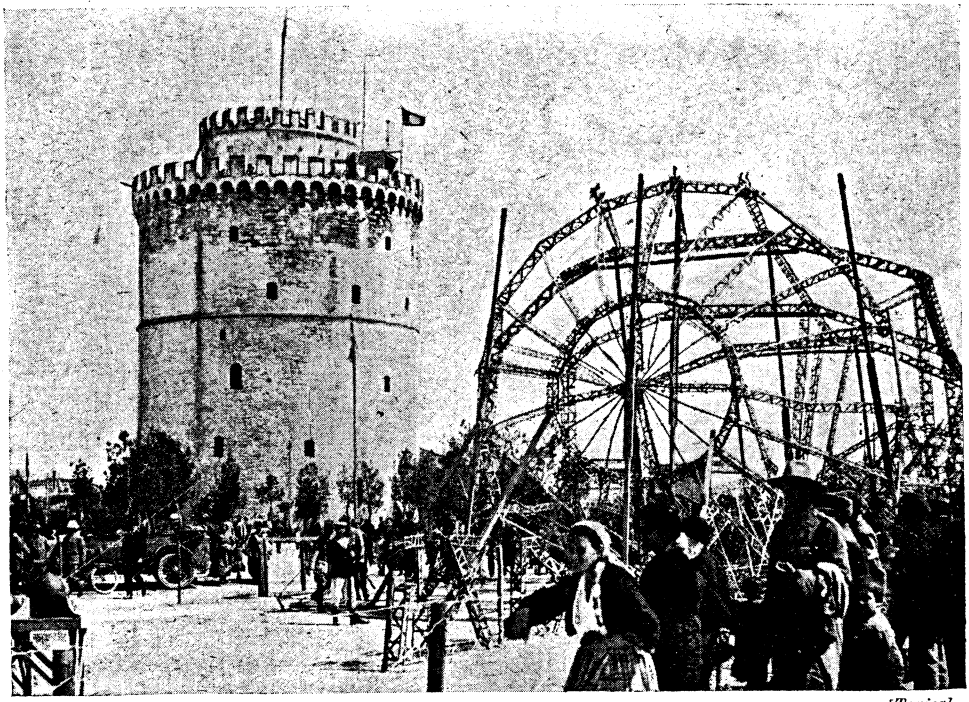


Photo by] [*Topical.*

A WRECKED BULGARIAN ZEPPELIN, RECONSTRUCTED ON THE SEA-FRONT AT SALONICA, BESIDE THE WHITE TOWER.

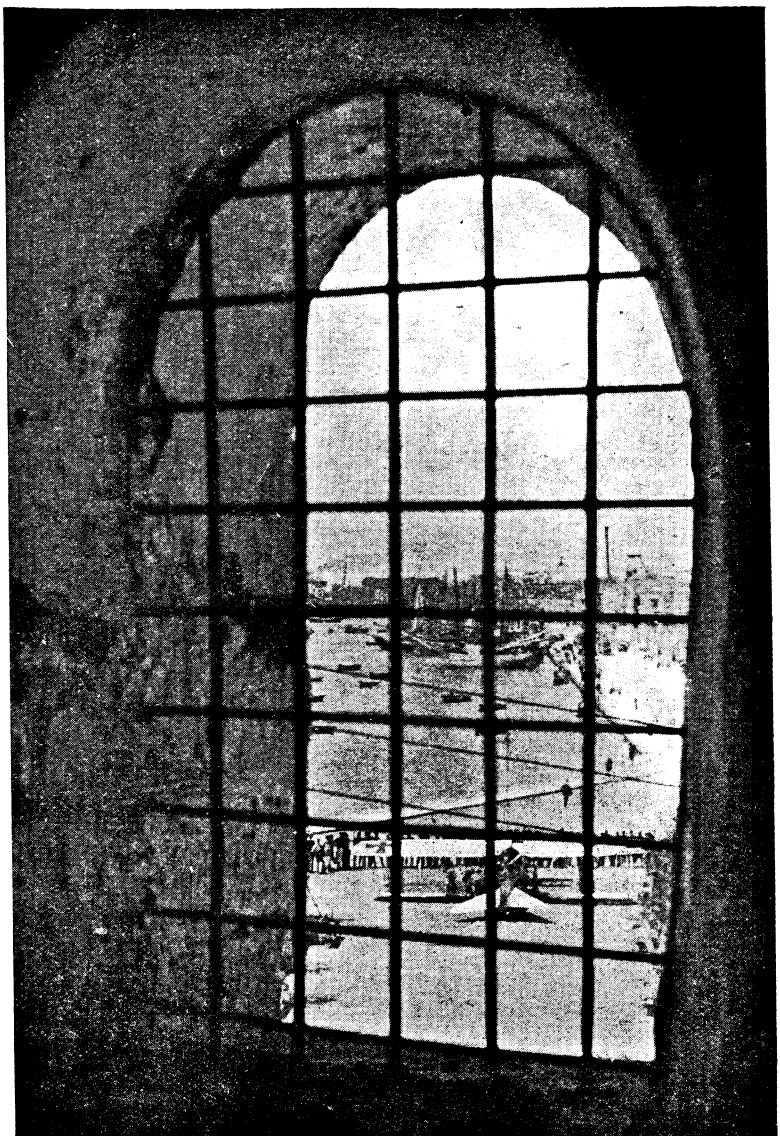
The White Tower undoubtedly does possess a curious faculty of imposing a sense of respect—almost of dread—upon those who lift their eyes to it. "If those stones could speak!" That is the trite reflection that comes involuntarily to one's mind. And there is no doubt that the stones could tell many ghastly tales of what they have witnessed, both within and without, during the five centuries of their existence.

For the White Tower is not so very old—not nearly as old as the city walls or as the citadel in the upper heights of the town. It was constructed in 1431 by Venetian workmen for the Turks, who, under Murad II., had just possessed themselves of the town. Salonica in those days was a city of the dead; its natives had all fled, been slain, or else sold into captivity. The White Tower, newly built, was to witness the arrival of the Jewish emigrants from Spain, some twenty thousand of them, who came to repopulate the devastated city, and who have remained to this day its most important element. And perhaps then, too, the White Tower frowned or smiled enigmatically at the prospect of many victims to be absorbed within its walls, for Jews have a habit of growing rich, and it takes some persuasion to make them disgorge their gold.

It may be because we know so little—practically nothing at all—of the history of the White Tower that it imposes itself so much upon us. We know that it was a Turkish prison, and that at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was called "The Tower of Janissaries," because the Janissaries condemned to death were executed there. That is practically all the exact information to be acquired, and so the rest is left to imagination; and if your imagination is vivid, you will see many things for

yourself, and doubtless you will not be far wrong.

The tower is one hundred and forty feet in height. You do not ascend by stairs to the summit, but by an easily inclined surface, after the manner of the Italian Campanile. Here and there you may note where the prison doors have been removed. The centre of the building is devoted to several large apartments, enclosed by the winding path of ascent, which were probably prisons. Of small separate dungeons there is not much trace — certainly there were none underground — and it is likely that the prisoners were all herded together anyhow. For the matter of that, so they are to-day in the prison up at the citadel, and you may see them for yourself if you stand on an upper wall and look down into the small yard where they are allowed to take exercise. Like little street boys, they will ask you to throw down coins to be scrambled for, or they will sell you fancy bead articles of their own make.



VIEW OF THE SEA-FRONT AT SALONICA, FROM A WINDOW IN THE WHITE TOWER.

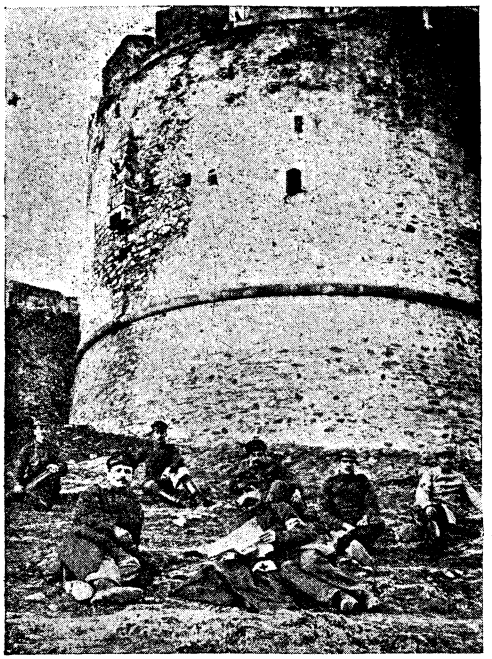
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Central Press.

The White Tower's function as a prison ended with the Greek occupation of Salonica, and to-day those stones, with all their reminiscences, could certainly not recall anything quite on a par with what they are now beholding. One feels that they lament the Turk and the good old days of summary execution and bloodshed.

How they must marvel at those two sentries who guard the door—men of different nationalities, the one an Englishman and the other a Greek! What is the former there for, since the Greek flag still flies proudly above the walls? And the interior of the building—there are Greek soldiers in the lower apartments, English in the upper ones, while the latter also occupy, for their own purposes, the summit of the tower. Nor does there seem to be any love lost between

the two sets of people; certainly the stones of the White Tower, accustomed to arbitrary methods, have never seen anything like it before.

I often watch those two sentries when I pass the White Tower. They keep their distance from each other and hardly ever



MEN OF THE ALLIED FORCES ON THE WHITE TOWER.

From a French War Office official photograph issued by Newspaper Illustrations.

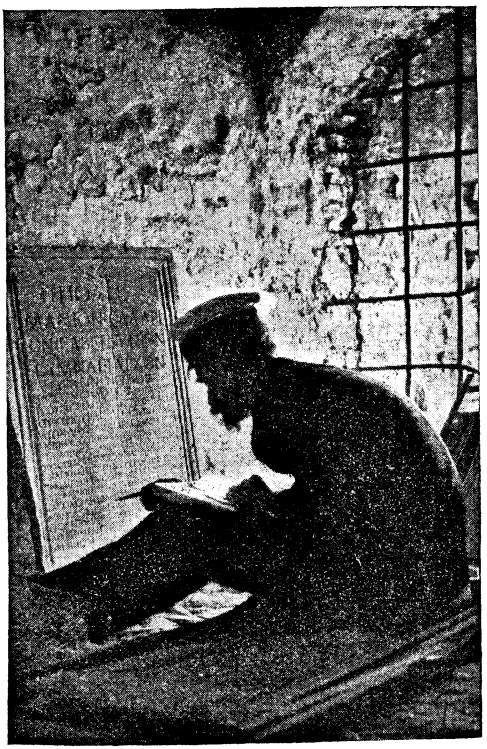
exchange a word—perhaps they cannot. The Englishman holds himself well erect, but the Greek lounges, unless he thinks you are looking at him, and then he pulls himself together. They point a moral, these two men in that position, but it does not seem to impress itself upon the Greeks who saunter by, nor even upon the officers. One wonders if they realise how much it is their own fault that the Englishman is there at all.

Of course, there is a wonderful view over the city from the summit of the tower, and also of the harbour. But to-day one does not think of a view as a view. The thing to be considered is whether or no you have the best facilities for observation and signalling, and those are the main purposes of our present occupation of the tower. There is a queer family living up there on the summit—something else for the stones to marvel at. Dogs and puppies they may know—perhaps even cats and kittens—but fowls that go clucking about, quite at home, surely it needed the mad Englishmen to introduce that feature.

There is a museum in the White Tower to-day—that is a new feature also, and a very interesting one. Trench digging upon classic ground may easily be productive of interesting "finds," and everything that comes to hand in this way is sent up from the Front to the White Tower, where an expert pronounces upon it.

The best "find" at present is a draped statue of a woman, which is a Greek work of the third century B.C. The head, made in a separate piece, is unfortunately missing. This was found in a Turkish cemetery at Kari-geul.

Then we have an inscription upon stone, raised to the memory of a certain Salarias Sabrinus, who merited public thanks because he supplied corn in time of need below current price, and also supplied Hadrian's



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER E. A. GARDNER, R.N.V.R., PROFESSOR OF ARCHÆOLOGY AT LONDON UNIVERSITY, TRANSLATING AN INSCRIPTION BY THE LIGHT OF A DUNGEON WINDOW IN THE WHITE TOWER, WHICH IS NOW A TEMPORARY HOME FOR OBJECTS OF ANTIQUITY FOUND BY THE ALLIES' SOLDIERS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.

army with wheat, barley, beans, and wine below current prices.

A fine example this, for the contractors of to-day! The inscription was found in the Dervend Pass.

Salonica and its surroundings supply, indeed, a fine ground for investigations of this kind—if one had nothing better to do. As it is, one has to depend only upon military necessity, which may, perhaps, demand the opening-up of one of the barrows with which the neighbourhood abounds, apart from the possibility of discovering buried treasure in the trenches.

These mounds—now christened "pimples"—are of two kinds. One is the true barrow; the other, larger and less regularly shaped, is the site of a prehistoric village. The latter affords wonderful material for instruction, since it was the habit in those far-away days to build over and over again upon the same site, with the result that different strata of remains have been left, each one of which can be referred to its proper period. Of such you will find manifold examples in the museum of the White Tower, and Commander Gardner is especially proud of the clear imprint of a dog's foot—or it might be a wolf's—in a portion of a clay tile which must date back countless thousands of years before the Christian era. It is interesting to realise that the dog may have been a domestic animal long before the history of the world was written.

The great, grim White Tower has seen many vicissitudes in the past. It has witnessed the coming and going of great armies; victory and defeat; the exultation of the conqueror and the despair of the vanquished; the agony of human torture and the flow of living blood. And to-day it still stands watching and waiting, pitiless and enigmatical as the Sphinx herself; and it always seems to me, as I pass it by, that the great grey stones radiate a lust of strife and pain—that in some mysterious way they know that the clash of battle is near at hand, and that they are exulting in the prospect, careless as to the result, so long as blood may flow—much blood.

A regiment of Serbs passed just now on its way to the Front, and I could almost have sworn that the tower quivered and its stones shone red in the sunlight. And, like it, we—here at Salonica—wait for the great decision. To-day we are in doubt, to-morrow we shall know.



THE ALLIES' NAVY SIGNALLERS ON THE ROOF OF THE WHITE TOWER.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.

A CHANGE OF MINISTRY

By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.

LIEUTENANT AUGUSTUS TIBBETTS, of the Houssas, sat in his canvas chair under the thatched shelter which constituted his orderly-room. Before him was a table neatly set with the paraphernalia of justice. There were three yellow crime reports, a sheet of foolscap paper, an open volume of "The Manual of Military Law," a company report ledger, and the defaulter sheets of the delinquents, who waited, between an escort with fixed bayonets, for the word to step up and accept the judgment of the gods.

By the side of Bones, in his most comfortable wickerwork chair, gaily cushioned and not wholly in harmony with the solemnity of the proceedings, sat Patricia Hamilton in a big and shady panama and a dress of dazzling white drill.

"You are sure that I am not in the way, Bones?" she asked anxiously.

Bones screwed his monocle into his eye and turned slowly and impressively toward her.

"Dear old miss," he said, with a certain stern quietness, "havin' invited you here, havin', so to speak, given you a seat on the bench, I ask nothin' of you save that you——" He coughed and looked at her significantly, and, turning again to his front, cried fiercely: "Silence in court, all of you, confound it!"

"Bones," said the horrified girl, "you really mustn't use strong language."

Bones blinked at her.

"Must terrify 'em, dear old Miss Patricia," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Iron hand in the velvet glove, an' all that sort of thing. Silence!" This to the wholly silent group before him.

He nodded to the sergeant, and the first prisoner stepped smartly forward, accompanied by one of the escort.

"Lord," said the sergeant, in liquid Arabic, "this man owes Mahmut Ali twenty cupfuls of salt, and because Mahmut Ali asked for his own this man beat him."

Bones glared at the offender, but the offender was unperturbed.

"Lord Tibbetti," he said suavely, "it is true that I owed Mahmut Ali ten and ten cups of salt, but Mahmut Ali borrow my beautiful breeches for the wedding of his woman's sister, and fought with them on his legs, so that they came back to me in rags."

Bones beckoned the witness, the offended one.

"Lord, that is true," he said frankly; "but I did not promise this man that I would not fight in his breeches, whereas he promised he would give me back my salt."

Bones stroked his chin.

"For beating Mahmut Ali you shall drill for two days in the hour of sleep. As for the breeches, Mahmut shall pay you their value, and shall have the breeches. You shall pay him his salt. The palaver is finished."

"What happened?" asked the girl, in some anxiety, for Arabic was Arabic to her, as Greek was Greek to Cicero.

"A rather indelicate matter," said Bones gravely.

"I'm sorry," said the girl hastily, and settled back.

"Summon the next case," said Bones.

The next case was, as it happened, a serious military offence, and had been sent from the Upper River for judgment.

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There had been an outbreak of measles in the territory of the Old King Beyond the Hills, and a quarantine guard had been set upon the Ochori frontier. It was alleged that the three men and a corporal who constituted that guard had abandoned their post for two days. In an European force this would have been a very serious offence indeed, but there were certain extenuating circumstances which permitted Captain Hamilton to allow his subordinate to deal summarily with the offenders.

"Lord," said the spokesman for the prisoners—the offending corporal—"it is true that we men left the hill-path and went back and feasted with the Chief of the Ochori, but before now we have taken his commands and obeyed them. And, lord, we knew that Bosambo had a very cunning plan to overthrow Sandi's enemies, so that when he sent for us, and there came ten warriors of the Ochori to take our places, we went away."

"Hum!" said Bones profoundly. "Very serious—ver-y serious!"

"Is it really?" asked the girl, impressed. "What are you going to do?"

"I ought to shoot 'em," said Bones, shaking his head.

"Bones!"

"I really ought—'pon my word, I ought! O man"—this in Arabic—"because this offence was ordered by a reigning chief, it shall stand against him, and you shall escape."

The third and last case, curiously enough, had also a connection with Bosambo. It was a charge preferred by a native against a Houssa who had taken the law and a pliant rhinoceros whip into his own hand. There was no question as to fact, for a corporal had witnessed the assault.

"This is true, lord," said the soldier; "but this Kaffir told me many lies, for he said that the Chief Kulubu was the rightful Chief of the Ochori, and that all men knew this thing, and that Sandi kept Bosambo in his place because they were sons of the same father."

"Is this true, man?" asked Bones.

"Lord, I said the thing, yet I meant no evil," confessed the complainant, "for this way men talk all along the river. And, lord, was not the mother of Kulubu the daughter of the old king of the Ochori, and was not Bosambo a foreigner who came from a strange land, and did he not seize the Ochori city by wickedness?"

An embarrassing question for Bones, since Bosambo, Chief of the Ochori, had undoubtedly come from Monrovia, a fugitive from justice. He had, in fact, broken out of prison whilst serving a twenty years' sentence, and, making his way across country, had found himself in the city of the pusillanimous Ochori, and had been received as a guest. And when the weak chief of the tribe had died most mysteriously and unexpectedly, Bosambo had seized the reins of chieftainship and had turned the Ochori—whose courage had been a reproach and a shame—into a first-class fighting tribe. Also it was true that the rightful heirs had been set aside by Bosambo, and that Sanders in his wisdom, desiring an end of the old dynasty, had confirmed Bosambo in his self-appointment.

"Let all people hear this," said Bones, after a long pause. "Bosambo is the true Chief of the Ochori, for Sandi has made him so by law; but men will always speak badly of those who are in authority and give the law to their people. Therefore you did wrong to speak against Bosambo, and you, Mahmut, did wrong to beat this man, for it is written in the Sura of the Spider, 'Dispute not except in kindliness.' Therefore you shall drill for one day in the hour of sleep. The palaver is finished."

He explained the last case to the girl as they walked to the beach to meet Sanders and Hamilton, who had been out to sea with their fishing lines.

"And if you ask me my opinion, dear old miss," he said, "I think that Kulubu is a silly old silly."

A statement which proved to be true.

"Bosambo must be warned not to interfere with the men," said Sanders later. "I particularly wish to keep infectious disease out of the country, and by his folly he might have caused an epidemic. I am more annoyed because I explained to the villain the rapidity with which the disease spreads. It isn't really very dangerous, for natives are seldom susceptible to a bad attack."

"Poor Bosambo!" smiled the girl. "He is always in trouble lately."

Sanders nodded.

"He is in bad trouble now. There's a big plot on foot to weaken his authority. I believe Kulubu has some hereditary right to the chieftainship, and it might be extremely awkward if the people of the Ochori demanded a union between the Territories. Some of Bosambo's headmen have been visiting Kulubu lately—that smells like trouble."

"Do you think we ought to warn

Bosambo?" asked Hamilton, and Sanders's eyes lit with a transient smile.

"He has already warned me," he said. "The fact is, the Ochori are very poor; their crops have been bad, and their fishing unsuccessful. Kulubu is a rich man—the fighters are always rich—and he has bribed and corrupted the Ochori until poor Bosambo hasn't a friend he can trust. The Ochori have treated him badly, for he made them a nation. However, we shall see. Send ten men and a sergeant to within marching distance of Wumbi, Hamilton, and let Bosambo know they're there."

* * * * *

Between the day and the night, in that thinnest grey wedge of dusk which marks the close of the tropic day, an ironwood canoe swung in from the centre of the Upper River, and, caught broadside on by a swift current, drifted a diagonal course to the white beach of Wumbi. The man who sat in the stern of the boat had judged the distance perfectly, and digging his paddle first to the left and then to the right with long, strong strokes which set the water gurgling about the polished blade, he drove the nose of the canoe to the sloping beach. Wumbi lay against the red west, a purple blot of high trees sparkling with the fires of the village. The lazy blue smoke spiralled first greyly against the forest background until it topped the tree heads and waved in little streamers of black gauze against the glowing skies.

The man in the canoe rose slowly and stepped with that peculiar deliberation which is wholly native into the shallow water. He pulled the canoe higher on the beach, and, bending over, took from its interior a bundle of spears, a skin food bag, and a dead monkey. This he slung over his shoulder and walked slowly toward the path which, running an erratic course between the trees, joined the beach near the hut of N'guro, the fisherman. Beyond was a thick tangle of grass reaching to the water's edge, and this he investigated. He found a long canoe well hidden by the vegetation, and was satisfied.

The hunter was tall and, save for the leopard skin about his waist, naked. His shoulders were broad and muscular, his neck well-set, and there was in the swing of his body a suggestion of unusual strength and agility. He halted at the edge of the village, leaning on a spear, the blade of which stood higher than his own tall head, and peered forward, for the light was growing dim. What he saw was evidently satisfactory to himself, for he resumed his advance. Before him, and evidently his objective, was a hut larger than any other. Before its door were two thick posts set at such a distance apart that a big man with outstretched arms might just touch either with the tips of his fingers. They were carved in strange designs, and were veritable fetishes through which an enlightened man might, with proper ceremony, commune with ghosts and ju-jus. Ahead of this a log fire smouldered, and, grouped about, the stranger could see the vague figures of five men. There were no others near, for this was the great house of Kulubu, Chief of the fighting Akasavas, and there was a clear space of ground about the hut, across which no man might walk without invitation, for Kulubu, who had started this era of chieftainship in the most promising circumstances—"All men shall be my brothers, and I shall be the slave of my people," was the rash promise he had made in grand palaver—had edged toward a greater autocracy than even the Akasava had known.

The new-comer took three steps towards the fire before the surprised "Wa!" of one of the low-speaking group indicated that he had been seen. For a second he stood at the implied challenge of that "Wa!" and in that second he was recognised.

Swiftly two of the five melted away in the darkness, leaving Kulubu, the king, and his two gnarled councillors alone to greet the visitor.

"I see you," boomed the stranger conventionally.

"I see you, Bosambo," said Kulubu quickly. "This is a wonderful day for me that the great Chief of the Ochori should come to my village and sleep in my hut. Now, my young men shall feast your paddlers and spearmen, and for you I will kill a fat goat."

Bosambo had sunk on his haunches by the side of the fire, his spears, gripped in his powerful fist, lying across his knees, his head cocked sideways and upward, for the king sat upon a fine carved stool, and was higher than he.

"O Kulubu," said Bosambo, "there shall be no feasting for me or for my men, for I killed near the Pool of Stones, and, more than this, I journey alone."

The three men did not speak, but Bosambo, eyeing them keenly from under his drooping lids, saw the swift exchange of glances.

"Lord," said Kulubu at length, "we three men who have sat alone, thinking great wonders for the good of our people——"



"Kulubu dragged them into the light of the fire outside."

"Sometimes there is a sickness which comes up from the river this day," interrupted Bosambo, "and men see those things which are not. Now, I tell you, Kulubu, that I saw not three, but three and two."

"'Slaves are never seen,'" quoted Kulubu glibly. "That is the saying of the Akasava. And these men were slaves, Bosambo, who brought fish and manioc."

"'Between a slave and a warrior is the length of a spear,'" Bosambo returned tag for tag, "and it was part of my madness that I saw spears in the hands of your slaves. And though all men know that you are very rich, with great stores of ivory buried beneath your hut, yet even great kings are not served by spearmen."

Kulubu coughed and looked first to one and then to the other of the grim-visaged old men who sat on either side of him. They offered no assistance, and Kulubu rushed in where many wiser men might have hesitated.

"It is true, Bosambo, that these men carried spears," he said, "but they were the brothers of my second wife, and, being lowly men, felt shame for me that you saw them at my palaver. Now, Bosambo, I will tell my women to sweep a great hut for you."

Bosambo blinked up at his host.

"I sleep in the forest this night, Kulubu," he said, "for I am on my way to meet Sandi, our father, for he desires to speak secretly with me."

Kulubu's head craned forward.

"There are many stories here in the Akasava," he said softly, "for bad news floats with the river. Some men say that your people have made a cry against you to our Lord Sandi, and that they took their spears to your great house because you struck them cruelly. Also they ask for another chief."

He paused invitingly, but the Chief of the Ochori stared at him in silence.

"Now, I think," Kulubu went on, with a certain confident insolence which was duly noted, "that the Ochori are fools, for you are a good king and, by all sayings, well loved by Sandi. Yet men are born to rule, and have a great ju-ju from their eyes-opening to help them. If you have not this ju-ju, Bosambo, you cannot rule."

Bosambo shifted his position.

"Listen to me, O Kulubu M'faga," he said, "for I speak with the tongue of wisdom. Between me and my people is a bad palaver, for they are lazy, and on the day when I must take rubber and corn to Sandi for his Government, they bring me empty palms, and I am put to shame before my lord. Therefore I beat them and set them to make roads for me. Then came men plotting against me and against Sandi. Kulubu, from whence do they come? Also, certain headmen of the tribes go down the river and make a secret palaver with my enemy, and sit by his fire and speak evilly of me. Who is that enemy? Wa! Kulubu, I have seen three kings of the Akasava die—two upon a high tree and one under my spear. Shall I see three and one?"

Kulubu stood up, his eyes upon the bunched spears on Bosambo's knee.

"All this is madness, Bosambo," he said mildly, "for is not Sandi more powerful than devils? And if you cannot hold your people, is it not true that they need a stronger hand? Now, I have taken counsel with my brothers because I love you, Bosambo, and I will do a great thing. On a certain day I will go to your city and be as king over your people, and you shall come to Wumbi and sit in my place, and at the full of the next moon I will ask the Ochori and you shall ask the Na-akasava: 'Who shall be king of you—Bosambo or Kulubu?' This I will also ask the people of my own country, standing by your side, and by *Ewa* and the head of my head, by salt and blood and by all the Ghosts of the World, I will abide by their word. But this I say, Bosambo—that in the time of change you shall not go to the Ochori, nor shall I come to my land."

Bosambo rose.

"This is a big matter," he said, "and I must have my thoughts."

He strode out of the circle of light along the path that led to the river. On the beach he halted and sat down.

"I think Bosambo will let you go," said Kulubu's headman, "for he is a very simple one."

"Then there will be no more Bosambo in the Ochori," said Kulubu, "for after a while I will go to Sandi, and I will show him how I have ruled these people, and I will take him great gifts of rubber and fish, more than the taxes, and then Sandi will put down Bosambo."

"O chief," said the other councillor, "what shall Bosambo do here? For if you put him in your place, may he not do evil things against you? And, chief, is there not buried in a secret place behind your great house much treasure of ivory and rubber?"

Kulubu nodded.

"But are you not here, and also my brethren, and the little chiefs who come and go from the villages about? And will there not always be at his side those in authority to watch him? Let all headmen know that I have gone to steal Bosambo's country, and that, while Bosambo stays, they shall be very cunning toward him."

On the first day of the new moon the change was effected. Bosambo came with his belongings in a canoe which brought also his four faithful attendants, and was installed in the great hut of Kulubu, and all men—at any rate, outwardly—gave him obedience, and the headmen brought him salt and corn, and the warriors their spears to touch, and though they were mirthful at this game, they did not show their mirth.

Bosambo took their homage very seriously. He called a small palaver of petty chiefs and headmen of villages, and discussed with them certain improvements of the law, such as, for example, the rights of husbands to claim a return of a portion of a price they paid for unsatisfactory wives, and the small palaver listened attentively and politely, agreed with all he said, acclaiming his wisdom in set phrases, and went out of his presence painfully charged with unuttered laughter.

They had less cause to laugh when they discovered that Bosambo did not discharge them to their several avocations, as was the custom after a council, but maintained them in the village, calling them together every morning and night, demanding their views upon problems as far apart as the breeding of crocodiles and the preparation of manioc. At the sixth of these conferences Gisivulu, a person of some importance, since he ruled eighty square miles of territory, abandoned any pretence of polite interest.

"O Bosambo," he said, "we are men with many tasks, and for six days and six nights you have kept us here, talking of fish and corn and rubber and hunting, whilst our people are awaiting our return, and our wives are very sorrowful, and our children cry for us. Give us leave to go, O chief!"

Bosambo looked at him thoughtfully.

"On a certain day you may go to your villages, but that day is not yet," he said.

Bosambo summoned a palaver of "all chiefs and heads of families" for that evening, to discuss the effect of moons upon fishing, and held a weary assembly from eight o'clock in the evening until dawn. He followed this up by an afternoon palaver which lasted till close on midnight, and this meeting was in the nature of Convocation of Laymen, for the matter under discussion was "Ghosts."

At the end of the second week the petty chiefs had a palaver of their own, and sent a delegation to Kulubu, urgently requesting that he should return; and Kulubu, who had enlisted the enthusiastic allegiance of his new subjects by a succession of dances and feasts, and by the remission of all "chief taxation"—a monthly tribute paid by the tribe to their lord—was puzzled.

"How may I come, Gisivulu," he asked, "for have I not sworn with Bosambo that neither shall I go to the Akasava, nor he shall go to the Ochori, until an appointed time? And yet another week must pass before the full of the moon. I tell you, therefore, to go to his palavers and listen with deaf ears, and speak whatever your stomach tells you. In three and four sunsets I will come to my people, and as for Bosambo, he will neither have land nor people."

"Lord," said the aggrieved Gisivulu, "this Bosambo has made a great call for taxation. When the full moon wastes to a rind, we must bring him from every village, and for every man of that village, as much rubber as one may hold in four hands."

Kulubu beat his fists together in joy.

"O ko-ko!" he chuckled. "At that time there will be no Bosambo sitting in my house, for I shall return chief of two great tribes."

The delegation went away a little comforted, and Kulubu turned his mind to the entertainment of the Ochori people, for he had planned that night a festival of superlative grandeur, being no less than the Dance of the Weaver Birds. At three o'clock in the morning Kulubu went to his sleeping hut and sat down upon his skin bed, only to jump up again very quickly, for somebody was already lying upon his robe.

"Fish!" said Kulubu. "Who are you that comes to my fine house and sleeps upon my bed?"

"Lord," said a quavering voice, "every night I have lain on your wonderful bed whilst your lordship has been dancing. Also my sister, who is here beside me."

Kulubu dragged them into the light of the fire outside, and saw a youth and a girl obviously not of the Ochori people. A shout from Kulubu brought Bosambo's treacherous councillors to him.

"Who are these people?" asked Kulubu.

"Lord," said the headman, "they are foreigners."

Kulubu turned to the trembling intruders, who were staring at him.

"Master," said the youth—he was a thin, reedy creature, wearing nothing more than a girdle of native cloth—"master," he said, "this is magic, for I thought I lay in the hut of the great chief Bosambo."

"You speak true, little snake," said Kulubu, "for this is the hut of Bosambo. Speak and tell me how you came here."

The boy looked at the frightened girl at his side, and then from face to face before he sat down and began, in that sing-song tone which is peculiar to the people of the Old King, the recital of his strange story.

"Master," he said, "I come from the village of Lichi-lichi, which is beyond the mountains, in the territory of the Great King. And there was much sickness amongst the people, and also our chief beat us, and some he killed to please the devils who put fever in our bodies. So we came across the frontier, this woman and I, and we saw the soldiers of Bosambo, who brought us to him, and he told us that by his magic he would cure us. He took us away to a hidden place in the forest and gave us food, and every night we were to come and sleep in his bed whilst he was at the feasts. Lord, he made a secret door to the hut, through which we could crawl, and every night we have come, this woman and I, and have lain on his bed, so that his magic might cure us, and every night when we heard his feet we have crept away, save only to-night, lord, when we were tired and slept."

Kulubu listened without understanding.

"This was madness of Bosambo," he said at last, "for if you slept on his bed, might he not also get the sickness? Go back to your place in the woods, and, if you return to this city, I will have you beaten."

In the days that followed the natives of the Lower River saw many pigeons flying north and south, and they knew there was a big book palaver between Sandi and his spies. One letter in particular which came to headquarters may be quoted—

"From Ahmet Ali, by the fork of the river, with ten soldiers.

"To Sandi at his grand house by the sea.

"In the name of God the Compassionate and Merciful, etc. Peace on your house.

"There is a new sickness in the Ochori which has come across the hills from the land of the Old King, and even Kulubu is stricken. So I have put a guard on the river, and none may leave nor enter the Ochori. Thus you told me, should the sickness come to any of the tribes. Bosambo is now chief of the fighting Akasava, and is giving many dances. This he does because Kulubu has not returned. He has sent all the little chiefs to their villages, and they are glad to go; because of the long palavers which Bosambo made, they are weary. Also Bosambo has dug up the great treasures of Kulubu, and has given every chief and headman a beautiful present. And he has dances and feasts in the city of Wumbi, and all men love him."

Sanders read the missive at breakfast, his lips twitching with sheer delight.

"And the end of that adventure is," he said, "that Bosambo has a new country, and Kulubu has measles. Get the *Zaire* ready, Hamilton. This will take a lot of straightening out."

"Is there nothing I can do, dear old Excellency?" asked Bones eagerly. "No little job for poor old Bones?"

"You can go to the Ochori," said Sanders, "and settle the measles."

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.

THE SOLDIER-POET.

A SONG is put upon his lips,
A sword into his hands;
And he goes out on gallant ships,
To die in distant lands.

May he have grace a song to sing
So fair before he dies,
As shall by its strange beauty bring
Tears to the dullest eyes.

E. VINE HALL.

PUCK AND THE YOUNG CAPTAIN

By KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by Norah Schlegel

"PLEASE don't stay any longer!" pleaded Cherry.

"You're not very hospitable!" retorted the young Captain.

"One can't very well be hospitable in another person's house, can one?"

"But this part of the house"—which happened to be the day nursery—"is entirely your own province, isn't it?"

"Mine and the children's," said Cherry, wishing he were not quite so tall, or his voice quite so deep, or his eyes quite so thrilling.

"Then surely you can receive visitors in it?"

"I'm afraid it——" And then Cherry stopped dead and blushed, for this was the wrong way to begin the sentence.

"Yes? What are you afraid?"

"I didn't mean that I was afraid. I was going to say, it depends on the visitors."

The young Captain noted, with inward joy, the evasion. He was a clever lad, if a little unversed. "I'm sure," he said, archly enough, "nobody could object to *me* as a visitor."

"Oh, couldn't they, though?" laughed Cherry, and she tripped across the room with three slates, three inaccurate histories of England, and three volumes of imports and exports that called themselves easy geographies for beginners. The young Captain liked to see her trip across the room. In point of fact, although he knew lots of girls with daintier shoes and silkier stockings, not one, he swore to himself, could trip a quarter as well as Cherry. And they might have their hair done in Bond Street, but they hadn't nearly as much of it, to say nothing of the colour—a kind of russet—being unique. And they might not have to be nursery governesses, those others, but they were no better bred and not half as clever.

(No, this was not the young Captain's first visit to the nursery.)

"Has anybody said anything about it?" he inquired.

"No," Cherry admitted, "not in words."

"How, then?"

"In looks."

"Oh, it doesn't matter what people say in looks!"

"Doesn't it?" retorted Cherry, without speaking.

"I don't mean that kind of look."

"What kind of look?"

"The look you looked when I said that."

"I didn't know I looked any look out of the ordinary."

"P'r'aps I was wrong. Show me again."

"No," said Cherry, tripping across the room to arrange the curtain.

"Why not?" persisted the young Captain.

"Oh, just because——" said Cherry.

"Just because what?"

"Because you must go. D'you realise you've been up here nearly half an hour?"

"Well, everybody knows how I love children."

"And everybody knows the children have been in bed over an hour."

"All but one."

"You mustn't say things like that, Captain Ingle!"

"How did you know I meant you?"

"Well, unless you meant yourself——"

"I didn't."

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"Then I insist on your going down at once."

"All right. Good-bye." He held out his hand.

"Good night," replied Cherry, not taking it.

"I said 'Good-bye.' Won't you shake hands?"

A slight sensation of faintness, followed by a slight thumping in the left side, annoyed Cherry excessively. A flirtation is one thing; seeing tall soldiers when you shut your eyes at night, and want to be level-headed and commonplace, is quite another.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean that this is the last time we shall meet."

"But I thought you weren't going to France till Saturday?"

"I'm not. But I'm leaving London to-morrow. I spend Friday night with my people at Winchester, and go direct from there to the boat."

"Oh!" And Cherry studied the comic animals on the wall that she knew and hated so thoroughly.

"So don't you think you might shake hands with a fellow?"

"Of course."

She turned and slipped her hand into his with the intention of (1) slipping it out again at once, (2) laughing a little, (3) nodding gaily, and (4) making up the fire with a pretty good rattle. But, in settling these details, she had reckoned without the young Captain.

He gripped her hand so tightly that she was astonished at his strength. Then he drew her towards him so masterfully that she was astonished at her weakness. Last of all, he kissed her so tenderly that she was astonished at the sudden change in the nursery. How *could* there be comic animals in heaven?

"Don't cry!" he whispered.

"I—I'm not."

"Yes, you are. Why?"

"Because — because—— Anyway, I'm not."

"Listen, Cherry. I love you!"

She shook her head. Just imagine any of the other girls shaking their heads like that! What rubbish!

"But I do! Why d'you say I don't?"

"Because—because you couldn't!"

"Why couldn't I?"

"Because—because I'm a little idiot."

"There's something in that."

"*What?*" She looked up at him for the first time since—well, since life began.

"If you say," he continued, "that I couldn't love you. Why couldn't I love you, Cherry?"

"Because I'm only a governess, and you're tremendously important and very rich. Oh, it's too bad of you! Please let me go!"

"You think I'm only flirting, don't you? Well, I'm not. I'm dead serious. I wouldn't like to go back there on Saturday feeling that I'd told you a lie, would I?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do. Come, Cherry, don't leave it all to me!"

"I don't know what you want me to say."

"Oh, didn't I ask you? I meant to. Will you marry me, of course? That is, if I—you know——"

Cherry paused—a long, delicious pause. And, as she paused, they both heard a step on the stairs.

"You *must* go!" whispered Cherry. "I told you before!"

"But I shan't have a chance to see you again!"

"When d'you leave town?"

"About twelve to-morrow morning."

"I always go to the Emporium on Friday mornings to do the shopping."

"Good! What time?"

"'Bout eleven."

"Topping! Where will you be?"

"We mustn't meet in the Lounge. That's too obvious. I'll leave word on the——"

The door opened. Cherry, just in time, vanished into the night nursery.

II.

"Look here," said the young Captain to the porter on the entrance-door at the Emporium, "d'you happen to have seen a young lady come in here just now?"

"Well, sir, one way and another, I've seen a good many come in. In fact, as you might say, the place is full of 'em!"

"I know! I know!" retorted the young Captain rather testily. "But this young lady is not a bit like all the others. She's quite exceptional."

"Oh, indeed, sir? Could you give me one or two of her points? Would she be one of the fair kind, for example, or one o' the dark ones? I gen'rally notices 'air, even if I don't 'appen to notice nothing else about 'em. The reason for that is——"

"Then you must have noticed her—if she's here at all. Her hair is unique—a sort of russet."



"'It doesn't matter what people say in looks!'"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Russet, man. Surely you know what russet is?"

The porter scratched his head.

"Haven't you ever been in the country in the autumn?" persevered the young Captain. "You know—when the leaves are turning?"

"Oh, I'm on now, sir! You mean like nuts with the sun on 'em?"

"That's the idea!"

"I thought I should get it in a bit. But I'm sorry to say I ain't seen no young lady with 'air like that. Mind you, she might have come in by another door. Why not 'ave a nice walk round? Nobody wouldn't say nothing to yer."

"My dear man, my train goes at twelve. How many entrances are there to this beastly place?"

"Well, I couldn't say, not off-'and. The lady didn't say which department she'd be in, I suppose?"

"No, she didn't. But she said—— Wait a minute! Don't speak! She said something about being 'on the.' And then we were interrupted."

"'On the,'" muttered the porter, scratching his head again. "'On the.' Wouldn't be 'on the mat,' sir, would it?"

"Well, here's the mat, and she's not on it."

"No, sir. That's true. 'On the.' 'On the.' Quite sure it wasn't 'in the,' sir?"

"Quite. I distinctly remember her saying 'on the.'"

"'Arf a minute, sir. I'll speak to my mate. 'E's got a wunnerful quick eye at times."

The porter went up to another official in uniform and told his tale. The young Captain saw them both repeating "on the" until he could have screamed with irritation and impatience. Then they both turned and looked at him fixedly. The precious minutes sped by.

Suddenly the face of the man with the quick eye brightened. Brushing his colleague aside, he came up to the young Captain.

"Have you looked on the slate, sir?" he suggested.

"Slate? What slate?"

"Why, there's a slate in the Lounge where people leaves messages for one another. 'Meet me in the Provisions,' or something o' that. The young lidy might 'ave——"

"Why, of course! Here's a bob for you! Show me the slate—quick!"

He saw the message at once: "*Shall be in the Wine.—Cherry.*"

"Splendid!" cried the young Captain. "Stout fellow! Here's another bob, and one for your pal! Wish me luck! Where's the Wine Department?"

"Straight through, sir, cross the road, and you'll see it facing you. You can't miss it. Be a queue, I shouldn't wonder, ready for twelve o'clock. Good luck, sir!"

Off dashed the young Captain, and very soon found the Wine Department. As his informant had expected, there was quite a little bunch of people waiting for the magic hour at which the State permitted them to make their modest purchases. They were of both sexes, and of all ages. There was an admiral with a little bag, and a bishop with an embarrassed manner, and an old lady with a red nose. There were young housewives, and two chauffeurs, and a messenger boy.

But no Cherry. Not a sign or a trace of Cherry. The young Captain peeped into the pay-room, and peeped into the street, and peeped into all the faces of all the young women. Blankness.

The clock crept round. Eleven-thirty now, and his train went at twelve. He must catch it. She knew that.

Eleven-forty! He felt that the packers, standing ready for the noontide stampede, were watching him and making remarks. He took up a wine list and studied it. At any moment a brother-officer might enter. His Colonel might come in to give an order. What should he say to him? His train left at the very moment the department opened for real business.

He ordered a taxi, and heard it thumping away outside. If she came in now, he would thrust her into the cab, willy-nilly, and propose on the way to Waterloo. At least, he *had* proposed. That part was all done. What he wanted, before he went back across the Channel, was her answer.

Why on earth had she told him to meet her in the Wine Department if she didn't mean to come there? She could not possibly have been and gone, for the simple reason already explained. Was it mere coquetry? Was she, in reality, laughing at him the whole time?

Eleven-forty-five! He ought to be off. His mother would be bitterly disappointed if he missed his train. The driver of the cab, being consulted, said he thought he could do it in ten minutes, given a decent road.

Eleven-fifty-two! He must go——

The door of the Wine Department swung to behind him. With white, stern lips, that even the driver noticed, he gave the order for full speed ahead. Bang went the gears. They were off.

The young Captain watched the door of the Wine Department until the cab turned the corner, but no Cherry appeared. Had she done so, he knew that he would have leapt out of the cab, train or no train.

But that feat was not required of him.

"Well," he thought to himself, "I've heard some rotten things about girls, but this is about the rottenest. She knew it was the last chance! She knew I was going back to France! She led me on to make an ass of myself, and then played me that low trick! This ends it. I'm done with the whole crowd of 'em! If I come out of the scrap—which I probably shan't—I'll cut the lot for good and all! I'll be a bachelor to the end of my days, let people say what they like about selfishness! Selfishness, eh? I don't know any man who'd play a trick on a girl like this one she's played on me!"

And the scowl grew deeper and deeper as the train sped southwards.

III.

Two young officers, wounded but convalescent, sat side by side on the deck of a steamer homeward bound. Their wounds were rapidly healing, the sun shone, the waves jumped and sparkled, the coast-line of England was already in sight.

But the two young officers—Captain Ingle and Lieutenant Layman—were not in good spirits. Indeed, they might have been young Napoleons bound for St. Helena. With arms folded, lips compressed, and brows drawn together, they glared at the Channel as though it had hatched a sinister plot against them and brought it off with triumph.

"Going town?" asked the young Captain.

"Yes. You?"

"No. Winchester. My people."

"Oh!"

Cynicism simply oozed from them. It hung in the air all around them, making a screen that frightened away simpler and more joyous souls.

"And to think," muttered the Lieutenant, "what this voyage might have meant for me!"

"And for me!" echoed the Captain; but Layman was not listening. With the usual egotism of grief, he had no ears for the troubles of another.

"Girls!" scoffed the Lieutenant. "The one thing they seem to think of is making an abject ass of a fellow!"

"Quite true," agreed the Captain, marvelling that a mere lieutenant should know so much.

"If you like," suggested Layman, "I'll tell you what happened."

"Do," replied Captain Ingle, out of mere politeness.

"It was my last morning in town. We'd arranged to meet at a certain place, and I was going to give her a topping lunch and propose after. We fixed it all up the previous night, and she seemed as keen as mustard."

The young Captain emitted a short bark. This, in reality, was a laugh of deep scorn for the frail sex.

"When I got to the Emporium——"

"Eh?" asked the young Captain, with sudden interest.

"The Emporium. We always used to meet there. Jolly convenient place, if you know how to dodge people. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a little coincidence. Go on."

"When I got to the Emporium, I strolled into the Lounge. She wasn't there, but that didn't upset me. People stare so in the Lounge. I just had a look at the slate, and found what I expected. She'd written a message telling me to meet her in the Glass Department."

"Great Scot!" exclaimed the young Captain.

"My dear chap, don't get so excited. There was no harm in that. We often met in different departments—sometimes the Stationery, sometimes the Books, sometimes the Vegetables and Fruit. You don't seem to know the ropes."

"Oh, don't I? Ha!"

"You don't mean to say you've worked the old Emporium as well?"

"Go on. I'll tell you in a minute."

"Of course," said Mr. Layman, "I went straight to the Glass like a homing pigeon. Not a soul there! I waited and waited, getting sicker and sicker of the dashed place, and at last I went and had another look at the message. There it still was, tucked away in a corner of the slate: 'Meet me in the Glass.—Cherry.'"

"*What?*" yelled the young Captain.

"My dear chap, your nerves must be in a rotten state! That's the second time you've jumped as if I'd stuck a pin into you, or something. Come and have a sedative."

"Sedative be blowed! D'you seriously mean to tell me that Cherry left that message for you?"

"Certainly. But you've no right to call her Cherry."

"Have *you?*" demanded the young Captain, dreading the answer.

"I should say so. Cherry Broxholm is my second cousin."

"Oh, that's all right! I don't care twopence about Cherry Broxholm!"

"Look here, old man, you may have three stars on your sleeve, but that doesn't give you the privilege of insulting the sweetest girl in the world!"

"My dear fellow," explained the young Captain excitedly, "I'm not insulting anybody! You don't understand. My girl is also called Cherry!"

"Nonsense!"

"I tell you she is!"

"But it's such an uncommon name."

"I know. That's why it never occurred to me that any other Cherry had left a message on the slate."

"My dear old man, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Can't you see it? We went to the wrong departments. We went to the wrong boxes, old sport! You ought to have gone to the Wine, and I ought to have gone to the Glass! Well, of all the——"

"But the message telling me to meet her in the Glass was in Cherry's writing."

"Oh, all girls write alike,"

"I'm blowed if they do! Cherry—Miss Broxholm writes a beautiful hand."

"Have you got any of it with you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I do happen to have a photograph of her with some scribble on the back. Why I kept it I can't imagine! However——"

The Lieutenant fumbled in his tunic and produced a fairly battered portrait. A tender inscription on the back was shown, somewhat hesitatingly, to the young Captain.

"Yes," he admitted, "it's uncommonly like Cherry's."

"Have you got a bit of your girl's fist on you?" asked Layman.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I have. But it's not exactly a photograph."

Then he, in his turn, fumbled, and at last produced, with blushes that showed through the tan of France, a very dirty and crumpled exercise-book.

"What the devil's this?" inquired Layman.

"I bagged it. You see, it was all rather sudden. We hadn't got as far as exchanging photographs, but I wanted some sort of a little souvenir, so I sneaked this."

"But why an exercise book, all full of kid's scrawl?"

"With her corrections. See? She happens to be a governess."

"Oh!" Mr. Layman nodded complete understanding. "Her fist is certainly very like Cherry's. I say, old buffer, we made a pretty muddle of it!"

"You bet we did! What must Cherry have thought of me?"

"And what must Cherry have thought of me? No wonder she didn't write!"

"Did you write?" asked the young Captain.

"No, I was too sick. I tried to get killed."

"So did I .... Cherry's probably married by this time."

"Cherry often talked about being a nun ...."

Again they relapsed into gloomy silence and stared at the Channel. What had been bad before was infinitely worse now. Hitherto they had felt themselves wronged. Now they knew that, unwittingly, they had appeared heartless and caddish in the eyes of the girls.

A sudden crackling overhead caught the listless attention of the young Captain. He looked up at the receiving wires with dull eyes.

"Probably a submarine," he muttered.

"Hope so," replied Mr. Layman.

The crackling continued, and at last the fairies—or Puck repentant?—contrived to crackle an idea into the brain of the young Captain.

"By Jove!" he breathed.

"What?" came the listless answer.

"I wonder if they'd let me send a private message to London?"

The two warriors stared hard at one another for nearly a minute. Their brains were very busy. Then, like one man, they made a dash for the operator's cabin.

IV.

WHAT the wireless operator did or said is not on record, nor does it very much matter. Sufficient to know that a very gay *partie carrée* sat down to dinner that night at a little restaurant where the vulgar are unknown and the ostentatious never enter. The two Cherries, for all the differences between them, had the Emporium in common—and, maybe, something else.

The dinner ended at ten precisely, and the *partie carrée* broke in half at the door of the restaurant and was whirled off in two taxicabs. With the first cab we have no further concern; we may, however, ride a little way—only a little way—in the second.

"By the way," said Cherry, when she was allowed to say anything, "your friend Mr. Layman is not a very truthful person."

"Not he!" agreed the young Captain, wrecking the Lieutenant's reputation with the utmost indifference.

"He wanted to be complimentary at dinner, so he said that he perfectly well remembered seeing me in the Glass Department while he was waiting there by mistake."

"He'd have been a blind idiot if he hadn't seen you!"

"But that's just it—he didn't!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I wasn't there!"

"Cherry! So if I'd really gone to the right department, *I* shouldn't have seen you, either?"

"I'm afraid not."

"You're a heartless little flirt! I shall stop the cab and get out!"

"After all, it might be the best thing to do."

"D'you mean that?"

"I don't want you ever to be sorry."

"But don't you love me?"

"I can only judge by my actions."

"And your action was to tell me you were

in the Glass Department, and then not go there! So you can't love me!" And the miserable young Captain called through the speaking-tube.

The cab slowed down. Cherry, in her corner, was as still as a mouse.

"Good night," said the soldier, opening the door.

"He couldn't hear if you got in and shut the door."

The young Captain hesitated. Then he suddenly, and without explanation to the driver, re-entered the cab.

"Well?"

"I shan't explain if you speak in that gruff tone!"



"'Well, we can't have a row with the man listening.'"

"What are you going to do?" she murmured out of the darkness.

"Throw myself in the river."

"Why?"

"You know why."

"I don't."

"Well, we can't have a row with the man listening."

"I beg your pardon."

"That's better. It's very unkind of you to misjudge me like this!"

"But you said——"

"I said that I wasn't in the Glass Department. That's quite true. I wasn't. Shall I tell you where I was?"

"If you think I can bear it."

"I think you might. Next time you go to the Emporium, have a look at the Glass Department. You'll notice a door—a door with glass panels—that leads to the lift. I was the other side of that door."

"My dear girl! Why?"

"You don't know much about girls, you old duffer! You don't suppose I was going to let you find me waiting for you, do you?"

The young Captain snatched at the speaking-tube.

"Go on!" he cried. "Only look here—go round by way of Richmond!"

FORTUNES AT THE GIPSY FAIR.

WHEN the Midsummer fires of heat burn slow,
Will the love-flames flicker one by one,
While the ember glow of the bramble smoulders low,
And the Hallowmas days speed on?

Before the brown acorn is loosened from her cup,
And the gossamers spin silk o' night,
Ere the quince-gold moon o' Martinmas creeps up
In a rosy gloaming light;

Your fate shall overtake you as the gipsy horse rides
Fast, faster, on the heather rimed o'er;
You scheme, plot, and plan, yet Fate decides
When you come to the cross-roads four!

Or ever the last of the dahlia petals fall,
Or the last apple drops in dewy grass,
You shall know what the days led up to, all,
As the misty-mooned evens pass.

For the gossamers tawny and the spindle tree,
And the white-fleeced mallows by the stream,
They spin, wind, and weave, each October eve,
And tangle you in mystic dream.

Is it roses of love, or blood of sacrifice?
Is it laughter sweet, or sobs o' sorrow?
Nay, kneel you to your prayers or ere the short day dies,
And God give you glad to-morrow!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.



A WIRING PARTY GOING OUT WITH TOOLS AND NEW "HARPOON" STAKES.

Photo supplied by Central News.

BARBED WIRE AS A DEFENSIVE FACTOR IN THE WAR

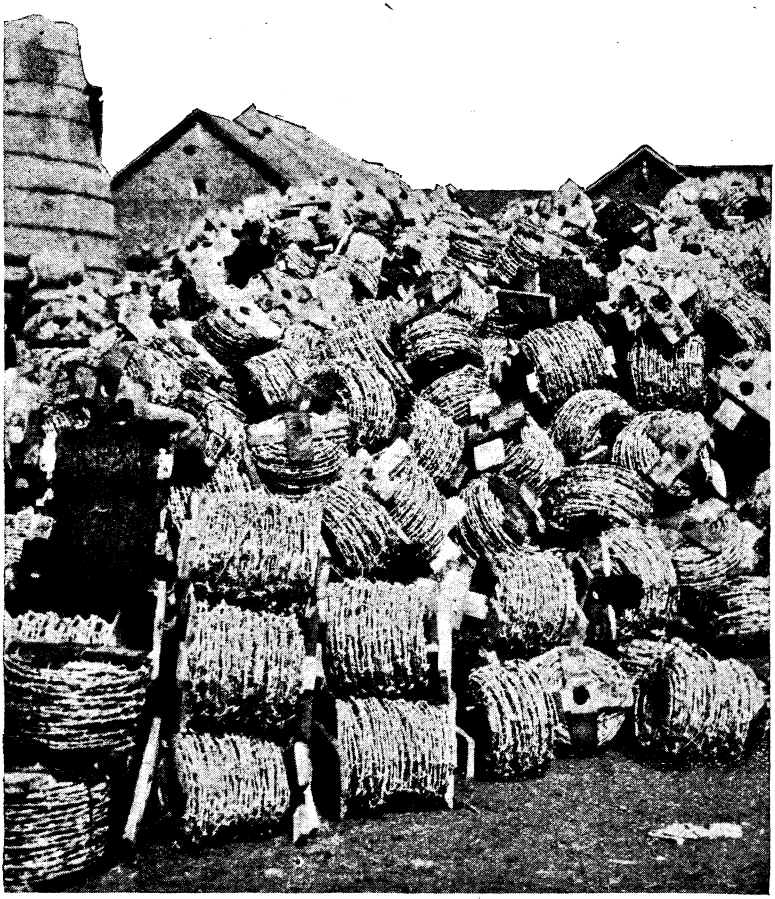
By E. D. USHAW

THREE tragic years have passed since the Germans took to those "rabbit tactics" which Mr. Lloyd George described as humiliating for "a proud Army that trained for years to trample the nations of Europe." And, having once dug in, the German formula was thenceforward entanglements and machine-guns. This system enabled two or three men to do the work of fifty—a serious consideration with the Russian offensive at that time in full blast, and over a thousand miles of war-front to be maintained in the East and West. To dig and defend was the new German watchword after that mighty failure on the Marne, and defence was largely a matter of barbed wire—a matter easily stated, but extremely hard to convey to the civilian, as every soldier will tell you.

German engineers instructed their Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgar allies on the use of wire in this War; no doubt the stuff was supplied to them from the Westphalian shops in hundreds of thousands of miles. Certain it is that no such entanglements were ever seen, or even imagined, as faced our men in the heartbreaking siege of positions into which the greatest of wars at last degenerated all the way from the Aisne to the Tigris, and from Vimy Ridge to the jungle paths of East and South-West Africa. I am often asked: "Did the Germans invent barbed wire as a military obstacle?" No, they did not. But they were immensely struck with the possibilities of it after seeing the use which the Boers made of it, especially at Elandslaagte.

Low trip-wires and high, deep entanglements played a serious part in the carnage of the Russo-Japanese and Balkan campaigns. That the Belgian Army was well acquainted with this new defence appears in the historic siege of Liège—that unforeseen holocaust of the too-confident Huns. General Leman entrapped his enemy wholesale in vast nets of wire swept with machine-guns and electrically charged, so that the invader's ranks were literally mown like June hay. No doubt the Berlin Staff, ever ready to learn, laid the lesson of Liège to heart. At any rate, the

Germans were soon producing wire that became thicker and thicker in strand and barbs. It was more and more freely fixed, until it grew at last into forests that called for special guns and shells, harpoons and cutters and armoured cars. These last culminated in the famous "Tanks," which fairly "walked" through the spinous meshes, and then hunted out the machine-gunners. Here you see the unresting play of offence and defence—the military obstacle that scores for a season, and is then countered by another invention.



BARBED WIRE LEFT BEHIND BY THE GERMANS IN ONE OF THEIR FRONT TRENCHES CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH.

Photo by Photopress.

The use of obstacles in war is as old as war itself. Bruce at Bannockburn had his turf-covered holes and caltrops, which differ only in degree from the military pits of Vauban and the cross-welded spikes called crow's-feet, thrown down to disable cavalry in a bygone age. But no obstacle—no abattis, palisade, or *chevaux de frise*—ever had the deadly efficacy of this modern barbed wire. It is so intangible, so easily replaced over immense areas, so perplexing and difficult to "negotiate," even by the most heroic of troops. No unbiassed writer will deny the military genius of the German in a purely defensive war. His subterraneous *fortins* baffle all description; his tortuous chasms, his cupolas of armoured steel, his casemates and blockhouses, redoubts and cemented shelters, all festooned and wreathed and hedged with that wire which has so completely transformed the old classic methods of infantry attack.

"It is a war of machines," Mr. Lloyd George never wearied of impressing upon our munition workers. And woe to the troops who go over the top before those machines have done their part and cut down the impassable jungles of wire. They have caught men in thousands and cruelly held them whilst the murderous automatics sprayed death along the line at six hundred shots a minute.

It was insufficient artillery preparation which led to our repulse before Aubers; it was a broad unbroken sheet of wire which involved us in such tragic losses at Neuve Chapelle. Our men would not retreat, fevered as they were with the joy of battle. They hacked at the wire with any and every weapon, as their forefathers did at the "crossed swords" in the *chevaux de frise* at Badajoz. The "Die-hard" Middlesex here brought new lustre upon old traditions; but after raging three times

against unbroken wire, they had to move on and find a gap elsewhere.

The same obstacle was encountered at Givenchy. "As the enemy's wire was insufficiently cut," reports the Commander-in-Chief, "very little progress could be made." From Neuve Chapelle to Arras and Messines is a gigantic step in war equipment and aggressive tactics. But the barbed wire has throughout been a serious problem, calling into play all the available genius of the

with a serum which infuriated them. A few bombs exploded in their midst sent the buffaloes charging headlong down the passes of the Monte Corada, smashing with horns and hoofs through deep thickets of wire, and routing the terrified Austrian garrison. Again and again this bovine stampede was tried. The enemy now laid mines before their wire, so as to destroy these living "tanks" of the Italians. But even in death the buffaloes did their work, opening



PREPARING BARBED WIRE TO TAKE UP TO THE LINE FOR ENTANGLEMENTS

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.

Trench Warfare Department, the Munitions Inventions, and the Board of Research, which is under Lord Fisher—a body which has already examined thousands of devices.

This matter of wire has a crude, prosaic sound, yet to the veteran soldier it connotes strife as strange as any fiction-monger could set before us. Think of the Italians enlisting half-wild buffaloes to break down Austrian entanglements on the Isonzo! These cumbrous beasts were first inoculated

a safe way for King Victor's heroic Alpini. The headlong animals not only broke down the wire and demoralised the Austrians, but even when blown up they provided their masters with meat: the Italians feasted bravely in positions won for them by their four-legged friends.

As the War progressed, the wire grew stouter and more formidably barbed. But far more astonishing was the quantity of it; one hesitates to describe the lavish

way in which this hideous stuff was laid by Germany and her Allies, lest one be thought to exaggerate. No wonder that wire was the theme of every soldier's letter home, the marvel of our Army Engineers, the gunner's anxiety, and the brigadier's despair. Take those historic Gallipoli landings. Here in shallow water were deadly festoons and savage nets of destruction pegged down under classic seas and forming an all but impassable barrier.

In the winter gullies, pits, and bogs were cunningly wired. Olive groves and fields fairly glistened with blue and silver strands of which the thorns were indeed "outgrown like spiked aloe." It was not the sort of wire that vexes the hunting-man at home, but the savage Krupp variety, thick as your thumb, and therefore not to be cut with any ordinary pliers. Strongly criss-crossed between iron posts, with barbs closer than spines on a holly-leaf, here were jungles often eight feet high and fifty feet in depth. On the Russian front, which was always thinly held, the Germans used wire by the train-load. Six or eight Army Corps would in the ordinary way be needed to defend the forty-mile stretch between Bzura and Revka Rivers. There was not one fourth of this man-power present, but a mere garrison for every six miles or so. Here and there that garrison had wire jungles four miles deep in front of them, and, of course, an abnormal number of machine-guns in mysterious nests. It was the wire and the automatic rifle which enabled the German High Command to transfer hundreds of thousands of men from the Eastern Front, as the menace on the West grew more and more insistent. It was against Russia, too, that German experts tried special engines for wire-destroying. A flame of great intensity was emitted at the wire from steel cylinders filled with petrol and kerosene. The jet ignited on issue at high pressure—seven hundred pounds to the square inch; and so great was the heat generated, that the wire fused and wilted like dry twigs in a forest fire. The apparatus was not reliable, however; it was frequently more of a danger than a German aid. On the Warsaw front scores of these wire destroyers were seen dangling on the barbed strands, entrapped like flies in a web which the Russian engineers had carefully electrified after they had woven it.



BARBED WIRE ROUND A FRONT-LINE TRENCH.

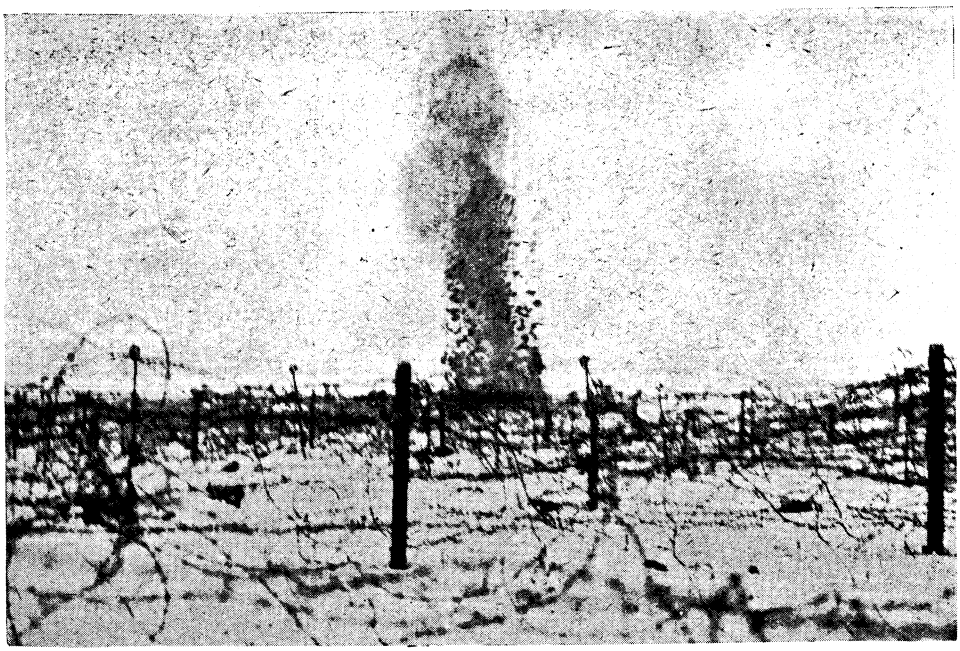
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by "Topical."

But it is on the Western Front that wire is lavished with a profusion which

must be seen to be believed. Here are hedges and thickets in places four hundred yards deep, calling for a prodigal expenditure of shells from the wire-cutting guns. And the German is for ever trying new experiments with his field fortifications. He substituted iron posts for wooden ones; he backed his "blue jungles" with tough wattle, so as to avoid disfigurement and the wounding of men when our shapnel and high-explosive began to drive lanes through the wire, as a preliminary to a British advance in force. Front line and support lines, the second and third positions—all are a-glitter with these formidable entanglements.

used as the Germans use it, kills many military birds at one stretching. At the same time a skilful barrage will entrap them in their own wire, as happened at Lagnicourt, where the Australians had a shooting gallery unmatched in the whole War. Here a German advance was swept into a barbed-wire forest, laced in designs of great height and depth before the concreted fire-platforms of a trench fortress.

Our men saw fifteen hundred Germans enmeshed in their own toils. Frenzied figures now tore at the stuff; guttural screams besought the German gunners to shell the upper banks and give them



HOW THE ARTILLERY CUTS BARBED WIRE: A SHELL BURSTING AMONG ENTANGLEMENTS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Sport & General.

There are copses and spinneys of wire as far as the eye can see. And no matter how much of the stuff is already staked out, the Germans are never tired of adding to it—replacing fallen stakes, reinforcing the old wire which is rusty and dark with fresh, gleaming coils thicker than ever and still more fiendishly barbed.

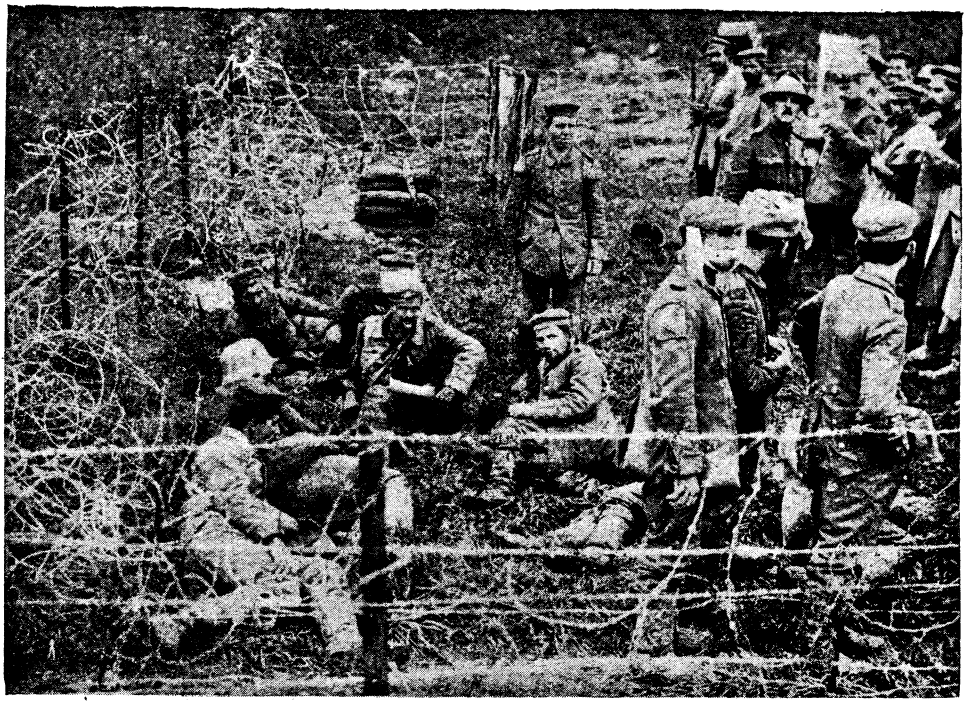
There was a time when shapnel could blast a path with comparative ease through the wire. But this grew increasingly difficult, calling at last for hundreds of thousands of rounds and whole days of careful bombardment. Of course, this eats into shell supplies; so that barbed wire,

a chance for life. Those gunners responded—and killed off their own men! Australians and Britons now spread out in the open and began a rifle practice never seen before. Each marksman had a hundred rounds. Soon bodies were piled upon bodies in serried rows, swaying limply on the taut barbed strands. Not one of those Germans remained alive.

There is no check so serious as to be "hung up on the wire" and played upon by machine-guns from cunning redoubts. In the old days the ordinary Service wire-cutter dealt fairly well with these entanglements; but as the wire grew thicker, and

mere fences thickened into mazes and jungles hundreds of yards deep, the military problem grew very serious indeed. New and powerful wire-cutters were fitted upon the men's rifle barrels. We have here the immemorial vieing between attack and defence, a strife that will never end until war itself is superseded and reason reigns in the quarrels of nations. At length there could be no hand-cutting of these rusty or shining strands — these huge cocoons and beds and ramparts of wire which could lacerate a soldier to the bone and tear him to pieces whilst holding him up as a target posts thin out and those loathly strands become lighter and more shaky.

Fuses are lengthened now, so that the bursting shells will graze ; and in forty rounds or so a ragged lane will appear through which the German parapet gleams, with its curious arrangement of sand-bags coloured by the Boche *camoufleurs* with instinctive skill. Here comes a pause. The line of fire shifts higher up ; another rift is started, and the enemy is busy with the same work, so that wire-repairing is an endless task for soldier wits. It is, of course, done mainly at night— a job of reckless peril and strange encounters



A BARBED WIRE CAGE IN WHICH PRISONERS ARE MUSTERED BEHIND THE LINES.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Sport & General.

for the guns. And however great the havoc wrought by our batteries in daylight, the patient Germans made good the gaps at night, adding more and yet more—tier behind tier, with bells attached and all manner of tricky tell-tales and man-traps. After Neuve Chapelle new methods of wire-cutting by the artillery were devised. For in that bloody battle a dreadful ordeal was due entirely to uncut wire, with machine-guns hidden behind it. A battery of four-inch calibre will now tear away the wire like magic. You will see little puff-ball blossoms playing in the rigid maze, till the out in No Man's Land. "The tragedy of an advance," the artillery major tells you, "is painted red on the barbed wire entanglements." These must at all costs be swept away, and the efforts of both sides account for those "wiring parties" that creep out in the small hours to brave all the terrors of darkness and make good the gaps. The stuff is put up in reels ; the stakes are harpoon-like iron rods which are set up afresh in the torn sectors, and new strands laced over chopped-up lanes driven through the maze of wire by concussion shell.

"We spent five hours patching and



TESTING PROTECTIVE DEVICES FOR GAUNTLETS AND GAITERS FOR NEGOTIATING THE ENEMY'S WIRE.

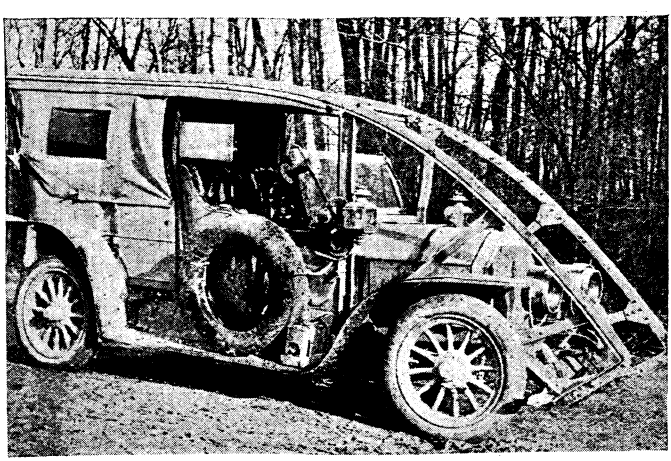
Photo by Newspaper Illustrations.

doctoring our wire," a skilful night craftsman told me. "I finished up at dawn with a few artistic curves. I had two lads unrolling the healing stuff whilst I arranged it in the prettiest loops. I linked it this way and that, tightly, loosely—anyhow. I laid trips down low — the sort that cling at a touch and follow one lovingly, leaping to caress the neck or the leg just as a Véry light sails up and exposes the victim to our watchful snipers. I tell you it's possible to be an artist in barbed wire as in any other novel medium."

The art is practised in very sinister surroundings. Rockets ascend in showers, revealing a group of men face downward in dust or mud, amid broken standards and jagged strips of breached wire. A machine-gun rattles out a stream of shot. The bullets strike sparks from the endless strands, travelling along them with sharp metallic pings. But those artificial stars grow pale and fall. The wiring-men straighten up, pick and spade get to work again, and the wire is soon festooned and drawn taut. "Just one more mug-rack," the artist pleads, and builds a new one of his own devising.

Ask the veteran soldier what he thinks of the barbed wire jungles of this War. Strange to say, this stuff came originally from America, where the "high-browed" East is apt to speak of "the barbed wire civilisation west of the Rocky Mountains." It was a young Illinois farmer, John W. Gates—afterwards a millionaire and a noted personality in Wall Street and the produce Exchanges—who may be said to have invented barbed wire. Certainly the cowboys of Western ranches welcomed the novelty, for it kept the frisky steers within decent bounds, which the costliest and most substantial fence had failed to do.

Naturally, the South African pastoralists took to barbed wire; it was as useful to stockmen of the veldt as to the American rancher of the prairies. And the Boer farmers, as we all know, used wire entanglements to entrap our horsemen, often enough with fatal success. Their German volunteers added the machine-gun, and so laid the foundation of a defensive war which has since assumed enormous proportions. It is not possible to exaggerate the quantities of wire used by all the belligerents. Naturally, barbed wire has nearly trebled in price, so insistent is the demand. In September of 1914 it



A MOTOR DEVICE FOR CUTTING THROUGH WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

Photo supplied by Central News.

stood at £8 17*s.* 6*d.* a ton. I lately saw a requisition at £14 a ton; but the merchant appealed for a certificate at £24, the market having risen to that figure.

Our Trench Warfare Department has throughout been concerned with devices to outwit or destroy the German wire. It is well known that special motors were designed, with great sweeping knives extending from the bonnet over the top and down to the back of the car. And as inventions of the Allies are largely pooled, with *liaison* officers between each Department, all devices became common property in our common cause. The Italians used iron pipes filled with blasting gelatine, exploded by a fuse; this made a wide breach in the wire jungle, through which the mountain bombers could advance. The French tried hooked spears, and hauled the wire bodily away with cables. The grapnels were thrown by means of rockets.

We used war-chariots against the Turkish lines at Krithia—armoured cars that threw out grappling irons, and then put on full speed to tear the entanglements away. Our rank and file tried planks and "travesors" of different types. One of these was a sort of quilt made of toughened cotton fibre which muffled the worst spikes and turned the wire into a mere wall, easily enough climbed by men in full field kit. These "travesors" could also be used as camp equipment; they were soft to lie on, and formed a warm wrapping for chilly nights. The Russians used an elaborate device called "The Devil's Wall" against the German wire. This was a breast-high barrier of steel mounted upon wheels. It could be telescoped sideways, and it sheltered men from small-arm fire as they advanced on the entanglements. Once in the German jungle, mechanical arms reached out to clip and hack away the opposing strands, while the assaulting groups crouched behind until the work was done and a passage cleared.

But no device equalled the famous Tanks as wire-destroyers—the *Panzerkraftwagen* which so demoralised the Germans on the Somme, especially at Flers and Courcelette. In these battles H.M. Landship *Devil's Delight* simply walked through the forests of wire, rooting out the machine-gun nests.

Nothing stopped these giant toads but a direct artillery hit; and in the wake of each were roads through the wire such as train-loads of shells could never have effected.



BRITISH SOLDIERS USING OLD ENEMY ENTANGLEMENTS FOR CLOTHES LINES.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Central Press.

THE CLOCK

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

Illustrated by A. Gilbert

THE remarkable thing about Graver's clock was not that it would not go, but that it was one of the only two timepieces in Graver's house, and that the household was entirely dependent on a cheap alarum that the cook kept in the kitchen, carried up to bed with her, and, I fear, sometimes altered to suit her own convenience. Yet that wretched little contraption was allowed to dominate everything—up to a certain point. It was given half an hour's grace in either direction. Beyond these limits Graver interposed.

"But I assure you, sir," Mrs. Lawn, the cook, would say, "I've never knowed it to lose a minute a week."

Then Graver would take Mrs. Lawn out of doors, and either point out the sun or the place where the sun ought to be.

"You are thirty-five minutes slow," he would say. And sometimes he would have to do this after dark. Then he would point at the stars. Only a starless and moonless night placed Graver at a disadvantage. Here, to misquote a well-known phrase, Graver's difficulty was Mrs. Lawn's opportunity. On such nights there was no knowing whither the hands of the alarum clock would wander. But they had to come back to heel in the morning. Half an hour either way—that was the limit.

From all this the reader will gather that Graver was not quite an ordinary man, and that the catching of trains and the keeping of appointments had no place in his life. His astronomy, of course, must have been a mere farce, for the most accurate chronometers are required in studying the movements of the stars. But he kept all the outward show of an astronomer. His house was set on the top of a lonely hill, and the dome of his observatory rose high above the small, square building. He had a fine revolving telescope, and charts, and everything money could buy for him. Night after night he shut himself up behind a locked door in the glass dome, and, I suppose, studied the heavens. The locked door was a certainty, but what took place behind it can only be left to the imagination. For my own part, I could not picture an astronomer without an accurate timepiece.

Well, anyway, the one clock in the house—Mrs. Lawn's electro-plated drum was not really a clock at all, seeing that the machinery was to some extent worked by Mrs. Lawn's own fat fingers—was broken, and, according to Graver, could not be mended, or was not worth mending. My own opinion was that the outward shell of it was not worth keeping, either. If it had been a handsome Chippendale bracket clock, or one of those gleaming brass things that are miscalled "Cromwellian," or some dainty French affair of white alabaster and ormolu and blue enamel, it might have served purely as an ornament. But it was a heavy, hideous Mid-Victorian clock of cheap greenish marble—the sort of thing that at one time almost invariably served as a wedding present or a gift to the curate from his parish. The hands stood at twenty-three minutes past eleven, and, for all I knew to the contrary, had stood there for many years. The thing was never allowed to be moved from its place on the mantelpiece in Graver's study, and the only time I ever knew it to be of any use was one evening when a very dull and pompous neighbour was dining with Graver. About ten o'clock this gentleman, in the middle of a long speech on the political situation, suddenly glanced at the mantelpiece and rose to his feet.

"I had no idea," he said. "I'm afraid I must be getting home." And neither Graver nor myself enlightened him.

Well, so much for Graver's clock. Of the man himself there was—at the time I have chosen for the commencement of this story—not very much of interest to tell you. He was, I think, fifty-five years of age, a tall, thin man, with a stoop, and rather shabby clothes. His clean-shaven face was just a little grim to those who had never seen him smile—one of those hatchet-shaped, lantern-jawed faces that so often go with intellect and a strong will. His once black hair was grey, and in his dark eyes there was the look of a man who is constantly gazing at far-off things.

I liked the man very much. I liked him from the first time he gave me one of those rare smiles of his. He was always glad to see me when he was not working. I lived at the bottom of the hill, and he lived at the top, and I think it is proof enough of my friendship to say that I was willing to climb eight hundred feet of rough road and foot-path—and on dark nights I had to carry a lantern in my hand—to dine with him once a week.

The only thing that worried me about Graver was that infernal clock. Neither jest nor argument would persuade him either to get rid of it or make it serve some useful purpose in life. I don't know why the thing worried me. It was ugly enough, but there were other ugly things in the study. I may have got tired of seeing the hands always pointing to twenty-three minutes past eleven, but I don't think it was altogether that. I think it really must have been the absolute uselessness of the thing in a house where it would have proved most useful if it had been in working order.

"I rely on Mrs. Lawn," Graver would say. "One clock in a house is enough. A multiplicity of clocks makes for confusion," and so on. Finally I dropped the subject altogether. I got tired of jesting about it, and it was not a matter that could be discussed seriously. Knowing what I do now about Graver and his clock, I sometimes wonder at the marvellous self-control of the man. He was never once angry with me when I chaffed him about it.

It was on August 12, 1910—I remember the exact date very well, because I noted it in my diary—that I first came into touch with what one may call the undiscovered portion of Ralph Graver's life and character.

I was dining at The Kite's Nest that night, and after dinner we went into the study to smoke our pipes. It was very warm, even for August, and the French window was wide open. The moon was shining brightly, and from where I sat in my ugly but comfortable arm-chair I could see a wide stretch of hill and valley, and the yellow lights of houses in the village at the foot of the hill, and a train crawling like a glow-worm in the distance. Ralph Graver had his back to the window, and was sitting near to the fireplace, just as if he wanted the warmth of a fire in the empty grate. In the centre of the room an oil lamp shed a glow that did not reach any farther than Graver's face. Round the lamp half a dozen moths fluttered in their efforts to die. There was no sound in the room but the fluttering of the moths; but down in the valley one could hear clearly the barking of a dog, and the faint sound of the train that pushed its way southwards at a distance of seven or eight miles.

We had been talking about some fanciful scheme of Graver's for the abolition of work-houses, and, as we both agreed on the matter, there was no food for discussion, and, when Graver had explained his views, the talk petered out into silence.

It was then that for the first time I noticed the absence of the clock. The mantelpiece, mind you, was in shadow, and not very distinct; but as I rose from my chair to knock out the ashes of my pipe into the grate, I saw that the clock had been removed.

"Gone to be mended?" I asked, with a smile.

"Not exactly," Graver replied. "I have taken it up to my observatory. I am going to clean it up a bit."

There were a few moments of silence, and then I said—

"You value that clock, Graver?"

"Yes," he replied curtly.

"You have pleasant memories associated with it?"

"Not exactly, Thornaby, but it keeps me up to the mark."

"I do not quite understand."

"Of course you don't, Thornaby."

Then he rose from his chair and walked to the window.

"That's the nine-five from Exton," he said. "It is a very punctual train, and I am always telling Mrs. Lawn to set her clock by it."

He obviously did not wish to talk any further about the green marble monstrosity that had, for a year and a half, at any rate, been a conspicuous feature of his mantelpiece.

"Time is of no importance," I said.

"It is everything," he replied, "but clocks do not affect it. It goes on just the same. The only clocks in this world are the sun and the moon and the stars."

"And Mrs. Lawn's alarum," I added. "What time do you make it now—by the moon?"

He did not answer. I could not see his face very clearly, but it seemed to me as though he were listening to some sound that I could not hear. He was not looking down towards the valley, but sideways, along the top of the hill, at a great wood. I filled my pipe and lit the tobacco. Then I joined him at the window.

"What a ripping night!" I said. "I hope I am not keeping you from your work?"

"The moon is doing that," he answered. Then he held up his left hand. "Please be quiet for a moment," he added, after a pause.

I leant against the other side of the window and glanced at Graver's face. He was obviously listening for some sound that had attracted his attention. For my own part I could hear nothing. The dog had ceased to bark, and the distant noise of the train had moved away into silence. Even for those few moments the moths no longer fluttered round the shade of the lamp.

"Do you hear anything?" he queried, in a low voice.

"Nothing at all," I answered.

"I thought I heard voices a minute ago. I can hear nothing now."

"Some folk going across to Austin's Farm," I said.

"Very likely," he replied, but I knew from the tone of his voice that he thought otherwise. He turned away from the window.

"It is very lonely up here," he said, "and at times one fancies all sorts of things at night. Sometimes in my observatory I have heard queer sounds — something tapping against the glass, someone fumbling with the catch of the window, even voices—while I have been gazing at some star. One has to work in darkness, you know, and I suppose one's senses are very receptive. Once—I remember it was a very clear, dark, windy night—the whole glass dome seemed to creak and groan as the wind shook it. I had made some observations, and I switched on my electric lamp to mark them on my chart, and I saw, as clearly as I see you now, a white face against the glass, or what looked like the white face of a woman. Of course, it was quite impossible for anyone to have climbed into that position—the glass would not have borne her weight—but for the moment I felt like a frightened child. I switched off the light, walked to the window, and switched the light on again. It was only a piece of paper, after all. In a few seconds the wind had blown it away again."

I smiled. I did not quite know what to say to this confession of Graver's. He was not at all the sort of man to be frightened of ghosts, nor, for that matter, of anything material. I could tell you of at least one act of physical courage on his part.

"I suppose," I said lamely, after a pause, "that there are times when one doesn't quite collect one's senses, like waking out of a dream, for instance. You were thinking of some star, and then you looked up and saw a face against the glass. You couldn't quite focus your thoughts at first."

"Something like that, I expect. Will you have a drink?"

"Not just yet, thanks," I replied.

"Oh, well——" he said, and he mixed himself a whisky and soda. And it was at that moment that I knew Graver's nerves were out of order. His hand shook slightly as he poured out the whisky; and when he raised the glass to his lips and said "Good luck," I noticed that he drank greedily. I am a doctor, and I have been trained to notice such things. As a rule, Graver did not drink spirits at all.

II.

An hour later I left the house, carrying away with me a not altogether pleasant impression of my evening at The Kite's Nest. I seemed, somehow, to have got beneath the surface of Graver. He was afraid of someone—or was it *something?*—in his past life. He had, perhaps, expected a visitor that evening, and had feared the interview. It was even possible that he had asked me to dine with him on that particular night, so that he could have some excuse for not seeing this visitor alone. All this was, of course, pure imagination on my part. The only certain thing was that Graver had drunk a glass of whisky and soda, and that his hand had shaken. Very little, indeed, on which to build up a theory. Graver was ill—very probably he was ill. Himself had spoken of certain hallucinations experienced while he was working in his observatory. That pointed to a disordered state of mind. Overwork was it, or worry? And then that infernal clock. No doubt it

had played some part in his life. "It keeps me up to the mark," he had said. What did he mean by that? Such a very odd thing for a man to say—I mean odd if he did not intend to say anything further and give some explanation of the remark. Had Graver been trying to make a fool of me? He knew my curiosity about the clock, and perhaps he had only intended to give the clock some kind of importance that it did not really possess. Graver had a certain grim humour that was rather amusing when it was directed at the foibles of other people.

I am such a very ordinary fellow myself that anything bizarre or odd about other people suggests all sorts of curious things to my mind. Certainly the result of the two or three hours that I had spent with Graver was to set my brain working on new lines. As I walked down the long hill in the moonlight, I began to look on Graver as a "case." My path in life had led me to a quiet country practice, but I read a good deal, and kept myself up to date. I had always fancied myself as a "brain specialist." Needless to say, that kind of work very rarely comes into the daily round of a country practitioner. If Graver should turn out to be a "case"——

My thoughts were suddenly checked by the sound of footsteps below me. The rough road, with its surface of solid limestone rock, was at this point sunk several feet below the surface of the field through which it passed. I could not see the person who was coming towards me. I could only hear the scraping of feet upon the stone.

"Graver's visitor," I thought, and then I laughed as the man came into view. It was Coleman, my chauffeur-gardener, a lean, scarecrow of a man, with reddish whiskers. When he was gardening, he grumbled and said that he "*did* know something about a car"; when he drove the car, he spoke with respect of his garden. "If I could only stick to flowers and vegetables, sir," he would say, "you and I'd get along fine."

"Hello, Coleman!" I shouted. "What's up?"

He breathed heavily, and did not reply until he was close to me.

"Haccident, sir!" he gasped. "Lady motorin'—down by Phipps's Corner. Came round it a bit too sharp, she did, I reckon." Then he chuckled. "That be a rare corner for furriners, sir, as don't know."

I hurried on down the hill, and Coleman told me such details as he knew. The lady was by herself in a Ford car, and had run off the road into a very thick, yielding, but prickly hedge. She had been a bit "faint like" at first, and had hurt her arm. She had been carried to "The Plough" by the two men who had found her, and put to bed. She was not a young lady, "but wonderful good-looking for her age." She might be about fifty, and she might not. She had a bit of luggage with her.

I reached "The Plough" at half-past ten, and found my prospective patient in the best bedroom. She was a short-haired, good-looking woman of about fifty—or would have been good-looking if the thorns of the hedge had not made a dozen scars on her face. She told me her name was Mrs. Roscoe, and that she was touring through the West of England. I examined her right wrist and arm, and found that the arm was broken. I set it, and asked her if she would like me to write or telegraph to anyone in the morning.

"No, thank you, Dr. Thornaby," she replied. "I would rather not frighten anybody. This village is King's Merton, isn't it?"

"Yes. Very quiet and out of the way," I replied.

"Those hills," she said, "they are fine in the moonlight. I think I was looking at them when I turned the corner. Can I see them from here?"

I was not quite sure if she could, so I drew back the curtain and pulled up the blind. I could see the great grey bulk of the hill plainly enough, and Graver's house, like a white-painted toy, on the top of it, and away to the left the long, dark wood that ran through three parishes.

"There you are, Mrs. Roscoe," I said, standing aside. "Of course, you would see better if there were no light in the room."

She moved her head to one side and blew out the two candles. I remember that at the time I thought this was a very odd proceeding on her part. There was certainly nothing conventional about her. I had suspected as much when I first saw her. Conventional women do not, as a rule, cut their grey hair short in that man-like fashion.

"It's a good view," she said again, after a few moments of silence. "That large wood looks like an animal crouching to spring, and then the white doll's house—yes, just like a big, black cat watching a white mouse. Who lives up there?"

"A Mr. Graver," I replied.

"He must be very lonely."

"I think he likes it. He is an astronomer."

"Is he happy up there, all alone? Ah, perhaps he has a wife and children?"

"No, he is a bachelor."

The woman laughed, and again there were a few moments of silence. Then I asked her if I should light the candles.

"No, thank you," she replied. "It does me good to look at the hills. I shall walk up there when I am better."

I promised to send round her medicine, and asked if there was anything more I could do for her. Then I said "Good night," and made my way down the steep, dark stairs. Mrs. Orton, the landlady, was waiting for me in the passage. She led the way into her private sitting-room, and I gave her instructions about the patient.

"Such an upset, sir," she said, "for all of us. Joe's gone down with one of the men and an 'orse to pull the car out of the ditch and get it 'ome. I 'ope they'll be back soon. She fair gives me the creeps, she do."

"Mrs. Roscoe?"

"Yes, sir, what with 'er 'air cut like a man's, and 'er way of talkin' to one, and—and——" She paused, staring at me with her gooseberry eyes.

"And what, Mrs. Orton?"

"This, sir," she said, in a low voice. Then she walked to an old bureau and, turning round, looked at me.

"Dunno as if I ought to show you, sir. I ain't showed it to my 'usband. You won't go tarkin' about it, sir?"

"Of course not, Mrs. Orton."

She hesitated for a moment, then she unlocked the top drawer of the bureau and took out a long carving knife with a white ivory handle. The blade, old and worn, tapered to a fine point.

"One could cut a round of beef nicely with that," I said.

"Aye, sir, and one's throat, or any other body's throat, for that matter. I thought it best to take it away from 'er."

"From Mrs. Roscoe?"

"Yes, sir. I unpacked 'er box, sir, soon as she were brought 'ere, to git out 'er linen. I found this at the bottom of 'er box, wrapped up in 'er dressin' jacket. It 'ad a cork on the end of it."

I took the knife from Mrs. Orton and tried the edge of it on my thumbnail. It was certainly a curious thing for an elderly woman to carry about with her, but it was none of my business.

"You'd better put it back," I said curtly. "If Mrs. Roscoe asks for it, you'll get into trouble."

"There's writin' on it, sir. I dunno what it means."

I turned the knife over and examined the other side of the blade. The inscription, cut in the steel, was certainly clear enough.

"August 12, 1895—11.23 p.m."

"H'm!" I said, after a pause. "A keepsake, I've no doubt. People have queer taste in such things."

"You think as I ought to put it back, sir?"

"Most certainly, Mrs. Orton. Now, please don't forget about Mrs. Roscoe's food—mutton broth, custards—that kind of thing. She may be worse to-morrow. I shall call about noon."

III.

I SUPPOSE every educated man has an idea, at some time or other in his life, that he has in him the making of a very tolerable detective, and yet ninety-nine men out of a hundred are no more fitted for the job than ninety-nine agricultural labourers. And the reason for this unfitness is that they have neither trained their memories nor their powers of observation. The delusion is fostered, I fancy, by the reading of detective stories, where all the salient facts are emphasised, so that the reader cannot miss any of them. When it comes to the work of a real detective, however, his investigations—useful or otherwise—are spread over a considerable space of time, and there is no author to point out the things he ought to remember.

Certainly in this particular instance I proved a sorry failure, for it was not until a week later, when I dined again with Graver, that I connected Mrs. Roscoe's knife with the clock, once more on the study mantelpiece. I remember I was just lighting my pipe at the time, and the flame of the match must have showed my face very clearly, for Graver said suddenly—

"Hello! What's up?"

"That old clock of yours," I said. "Up on the shelf again."

He looked at me for a few moments without speaking. Then he said: "I thought I'd told you that at dinner."

"If you did, it left no impression on my brain. Cleaned it, eh?"

"Yes," he replied. And then he began to talk in that quiet, interesting way of his about some book he had recently read. I am afraid I hardly listened to him. I was thinking of Mrs. Roscoe, lying in her bed at the inn and staring through the open window at the hills. I wondered whether

it would be right to tell Graver about the knife. A strange story began to weave itself in my brain—a story that had as many threads as a spider's web. I imagined all sorts of odd things.

to tell him nothing about the knife. Mrs. Roscoe—whoever she was—was helpless in bed, and could not do Graver any harm. But I thought I would satisfy my own curiosity.



"She held the knife out to Graver."

"Do you agree with me?" asked Graver abruptly, and I said "Yes." And then, from the next few remarks, I had to find out what he was talking about. It was not until he had said all he wished to say that I decided

"You heard about the accident?" I said abruptly. "The motor accident—the last night I was here?"

Yes, he had heard about it from his gardener. He did not approve of women

driving cars, but he hoped the lady was better.

His voice was quite calm as he spoke, and his face would not have given him away to the sharpest detective in the world.

"She likes these hills," I said. "When I went to see her a week ago, she asked me to draw up the blind, so that she could see the hills in the moonlight. Then she blew out the candles. An odd woman."

"Evidently," he said, with a smile. And then, as though Mrs. Roscoe did not interest him, he began to talk of the hills, and the fine freedom of the great tableland that stretched back behind them. I listened to him in silence. He had never before spoken to me so enthusiastically of his lonely life.

Then suddenly the flow of words ceased. He filled and lit his pipe, and, making his way to the French window, he drew back the curtains. It was a wet, stormy night, and the glass was flecked with raindrops. The wind was roaring across the valley from the west.

"Mrs. Lawn will have the better of you to-night," I jested.

He laughed and drew the curtains together again. I looked at my watch and saw that it was after eleven o'clock.

"I must be going home," I said.

He made no effort to detain me. I lit my lantern in the hall, shook hands with him, and went out into the storm.

"To-day week?" I queried.

"Yes, you must come as usual. We must let nothing interfere with these evenings. I think a great deal of them."

I walked a hundred yards down the hill, and, looking back, saw that the door was closed, but that the curtains of the study window were drawn back. A fan of light opened itself out into the darkness. My word, how it rained and stormed on the slope of the hill! Fifty yards further down the path I was nearly blown over, and, in endeavouring to save myself, I dropped the lantern, and it went out. I felt in my pockets and found an empty matchbox.

I had no intention of continuing my journey without a light, so I made my way back towards the house. But before I had taken more than a dozen steps I saw something dark move out from the edge of the lighted window. It did not detach itself from the blackness of the wall; it was as though the wall had bulged out in one or two places, and broken into the lighted rectangle of the window.

I stood motionless for nearly a minute, and then, as there was no further movement, I made a detour and stepped very softly, though the noise of the wind and rain would have overpowered the sound of a dozen tramping feet. When I was ten yards away from the window, I stopped again. I could see now that a woman was peering round the corner of the wall into the room. Part of her head and hat, one arm and one shoulder, stood out clearly against the light.

"Of course, it cannot be Mrs. Roscoe," I said to myself.

Indeed, it was incredible that a woman with a broken arm could have endured the torture of that long climb up the hill in the storm and darkness. But even as the impossibility of such a thing fixed itself decisively in my brain, I saw that it was Mrs. Roscoe. She moved a little further away from the wall, and I could see that her right arm was in a sling.

Of course, the woman was mad. Only the terrible strength of madness could have given her the power to fight with her agony. And in her very act I saw the cunning of insanity. She was going to kill Graver. Doubtless that long, ugly knife was in her left hand. Who would suspect her of the crime if she could get home in safety? There was hardly a juryman in the world who would believe that a woman with a broken arm had climbed that steep hill.

I moved a few paces nearer to her. I could see clearly into the room. Graver was standing with his back to the window, and he was apparently looking at the clock on the mantelpiece. The woman, of course, would not enter by the window. She would have to take Graver unawares. She would be no match for him if he saw her before she struck. She was only reconnoitring, so to speak. The time for interference had not come yet.

And then a strange thing happened. I saw the woman tap on the glass. I saw Graver turn round and walk up to the window. He opened it, and the woman entered. Then he closed the window again, and they stood facing each other. Graver leant against the mantelpiece, and I could see his lips move. The woman was silent. Her eyes were fixed on the clock. Her left hand hung motionless by her side, and the wrist was turned so that the knife was hidden behind her back. I could see it all clearly in the light of the lamp, for the shade had been removed. Up till then I wondered how Mrs. Roscoe had dressed herself. Now I saw that she was still in her night-dress,

and that a heavy motoring coat was flung over her shoulders.

It was a warm night in spite of the wind and rain. The burden of the coat must have been intolerable as she climbed the hill. Her bare feet had been thrust into heavy walking shoes, and the leather must have chafed her white skin horribly. Of course she was mad. And directly Graver turned his back for an instant, she would kill him.

I moved forward sharply, to warn Graver of his danger. Then I paused, for another very curious thing happened. The grip of the woman's hand shifted from the handle of the knife to the blade, and she held the knife out to Graver. He took it from her, and, opening the face of the clock, moved the hands to twenty-seven minutes past eleven.

Again he began to speak, and the woman answered him. Then I saw him stoop, place the blade under his foot, and break the knife in two pieces. He picked up the pieces, put them into a drawer, and locked it. Then he began to speak again, and I could see that he was pleading with the woman. It was just like watching a wordless play. I moved a little further back into the darkness as Graver took the woman in his arms and kissed her.

My only excuse for watching Graver had been to save his life. I turned my head and blundered down the hill in the darkness.

* * * * *

That same night Graver knocked at my door and roused me from my bed.

"I've just taken Mrs. Roscoe back to 'The Plough,'" he said. "She wandered up to The Kite's Nest in her sleep. I think you had better go and have a look at her. I will wait here until you return."

I asked no questions, and made my way to the inn. I found my patient little the worse for her adventure. A fire was lit in the grate, and there was a hot-water bottle in the bed, and Mrs. Roscoe was sipping a cup of hot soup. She looked extraordinarily happy.

I took the damp bandages from her arm, and replaced them with clean, dry linen. She chatted pleasantly all the while. I could hardly believe that she was the woman who had played a leading part in a grim drama—the drama I had seen through the window, as a man sees a wordless play on a lighted stage.

I stayed with her for a quarter of an hour, and then returned to my house. I found Graver standing just where I had left him—on the hearthrug of my dining-room, with his back to the grate.

"She's all right," I said. "I don't think she's even caught a chill. Of course, she'll feel the reaction to-morrow."

Graver nodded, opened his mouth as if to speak, and then began to fill his pipe. I mixed him a strong whisky and soda, and insisted on his drinking it.

"You're too old for this kind of thing," I said. "You'd better sleep here to-night."

He shook his head, but he drank the whisky and soda. Then he lit his pipe and stared down at the hearthrug. I had an idea that he had seen me outside the window, and that he was waiting for me to confess.

"August 12, 1895," I said slowly—"11.23 p.m."

He raised his head and looked at me, but he did not speak.

"Mrs. Orton found the knife in Mrs. Roscoe's box," I continued. "I think I can make her hold her tongue."

He looked down at the hearthrug again, and took his pipe from his mouth. But still he did not speak.

"My lantern went out to-night," I continued, "soon after I left you. I came back to get a light—but I blundered down in the dark, after all."

"I see," he said slowly. "You were watching through the window."

"It was not idle curiosity," I replied quietly. "I thought you were in danger, when I saw that woman with the knife."

"You want me to explain?" he said, after a pause.

I told him that I had no desire to pry into other folks' business. I only thought I'd better let him know what I had seen.

For nearly a minute there was silence in the room. Then Graver said abruptly. "That clock stopped suddenly seventeen years ago—on August the twelfth. Since then I have been dead. It is as though Time itself had stopped for seventeen years. Mrs. Roscoe is my wife. In a few weeks from now we shall live together again. The future is in her hands. I think that is all you need know."

He said good-night, and I followed him into the hall. A few moments later I watched the glow-worm of a light crawl slowly up the village street until it vanished behind the corner of an old barn.

I stood there with the rain beating on my face, and wondered how it must feel to have watched the clock of life stand still for seventeen years.

IV.

A MONTH later Graver and his wife left the village. I kept the little I knew of Mrs. Roscoe to myself, and it was not until a few weeks ago that I learnt something of the supreme tragedy of their lives.

I was staying with my friend Barnes at the time. I expect you have heard of George Barnes, the criminologist and writer of detective stories. Well, Barnes is a man who takes his line of literature very seriously, and, though he is neither a doctor nor a lawyer, he has a very pretty collection of notes on criminal trials. To spend a week with him is to live in an atmosphere of murder and every conceivable kind of crime. Not that he would talk "shop," unless one asked for it. But the trouble was that one simply had to ask for it, for he was one of the most interesting men on his own particular subject that I have ever met, and my desire to become a brain specialist naturally brought our own particular circles of thought into contact.

Well, one night we had been to see a revue—"Clinkers," I think it was called, or something like that—and when we got home we felt so thoroughly exhilarated that I longed for some kind of sedative.

"Tell me of some tragedy," I said to Barnes. "One cannot go to bed and sleep on such pure, unadulterated gaiety."

He lit his pipe and smiled. "Even to-night," he replied, "there was tragedy in the stalls. I saw a woman there—— Well, let's look it up."

He went to a shelf filled with huge volumes of press cuttings, took down one that was labelled "R to T," searched the index, and found the page he wanted.

"There was very little about it in the papers," he said, "but the case of Roscoe and his wife was most interesting, because I knew them, and I firmly believe that something very like a miracle saved Roscoe from the gallows."

"Roscoe?" I said. "Mrs. Roscoe?"

"Oh, well, it's not an uncommon name, Thornaby. Now, I'll just tell you what happened on"—he looked at the newspaper cutting—"on August 12, 1895. Roscoe was a drunkard, and at that time he was living with his wife in a little house on the coast of Sussex. They had one servant, who went home every night to sleep in her mother's cottage. I have heard that, later on, Roscoe came into money, but at that time they were poor. The man drank away almost as much as he earned by a little literary work, and they lived on two hundred pounds a year that Mrs. Roscoe had inherited from her father. Mrs. Roscoe, I believe, had a genuine affection for her husband, but she was cursed with a peculiarly stubborn nature—you can call it strength of will, if you like. Roscoe was, as I have said, a drunkard, but, unlike most drunkards, he was also, when sober, a man of considerable force of character. They had married rather late in life, and that makes for conflict of wills. Now, just read this paragraph, will you?"

He handed me the book, and I read the following lines—all that the newspaper could spare for a matter of so little importance—

A MODERN MIRACLE.

"Mrs. Edith Roscoe applied to the Court to-day for a separation order from her husband, to whom she had been married for three years. She stated that he drank heavily, and that on several occasions he had struck her. On August 12 she came in late from visiting some friends. They quarrelled, and he attempted to murder her with a carving knife he had picked up from the supper table. He said he would give her five minutes by the clock to say her prayers. It was then twenty minutes past eleven. At twenty-three minutes past eleven the clock stopped. Her husband, who was drunk, did not notice this. He was leaning against the door, waiting for the hands of the clock to move. At twenty-seven minutes past eleven, according to a watch on Mrs. Roscoe's wrist, a neighbour, Mr. Barnes, attracted by Mrs. Roscoe's screams for help, climbed in through the window and managed to get the knife away from Mr. Roscoe. The order was granted."

"You, Barnes?" I queried.

"Yes. She had been round at our house, and had left her purse there. I came to return it. Their house was a little way out of the village."

I laughed. "Mrs. Roscoe ought to treasure that clock," I said.

"She left it for Roscoe to look at. It was the only thing she left—a hideous green marble affair, a wedding present. Everything in the house that belonged to her she took away. I think she went to America. I don't know what happened to Roscoe. I expect he's drunk himself to death by now."

"I doubt it," I replied. "A shock like that might sober a man for life. So you were mixed up in this? How very interesting!"

"Yes, very. But what a tragedy for both of them! Not only the knife business, but the judicial separation. She never gave him a chance. She was a hard woman. Of course, she was afraid of him, but still, I think, don't you——"

"We can't judge her, Barnes," I answered quietly. "If she did love him, she must have suffered terribly." I remembered that walk up the hill—the agony of it in the rain-swept darkness. A penance, of course. One could understand it.

"She would have returned to him if she had loved him," said Barnes.

"I don't know," I replied. "An obstinate woman, a resolute man, grievances on both sides, hard, unforgiving natures, and a tragedy that neither of them could forget—it would take many years to bring people like that together again."

Two days afterwards I met Mrs. Roscoe and her husband in Regent Street. They both looked very happy.

"I saw you at 'Clinkers' the other night," I said to her.

"Oh, did you? Yes, I was there alone. My husband was at a meeting of the Astronomical Society."

"Are you going back to The Kite's Nest?" I asked Graver.

"No," he answered. "I've sold the place. We're staying at the Ritz at present. You must come and dine with us. Will Saturday suit you?"

"Excellently," I replied; and when I left them I felt glad that we were all going to dine together at an hotel. I do not think I should have cared to dine with them at a private house, where there would have been a carving knife on the table, and Graver's hideous marble clock ticking quietly on the mantelpiece.



"A WOEFUL BALLAD MADE TO HIS MISTRESS' EYEBROW." BY ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A.

From the picture representing the lover in the artist's series of designs illustrating the speech on the Seven Ages in Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

PETER PIPER

By L. G. MOBERLY

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

IT was not exactly that he had picked a peck of pickled pepper, whatever pickled pepper may be, but in the days of his unregenerate youth—and a very unregenerate youth it had been — he had tried, with dire results, to sample the contents of the enormous pepper castor which stood upon the kitchen table. He had gone down to the kitchen with his mistress, Dulcie Vernon, when she ordered dinner in her mother's absence, and naturally he had no business to be upon the kitchen table at all; but the adventure with the pepper castor for ever quenched all his aspirations in that direction, besides being the direct reason for the name his mistress bestowed upon him.

"You absolutely treasured ruffian!" she exclaimed, pouncing upon him as he lay howling, sneezing, choking, and squealing upon the floor, a mass of brown fluff and injured puppyhood. "That just comes of putting your wicked, sweet little nose into places where it never ought to have been put. Now you have learnt by bitter experience what lots and lots of pepper all over you feels like, smells like, and tastes like! Oh, you villain"—for between each phrase Dulcie Vernon herself sneezed, coughed, and choked, the pepper from the puppy flying in all directions—"you deserve a whipping, only, perhaps, the pepper is punishment enough. Pig and pepper, like Alice in Wonderland. You are a little pig, too"—she dusted the miscreant with vigour, whereupon fresh clouds of pepper ascended into the air, and she and her puppy together succumbed to fresh attacks of sneezing, "and I — would — call — you — pig," she gasped out between her paroxysms, "but—that — wouldn't — sound — nice — in — the —street! Oh!" She subsided on to the kitchen floor beside the brown writhing mass of fluff, panting for breath and laughing helplessly.

"This settles the question of his name," she said presently, when order was somewhat restored. "You know, Mrs. Dyer, I simply couldn't settle what to call this wicked angel." And she looked deprecatingly up into the face of the cook, who, professing detestation of all animals, secretly adored them. "I shall call him Peter Piper, because, you see, he would have picked a peck of pickled pepper if he could possibly have managed it, only he sneezed too much."

"It's taught him a lesson about stealing off kitchen tables, I should hope, miss," Mrs. Dyer responded grimly.

"I should hope so, too," Dulcie assented. "And, after all, we do all have to learn by experience, don't we? We aren't exactly born knowing the Commandments by heart and keeping them."

"No, that's true enough, miss, but we've all got to learn. He's learnt." And Mrs. Dyer pointed an accusing finger at the abject puppy, who sat forlornly on Dulcie's knee, one ear up and one down, his face expressive of utter humiliation.

"Peter Piper, you are a bad dog," Dulcie said, in accents which seemed to assure the criminal that, bad though he was, his mistress loved him, "and always evermore you will be called Peter Piper; and everybody will know why you have that name, and when we talk about pepper, you will hang your heavy head and wish you had never been born; and if anybody sneezes, it will give you the most frightful jumps. But now I've forgiven you, and so has Mrs. Dyer, and you are coming upstairs with me to be good for at least half an hour."

In this wise the Irish terrier's name came to him; and from that day onwards he was known to his own immediate household and to all whom it might concern as Peter Piper.

He was a present to Dulcie from her godfather, who declared he had more character

than all the rest of the litter put together, and although he was only a few weeks old when he became a member of the Vernon household, Dulcie saw no reason to doubt her godfather's statement as to his character. He had it in good measure, pressed down, indeed, and running over, and from the very earliest moment in his career, onward through the years, he was a dog who, in slang phrase, may be said to have "got there" every time.

He was still in the stage of furry fluffiness when Derrick Maitland, a friend of one of Dulcie's brothers, came to stay at the Hall, which was Dulcie's home, and to Derrick he gave all that part of his puppy heart which was not already bestowed upon Dulcie. And he seemed to realise instinctively that for the tall sailor with the blue eyes his own mistress had a very special charm. As for himself, he found something deliciously soothing and stimulating in the touch of Derrick's big hand on his head, and an order given in Derrick's voice gave him a most queer feeling inside him that he must do immediately what that voice commanded. It was surprising to what meekness Derrick could reduce Peter Piper when that young person was on the rampage, and what a mild and virtuous dog would, after a word of rebuke, patter sedately at the sailor's heels.

In those days Peter's eyes were beginning to acquire an expression which deepened as the weeks went by—an expression almost human in its loving intensity—and although, as a general rule, he was averse to being petted, and shook off a caressing hand much as a small boy will do, there were times when, as Dulcie put it, he was in a cuddly mood. And at those times he liked to sit close to his mistress, his furry body pressed back against her, his head resting on her hand.

"I believe he knows exactly what we say to him," Dulcie said to Derrick on a June afternoon, when the three were sitting together under a beech tree in the wild part of the park; "he is such an understanding dog." Through the vivid green of the beech leaves above them the sky shone turquoise blue; along the banks grew stitchwort, starry white, and pale cuckoo flowers; and down in the meadow cowslips wagged their yellow heads and sent up great wafts of sweetness to the beech wood.

"He's a jolly little beggar," Derrick answered absently, his fingers stroking the rough head just between Peter's two ears, which stood very erect, because a moment earlier he had certainly fancied he heard rabbits rustling amongst the dead leaves. "He wants to learn the whole duty of dog, and then he'll be all right." Peter turned and looked up at the speaker with those brown loving eyes, in which there was already a faint hint of wisdom to come.

"Yes, you're a decent puppy enough," Derrick went on, "but, like all puppies, you want to be trained in the way you should go. Spare the rod and spoil the puppy, my young friend." Peter Piper already had considerable acquaintance with the rod, or, rather, with a small whip of particularly stinging quality, which, when necessity arose, his mistress wielded with firm and unsparing hand. Necessity arose with tolerable frequency in those days of the puppy's unregenerate youth; but he was already a dog of parts, made of good stuff, and with all the instincts of a gentleman. He loathed the thought of that detestable whip. If he could manage to escape before it curled itself stingingly round his person, he made his escape. But if, as always happened in the long run, the whipping turned out to be inevitable, he howled his loudest during the process, and when it was over fluttered his tail magnanimously and licked Dulcie's hand. He knew well enough, in that queer doggy conscience of his, that his mistress never administered a whipping without due cause. He understood well enough what justice meant, and Dulcie was never unjust.

"He's shaping well, this little beast," Derrick said, his hand still resting on Peter Piper's head, his eyes looking into Dulcie's eyes, and looking into Dulcie's eyes was a pastime which he found very pleasant and enthralling. "He's a jolly good dog"—Peter's ears twitched—"and I tell you what—he will always be a good friend." Peter's tail gave a loud thump. "You don't forget your friends, do you, old chap?" And Derrick's hand lifted the brown face, so that his eyes could look straight down into Peter's eyes. The flapping tail wagged more violently, the eyes seemed to give an emphatic answer to the question, and Derrick laughed and patted the shaggy head. "He says he is never going to forget me," he went on, looking again into Dulcie's face with an expression in his eyes which made her flush vividly. "Will you tell me, too, that you will never forget me? Will you remember me sometimes, little Dulcie?" Over those last two words his voice dropped into tenderness, his hand slid from the dog's rough head and took the girl's hand into its close clasp, and when she did not at once

answer his question, he said again: "Will you remember me sometimes?"

"Sometimes," she said, her face dimpling with smiles, a little audacious look flashing into her eyes, "sometimes—perhaps—Mr. Maitland. But I never said you might call me Dulcie."

Derrick Maitland during the whole course of his career had invariably found that the greatly daring was also apt to be the greatly successful, and he edged nearer to the girl and the puppy, and tightened his hold on the small hand that was trying to withdraw itself from his grasp.

"I know I'm asking a tremendous lot of you, when you have only known me a few weeks, but I feel I haven't a moment to lose. I can't let slip my chance of getting you for my own. When I go back to my ship, it means that I shall be away in the Pacific for a long time, and before I go I want to know whether you will remember me—whether some day you could care for me a little bit? I care for you more than I ever dreamt I could care for any woman." It was so simply said. The simplicity of the man's nature showed itself in his straightforward speech and in the honest eyes that looked at her with such overflowing love. And Peter Piper, in spite of his youth and inexperience, seemed to understand something of what was passing in the heart of the big man he adored, for he all at once put up a brown paw and laid it upon Derrick's arm. "Could you manage to care for me a little bit—some day?" the sailor's voice repeated, whilst his glance never left Dulcie's face, upon which the colour came and went in delicious flushes, though her eyes were riveted to Peter's brown head, and her free hand clutched at the puppy's rough coat, as if in doing so it found some support. "Couldn't you?" Derrick said again.

"I—don't know about—some day," she returned, under her breath, her eyes flashing one quick glance at him, then looking away again, "and I don't know about—a little bit. Peter Piper and I—like you very much—now—this minute, and—and we should neither of us ever forget our friends."

"You don't mean you really care *now*—care as I care for you?" Maitland's arm had drawn the girl's slight form very close, and she and the puppy were held in a comprehensive embrace. "You don't mean that?"

"I believe I do," came in rather muffled tones from Dulcie, whose face was pressed against his rough coat, "and I—believe I *will* let you call me little Dulcie, after all."

"Little Dulcie," he exclaimed, "little Dulcie!" And he put her away from him, the better to look into the flushed and radiant face with its shining eyes. "I don't suppose there was ever a luckier chap than I am, the whole world over, and when I come back, you will marry me? We'll have a splendid wedding, and Peter Piper shall be best man!"

* * * * *

"And Peter Piper shall be best man!"

Those words came echoing back to Dulcie's mind when, a few months later, she walked through the wood at the edge of the park. The beech trees, which, when Derrick went away, had been green with the wonderful, vivid green of early spring, had put on their autumn gowns, and flamed orange and golden against the blue background of an October sky. When Derrick and she had sat in these woods in spring, the blackbirds had been singing their songs of coming summer. To-day the blackbirds were silent, and only the robins sang. One of the red-breasted birds sat on a yellowing hawthorn bush on the bank above the meadow, and the fluting sweetness of his song hurt Dulcie with a sudden sickening pain.

"Ah, don't!" she exclaimed aloud, putting out her hands towards the little singer with an impulsive gesture. "I cannot bear your song—I cannot bear it now that Derrick is never coming back any more!" Peter Piper, who walked sedately by her side, looked up at his mistress with wistful, inquiring eyes. This new mistress, whose face had grown sad and lined, whose voice had lost its old glad ring, who never seemed to laugh, whose eyes were so often dim with tears, was a sore puzzle to her faithful brown friend. He dimly knew that something was amiss with her—very seriously amiss—but he could not understand what it was that had gone wrong. He could only show sympathy with every glance of his loving eyes, every wag of his tail.

"Oh, poor Peter Piper," she said, stooping down to touch the dog's shaggy head, "you can't understand what has happened in your nice world that used to be so sunny and comfortable! But it can't be a sunshiny world any more, Peter darling, because Derrick has gone out of it. We shall never see Derrick again, Peter Piper—never any more!" And she sank down upon the golden bracken under the beech trees, and laid her head against Peter's coat with a

little sob. "Only a few months more, and he was coming home for our wedding, and you were to be best man, Peter Piper," she went on, speaking in little jerky sentences, as though speech were a relief to her, "and now there won't ever be a wedding! Derrick cannot come home to us, because his ship is lost in the great hungry, horrible sea. Oh, Peter Piper, if only you and I might die, too, and go to him! How can we face the years, the long, long years?"

Peter cuddled close against her and nestled his head into her hand—it was the only way in which he felt capable of comforting her—and, because she was sad, he drooped his ears disconsolately.

"But we shall never forget him, you and I, Peter," her faltering voice continued. "He asked us to remember, and we shall always remember. You and I are faithful to the people we love, Peter Piper, and we loved him better than all the world put together. We shall remember him always, you and I."

In those dreadful days that had brought to the girl first rumour, then suspense, and finally a certainty—where doubt seemed no longer possible—her small, loving dog was her chief comfort. Derrick's ship had been lost—away in the far-off Pacific Ocean—lost with all hands, and, after days of alternate hope and despair, Dulcie knew at last that there was no more room for hope.

The golden glory of autumn brought no glory to her, and the song of the robins hurt her heart, for the light of her life had gone out in a mist of pain.

"But we have just got to carry on as best we can, you and I, Peter Piper," she said on that autumn afternoon, under the flaming beech trees. "We must live the sort of lives Derrick would like us to live, and we must be brave as Derrick would like us to be, because Derrick was our 'very parfit gentil knight,' and we thank God always for our remembrance of him."

II.

THE afternoon was grey and chilly. A small, fine rain was falling, that particular kind of rain which has an inoffensive appearance, but, nevertheless, in a few minutes can wet one to the skin. Overhead the sky was of a uniformly leaden hue, the houses looked no less uniformly leaden, and the streets, after a fall of snow subsequently melted by the aforesaid rain, were in an indescribable condition of mud and slush. Dulcie Vernon stood at the window of a sitting-room that looked into a London street—a street which on this gloomy day seemed to be the last word in griminess and depression. A depressed-looking Peter Piper sat on a chair beside her, his eyes fixed upon the slush of the road with an expression which seemed to say: "Well, whatever else happens to-day, a good long walk is not likely to happen—I know the signs of the times." Peter Piper was no longer a puppy, but although he had become a full-grown dog, and could occasionally contrive to show a sedateness suited to his years, he had still retained many of his youthful characteristics, and quite as often as not Dulcie called him Peter Pan instead of Peter Piper.

"I don't in the least want to go out," Dulcie said thoughtfully, addressing herself partly to Peter, partly to the dismal day outside. "If this street is 'demned damp, moist, and unpleasant,' as Mr. Mantalini would say, what will the streets in Limehouse be?" Peter looked into her face with pricked ears. He divined that the question of going out was under discussion, and, as far as his personal tastes were concerned, no amount of mud and slush would have been sufficient to keep him within doors. After all, supposing he did come home a mass of mud from end to end, his mistress never failed to dry him and brush him, so that his discomfort was short-lived, and the joy of racing along the streets more than counterbalanced any temporary discomfort.

"Yes, of course, you want to go," Dulcie nodded, in response to those pricked ears. "You just love a walk under any weather conditions, you beloved hound." At the word "walk" Peter's tail fluttered ecstatically; he rubbed his head against Dulcie's hand. "Yes, I know," she said, smiling down at him. "You needn't go on explaining to me in such detail; I quite understand. Mud or no mud, rain or no rain, you prefer out of doors to indoors; and the worst of it is, my conscience pulls me the same way as your inclinations."

For more than a year now Dulcie had been in London, occupying rooms in the house of a friend, and working in a grey Limehouse parish.

"Please let me go and work hard," had been her passionate plea after she had abandoned all hope of seeing Derrick Maitland again. And her father and mother, seeing the pain in her eyes, and realising the wisdom of her plea, let her have her way, in the complete consciousness that their other two daughters would do all that

was necessary for their own happiness in their country home.

"If I did what I really liked to do," Dulcie resumed, in what was a mixture of soliloquy and conversation with Peter Piper, "I should take the new books that came this morning from the library, and I should curl up near the fire, and read the whole afternoon, and have tea-cake for tea, and try to forget the extreme dismalness outside." Peter's ears drooped. He was dimly aware that the hoped-for walk was in some vague way hanging in the balance. "But," Dulcie went on more briskly, and the drooped ears were pricked again, "books and fire and tea-cakes are not for us, my doggadee. We must go to Limehouse this afternoon at whatever cost." Peter's tail did more than flutter—it flopped with vigour. He stood up on the chair and gave a prodigious yawn, expressive of the exceeding boredom of indoor life as compared with the enchantment of the streets. Dulcie stroked his head with caressing touch.

"You see, Peter, I know Derrick would say, 'Go to Limehouse,' if he knew it was my duty to go. And it is my duty. Derrick hated shirkers, and I should be a shirker if I stayed away from my work just because of a little rain. So we must go, Peter beloved, whether we like it or whether we don't—whether *I* like it or not, that is to say," she added, with a little laugh, as the dog's tail wagged with increasing ecstasy. "You make no secret of what *you* wish!"



"'Why, Peter Piper!' he said. 'Good old Peter!'"

The reality of the day was even worse than the contemplation of it had led her to expect, and more than once during her journey to Limehouse that afternoon Dulcie was tempted to give up the expedition and return home. But the thought of Derrick, and her own inherent sense of duty, both helped her to hold on her way, although by the middle of the afternoon she and her small brown companion looked a sorry enough pair. Peter Piper's rough body was well soaked with mud, his usually shaggy hair was straightened out by the rain into unbecoming sleekness, the ears he was accustomed to hold so erect drooped forlornly, and even his tail seemed to have lost its wag. Dulcie herself felt, as she inwardly expressed it, like a wet sponge, and it was only by a superhuman effort that she contrived to talk cheerily to the inhabitants of the mean streets she visited, and to smile her usual sunny smile.

"She do bring a bit o' sunshine along with 'er," one woman had once confided to a neighbour. "You can tell she've seen a lot o' trouble, for all she's young; but, all the same for that, she do bring along the sunshine."

On this gloomy day of dripping rain, to carry sunshine taxed all Dulcie's powers; but there was a certain doggedness in her constitution, and that doggedness carried her through a good deal. And, perhaps, with the doggedness, the remembrance of Derrick, and of his persistent following of duty and right, helped her even more than she knew.

When she had very nearly finished her afternoon's round, and only one small alley remained to be visited, she paused for a moment on the dirty pavement, and looked wistfully at Peter, whose appearance by that time might have led an observer to suppose that he had just been rescued from the river.

"I wonder whether we need go to Sallans Court to-day," she said, under her breath. "There are only three lots of Boot Club money to collect, and one Care Committee child to visit. Perhaps Monday would do as well, or—— No, I won't even be a scrap of a shirker. Come along, my Peter." And infusing briskness into her voice, and stooping to give the sleek and dripping Peter an encouraging pat, she passed under the narrow archway which led into Sallans Court.

The court consisted of four tumbledown and miserable houses, and the inhabitants were some of the poorest and most degraded in the neighbourhood. Dulcie had visited three of the houses, and was standing in the small front room of the fourth, discussing the future of one Charlie Brooks with his slatternly mother, when she heard a low moaning sound coming from the bedroom in the rear.

"Is anybody ill?" she asked. "Your husband is not bad again, is he?"

"Oh, no; 'e've kep' all right since 'e was larst in the 'orspital. That ain't none of ours groanin' in there. It's a pore chap as Brooks brought in, queer like in the 'ead. They're goin' to fetch 'im to-night and take 'im to the infirmary."

"Poor man!" Dulcie said pityingly. "Has he no friends—no relations?"

"Well, to tell the truth, miss, we dunno nothin' whatever about 'im. We—— But whatever is the matter with your dawg, miss? Seems like as if 'e'd found a rat or somethin'." Dulcie turned at the words, to see Peter, his damp ears erect, his tail waving frantically, his paws scrabbling with furious energy at the door that opened into the inner room. The dog, who a few minutes earlier had been the personification of damp dejection, was now nearly wild with excitement—an excitement which to the two women who watched him was entirely unaccountable.

"Well, I never! Ain't that queer?" Mrs. Brooks exclaimed. "I didn't never know there was rats in this place. There's lots of other things," she added, with unpleasant significance, "but I didn't never know of no rats."

Peter Piper paid no heed to these remarks; he only scrabbled with more and more vehemence upon the door, and to his vigorous scratchings he now added the turmoil of his voice, giving vent to howls and barks to indicate some surprising and overwhelming joy.

"Peter darling, what is the matter with you?" Dulcie exclaimed, going to the dog's side and laying a gentle hand upon his head. "Come away, you dear old silly billy—there are no rats here. You have made a mistake." But for perhaps the only time in his life Peter Piper wrenched himself free from the gentle, restraining hand, renewing his onslaughts upon the door, whining and barking with a persistence which made Dulcie stare at him in helpless amazement.

"I never saw him go on like this before," she said, turning to the scarcely less amazed

Mrs. Brooks. "Will he disturb the poor man inside the room?"

"Lor, no, miss!" Mrs. Brooks answered comfortably. "'E don't take account o' nothin', nor ain't done not since Brooks brought him in. Brooks found 'im wanderin' about the docks, and seemingly very ill. Seems to me a bit dotty like, a bit barmy in the crumpet. There, now," she broke off, to exclaim impetuously, "I know'd the blessed old door warn't goin' to stand up much longer—the 'ole place is fallin' to pieces, in a manner of speakin'." As she spoke, Peter Piper's fierce onslaughts took effect with a vengeance. The crazy door, already hanging only on one feeble hinge, and with a lock that had long ceased to fulfil its natural functions, fell inward with a crash, and Peter hurled himself into the tiny room beyond. Dulcie followed in his wake without delay, anxious lest some unlucky cat should, unknown to Mrs. Brooks, be sheltering in the room, and fall a victim to Peter's loathing of all the cat species. But Peter was not engaged in the delirious joy of chasing a cat. To her unfeigned astonishment, his mistress saw him make one dash across the room and fling himself upon the wretched bed, upon which she could dimly discern the figure of a man.

"Peter—oh, Peter Piper, what are you doing?" she cried, hurrying forward to the bedside. But Peter gave no heed to her voice. His brown body lay beside the sick man, across whose chest one of his paws was flung protectingly, and he was licking the man's white face with loving, feverish eagerness, as though he could never find time to lick enough. In the uncertain light Dulcie could only see that the face was very white and thin, its lower part covered by a beard, that the eyes were closed, and there were deep lines carved upon the forehead, over which the hair grew in a tangled mass. He seemed to be sunk in a profound sleep or a deep unconsciousness; but all at once, as Dulcie looked on in silent bewilderment, and Peter Piper continued his frantic demonstrations of love, the sick man lifted a hand from under the coverlet and laid it upon the dog's head.

"Why, Peter Piper!" he said. "Good old Peter!"

For one moment Dulcie stood there like a creature suddenly turned to stone, then she dropped upon her knees beside the bed and put her hand over the white hand that touched the dog's head.

"Derrick!" she said, with a great sob. "Derrick!" The sound of her voice seemed to penetrate the dulled senses of the man in the bed. He opened his eyes, and they fixed themselves on her face with a puzzled, anxious expression which made the girl's heart ache.

"Derrick," she said again, choking back the sob in her heart, "don't you know me? Peter Piper has found you for me, and I am Dulcie."

"Dulcie!" he said, in slow, meditative tones. "Dulcie! And there were beech trees, and bluebells under the beech trees, and Dulcie said she would never forget, never forget——"

"She has not ever forgotten," the girl broke in eagerly, but subduing her voice to gentleness, lest she should unduly startle him. "Peter Piper and I have always remembered, and Peter has found you."

"Peter Piper—picked—a peck of pickled pepper"—the weak voice jerked out the words, and then broke into weak laughter—"and the thrush sang in the hedge above the field of cowslips. Why, Dulcie!" All at once a note of full consciousness came into the wavering voice, the eyes that had looked with such bewilderment into the girl's face lost their bewilderment, and recognition took its place. "Dulcie and Peter Piper, all together again!" His hand groped its way to hers, and as he tried feebly to draw her nearer, she stooped over him and softly kissed his face.

* * * * *

It was a long time before Derrick so far recovered his memory as to be able to tell the story of his own escape from the shipwreck; of the long months of waiting and watching on a far-off island in the South Seas, waiting and watching for the sail that never came; of his eventual rescue by a small tramp steamer driven out of her right course by stress of weather; of the loss of memory that followed upon the long strain and anxiety, and of his wandering away from the steamer when it was in dock at Limehouse. But in course of time Dulcie knew the whole story, right up to the moment when Peter Piper had reawakened his memory and set vibrating the old chords which had sunk into silence.

"If I had drowned my conscience on that dismal rainy day, I might never have found you again," Dulcie said to him, when on an afternoon in spring she and Derrick and their small brown companion sat together under the beech trees. "And I so nearly did not go down Sallans Court."

"That night I should have been carted off to the infirmary," Derrick answered, drawing her close, "and my memory might never have returned to me. Who knows whether anything but Peter Piper's nice rough tongue would ever have brought it back?"

"Peter Piper, when we go to our new house together next week, you and I and Derrick"—Dulcie's eyes met Derrick's with a certain shy radiance—"you shall have all the loveliest things a dog could dream of in his best day-dreams. And if it would be becoming to you to wear a crown, you should wear a crown, and you shall be the happiest dog in all the world, Peter Piper, my dear!"

Peter had been thinking absorbedly about rabbits at that particular moment, because those sharp eyes of his had seen a white flash over there in the undergrowth, a flash which he had a very sure conviction represented the tail of a vanishing rabbit. But Dulcie's voice—Dulcie's voice speaking to him in the soft, caressing accents which he especially loved—aroused him from dreams of rabbits, and he turned his head and looked up at her, his ears cocked, his tail thumping in great eager thumps.

"Yes, Peter Piper, nothing will ever be too good for you. You found Derrick again," Dulcie said gently, "and you and I and Derrick are going to live happily ever after."

And Peter Piper, as though to signify his assent and appreciation, laid a brown paw upon the two clasped hands, and looked at the man and the girl with eyes whose shining light spoke of undying faithfulness, undying love.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

THE wind has stalked adown the garden path,
And blown the lights of all the poor flowers out;
From maple wood I hear his stormy shout;
The russet leaves take flight before his wrath;
In stubble fields and clover aftermath
The wreckage of the year is strewn around;
The mottled asters lie upon the ground.
Of all the bloom, the tyrant north wind hath
Left only golden rod in saffron rows,
And these, with bulging cheeks, he blows and blows,
Until they glow and mingle with the west,
When setting suns lean low upon the land,
And songless birds, in cheerless plumage dressed,
Wing south or somewhere—mute, discouraged band.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.



"MICHAELMAS" GEESE.

MICHAELMAS CUSTOMS

By C. F. LORIMER AND H. W. TAUNT

Photographs by Taunt & Co., Oxford.

GOLDSMITH'S "Vicar of Wakefield" describes his parishioners in words that have for us of the twentieth century a curious old-world flavour. "They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve." The last sentence requires some explanation. On the Sunday before the Eve of St. Michael's Day—which from the custom earned the name of "Crack-Nut Sunday"—the congregation at Kingston, Surrey, was wont to occupy itself by cracking nuts during the performance of Divine service. The origin of this custom has been traced by some to the usual civic feast attending the choosing of the bailiff and other members of the corporate body on St. Michael's Day. But the quotation from Goldsmith seems to give the custom a greater universality, while it sheds no light on its origin. As St. Michael's Day was undoubtedly a great feast, the custom might quite reasonably be conceived as connected with the festive part of the religious anniversary.

A more general custom of the same character, if this explanation is correct, is, however, that which connects the goose with Michaelmas Day. This custom can readily be traced back to the days of Edward IV., when we find, in 1470, a certain John de la Hay, for a grant of demesne lands, was bound, amongst other services, to render to William Barnaby, Lord of Laskes, in Hertfordshire, "xx*d.* and one goose fit for his lord's dinner on the Feast of S. Michael the Archangel." Further, George Gascoigne, 1575, has the lines—

> And when the tenantes come to paie their quarter's rent,
> They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent;
> At Christmasse a capon, at Michaelmasse a goose,
> And somewhat else at New-Yere's tide, for feare their lease flie loose.

So that the easy and picturesque suggestion that the practice arose from the fact that Queen Elizabeth was partaking of a goose on St. Michael's Day, when the news of the defeat of the Armada came, must yield its place like other exploded explanations. Geese were plentiful at Michaelmas time—Goose Fair was held on October 2—and it was unquestionably a time of feasting. If other reasons than these are required, they are not, at any rate, to be found at present. An old country proverb is "Lazy and fat, like a Michaelmas goose."

Almost every season of rejoicing seems to have had some home in the maiden's heart, as offering her a chance of finding out her future husband. The method of discovery, very naturally, was coloured by the spirit of the season, and at Michaelmas West of England maidens, even up to the last half-

century, were wont to collect crab apples from the hedges here and there. These they brought home, and, carrying them to some more or less private retreat, formed with them the initials of their supposed suitors. The initials found to be the most perfect on old Michaelmas Day were supposed to indicate the strongest attachments, and the suitors whom they represented the best husbands.

Somewhat akin to this in spirit is the method of celebrating the season which obtains in Ireland. A cake is made in



AN OLD-FASHIONED HARVEST HOME.

Reproduced from a print.

which, with the dough, a lady's ring has been mixed. When the cake is brought to table, it is cut into sections and distributed to the unmarried people, and the person who gets the slice containing the ring is currently supposed to be certain of marriage before the following Michaelmas.

Quite other is the way of celebrating this anniversary which formerly obtained in some of the islands off the coast of West Scotland. Riding was much in vogue at Lingay, the flatness of the land making it quite suitable for such a method of sport and transport. An anniversary ride was held on Michaelmas Day, when all ranks of both sexes met on horseback by the seashore, where races were held for small prizes. One might, under the sanction of a very old custom, steal his neighbour's horse the night before, and ride and race him all day long, provided one returned it safe and sound at nightfall. Neither saddles nor bridles were used for the races. Whips and spurs were not to be seen, but with bare heels and pieces of dried seaweed the horses were urged to their utmost. Those of the humbler class bore their sweethearts behind them on their horses, and presents were exchanged, the men presenting the women with knives and purses, and the women the men with pairs of multi-coloured garters.

At St. Kilda's there was a practice of making an enormous loaf or cake of different ingredients. Every member of each family household had his share of this cake, which had some religious significance attaching to it, eaters being supposed to obtain the protection of St. Michael.

Barton Fair—so called from the district of

the town of Gloucester where it was held—usually took place at this time of the year, and the outsides of houses were decorated with sprigs of ivy, branches of trees, and nosegays of flowers, to signify the bounty which obtained within.

More pomp and circumstance attached to the Michaelmas celebrations at Nottingham. On that day the new mayor assumed office, and the retiring chief magistrate, with the aldermen and councillors, all went in procession to Divine service at St. Mary's Church. After service the civic body proceeded to the vestry, where the retiring mayor was seated at a table covered with black cloth, in the centre of which, covered with rosemary and bay leaves, lay the mace. This was called "the burying of the mace," symbolising, no doubt, the end of the late mayoral reign. A form of electing the new mayor was then gone through, after which the retiring mayor took up the mace, kissed it, and put it into the hand of his successor. Two sheriffs and chamberlains were then proposed by the new mayor, and were voted upon, and then all went back to the church, where the oath was administered to the new officers in the chancel. Ordered procession was then formed to the New Hall, where all invited partook of a great feast. On their way the new officers were proclaimed at the Week-Day Cross, over against the ancient Guildhall, and the next market day they were again proclaimed before the market at the Malt Cross. Refreshments of bread, cheese, and fruit, with pipes and tobacco, formed the new officers' recognition of this proclamation.

Without its stateliness, but with more of quaintness than this practice, was that associated with the choice of a mayor at Seaford, Sussex, which obtained within the memory of living men. The freemen, after assembling in the Court Hall, retired to a spot at the gatepost of a field towards the west end of the town, where sergeant-at-mace nominated the chief magistrate for the ensuing year, who was then and there elected. The corporation magistrates were left on the bench in the Court Hall, and the custom is supposed to have originated in an attempt to prevent their influence on the election, and thus to enable the freemen to make a free choice.



THE MICHAELMAS FAIR AT ABINGDON.

Roscaret of Domesday, near Endellion, Cornwall—Roscarrock as it is now—was held in the time of Edward the Confessor by Alvin, and later, at Domesday survey, by

Wigel, under the Earl of Moreton. The old mansion has now given place to a house of substantial proportions. Roscarrock, instead of tithes, pays £9, which was tendered by established custom in the church porch before sunrise on Michaelmas morning.

At Kingshill, about half a mile north-east of Rochford Church, Essex, a curious feudal custom is described in the court rolls. In the yard of a house, once belonging, among others, to "Crips, Gent.," and afterwards to Robert Hackshaw of London, merchant, and to Mr. John Buckle, "a lawless court" (*dicta sine lege*) was held, by the use of charcoal; and a tenant owing service, and not putting in an appearance, "forfeits to the lord double his rent every hour he is absent." In 1768 it was noted that recently a tenant had thus forfeited his land for non-attendance, but, on payment of a fine, the lord of the manor restored him to it. The reason why the court is called lawless is said to be that it is held at an unlawful or lawless hour. A tradition says that this attendance was at first imposed upon certain tenants of neighbouring manors for conspiring in that place at such an hour to raise a commotion.



MAKING THE HIRING AT BURFORD FAIR.

all the tenants assembling and kneeling to do their homage. This court took place on the Wednesday morning after Michaelmas Day, at first cock-crow, as the description in the court roll runs:

Gallus ut cantaverit.
Per cujus solum sonitum,
Curia est summonita.

Only the natural light was allowed. The steward of the court called all who were bound to appear in as low a voice as possible, without any notice, and if anyone did not answer, a fine was imposed. Whispering was the only means of communication allowed. The lack of pen and ink was made up for

On Michaelmas Day, yearly, it appears from a tablet in the church at Great Coxwell, Berks, the Rev. David Collier charged certain lands in the hamlet of Little Coxwell with the payment of eight bushels of barley, for teaching certain poor children of this parish to read, write, and cast accounts for three years, when they were to be succeeded by others to be taught for the same term, and so on successively for ever; and he empowered the vicar and churchwardens—the vicar always being included in a quorum—to nominate the children. The payment was regularly made for a long period, sometimes in kind, but



LITTLE COXWELL, WHICH PAYS EIGHT BUSHELS OF BARLEY EVERY MICHAELMAS DAY, TO GO TOWARDS THE COST OF EDUCATION OF CHILDREN OF THE PARISH.

later, in the money value of the barley, at the Faringdon market nearest to Michaelmas Day. The payment was made in later times to a schoolmistress for teaching three children to read, and, if girls, to sew also. The number of children was formerly two, but, on account of the inadequacy of the fund, the teaching of writing and casting accounts was discontinued, and an additional child was sent to be instructed with the others.

In the early eighteenth century the people of Abingdon had a custom of decorating their houses with flowers on the election of the mayor, and about the beginning of October, when he first went to church, the street in which he lived was gaily decorated in this way. The paths were strewn with flowers, and houses gleamed with picturesque garlands.

A little earlier than this saw the election of another mayor at Abingdon, elected for the year, like the mayor of the borough, and dubbed "The Mayor of Ock Street"—the large main street of the town—which was always the occasion of much merriment and gaiety. Elected by the acclamation of his followers, who rallied round him for the occasion, his most important qualification was a thorough belief in good fellowship and the largest capacity possible for both standing and imbibing unlimited drinks. His headquarters were at the inn called "The Ock Street Horns," where even now, at times, an assemblage gathers to celebrate the occasion.

At Abingdon also, as in other places, the hiring fairs take place at Michaelmas, and are still carried on. In the old days well



THE SCHOOL, GREAT COXWELL, WHERE THE EDUCATION PROVIDED FOR BY THIS CUSTOM IS GIVEN.

within recollection the men took their stand in a long line down the east side of the market-place, while the lassies stood under the shelter of the big County Hall, all patiently waiting to be hired. We well remember a practical joke played by three or four of us in those distant bygone days, when, dressing ourselves in smock frocks and billycock hats, we joined the waiting throng. One of us was hired by an old farmer as an under-carter, and, giving his address to him—a wrong one, of course—received the shilling, which was duly returned by letter next day. There were no hiring agreements signed in those days, as there are now, and we enjoyed our outing, of course. The second Michaelmas Fair at Abingdon, a week later, is still called "The Runaway Fair"; but both of these are now mostly pleasure fairs, and during the War have been very small. In days gone by they were the rendezvous for the country people for many miles round, and the stalls and shows, after filling the market-place, stretched down the High Street in a double row as far as part of Ock Street.

One of our illustrations shows an actual hiring fair going on, with characteristic details. In the foreground will be seen a well-to-do farmer, and his taller son facing him, bargaining with a shepherd or carter, who, evidently independent, and being offered too little for his services, sticks his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and is arguing the case with the older man, while a passer-by stops for a moment to look on. On the shutter of the inn behind is chalked "Dinner 12.30," which nearly everybody goes in for. All along the street hiring is going on among the crowd of men and masters gathered there for that purpose.

Ganging Day was the name given to old Michaelmas Day—October 18th?—every seventh year by inhabitants of some parts of Hertfordshire. In the morning numbers of young men assembled in the fields, where one of the strongest and most active was elected as leader, whom the others were bound to follow wherever he might lead. Through ponds, ditches, and hedges, and any other places that presented sufficient difficulty, he usually led the way, and every person encountered, male or female, was bumped. Bumping was performed by two of the men taking them up in their arms and swinging them against each other. Women, as a rule, kept indoors on this day, except those who were lured by the vision of a gallon of ale and a plum-cake—which every landlord or publican was obliged to furnish the revellers with. Many of the more adventurous usually spent the greater part of the night under the stars in fine weather, as it was enforced by custom that the cheer provided should only be consumed in the fields. The custom was still active at the close of the eighteenth century.

Eight days before the Eve of S. Faith the Virgin (October 6) Sloe Fair was wont to be proclaimed, formerly, under the Canon Gate at Chichester, by the bishop's steward. During this time civic jurisdiction ceased, and the bishop, from a grant traced to Henry I., had power to collect, and did by his agent collect, the tolls of market and fair.

Michaelmas was from early times, from the time of its occurrence, in several ways a season of festivity, one of the most popular forms of which was the old-fashioned harvest home, which usually took place on the after part of the day, when the last field was cleared of its last load. Then the table was laid out under some shady tree at the farm, and loaded with all kinds of substantial fare—beef and bacon, and vegetables in abundance—to be washed down with plenty of strong beer, while the fiddler and the piper had been called in to make harmony. Everybody dressed themselves up with ribbons and streamers, the whole village turned out to escort the wagon to the farm, while all the hands—men and women who had helped with the harvest, and even chance acquaintances—were just as freely welcomed. Bright coppers, new from the bank that morning, had been got for the children, and with apples and other things besides were scrambled for in the home close, while after dinner and the usual toasts there was dancing on the greensward, and everyone was jolly; and in those days the country lassies could dance, not the slow, mincing steps dances are often now, but good hearty country barn dances, which brought plenty of colour to the cheeks, and made everyone thoroughly exhilarated, even to the oldest farm hand, who would take up his steps and join in the sport. The harvest was garnered into the barns, and a lull occurred in the year's circle of activities. Peace and plenty, therefore, reigned, and the fall of a popular patron's day gave an excuse and a focus for a round of celebrations, some of which were the natural outcome of the festive spirit, and others which leaned more to the graver side of the great patron's anniversary.

THE SWALLOWS.

By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

HOW I love the swallows, the swallows, the swallows,
Coming from a far land of minaret and dome!
I have got a small room, like a clinging, cosy nest,
Built upon the gable end of my country home.

On its wall the swallow's house—who can find its secret door
Such a cunning nursery, made with Eastern art.
I can hear the baby ones, in their first swift, troubled flight,
Giving little frightened cries as they swoop and dart.

And I hear the swallow-folk telling tales of foreign climes
In a low, sweet lullaby long before the day.
Little brothers of the wind, children of the summer-time,
Lovers of the summer sky, swift you fly away

I will dream the lone, long hours, sick, sad days, and weary nights.
If I should grow well again, I will follow too—
See their distant happy homes, built with their strange Eastern art;
I shall seek but smiling lands, skies for ever blue.

And when swallows come again, over all the changing sea
Back to where their empty nest still doth cling and stay,
I shall have a cabin, too, hidden 'neath its golden thatch,
Snow-white on a mountain-side, built of Irish clay.

THE OLD MEN

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

GREEN RIDGE is a farming settlement in one of the older backwoods districts of New Brunswick. It lies twenty-two miles, by road, from the nearest town, and seven miles from the nearest village and railway siding. It was first settled in the year 1842, by the exertions of an enterprising gentleman of the name and style of Major Andrew McDuff, who induced a number of families of Highland peasants to leave their heathery hillsides and cross the Atlantic for the purpose. There was something in this scheme of settlement for the Major's pocket, of course; but exactly how, and how much, history does not tell us. He circulated stories of plenty—of game in such abundance and so devoid of the instinct of self-preservation that a settler had only to step into his door-yard, club in hand, to obtain the makings of a goose dinner or a venison pie—but he kept discreetly silent concerning the astounding severity of New Brunswick winters.

The Highlanders arrived in the fall of the year and took possession of their timber-covered farms; but the Major continued to reside in the gay and comfortable little town twenty-two miles away. He once visited the settlement of his conception on a matter of business, but was so warmly received by his half-frozen, half-starved countrymen that he barely escaped with his life. For two of the twenty-two miles of his homeward journey his galloping horse was hotly chased by disillusioned Highlanders armed with scythes and axes.

One of the hardiest of the original settlers of Green Ridge was Black Angus MacDonald. His wife was as hardy as himself. They not only survived the first winter, but managed to bring a new MacDonald into the colony in the spring. Little Angus soon gave evidence of the possession of the hardy qualities of his parents.

A number of the settlers had died of exposure during the winter; others forsook their holdings and moved to less isolated districts in the spring; but Black Angus and the few who remained with him sowed little, fire-scorched, stump-jagged clearings with grain and potatoes.

Until the first harvest was ripe, the folk of Green Ridge "lived on the gun," as Gabe Scrobie used to say. In other words, they fed themselves from the wild larder of the country. They killed and ate the flesh of the woods and the streams, and sweetened their diet of meat and fish with wild honey and wild berries. When not toiling for the immediate needs of the cooking-pot, they felled timber, burned brush, and fenced their little clearings.

The land about Green Ridge was fertile and well-watered. Black Angus MacDonald saw that prosperity was to be acquired there by patience, courage, and hard work. He dreamed ambitiously during the second winter. He planned to obtain possession of more land at the earliest possible date, and he set his heart particularly on a location just beyond his eastern boundary.

One bright and frosty morning in March, while Black Angus was busily engaged in splitting eighteen-foot lengths of cedar into fence-rails, his attention was caught by the *chunk-chunk, chunk-chunk* of axe-strokes and their quick echoes from the east, a direction from which he had not expected to hear these sounds. The land to the immediate east of his own property belonged to the Crown. The other farms of the settlement lay to the west and south, and at that time, in that country, the necessity that might tempt a settler to go beyond his own boundaries for fuel or timber did not exist.

Black Angus was interested. He got his

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snowshoes from the cabin, shouldered his axe, and strode over the hard crust towards the sounds of chopping. He crossed his own eastern line and a belt of tall spruces and tangled underbrush, and came face to face with the chopper.

The chopper was a stranger to Black Angus. His name was Archie Campbell. He had recently acquired possession of two hundred acres of land, one hundred by grant from the Crown and one hundred by purchase—the very same land that Angus had set his heart on. He was now felling timber for a cabin. His wife and baby were in the village of Stanley, where they would remain until the cabin was ready for them.

Black Angus MacDonald listened to the stranger in gloomy silence. He saw the snow-banked shelter of poles and brush in which Campbell had spent the night, but he made no offer of hospitality. He turned and strode back to his cabin with bitterness in his heart. To lose those choice acres to any man, even to a MacDonald, would have been bad enough; but to lose them to a long-legged, red-headed Campbell was at once an insult to his blood and an injury to his pocket.

Archie Campbell went about his own business in his own way. He asked nothing of the MacDonalds and MacLeans of Green Ridge. When spring came, he commenced, single-handed, the work of building his cabin; but before the walls were four feet high two young men of the settlement happened around that way. They were friendly. One pioneer looked very much like another to them, whatever his clan. They watched the toiling Campbell for a few minutes, then went to work beside him. They did a fine day's work, and at the end of it Campbell offered them silver. They refused payment in money or payment in any form; so he pressed tobacco upon them as a gift, and they accepted it. They assisted him again the next day and the next. Thus Archie Campbell's cabin was built, while Black Angus MacDonald gloomed outwardly and raged inwardly on the other side of Wigwam Brook.

Campbell chopped and burned a clearing and put in a little crop. Then he went to the village on the Nashwaak River, seven miles away, and returned next day with his wife and year-old boy, a pack-horse loaded bulkily with bedding and provisions, and a cow.

No one else in the settlement owned either a horse or a cow at that time; but Black Angus MacDonald immediately made a trip to the village, with the last of his store of gold and silver coins in his pocket, and soon returned with as good a horse and as good a cow as those of Archie Campbell.

Archie Campbell was a friendly soul, but Black Angus MacDonald would have nothing of his friendship.

Three years after his arrival at Green Ridge Campbell built a grist-mill on the Wigwam. This mill was a blessing to the settlers; but Black Angus ignored it, and continued to carry his wheat and buckwheat seven long miles to the mill at Stanley.

Both families grew and prospered. Their little, stump-filled clearings became broad fields, their cabins became substantial and comfortable homes, about which additional barns and stables constantly arose.

Campbell had at first considered Black Angus MacDonald as nothing more offensive than a rival in expansion and progress; but as MacDonald's reasonless enmity towards him increased with the passing of every year, he, too, became bitter. He gave enmity for enmity. But they were cautious and law-abiding men, these two Highlanders, and so refrained from doing petty injuries to one another's persons or estates. They never descended to tampering with one another's fences, cattle, or crops, but each strove to profit at the other's expense, and every success of the one was looked upon as a personal insult by the other. No word was ever exchanged between them since that March morning when Black Angus first discovered Archie Campbell felling timber for his cabin.

In this enmity the two families grew up, divided by a hatred which they did not understand, but which they absorbed daily with their very food—divided by hatred, a few rods of land, and a little river.

In this enmity the pioneers went to their graves.

II.

YOUNG Angus MacDonald, the son of Black Angus, carried on the activities of farming and lumbering, and Alexander Campbell, son of Archibald Campbell, carried on the work of farming, lumbering, and milling, and between them they kept alive and bitter the enmity of their dead fathers. Their brothers and sisters ignored the old, passive feud. They took husbands and wives to themselves, lived their own lives, made their own friends and enemies; but Angus and

Alexander accepted the paternal hatred as a sacred trust. Yet they were both men of more than average intelligence. It is a wonder to me—as it was a wonder to their neighbours—that the futility of the thing did not occur to them. Perhaps it would have been a better thing if their fathers or themselves had encountered with fists or axes or shot-guns, and drawn a little blood. That might have brought them to reason. As it was, they did each other no injury, except in their thoughts and in an occasional business transaction.

Of the two, Alexander Campbell possessed the softer nature. Like his father before him, he had a natural weakness for friendship, and his feelings towards Angus MacDonald were usually of sorrow rather than of anger. In his softer and saner moods only his pride kept him from crossing the Wigwam and declaring for peace—his pride and the knowledge in his heart that his advances would be received in sneering, scowling astonishment.

They raised families, did these sons of the original enemies. The third generation grew up with the knowledge of what was expected of it by Green Ridge and its fathers. The third generation was to foster the hatred of the first. "Honour thy father and thy mother," it is written, and young Campbells and young MacDonalds tried for a time to co-ordinate this command with the equally sound one of "Love thy neighbour." But they failed in this, and deceptions were practised on Angus MacDonald and Alexander Campbell by their well-meaning children, and, as the years passed, by their grand-children.

When Alexander Campbell reached the sixty-second year of his life and the second of his widowhood, he turned tail on Green Ridge. The situation had suddenly become unbearable to him. As a young man, full of vitality, his spirit had been able to withstand the silent and unreasonable animosity of his neighbour; but at sixty years of age, with animal fires failing in his blood and his spiritual lights growing clearer, the enmity of Angus MacDonald became a horror. It distressed his dreams. It chilled his thoughts. He firmly believed that it even increased the twinges of his rheumatics. So he fled from it and took up his abode with a married daughter in the little city twenty-two miles away, leaving his house, his lands, his lumbering and milling operations in the hands of his son Norman and Norman's growing family.

Throughout the week immediately following Alexander Campbell's flight Angus MacDonald was in high feather. If he had chased his hereditary foe away from Green Ridge with a shot-gun, he would not have been better pleased with himself. He had routed his contemporary enemy without so much as a word or a single deed of violence. He had done the trick by pure force of will. True, it had taken him sixty-two years to do it, but this fact, for a time, seemed to add glory to his victory. But only for a time. He soon learned that he missed Alexander Campbell. One of the keenest pleasures of his life had been his frequent near-meetings with Alexander—meetings which the other had always avoided, when avoidance was possible, by turning aside from his path. These half-encounters had spiced Angus MacDonald's busy days for years past, but now he had to do without them. So he concentrated his hatred on the remaining Campbells. He forced himself in their ways, and tried to glare them down with black looks and sneering silences, only to be met and passed with amused glances and good-natured grunts. He thought of following Alexander to the city, but his expression of this thought was so cheerfully received by his family, and his son Donald in particular, that he immediately put it from him. He was still an active man, actively interested in his work. He was hard as flint, inside and out.

The years went by, unrolling in green and russet and white over that simple countryside, bringing new acres under the plough, bringing death to some and life to others, and to the heads of the separated, hereditary enemies grey hairs and deepening wrinkles.

Alexander Campbell, in the little city, welcomed the approach of old age, and in so doing seemed to disarm Time—the common enemy of mankind. He grew a trifle thicker about the waist, a great deal greyer about the head, but in everything else he either gained or held his own. Rheumatism ceased to torture him.

Angus MacDonald fought against old age. He defied it. He swore that he grew hardier, tougher, clearer of brain with the passing of every year. However that might be, he shrivelled perceptibly, as if Time, unable to break him, had decided to conquer him by reduction.

Their sons and daughters grew to middle-age; the grand-children grew to manhood and womanhood.

Angus MacDonald was in his seventy-first year when the madness of war broke upon

Europe. He read about it in *The Weekly Provincial News*, and didn't consider it to be of much account. He wondered if it would put up the price of hay—hoped that it might, and commenced his haymaking a few days earlier than he had in previous years. But the distant War quickly affected the secluded region of Green Ridge in more direct ways than in a strengthening of the market for hay. Militia officers came from the city and made recruiting speeches in the school-house. Seven young men walked up to the platform and wrote their names on a large sheet of paper, and the first to put his name down was young Archie Campbell, aged twenty-four, the eldest son of Norman Campbell, and grandson of Alexander. The officers shook hands with him.

"Where are my grandsons?" cried Angus MacDonald, leaping to his feet.

Ramsey and William MacDonald started for the platform, followed close by young Ian Campbell.

"But what about the hayin', father?" bawled Donald MacDonald, from a far corner of the room.

"Hang the hayin'!" cried the old man. "Would ye have the Campbells beat ye to the field of battle?"

Both Norman Campbell and Donald MacDonald hired men to replace their sons on the farms, and the haying went on, and the War went on.

Summer, autumn, winter, and spring unrolled over Green Ridge. The Canadians, far away in Flanders, fought a battle that was made up of a hundred desperate battles, and again the call for men came to Green Ridge.

Angus MacDonald went fishing in June, and caught a cold. He kept to the house for two days, sitting over the kitchen stove most of the time. His son Donald, just returned from the village, found him there one night.

"They've bin fightin' again," said Donald. "Aye, and Ramsey is wounded, and young Ian Campbell is dead."

"Madness!" exclaimed the old man.

"And Norman Campbell is off for the city this very day," continued Donald, "and him forty-nine years old if he's a day."

"What for?"

"To join up for a soldier. And old Alexander Campbell is comin' back to the Ridge to run the farm."

Angus removed his pipe from his mouth and stared at his son.

"An' what about you?" he asked.

"Me?"

"Aye, you. When d'ye join up for a soldier?"

"But who'd run the farm, father?"

"Who runs it now?" cried the old man. "Me! I run it. Didn't ye know that? An' I reckon if that old fool Alec Campbell can run one farm, I could run a dozen. I'm as able a man as ever I was—aye, and abler—and ye can go soldierin' to-morrow, or I'll enlist meself!"

Donald MacDonald went away from Green Ridge and his family. Old Alexander Campbell returned to Green Ridge to try to fill the place of his son and grandsons. Both the MacDonald and the Campbell hired unheroic men to work for them, and paid a little more for their services than in the old days; and farming in Green Ridge and fighting in Flanders went on.

Alexander Campbell returned to the scenes of his earlier activities with love in his heart for everyone in the world, except for the slayers of his grandson Ian. On the second day after his arrival he went across to the MacDonald place. He found his hereditary enemy in an open shed behind one of the barns, tinkering at the complicated blades of a new cultivator. He advanced and held out his hand.

Angus turned upon Alexander, glaring blackly. Alexander's hand trembled, then fell to his side. The glow of kindliness in his face cooled to wonder and something of disgust.

"Ye're still the son of your father," sneered Angus.

"And the grandfather of Archie and Ian," returned Campbell.

"Ye're still the son of your father," repeated MacDonald.

"Aye, and proud of it," retorted the other. "I'm proud of the blood behind me and before me. I'm proud of my living and my dead."

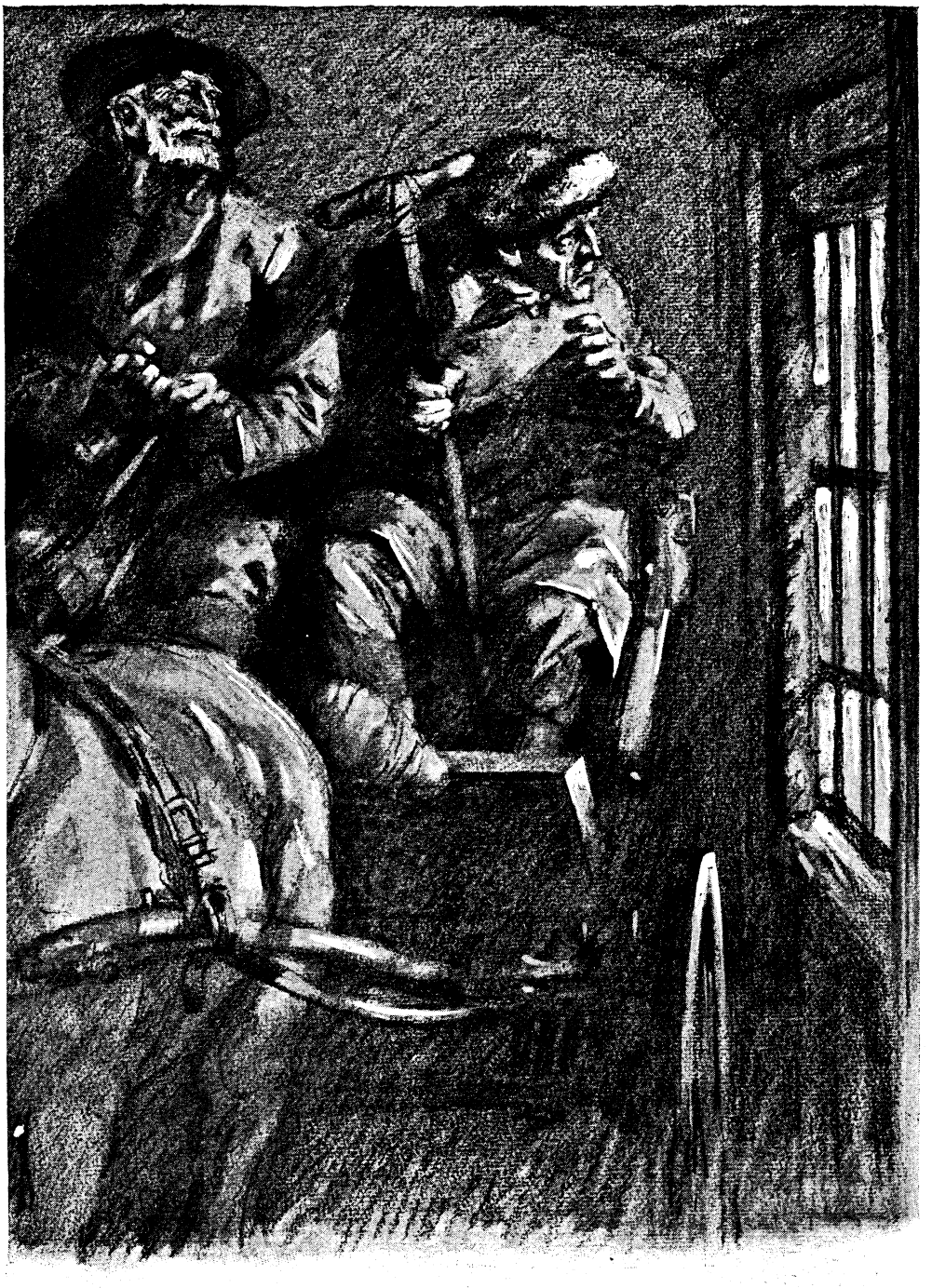
"And ye'll take yerself an' your sinful Campbell pride off my land!" cried Angus.

Alexander turned and walked away. As he climbed the fence he looked over his shoulder.

"Angus MacDonald, ye're a pride-poisoned, brainless old fool!" he cried.

III.

THE price of hay was higher than Angus MacDonald had ever expected to see it. This was a matter which interested the old man keenly, for he was the largest hay-grower in—or within ten miles of—Green



"Both old men leaned forward and peered into the bright kitchen."

Ridge. In addition to his homestead meadows, which were seeded to timothy and clover, he owned a big tract of wild meadow-land six miles away, near the headwaters of the Wigwam.

The hay which grew on these wild meadows was noted for its quantity rather than its quality, and, owing to the undrained condition of the land, it was never harvested until it was over-ripe; but it now occurred to Angus that, with the price of hay what it was, it would be well for him to harvest his



"The girl leaned back in the hollow of his arm."

wild grass in the best possible condition, and mix it with his growths of higher quality. So one July morning he shouldered his axe, his blankets, and a bag of food, and set out to investigate the crop of his wild meadows.

Angus enjoyed getting off by himself for a few days of undisturbed scheming. This had grown into a habit with him during the past twenty-five years—ever since his eldest son had been able to carry on the routine of his affairs without his constant supervision—and altered conditions could not break him of the

habit. Though he was a great worker with his hands, he prided himself on his mental rather than on his physical activities. He could beget men and even now he could hire men to plough and cultivate and mow and chop; but the "headwork"—the planning of the operations by which he had continually increased his prosperity—he kept jealously to himself.

The only building within miles of the meadows was a log hut for the use of the haymakers. It stood on a rise of ground on the northern edge of the low, wet acres, among which the waters of the little river seemed to lose themselves in a particularly difficult stage of their journey to the distant Nashwaak.

Angus MacDonald unfastened the padlocked door of the shack, removed the boards from the single window, dumped his blankets into a bunk, and lit a fire in the little rusty stove to drive out the dampness of disuse. He cut tobacco, filled his pipe, and lit it. Then from a pocket of his jumper he produced a small tin full of earthworms that he had dug from his garden before breakfast, a fishing-line, and a cork in which half a dozen small hooks were imbedded. He cut a short rod from a clump of young willows, tied the line, and baited the hook. Then he went down into the lush grasses and oozy footing of the meadows. He advanced cautiously, following a zig-zagging, unmarked course. He halted frequently to contemplate the tall and matted growths through which he pressed. In places he sank almost knee-deep in the mass of decayed vegetation and black mud, and the feathery, various plumes of the wild grasses brushed his breast. He soon reached his objective, which was an insignificant knoll topped with a clump of Indian willows and partially embraced by a narrow elbow of open, black water. Here he seated himself and gently lowered the baited hook into the black water.

Angus landed five plump trout in ten minutes; but after that the fish ceased to pay any attention to his lure. He looked at his watch and saw that the hour was close upon noon. Would he return to the shack now, fry his trout with a few rashers of bacon, and dine, or would he postpone his dinner for a few hours, and complete his inspection of the meadows? He was not hungry. He decided to go on with the inspection of his water-logged acres.

An hour later found the energetic old man within fifty yards of the southern edge of the meadows, very well pleased with himself and his crop of wild grasses. He had carried his investigation in every direction. He had jumped clean across many branches of the meandering stream—in places he had sunk half-way to his hips in mud and water—but his plans for dealing with this wild crop were clear in his mind. His son and grandsons were soldiering, but that fact did not seem to him a reason for neglecting an opportunity of benefiting by the high price of hay. He would hire extra help, cut the best of this grass before it was over-ripe, bale it up with his high-quality timothy and clover, and sell it all to the Government at the top price.

"Them Army horses won't know the difference," he told himself.

In high spirits he jumped again, this time to clear a small pit of ooze and water that could have been as easily stepped across. He alighted on the slimy, partially submerged root of some old hemlock tree which had long since vanished from its place. He fell sidelong with a cry of anguish and a murderous stab of pain in his right ankle. He squirmed on to his back and lifted himself to a sitting position. He was covered with slime and wet as a fish from ear to heel. He wondered if his leg was broken or only sprained. The pain throbbed from ankle to knee. Walking was out of the question. Sitting in mud and water to the hips for an indefinite period was also out of the question.

"Them as can't walk must crawl," he muttered.

Then that tough old man acted on the thought. It took him the better part of an hour to cover the fifty tangled and oozy yards which separated the scene of his accident from the dry edge of the marsh. Again and again he sank so deep among the grass-roots that the black mud and stagnant water came within an ace of smothering him, and as often he almost fainted with the pain of his injured leg.

Upon reaching firm ground he lay very still for a long time. Then he plucked handfuls of dry moss, and cleaned and dried his face and throat, for in that desperate journey on two hands and one sound knee, dragging a leg behind him like a log, he had sunk face under many times. It had been more like a swim than a crawl.

An examination of his right leg relieved his fears a little. Though the ankle was as sore as a boil and already slightly swollen, he could find no sign of a broken bone. The

knee had shared a little in the sudden wrench, but had escaped without serious injury.

Now the old man commenced his long crawl around the wet hay-lands to the shack on the northern side. He managed it, though again and again he was on the verge of collapse from fatigue and pain. The sun was behind the spruce-tops when he at last dragged himself across the threshold of the shack and subsided in a huddled heap on the floor. The stars were bright in the black sky when he aroused himself again, ate a few dry biscuits, and drank from a kettle of water which he had drawn from the spring that morning. Then he crawled into his bunk and slept.

When Angus MacDonald awoke in the golden morning, he found his injured leg stiff and sore from heel to hip, and the ankle swelled to amazing proportions. He swore heartily at the discovery. But he was game. He dragged himself to the stove and kindled a fire, then to the spring, where, after drawing the water for his morning tea, he bathed his foot. He returned to the shack and with admirable determination prepared himself a first-rate breakfast. He felt stronger after his meal; but no amount of eating could suggest to his mind a way of getting home that day or the next. He had come away without naming his destination to anyone.

By a great effort of will he kept to the shack, and rested his aching limb until mid-afternoon; then restlessness got the better of his caution, and he crawled into the woods behind his retreat, in search of suitable timber for the construction of a pair of crutches. He found what he wanted in a clump of young maples, cut the two saplings with his jack-knife, trimmed them and cut them again to the required length, shaping natural crutches to serve as shoulder-rests. He immediately put his new crutches to the test. All went well until the open door of the shack was reached; but there the butt of the right crutch slipped on the threshold, and he fell heavily to the floor on his right side.

This accident put the old man out of action for the remainder of the day. He didn't cook or eat any supper, and he retired early to his bunk, where his sleep was broken and troubled by the gnawing ache of his sprained ankle. He awoke to find no improvement in the condition of his leg, and lay, inactive but fretful, in his bunk until the afternoon was half spent. Then a sudden, hot wave of anger surged through him.

"I'll get home or bust!" he exclaimed.

The words had scarcely left his lips when old Alexander Campbell entered the shack. Alexander's glance went instantly from his pain-drawn enemy's face to the bootless, swollen ankle.

"Ye've had an accident!" he cried.

Angus MacDonald snarled.

"I'll go back and fetch in a rig for you," said Campbell.

"No, you won't," retorted the other. "I'm walkin' home. I don't need help from you, nor from any man or woman of your breed!"

"I'll fetch a rig, anyhow," said Alexander.

"I'll get home before you," exclaimed Angus.

Campbell turned and left the shack. MacDonald scrambled from the bunk, secured his crutches, and hobbled after him. Campbell turned his head and shouted over his shoulder: "Ye're a danged old fool, Angus MacDonald, and hate and foolishness will be the death of you yet!" Then he broke into a jogging run along the mossy track which led to the clearings, seven miles away.

Alexander Campbell made the distance in good time, despite his years. He went straight to his own stable, hitched a quiet horse into a strong, single-seated wagon, equipped himself with a lantern from the stable and a flask of cooking-brandy from the pantry, and started back for the shack beside the wild meadows. He did all this without attracting the attention of anyone on the farm or in the house. For the first four miles of the return journey the road permitted him to push along at a brisk trot; but after that stumps and roots and mud-holes in the way forced him to reduce his speed and go cautiously. Twilight deepened to dusk, and the road grew rougher in bottom and vaguer in outline with every yard of the advance. He lit his lantern, left his seat, and led the horse forward.

Alexander Campbell found Angus MacDonald within a mile of the shack, seated helpless beside the track with a broken crutch near at hand, beaten in body and sadly reduced in spirit. He turned the wagon, and then assisted the silent but non-resisting MacDonald into the seat.

"Hang on tight," he said, and returned to his place at the horse's head, lantern in hand.

He plodded forward slowly and cautiously until the roughest section of the road was safely passed, and then took his place beside Angus. The journey was completed without the exchange of a single word.

Alexander drew rein beside MacDonald's kitchen window. The wheels of the wagon and the hoofs of the horse made no sound on the soft soil and rotting chips of the door-yard. The window was aglow with lamp-light, and the blinds had not been drawn.

Both old men leaned forward and peered into the bright kitchen. They beheld a girl and a young man. The young man wore ill-shaped clothing of no particular colour. The girl leaned back in the hollow of his arm. Old Angus MacDonald started and twitched as if a pin had been prodded into his flesh.

"Who the devil is that?" he snarled.

"Looks to me like young Archie Campbell, my grandson," said Alexander. "Must be him, for he's the only lad I know of who ever hugged and kissed that girl without gettin' his face scratched."

"Help me down out of this!" exclaimed Angus. "I'll have no kissin' and cuddlin' of MacDonalds and Campbells in *my* house!"

Alexander chuckled.

"Sit quiet, you old fool!" he said. "D'ye reckon that firebrand of a wench cares a tick o' the clock for what ye say or think about her lover just come home from the Wars? And d'ye reckon that there young man, who don't fear death nor bullets nor bay'nets, would drop his arm from that round waist for all the cussin' of all the MacDonalds on this side or t'other side of hell? Not him! Sit still and remember yer own courtin' days."

"But I courted and married a McLean," replied Angus, with a new note of uncertainty in his voice. "And look there! Flora MacDonald—Flora MacDonald, mind yon—with the arms of a Campbell around her!"

"One arm," corrected Alexander. "He ain't got his other arm with him, for he left it in Flanders, where his brother left his whole blessed body."

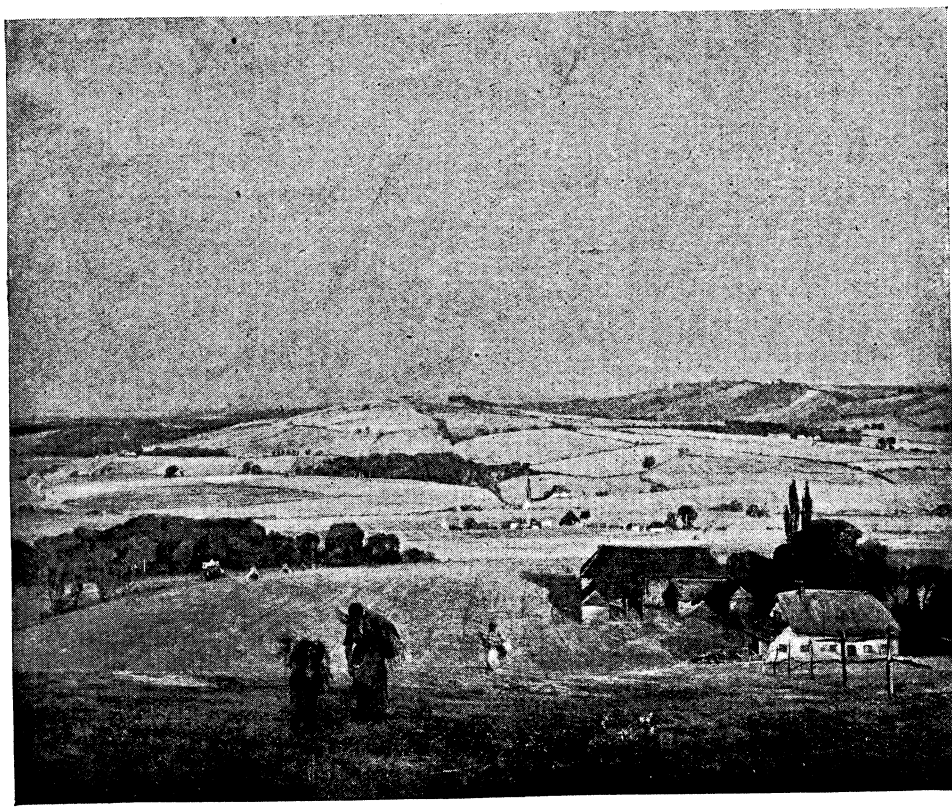
Then a queer thing happened to that bitter old man Angus MacDonald. A strange, weakening "don't care" feeling assailed him, due perhaps to the pain in his ankle, perhaps to hunger, perhaps to something else. He felt as if an old fire in his heart had suddenly gone out. He knew that his outlook on life would never again be as it had been a few short minutes ago. He knew that the fighting spirit that had been his boast was a thing of the dead past, and that things of importance had dwindled to insignificance, and in that fateful moment even his intention of tricking the Army horses with wild hay died in his mind.

"Help me into the house, Alexander Campbell," he said, in a voice of misery. "My leg hurts me cruel, and I guess I'm growin' old."

SONNET.

DAY merges into eventide; the wind
Swells through the hollow cloisters of the night,
And of the harvest riches left behind
By Autumn, when he followed Summer's flight,
The ragged moon remains, in lonely age.
The darkness, unrelieved by scattered stars,
Is filled by leaves, first-fruits of Winter's rage,
That tap with ghostly touch the window bars,
Telling of fear in passage through the land.
Could you but see how Death has blushed the green
To radiance, ere with the hidden hand
He thrusts them down with Summers that have been.
And it is thus in singing the year's end,
The song's one beauty only Death will lend.

RICHARD CHURCH.



"GOLDEN ACRES." BY REX VICAT COLE.
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THE SEASONS IN ART

AUTUMN

By AUSTIN CHESTER

IT is an accepted axiom that the artist admires most in Nature that which best serves his art. This may be unconscious visual selection on his part, rather than deliberate, for Nature may yield to his sight only such part of herself as his artistic faculties enjoin him to accept.

"Nature," Whistler wrote, "contains the elements in colour and form of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the mystery of all music. But the artist is born to pick and choose and group with science these elements, that the result may be beautiful, as the musician gathers his notes and forms chords until he brings from chaos glorious melodies."

A wit and contemporary of Whistler sees yet further connection between Nature and Art, for he asserts indebtedness on the part of the former to the latter, and he says—

"Art makes us love Nature more than we loved her before; it reveals her secrets to us, and, after a careful study of Corot and Constable, we see things in her which had escaped our observation." Extravagant as the sentiment is, there is some truth in it, for when the hillsides are golden with waving corn, when the vineyards are heavy with increase, and the orchard trees are bowed with the weight of their ripe burdens, and the gardens are abloom with purple and red, and the silver dews veil low pasture

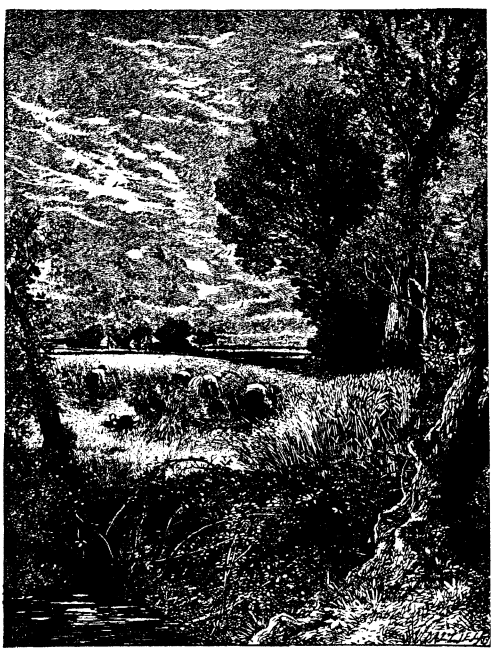
lands, Nature stands, as it were, in an arrested moment of pride, as though to permit the artist to view the product of her year of toil. Then he, ever on the watch, seizes his opportunity and filches from her that which suits his purpose. "Zooks! what's to blame?" as Browning says, since we are thus

Taught what to see and not to see.

Thomson asked—

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers,
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other?

But Thomson failed to realise that the painter, with his quickened consciousness



"THE REAPERS." BY BIRKET FOSTER.

of colour, texture, and line, winnows Nature that by means of his individual vision we may note her beauty. With bland indifference to reality, he lifts confusion from its intricacy, and teaches us to focus the distracted eye.

The modern landscape men—and we include Constable among the number—show a greater sincerity of observation and are more easily moved to consonance with Nature's mood than were their forbears in the same field of Art. The older landscape men were more conventional in composition, and their colour, if equally brilliant with that of their followers, was less real. They produced elegant arrangements rather than



OCTOBER: PIG-HERDING.
BY BIRKET FOSTER.

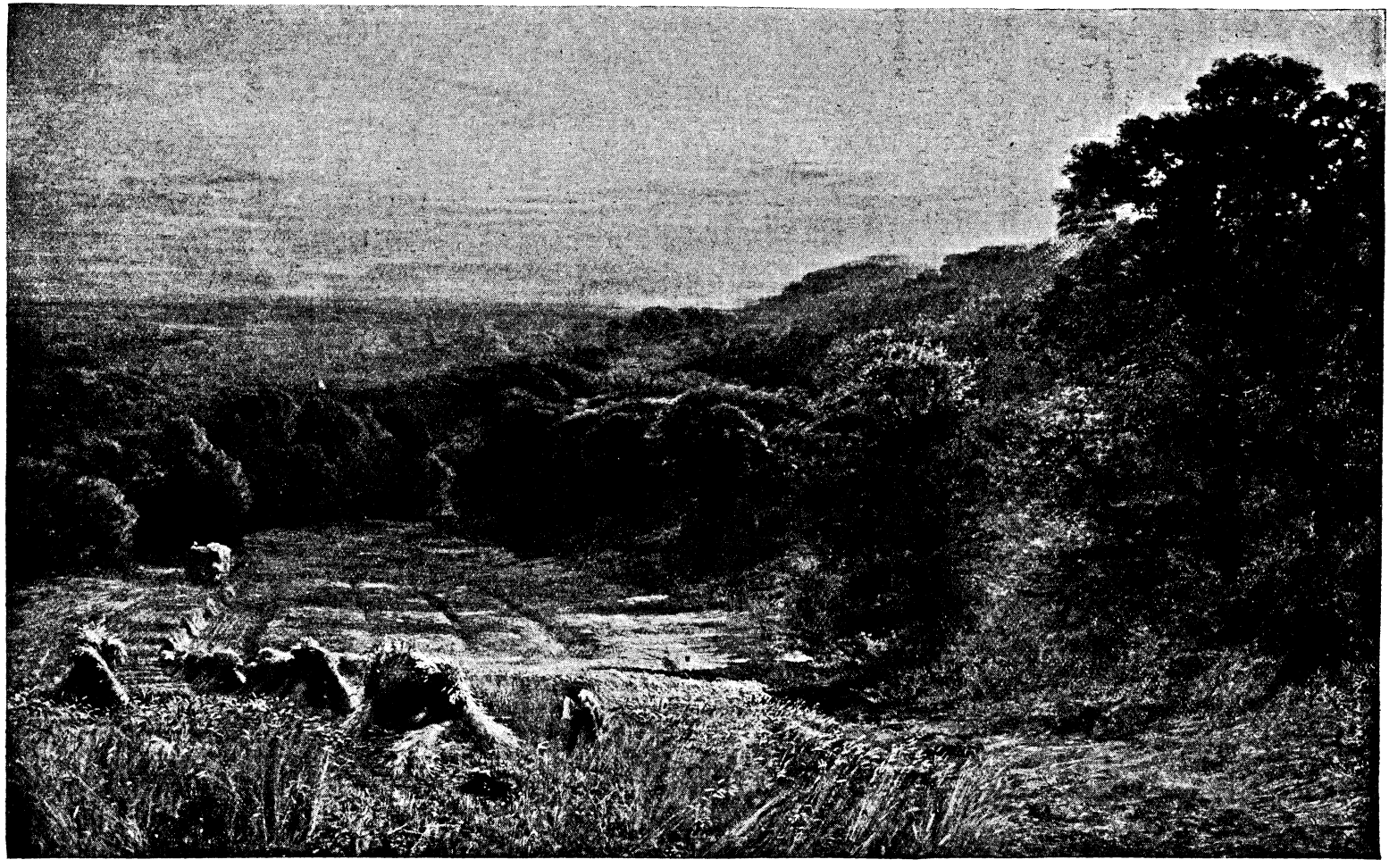
sought for Nature's many and subtle expressions.

Not till Constable appeared had anyone attempted to paint the sunshined and shadowed clouds as they really are; but through his genius we first saw them charged with rain, driven before the winds, and the depositories of light. Not even Turner could, as Constable did, convey the impression of them as active in space.

It is not, however, the landscape-painter



SEPTEMBER: FRUIT-PICKING.
BY BIRKET FOSTER.



"AUTUMN GOLD." BY VICAT COLE, R.A.

who alone shows himself alive to the season of surpassing loveliness, of vivid harmony, of luscious prodigality, to which

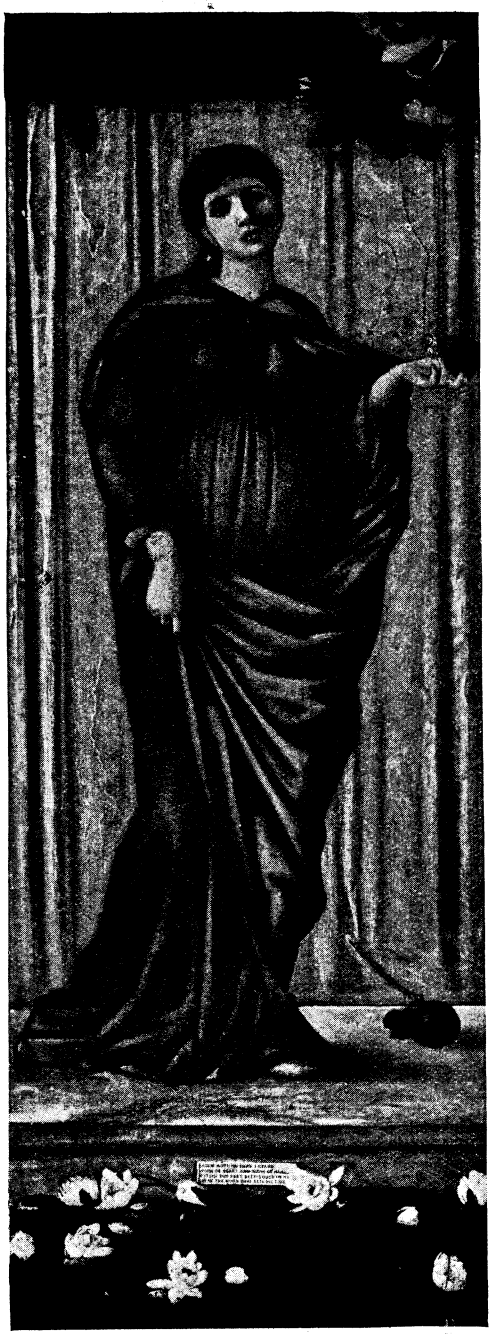
Less fair is Summer, riding high
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on her parting hour.

Maybe that some sense of gratitude for the beneficence of God affects the artist in his thoughts of harvest; for that outward forms, the loftiest, still receive their finer influence from the world within, is true, or, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "we carry with us the wonders we seek without us." Perchance, in Nature's acts of accomplishment, of realisation, of enactment, and of performance, the artist sees analogy to the "incinerated" soul being released from the dark grave.

There is actual analogy, too, between the wonderful work of harvest, and that of the artist, for the work of the artist passes through many stages of refining before its final yield. We are told—

"And God said, let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

"And the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good."



"AUTUMN." BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.
Reproduced from a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

Something of the spirit of *De tuis tibi* is certainly discoverable in a painter's successful yield. Almost we can trace it in George Heming Mason's "Harvest Moon," and in Fred Walker's "The Plough"—two of the finest pictures ever painted of the Autumn season—in the "Autumn Gold" of Vicat Cole, or the "Golden Acres" of his gifted son, Mr. Rex Vicat Cole.

In looking at the lines of poetry that are to be found so frequently attached to pictures, we are tempted to believe that the many hours the painter passes in converse with Nature incline to make of him a poet, to believe in that intimate connection which is said to exist between landscape-painting and poetry. Amiel refers to this when he says a landscape is a mood of the soul, and the Chinese mean this when they call a picture a painted poem and a poem a vocal picture.

Studying the pictures with which modern artists have illustrated this season, and then turning to poetry, we find that they are often better described by its means than by prose. "Autumn," by Fred Walker, for instance, fits Thomson's lines—

. . . . the juicy pear
Lies in a soft profusion scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared,
Of tempered sun, and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixed.



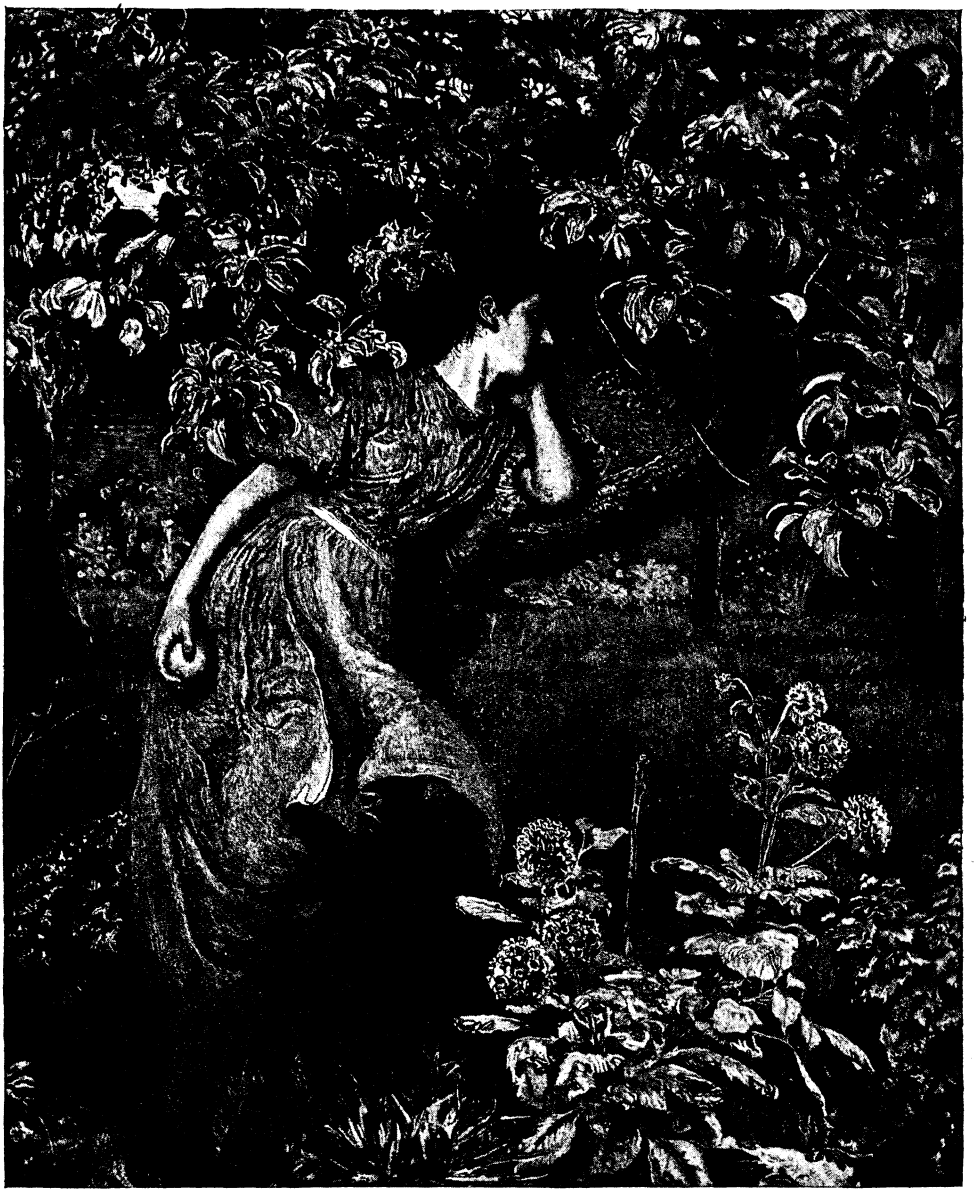
"BREDON-ON-AVON." BY ALFRED PARSONS, R.A.

From the original in the Public Art Gallery, Hull, reproduced by permission of the Corporation.



"ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER." BY EDWARD W. WAITE.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.



"AUTUMN." BY FREDERICK WALKER.

Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, Old Bond Street, W.

This, the best of Walker's designs of the seasons, shows his singular power of accomplishment and admirable potency of sentiment.

We can find lines to fit Mr. Alfred Parsons' "Brown Autumn" or his "Bredon-on-Avon" in—

> See the fading many-coloured woods,
> Shade deepening over shade, the country round
> Imbrown, a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun.

Looking at the beauty of Autumn and its allurements, we cannot wonder that it is the artist's best-loved season, since then it is that familiar objects display alien aspects of beauty, familiar scenes assume strange, magic qualities—

> A tempered sun's arise,
> Sweet-beamed and shedding oft through lucid clouds
> A pleasing calm; while, broad and brown below,
> Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.

Autumn is responsible for one of the treasures of the Manchester Gallery. Of "Autumn Leaves," painted in 1856, Mr. Spielmann, in his valuable book on the work



"FROM GREEN TO GOLD." BY YEEND KING.

From the original in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, reproduced, by permission of the Liverpool Corporation, from a photograph by

of Millais, writes as being "in most respects Millais' chief early masterpiece. Ruskin declared, what all have since endorsed: 'It will rank in the future among the world's masterpieces.' This burning of autumn leaves and piling on of more fuel is in the completest harmony with the scene, the landscape, and the evening time. Millais has shown here how he can paint the time of day and render it to perfection. . . . There is the contrast between these young children, in the spring of life, burning at

We have in landscape such distinguished works as "Golden Autumn," by Sir E. A. Waterlow; "Faintly the Winds Are Sighing, Summer's Gone," by Joseph Farquharson; "Autumn Glory, Picardy," by F. Spenlóve-Spenlove; "An Autumn Morning," by Rex Vicat Cole; "St. Martin's Summer," by Edward W. Waite, and "The Breath of Autumn," by David Murray. These works of landscape belong to the first Autumn months, or the *gerst monath*, as the month of barley harvest was known to the Saxons.



"AN AUTUMN MORNING." BY REX VICAT COLE.
Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

sundown the sere and yellow leaf, while 'the glow within the darkness that all can see adds a significance which all must feel.'"

Before we advance so late in the season as that to which Millais' "Autumn Leaves" point, there are many pictures of the time when

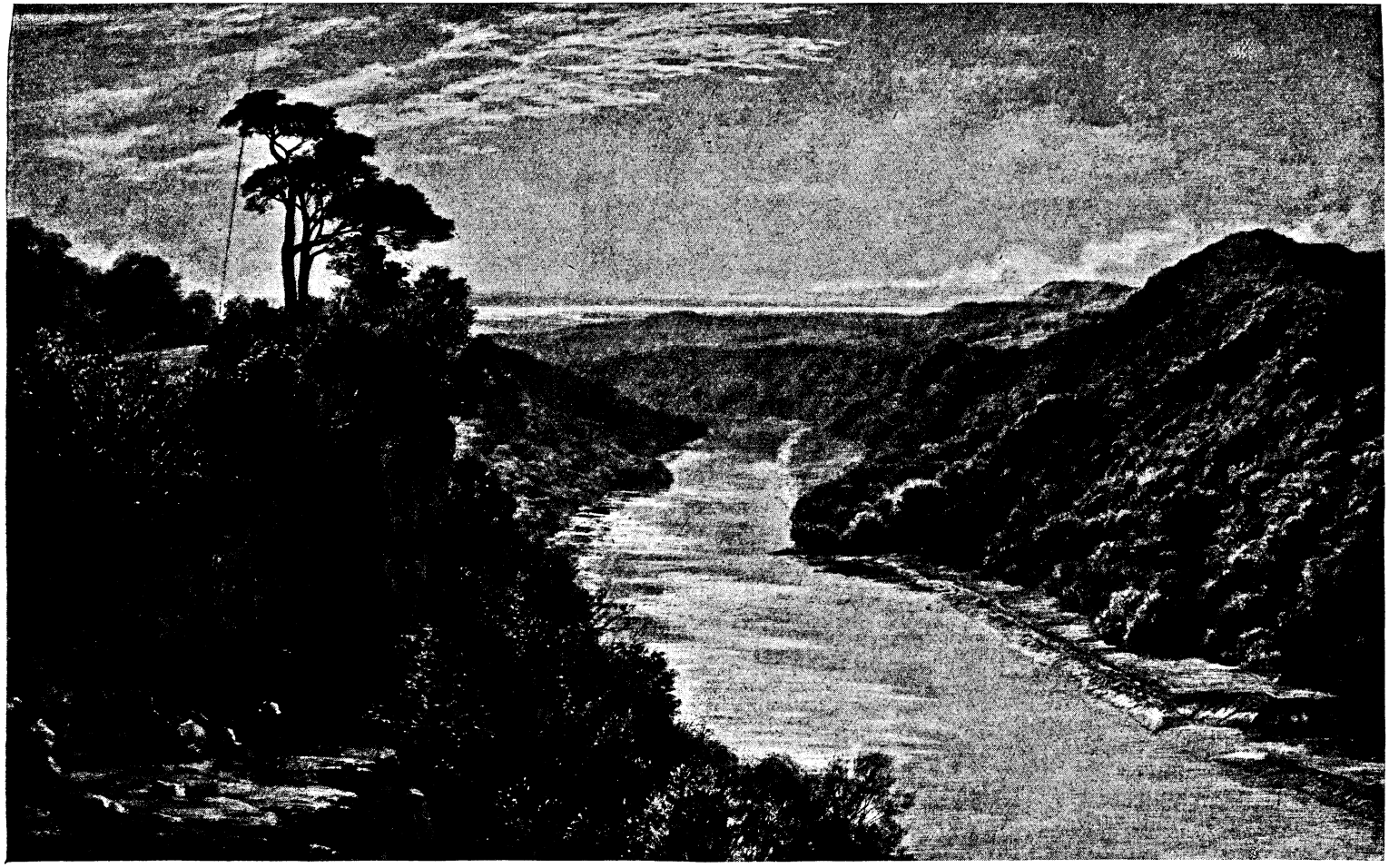
> Libra weighs in equal scales the year

that are worthy of consideration, for they are painted at that period when

> Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf
> . . . Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
> Comes jovial on.

In semi-pastoral, or landscape with figures, are to be included sundry subjects by Birket Foster and, from more modern work, Mr. George Clausen's "Building the Rick" and "The Old Reaper," Mr. H. H. La Thangue's "Shaking Down Cider Apples," Mr. Edward Stott's "Cider Harvest."

The skilful technique at first glance makes us think these last four pictures realistic. Then we reflect that their realism is confined to subject, and that it is consummate art which has enabled these painters, by the aid



"AUTUMN ON THE WYE." BY C. E. JOHNSON.

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"AN AUTUMN MORNING." BY ERNEST PARTON.

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of pigments that are no higher in key than is white in shadow, to portray by subtlety of observation, by careful analysis of colour and reflected light, the seeming glare and heat of sunshine. They are notable contributions to the art of painting.

Memorable also are the late Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's charming composition "The Very End of Harvest," and the gracious symbolism of Burne-Jones's "Autumn."

If Summer comes reluctantly to us, slowly releasing her hold upon Spring, Autumn in her turn advances with equal reluctance, and to represent the gradual passing of her early season we have "From Green to Gold," by Mr. Yeend King, and "Bredon-on-Avon,"



"AN AUTUMN EVENING." BY ERNEST PARTON.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

by Mr. Alfred Parsons. "An Autumn Evening," by Mr. Ernest Parton, illustrates the time when the leaf

> Incessant rustles from the mournful grove.

There is a sense of almost awed repose about such pictures.

October has its chief exponent in the masterly "Chill October" of Sir John Everett Millais.

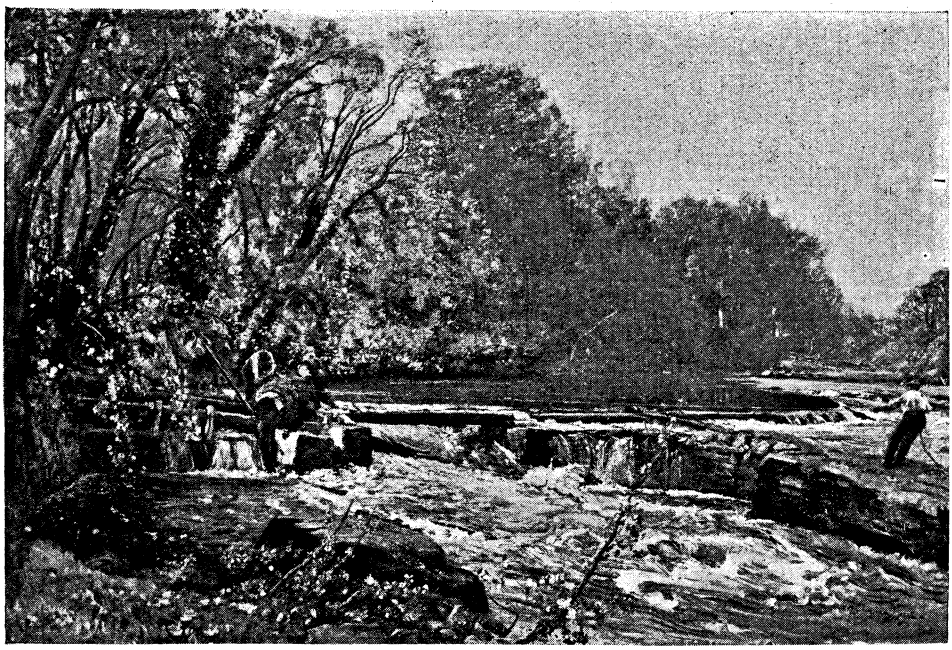
Representing more peaceful aspects of this month we have "Autumn on the Greta," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, and several pictures, "The Dignity of Autumn," "Autumn in the Valley of the Ouse," and "Autumn in the Valley of the Seine," by the late Sir Alfred East; whilst "Autumn on the Wye," by the late C. E. Johnson, shows a phase of the year's waning more beautiful in its colouring, perhaps, than even Summer's noon.

Another landscape by Millais, "Lingering Autumn," takes us yet further into the year—

> When Autumn scatters his departing gleams
> Amid the fading many-coloured woods,
> Shade deepening over shade the country round.

Other pictures, too numerous for individual mention, represent for us one aspect or another of those last Autumn days—

> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.



"THE BREATH OF AUTUMN." BY DAVID MURRAY, R.A.
Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

NUTTING-TIME.

IN Autumn, when the chestnuts fell
Upon the shiny rutted road,
And leaves were dank to sight and smell,
Like little woodland kings we strode—

Children together—faces stung
By the adventurous hurricane;
Like kindly ogres the trees swung
Their lusty branches in the rain.

Together, in the open glade,
Our tireless, merry games we plann'd,
Or followed haunted aisles of shade
That beckoned into Fairyland.

Oh, sweet it was the live day long
Nuts to gather, trees to climb!
The glamour of his youth is strong
In a boy's heart at nutting-time.

ERIC CHILMAN.

RUTHERFORD'S ROMAN TRIUMPH

By A. B. COOPER

Illustrated by A. Gilbert

"THE meanest chap ever!"

That was the general verdict, and had been the school's opinion any time these eighteen months. But this was the last straw, the final wisp. The secret session of the Chadwick Presentation Committee forthwith passed a resolution, *nemine dissentiente*, that Rutherford the Close-fisted should be sent to his own place, as the Scriptures say—obviously Coventry, and to that town of taboo he was sent with a unanimity unique in the annals of Croxton.

What had come over Rutherford was a mystery. In fact, it was a double mystery to his more thoughtful school-fellows, who, though they jumped to conclusions very often, did not jump quite as frequently, quite as readily, or quite as far, as the great majority of schoolboys, whether at Croxton or anywhere else.

But—hang it!—here was a case upon which an infant in arms could pass judgment. A chap may, perhaps, be excused for avoiding the tuck-shop as if it were a leper colony or a fever camp, but when he devours every single tuck-box—or its contents, rather—sent him from home, in secret, alone, inviting nobody to share the good things with him, judgment goes, as they say in the courts, "by default." Only one conclusion of such a case is possible — a unanimous verdict, without recommendation to mercy, of "Guilty of greediness, meanness, stinginess, close-fistedness."

Yet Chadwick's House had not consigned Rutherford to the cold comfort of Coventry because he avoided the tuck-shop, or even because he kept to himself his fairly frequent boxes and parcels from home. Chadwick's House had too keen an appreciation of its own dignity to do that. As long as it was a purely personal matter, they were content to let Rutherford stew in his own juice, flavoured with their pretty apparent scorn. The final act of meanness which consigned Rutherford to Coventry was his refusal to contribute to the Chadwick Testimonial and Presentation, a mark of respect offered to the popular house-master, Mr. Chadwick, on the completion of five-and-twenty years' residence at Croxton, a testimonial to which many Old Croxtonians from all parts of the globe had gladly sent their mite.

When Rutherford was approached on the subject, he more than fulfilled expectation by saying "No." His qualification of his refusal that he regarded the idea as a good one, and that he wished it every success, was regarded as insult added to injury. He did nothing to make it a success, and Chadwick's House—of which he was a member—and the whole school — of which he was a standing disgrace—when the scandal oozed out, considered pious expressions of sympathy, without practical help, null and void.

On every other count, Chadwick's, and, indeed, Croxton itself, would have been inclined to brag about Rutherford. His banishment to Coventry put him out of the Rugger team, for instance, but it is more than probable his absence cost the school the match with Paxton. Moreover, he was a veritable whale at maths., and was going up to Cambridge in a month or two to sit for the Shorthouse Scholarship, a scholastic prize coveted by all the big schools; and, although he had so much to compete against, Croxton pinned its faith to him, and believed

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him capable of carrying the Croxton colours to victory.

Chadwick's had to confess, too, that Rutherford never sponged. That fault could not be laid to his charge. When he first came to Croxton—much later than most boys—he had appeared to be a normal boy. "Give and take" seemed as much his rule as of every decent kid. He was not lavish, but certainly not stingy. Whilst not seeming to be overstocked with pocket-money, he was never short. What he had he spent, and what he bought, if it were eatable, he shared.

All that was ancient history. For a long time Rutherford had been a changed man. He neither gave nor took. At first fellows thought he had run short of cash, and offered him half their tuck. But no, Rutherford steadily refused all favours. Then the rumour got abroad that his folk had come down in the world, and Rutherford was scraping and saving to keep down expenses. But when big tuck-boxes continued to arrive, and were never so much as seen or heard of again, and when letters bulging with postal orders were known to have arrived for him, Chadwick's came to the regretful but inevitable conclusion that Gerald Rutherford had come to think generosity and good-fellowship much over-rated qualities of character, and had deliberately made up his mind that in this life Number One is the only person worth considering, the only person who matters.

II.

THINGS were still at this pass when Rutherford went up to Cambridge to sit for the "Shorthouse." I won't be sure, but I have a strong impression that the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick had been deliberately arranged to take place while he was away, seeing that he was the only fellow in Chadwick's House who had not contributed.

Be that as it may, it was during Rutherford's absence that the meeting was called in the school hall. Mr. Chadwick's bosom friend, the Vicar of Croxton Town, was asked to preside and present the testimonial, and a general open invitation was sent to the other houses to be present at this semi-private function.

The result was a surprise, even to Chadwick's, which has a very healthy opinion of itself. The Doctor came as a sort of volunteer, just to show his respect, and so did every master in the old place. But none of them would consent to go on the platform or take any part in the business. They insisted that it was Chadwick's show, and they emulated the Village Blacksmith, and "sat among the boys," leaving the rostrum to Canon Hunter, the lifelong friend of Mr. Chadwick, to the two house prefects, Smith and Adamson, and to the house-master and his wife.

The proceedings were distinctly enthusiastic, for Mr. Chadwick was a general favourite — just, firm, easy-mannered, a decent bat, a good lob-bowler, an unerring umpire. We sang "Floreat Croxtona!" and "He's a jolly good fellow!" and some Shakespearian verses commencing—

> Who is Chadwick, who is he,
> That all the chaps commend him?

written by our tame house poet, Bellingham. All went merry as a marriage bell — an obvious quotation which does not need inverted commas—and probably the very last person any Croxtonian thought of during the earlier proceedings was that clever solver of equations, that great Rugger "three," that close-fisted and obdurate member of Chadwick's, who had solved the problem of being in two places at once, Cambridge and Coventry, Gerald Rutherford.

But he was fated to come into the picture, and to stay there for all time!

The Vicar of Croxton Town, Canon Hunter, when he stood up to make the presentation, said that the night before, whilst visiting Mr. Chadwick, he had told him a story which had recently come to his knowledge, and Mr. Chadwick had extorted a promise from him to tell that story again to the assembled school on this great occasion, and as nearly as possible in the same words. He now proceeded to do so, and spoke as follows:

"One of the boys of Chadwick's House was returning to school on a certain raw winter's evening, just after the Christmas vac., about eighteen months ago, when, on turning the corner of Charles Street, at the lower end of the town, someone coming at great speed round the same corner, in the opposite direction, collided with him. Being a Croxtonian, and therefore a Ruggerite, he involuntarily collared his opponent, who was making for an opposite goal, and found he had hold of a child, a girl of twelve or so, perhaps, but ghastly pale, pinched and half-clothed, who looked up at him with such frightened eyes and struggled in his grasp so strongly that he asked her, on the spur of the moment, if anything was wrong.

"He gathered that the girl's mother was

dying, that the girl had just been for the doctor, that she had failed to find him in, and that she was rushing back with all speed,



"We caught our quarry two fields away, and hoisted him shoulder-high."

full of the idea that in her absence her mother might have died.

"The Croxtonian said: 'I'll go with you.'

And, taking the girl's hand, they ran together to the entrance of one of the courts, at one time the abode of the aristocracy, but now miserable tenements with as many families as rooms.

"Down the passage they ran, plunging

suddenly into midnight gloom, the girl guiding the Croxtonian till they emerged into the more open courtyard surrounded by tall, sombre buildings. The girl crossed the yard, pulling her companion into a doorway, and then guiding him up a dark and steep stair to the very top of the house.

"The sound of loud crying — infant lamentation—came to their ears. The girl dropped the Croxtonian's hand and rushed to the only door visible on the gloomy landing. In she went, and the next moment her companion outside heard a scream. He followed into the wretched attic, lighted by a guttering candle, but without fire or furniture, except an old table and the mattress on which lay the mother, and upon which, too, a perfect avalanche of children seemed to have cast themselves in order to weep the harder.

"The girl who had guided the Croxtonian to this scene of misery and trouble was tugging the children back with frantic energy, and crying, 'Mother! Mother!' without cessation.

"The mother was dead, the children starving. That was the simple situation the Croxtonian was faced with. He might have gone to the authorities and told them about it, or informed me, for instance. He seems only to have thought of what he could do personally. He had recently received his monthly pocket-money, and he went out and bought everything the family was likely to require urgently for the next few days. Later he even arranged with a local undertaker to bury the poor woman and to see that all the requirements of the law were satisfied. He also bought the children boots and coats, that they might follow their mother to the grave.

"Almost at the first interview he found that the girl, now the head of the family, had inherited from her dead mother a great aversion to the workhouse. Doubtless this accounts a good deal for the Croxtonian's subsequent action. She was willing—nay, very eager—to work, even to slave, for her younger brothers and sisters, if only the wolf could be kept from the door, and she proved herself very capable. Several of the children went to the neighbouring Council School, and it was from the headmaster I eventually heard some of the details. The rest that brave little girl told me, and I have done my best to weave the facts I gathered into a connected narrative.

"I have still to add that the Croxtonian for eighteen months has practically supported that family. Literally every penny of his pocket-money has been devoted to them, and I gather, from some of the gleeful, wonderful, fairylike stories told me by the younger children up in that now tidy little top room, every single tuck-box sent from home also. Their benefactor has always been at great pains to cover his tracks, and, had it not been for certain accidental circumstances which set me on the trail of this story, nobody but the family he saved would ever have been the wiser.

"I will leave it to my dear friend of many years, Mr. Charles Chadwick, to reveal, if he choose, the name of the Croxtonian who played this honourable—nay, this heroic—*rôle*, and I now beg to ask him, in your name, to accept, from his own house especially, but also from the school at large and from many Old Boys, this token of respect and love."

Mr. Chadwick rose to reply. There were tears in his eyes, of which he did not seem at all ashamed. I must confess I felt like doing a savage weep myself, and I was by no means alone. After a few halting remarks, Mr. Chadwick said: "There is one name missing from the list of subscribers of my own house to this testimonial and presentation. I did not know why Gerald Rutherford was so unpopular among his housemates until lately. Quite by accident I got an inkling of the reason, and of how deep it went, apparently tinging his whole conduct and vitiating all his better qualities.

"Meanness, parsimony, niggardliness, is a grave fault in a man; in a schoolboy it is unnatural and odious. Hitherto I had respected, liked, even admired Rutherford. On hearing this report of him I revised my opinion. To-day, with you all, and especially with the members of his own house, I am in sackcloth and ashes of repentance for my short-sighted folly in forgetting the command: 'Judge not that you be not judged.'

"We are all weighed in the balance to-day and found wanting. I need not tell you—you know already"—the stillness in that great and crowded room was death-like; we seemed to hear each other's hearts beat—"that the Croxtonian who succoured those poor orphans is Gerald Rutherford."

No sooner was the name actually spoken than the tension that had held the school dumb snapped. Burk of Chadwick's sprang on the bench and, waving his arms frantically, his eyes blazing with excitement and emotion, yelled "Bravo, Rutherford!"

It was like a match to powder. Instantly

every boy, every master—yes, the Head himself—stood on his seat and yelled "Bravo, Rutherford!" Then somebody called for "Three times three!" and they were given with such gusto and vim that the four-centuried roof was endangered. Then we sang again "He's a jolly good fellow!" only the "fellow" was another fellow altogether, one whom a few minutes ago we should have styled, from the school standpoint, "a jolly bad fellow!"

III.

My word! No Croxtonian who had the luck to be there is likely to forget it if he live as long as Adam and Eve combined; and if he isn't a better fellow all his life for that day, I despair of him. That evening we held a mass meeting in the playing-fields under the elms, attended by the whole school, and Smith of ours made a brilliant suggestion, which was carried *nem. con.* and carried out with the greatest *éclat*.

Rutherford, wholly unconscious of what had happened in his absence, was returning next day from Cambridge. We wanted not only to reinstate him, fetch him back from Coventry, but to do the thing handsomely. We felt that half measures, mingy apologies, googly looks, and the like, were not for an occasion of this kind. Rutherford was a thoroughbred hero, and we wanted to let him see we thought so. The V.C. has been given for half as much.

The station Rutherford would alight at is two miles out of Croxton Town on the school side, and so nearer than the town station, and we resolved to meet him *en masse*. We hired two chars-à-bancs, and decked them out in the school colours, with additions according to taste, with canopies of laurel over each. They looked like some contraption for a gymkhana, and either of them would have taken a prize.

We had at the aforesaid mass meeting undertaken the sole support and education of Rutherford's orphans, and so we rounded them up, dressed them as they had never been dressed since the year One, and seated them in the leading vehicle, to their great and loudly-expressed delight, and jolly well they looked.

But Rutherford nearly missed his Roman triumph. He was in the train all right. In fact, he was looking out of the window as the train came round the bend into the little station. When he saw the platform solid with Croxtonians, saw those variegated laurel bowers over the railings harnessed to four champing steeds each, or *vice versa*, and the six "orphans" standing up in the nearer one, grinning like a truck-load of Cheshire cats, I tell you, Rutherford tumbled to the situation. He knew that the other cat—not the Cheshire one—was out of the bag, and he took fright and flight simultaneously.

He pitched his bag out of the window among the seething multitude, disappeared like a rabbit into his burrow, and shot out, ere the train stopped, on to the line on the far side. Jackson, our leading harrier, gave the view-hallo, and the whole Croxton pack streamed after the fugitive. The very locomotive panted with surprise, the engine-driver forgot to shut off the steam-whistle, the fireman stood with a shovel of coal and forgot to put it on the fire, the guard stood with a whistle in his hand and his mouth wide open, the passengers all craned out of the windows to watch the fun.

We caught our quarry two fields away, and hoisted him shoulder-high. We could see him protesting, but the noise we made was so deafening that we could not hear a word he said. I rather fancy he wanted to be back in Coventry again, where he could get a bit of quiet! We recrossed the line, hoisted him into the char-à-banc, packed the thing solid, hoisted him again with his head among the greenery, and drove back to school to "Jolly good fellow!" and "Floreat!"

The town had got wind of something afoot, and a good share of its inhabitants lined up outside the school gates. They thought Rutherford had scored a century or something, but we knew better. Eventually the presence of the children—the six orphans—gave the show away, and Croxton Town shared with the old school the story of Rutherford's self-sacrifice.

The Head and the masters were in the quad. to greet us as we entered, the two chars-à-bancs preceded, attended, followed by the whole vociferous school, and the only person who did not thoroughly enjoy this Roman triumph was "the noblest Roman of them all"—Rutherford.

THE LILY ISLAND

By A. M. BURRAGE

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon

IT is possible that you may know the Lily Island, for my temperamental friend Taxiter exhibited a water-colour drawing of that title a year or so ago at the Royal Academy. He used to pretend to believe that it was the self-same island as that on which the Lady of Shalott sat and watched her mirror, waiving the fact that the stream enclosing it was not the Camel. It is, however, a spot sufficiently charming to deserve as picturesque a legend, for on approaching it the river runs under twilight arches of trees, and in bright weather the patches of sunlight on the water seem as tangible as so many golden discs. The island owes its name and more than half its charm to the fabric of water-lilies woven around it.

I was at school with Taxiter, and in those days public opinion compelled him to wash regularly, and kept what seemed an average memory in a state of repair. After he had come down from Oxford and spent a year in Paris—where he had acquired a certain knowledge of Art, and something he was pleased to call a temperament—I met him again, and spent five days with him at his bungalow at St. Kevin, Cornwall.

After that visit I lost sight of him again for a long while, and encountered him at last at one of those strange clubs for men and women in which it seems to be the custom for members to sit on the floor and listen to recitals of each other's original poetry. I had gone thither to seek a lady whom someone had informed me might be there.

"Hullo!" said I. "What are you doing, Taxiter? I thought you had given up infesting London."

"It's only for a few days," he answered. "I've painted St. Kevin inside out, and I'm off to Brittany for a time. I start in about forty-eight hours."

He was as good as his word. But a man who prides himself on having no memory at all can do as much harm in two days as an ordinary person can accomplish in a lifetime.

"Hope you'll have a good time," I said. "Making for any particular spot?"

"Yes, a village Thingmybob put me on to. I've forgotten its name, but I've got it jotted down somewhere. Phew! Doesn't London stew one this weather?"

"Yes," said I. "I've been trying to make up my mind to clear off somewhere and put in a bit of hard work. My flat at Chelsea is a sort of private Hades, and I haven't put pen to paper for more than a week."

He smiled broadly at my excuse for laziness.

"I read a rather jolly little thing of yours the other day," he remarked. "Don't remember the title, and forget what magazine I saw it in, but it intrigued me vastly. I say, if you think of clearing out, why not play at being Horace on my Sabine farm?"

"Is this," I asked, "an offer of the loan of your bungalow?"

"Yes," said Taxiter. "Delighted if you'll go down and use it while I'm away. You remember the old dear who used to spoil our morning omelettes? I've left her in charge. If I think of it, I'll write and tell her you're coming."

"It's frightfully good of you, Taxiter," I said. "But you won't think of it. Man, know thyself!"

He laughed lightly at the thrust. He was one of those people who think that the first step towards acquiring genius is to develop some eccentricity, and he was openly proud of that dreadful memory of his.

"Oh, that'll be all right," he answered. "You just go down and tell her I've lent you the bungalow. Told her I might get somebody to come down. She understands me pretty well, and she knows you."

I thanked him as effusively as I was able,

adding: "My plans are a bit uncertain at the moment, but the bungalow may be a godsend to me in a few days."

"That's all right," said he. "Go down whenever you like, and stop as long as you like. I shan't be back before the autumn."

Later that night I met my brother Philip.

"By the way," I asked, with the most elaborate carelessness, "seen anything of Miss Ellis lately?"

He looked at me as only a brother is permitted.

"No," said he. "I believe she's out of town. She's either gone away, or is just going. Shall I inquire where she's gone, or proposes to go?"

"Don't be a silly fool," I urged him civilly. "D'you think I'm going to follow her?"

It was then that I made up my mind about Taxiter's bungalow. Clearly London was no place for me.

II.

I SAW the "long fields of barley and of rye" on either side the stream. I saw the "little breezes dusk and shiver," and it needed no great effort of the imagination to picture the many towers of Camelot rising out of the misty distance. About a mile downstream was the Lily Island, and walking leisurely towards it through the long shadows—for the sun was already low—I found some excuse for Taxiter's poetic theory. For I still felt kindly towards him.

I had but half an hour since stepped out of the train on to St. Kevin platform, and, wishing to stretch my legs, had taken the longer and pleasanter way to the bungalow. I had found before a certain magic lurking in water-meadows, and balm for a sore heart. The magic was there to-day, but the balm eluded me. During the last few weeks I had gone as carefully into the question of suicide as ever Hamlet did. There is no time like youth—happy youth.

I had walked half-way to the island, when I espied an angler working his way towards me. When I reached him, he was drying his cast—lashing the air so that the long, gleaming line set up a rhythmic whistling—and nodded good evening to me. There is a freemasonry amongst anglers even when they are English and strangers to each other, and the creel I wore on my back won me that nod.

"Any sport?" I asked, coming to a halt.

"I've killed a brace of half-pounders," he answered, "but they're not rising with any enthusiasm. There's a likely pool under the falls, if one cared to use a wet fly, but I don't."

"Nor I," said I.

He laughed and made a cast.

"Funny," he said, "how particular some of us are about the way we kill fish. Now, I"—he looked at me curiously—"wouldn't be half so particular about the way I killed a man."

"The bigger the game, the cruder the means of snaring it," said I. "Besides, killing men is an illegal sport, anyhow."

"It shouldn't be," he said. "I've just been wondering how I would kill a painter if I had the chance. I've invented some beautiful deaths."

"Why a painter?" I asked.

"This," he answered, reeling in his line and preparing to make another cast, "is our first meeting. You can't expect me to unburden my heart to a stranger. It isn't done. Besides, it's an awful story, and I'm too sick about it to tell you now. May see you again along here. I'm stopping at 'The Horse Shoe.'"

He grimaced at me, all good humour and mock ferocity, and I bade him good evening and passed on. It was not until some time later that I so much as guessed that it was Taxiter's blood for which the man thirsted.

The lilies were already closing their petals when I approached the island. There a cool, damp-smelling gloom surrounded me, pleasant enough after the hot glare of the smiling sun. The tree-tops still shone golden, but there were no discs of light on the water. There, with the premature dusk, an atmosphere of sleep seemed to have settled.

I halted and snuffed the cooler, sweeter air, inhaling some subtle essence that went to my head like the fumes of strange wine. Mystery lurked there always, and grew strong at sunset. Fairy tales became true once more. My boyhood—never, I hope, too far distant—came back to me, and heard strange whispers of strange mysteries, and scanned the shadows awfully, full of a fearful joy.

A rotten branch cracked under my feet as I moved on, and I saw a patch of white rise suddenly from the ground and seem to hang suspended a few feet from the bank. Only a moment, and then the patch of white became the blouse of a girl—a girl before whom I presently halted, hat in hand, breathless and stammering.

"Dollie!"

"Reggie!"

"Well, I'm——"

"What are you doing here?"

I had had time to draw breath and recover some of my self-possession.

"It was on the tip of my tongue to ask you that."

"I believe," she said, with a look of annoyance, "you must have followed me."

"I don't think I deserve that, Dollie."

"Then tell me why you came here, of all places."

"There's a chap named Taxiter, a painter——" I began.

"I know there is," said she quickly, "but it's no use your going to look him up. He's——"

"I know," said I. "He's in Brittany by now, but he lent me his bungalow."

"*What!*" No description could do justice to Dollie's tone, nor could the greatest actress imitate it. Very humbly, and with a sense of impending disaster, I repeated what I had said.

"But he couldn't have lent it to you," said Dollie; "he lent it to me."

I stared at her, dumb for the moment.

"He—he gave me a note to take to his housekeeper," she added.

"But he told me to go down when I liked, and stop as long as I liked."

"When did he tell you that?"

"Last Thursday night."

"My note's dated Thursday—I met him in the afternoon."

"Well," said I, tritely enough, "we can't both have it."

"Have you a note?" she demanded, with a kind of smouldering triumph.

"I—well—but, my dear girl, of course I surrender to you at once. I can go and stop at the inn for to-night, and clear off to-morrow. Confound Taxiter!"

I said the last two words below my breath, but she heard them.

"The poor fellow," she remarked, "has a terrible memory."

Under my breath I included Taxiter and his memory in one rich, ripe, comprehensive curse, but retracted it aloud the moment after.

"After all," said I, "if it hadn't been for his beastly memory, I shouldn't have met you."

She made me a little bow full of mockery.

"The journey to London and back is over five hundred miles," she said, "and you will have to spend the night at a nasty, smelly inn. Don't, please, pretend that the mere sight of me repays you for all that inconvenience."

"You seem to forget," said I, "that a few weeks ago I asked you to marry me. The mere nature of the request implies, at the least, a certain amount of liking for you."

She laughed. "That's better. I was afraid you would say you would go to the other ends of the earth for my sake. Some men could say that sort of thing quite well, but you couldn't. Are you aware," she added, with a nice irony, "that this is a very shocking situation? What would Mrs. Grundy say if she knew that we both came here with the intention of stopping at the same bungalow? And Mrs. Grundy's such a friend of yours, isn't she?"

"Not a friend," I answered, "but a person I sometimes go out of my way to propitiate for the sake of women I respect."

I spoke huffily enough, and she slipped her slim arm into mine and gave it a sudden squeeze.

"Jimmy," she said, "you're a dear old duffer, and you ought to thank me for saying 'No' to you. We'd lead a cat and dog life. You'd object to all my friends, and my ways of enjoying myself, and want to take care of me. Wouldn't you, now?"

"Probably. I can answer now for your friends. I developed a homicidal mania when I met some of them. There is the nasty kind of Bohemian as well as the nice, you know."

"And I am not capable of judging the one from the other?" said she.

"One of your gods," I answered, "has decreed against you. Didn't Stevenson say that no woman can tell the difference between a gentleman and a dancing-master?"

"There," said Dollie, withdrawing her arm, "shouldn't we be always quarrelling? What would be the use if I—if I tried to care for you a little? Would you like to see me to the bungalow? You've been here before, and you know the way."

"Do you mean to say that you've only just arrived?"

"Yes; I suppose I arrived by the same train as you. But, of course, you fussed about, looking after your luggage, and then went into that horrible inn."

"True enough. How well you know the habits of the animal! I had a Homeric thirst."

"And I," said she, "am dying for a cup of tea. I almost forgot it as I sat here watching the water. I believe I should



"A girl before whom I presently halted, hat in hand, breathless and stammering."

soon have seen elves and fairies if I hadn't seen you."

I laughed as sadly as I knew how.

"All beautiful things fly at my approach," said I. "You might have made an ogre out of me, Dollie. But instead I remind you that you want a cup of tea—and, poor old thing, you must want it, too."

"I suppose," said Dollie, "Mrs. Grundy wouldn't mind your entering the bungalow with me and sharing the meal?"

"Mrs. Grundy," said I, "will not be interested, for we are not going to the bungalow. Taxiter's housekeeper is a dear, good woman, but it would take her not less than five hours to boil a kettle and cut bread and butter. We are going, first, to a cottage I know of, about ten minutes' walk from here. Taxiter and I used to feed there sometimes when we grew desperate."

Dollie laughed long and merrily, and the sound awoke strange echoes in the dark aisle where we stood.

"They must have made a lovely pair, Mr. Taxiter and his housekeeper," she commented. "Come along, Jimmy. Show me your cottage, then."

We fell into step, she again presently slipping her arm into mine.

"Did you," she asked me presently, "pass a man fishing?"

"I did," I said. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing—only I had a vague idea that I'd met him somewhere. If I'd seen him in London, I think I should have bowed, but down here it seemed so unlikely. He looked at me, too, as if he knew me."

"He spoke to me," I said, "but I didn't know him. Quite a chatty kind of fellow. Told me, in fun, that he thought of killing a painter."

"I wonder," said Dollie, "if he meant Mr. Taxiter?"

"Oh, I don't suppose he knows Tax. If he did, I expect he would want to kill him. A man with a memory like that is better dead."

We found the cottage of which I had spoken, a thatched and lime-washed cottage with great sunflowers outside the door. Mrs. Briscoe, hearing from me of Dollie's famished condition, wrought a miracle in our behalf, and, a few minutes after we had crossed the threshold, prepared for us a salad and hard-boiled eggs and tea, with cream and jam to follow. We sat by a window overlooking the long silver strip of river, and watched the twilight gather, and the last birds fly home, and the first star glimmer in the pale blue of the sky.

Mrs. Briscoe had donned her bonnet by the time we were ready to depart. She told us, all smiles, that her daughter had just had her "first." She had seen this prodigy but once, and was about to "pop over" and see it again.

"My husband," she added, "is over to the slate club meetin', so we'll be late folks to-night, neither of us bein' in before ten."

We wished prosperity to the infant, and I sent my regards to Briscoe, who knew something of the ways of trout; and then Dollie and I took our departure.

III.

I HAD a premonition that something was wrong before I saw the perambulator. I suppose I had subconsciously deduced something from the incident of the homicidal angler. There was an angler who wanted to kill a painter. Taxiter was a painter. Dollie knew Taxiter, and thought she knew the angler. If she had met him, then it lessened the odds against the angler knowing Taxiter, and Taxiter being the painter he wanted to kill. Given that Taxiter *was* the painter in question, why did the angler say that he wanted to kill him? Had Taxiter said to him casually: "Look here, old thing, if you want some fishing, why not go down and stop at my bungalow?" And had the angler accepted the invitation, as Dollie and I had accepted it, and come down and—and—— Then why was he stopping at the inn, and why, again, did he want to kill Taxiter?

Alas, I knew as soon as we approached the bungalow! It stood on the verandah, its white coverlet flamboyant in the gathering gloom, unmistakably a perambulator. Dollie saw it, and her hand on my arm tightened for me to halt.

"That," said she, "is a queer ornament for a bachelor establishment."

I smothered a gurgling sound that arose in my throat and tried to get the better of me.

"I doubt if it's a bachelor establishment any longer," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I dare say Taxiter let the bungalow furnished for a year or two, and forgot all about it. He told you you could have it, and he told me I could have it, and, if I'm not mistaken, he told that man we saw fishing that *he* could have it. And none of us got here first. He must have spent his last hours in London rushing about lending his bungalow to people. Good job for him he's in Brittany! I only hope he'll forget to come back!"

"Nonsense!" said Dollie. "I expect the housekeeper has a friend visiting her."

"Well," I suggested, "let's see."

We opened the gate and went up the path together, and I knocked upon the door. It was promptly opened by a stout and florid lady, who, after giving us one glance, relieved us of the onus of speaking first.

"If you wish to see Mr. Taxiter," she said, "I'm afraid he's gone away."

"I know," said I, "and—er—he lent this lady the bungalow."

The colour increased in the lady's face.

"Well, I never!" she cried. "You're the fourth who's come here and said that, and we've only been here three days. It's getting a nuisance, that's what it is—a regular nuisance. I'm not saying it's your fault, mind, but I've done nothing but drive people away! Here, Henry!"

She had raised her voice, and we heard something stir in the dining-room.

"My husband's in the Holborn branch of the London and Suburban Bank, where Mr. Taxiter keeps his money. A week ago

Mr. Taxiter came to draw some out, and told my husband he was just going to France. 'Why not use my bungalow for your holiday?' he said. 'It 'ud be a pity to leave it standing empty.' Henry, didn't Mr. Taxiter lend you the bungalow?"

Henry, a small, spare man, with a drooping moustache and large gold-rimmed spectacles, arrived on the scene in time to confirm this statement. His attitude was conciliatory and apologetic, but he stood well behind his wife.

"Certainly he did," he agreed. "Mr. Taxiter was most kind—most kind, I'm



"So we rested a long while."

sure. H'm! A—er—a very unfortunate series of mistakes seems to have occurred. I'm sure Mr. Taxiter——"

"I'm sure Mr. Taxiter did not intend us to be annoyed like this," said Mrs. Henry. "That fisherman who came down yesterday actually tried to bounce us out."

"I am sure," said Henry, "this lady and gentleman have no such intention. Sir, if your wife will allow us——"

"This lady," I interrupted, rashly, as it chanced, "is not my wife."

The next moment I could have bitten out my tongue, for the lady in the doorway suddenly assumed an expression like that of a King Charles's spaniel, and slowly and deliberately closed the door in our faces.

We looked at each other, and then I looked away, but not before I had caught a certain gleam in Dollie's eye. There was a moment's silence. Then Dollie's pursed lips emitted a little sound—little, but sufficient. It seemed to fuse something inside me, and I laughed. Dollie laughed, too—laughed until she had to cling to me, and the tears rolled down our cheeks. Once the lady of the bungalow came to the dining-room window and made faces indicating that we were to go; but we could not move. We stood there on the steps and laughed until we were weak. Then, still laughing in little, shuddering bursts, we made our way out of the garden, a modern Adam and Eve, with the wife of a bank clerk for our rejecting angel.

"It's all very well for you," said Dollie, as soon as she could trust herself to speak; "you can go to the inn. But what's to become of me?"

"You," said I, "must throw yourself on the mercy of Mrs. Briscoe. She will be back at ten. I think meanwhile we had better go for a walk."

It would have been strange, since the place had a magnetic attraction for both of us, if we had gone elsewhere than to the Lily Island. We sat down amongst the dry leaves on the bank opposite, and found that we had hardly done with laughing. It was very dark there—so dark that Dollie was a dim shape beside me, a presence with no definite outline. Only then, when we sat quiet, did we discover how tired we were.

"Tell me a story," Dollie said. So I began to tell her, in my own way, about the Lady of Shalott, who saw "shadows of the world" upon her mirror, and was content to live a long time copying them upon a tapestry. But the Lady of Shalott introduced, brought in Taxiter, who had sworn that the island fronting us was the island of her abode. And at the mention of him we burst out laughing afresh, so I was commanded to tell her something else.

So I told her the story of a plain man who loved a girl. And the girl thought him staid and conventional, and far too stiff and stodgy a person. For this girl dabbled in art, and must be a Bohemian, and live her own life, and have nobody to fuss over her or pretend to take care of her. And she made the man very miserable, although she may not have known it, and certainly did not mean to. The trouble was that he felt she might have cared for him a little if only she had not set her mind against it.

I brought the story thus far and paused, and Dollie took it up at that point, as I had meant she should.

"But later," she said, "they met again, quite by accident and miles away from anywhere. He walked straight into one of her dreams, and—perhaps he will have to stay in them. Later they had a funny adventure, and laughed until they had to cling together like a pair of children. And she saw him suddenly in a new light, for there is a kind of magic in laughter. She saw that he wouldn't be a master—unless she wanted him to be one—but just an equal, a good pal. She had set her mind against caring for him, but—but——"

"Dollie!"

Her cheek touched mine for a moment, and then I felt her hand, lightly substituted.

"You must tell me first," she said, "another story. I didn't say that she really did care for him."

"She was a cruel girl—this girl in our story."

"Then tell me another. Do you know one of Daudet's called 'Les Étoiles'—about a Provençal shepherd who had to protect his master's daughter for a night, and he spent the time telling her stories about the stars? Tell me a story about the stars, if you please."

I looked up. So thick was the foliage that only one star peeped through, and that, I swear, was laughing at us.

This I told Dollie, and drew her face close to mine, so that she, too, might see it. So we rested a long while, her slight weight leaning on me, very tired, but utterly happy and content.

CRAZY CASTLE

By EDWIN PUGH

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy

THAT side of the wall which abutted on the cart-track was not more than three or four feet high; but, even as Gus Golightly vaulted over it, he realised that on the other side it fell in a sheer drop of some nine or ten feet. Down he went, crashing and smashing through the lower branches of an ancient yew, into a deep dry ditch choked with brambles and nettles, that clung and tore and scratched and stung him spitefully. For a moment he lay half stunned, with an ache in every bone of his body, every inch of skin on his face and hands tingling and smarting. Then, with a groan and a curse, he crawled out of the ditch on to the weed-grown lawn, and, still crawling on hands and knees, made for the shelter of a clump of shrubs. With infinite pains he wriggled himself into the midst of them, and there sat waiting, listening.

A faint mutter of thunder troubled the air. But though he was afraid of thunder, it was not to that he listened so intently. No, it was to catch some sign or sound of his pursuers that he sat thus still, straining his ears. And presently, sure enough, he heard a noise of pattering footsteps coming down the cart-track. He heard voices murmuring, whispering. Then the patter of the footsteps subsided, the voices grew more distinct, and Gus drew a little further into the shelter of the laurels. He had been running at the top of his speed—and he was a good runner, light and long-legged—for fully five minutes. He was winded, there was a stabbing pain in his side, from the slightly bald crown of his head to the soles of his blistered feet he was bathed in perspiration. His breath came in fitful gasps, and yet he dared not breathe freely, loudly, lest his pursuers should overhear him and so discover his whereabouts. It seemed to him that an eternity had passed before they proceeded on their way; but finally they did move on, though at a slower pace, and gradually the last echoes of their blundering progress over the rough cart-track faded away into the distance.

"Thank 'Evens!" sighed Gus Golightly, venturing at last to stir his cramped limbs and examine and caress his manifold injuries.

He was in the act of mopping his head with his handkerchief, when again there came that noise of thunder. Now, however, it was no mere mutter, but a resounding rumble. He saw the pointed tips of the laurel leaves flash forth into steel-like jets as the lightning flickered.

"Oh, lor, whatever shall I do?" he whimpered.

And then the rain began to fall, at first in slow, heavy drops, then faster and faster, till the air was thick with lances of silver, and the very shrubs seemed turned into gushing fountains. Gus rose unsteadily to his feet and staggered out into the open.

It was very dark. He seemed wrapped in darkness as in a black velvet cloak. Then again came the lightning, and then again the thunder, with a crackle and crash that seemed to split the sky asunder and to rock the earth under his feet. He was blinded by the glare, deafened by the uproar, lost in that welter of water as a drowning man is lost in the trough of a boiling sea.

"This is a nice thing to happen to a poor honest burglar, I don't think," he reflected ruefully. "If only there was somewhere to stand up!"

There were trees, of course, plenty of trees; but Gus had all a townsman's horror of trees in a thunderstorm that not even his cat-like dislike of getting wet could overcome. Then, as the lightning flashed again, he saw, not fifty yards away, a house.

It was a huge house, a mansion, a castle. He had a brief vivid impression of battle-mented walls throwing up towers and turrets

against a lurid sky, and he remembered having passed this very place only two or three hours ago, on his way to Shell Hall. He had been comparatively happy then. It was true he had suffered the usual misgivings and forebodings that always vexed him on these burgling expeditions. But he was a seasoned craftsman. He knew his business. He had made his preparations and laid his plans with due care and forethought. It should not have been a difficult crib to crack. Indeed, he had cracked it effectively enough, and was within easy reach of his spoil, when that rotten little furry rug thing had slipped on the polished oak boards under his feet. Then, in trying to save himself from falling, he had clutched at a black marble pedestal on which was perched a big, top-heavy bronze statue. The statue had toppled over and fallen with a hollow clang, then had rolled about the floor before he could lay his hands on it, rending the silence as with the clatter of a hundred kettledrums. He had heard doors opening, voices asking questions, stealthy footsteps coming down the stairs, creaking handrails. There was nothing to do but fly for his life. And he had flown accordingly—through the open French window, down the carriage drive, over the fast-locked gate, into the main road. Fortunately, as has been mentioned, he was a good runner. Moreover, his two pursuers, whoever they might be, were handicapped by the circumstance that before the race began he had gained at least fifty yards' start of them. He had succeeded in increasing that start, but still had not been able to shake them off altogether. Hence his sudden detour at right angles down the rubbly cart-track, and his frantic leap over the wall which had landed him here.

He looked up at the beetling eaves of the huge edifice toward which he was now advancing to get out of the rain, and tried to remember what it was called. A passing farm labourer had volunteered the name of the place. Ah, what was it? Yes, of course, Crazy Castle. And why Crazy Castle? Because it had been built in that crazy way, by that crazy old Gaspard de Loup, in the time of the Wars of the Roses. Falling into ruins now. So much the better, thought Gus. Given over to owls and bats and other such-like vermin, said the garrulous farm labourer. Well, there were some who regarded men like Gus as vermin. He would be in congenial company—perhaps. Perhaps!

"There might be rats there, though, as well," he mused, "an' mice an' all." He was mortally afraid of rats and mice. He came abruptly to a halt. But, even as he did so, the lightning flashed again, the thunder crashed, and the rain poured down with intensified fury. He broke into a shambling run.

A few seconds later he had passed under a high, wide, arched gateway into a vast hall. He had thought that nowhere could it be darker than it was in that howling waste outside, but here it was darker still. He felt in an inner pocket for his electric torch, shaped like a spirit-flask, and found it not. A coldness of despair swept over him, chilling his vitals. Although, being a methodical man in all things, he knew that he would most certainly not find his torch in any other pocket, he ransacked all his pockets, and, as he had known full well beforehand, the torch was in none of them. During his flight, or, more likely, as he fell over the wall, it had been jerked out and lost.

"Oh, lor, this dark!" he quavered. "I shan't never be able to stick this dark. Always was afraid o' the dark, even as a child. Oh——"

Another flash of lightning revealed that there were many great jagged holes in the roof; and then, as darkness fell again, he became acutely aware that the rain was still pouring down upon him in torrential cascades. He moved a little further into the interior of the castle.

The ground was strewn with loose, sharp-pointed shards and stones that cut into his feet like knives, for he wore only light, thin shoes with rubber soles. Slowly, painfully, he hobbled along toward what had looked in that fleeting illumination like a gap in the wall which might mark a doorway leading to better accommodation. But now it seemed incredibly far off. With hands outstretched before him he struggled on, and every moment seemed to tread on harder and more stony ground.

Then once more the lightning played about him. This time, however, it seemed not to flash and expire in a breath, but to linger in a sheet of livid flame that lit up his surroundings in detail—stone walls and gaping black holes alike, broken roof and glistening floor. But it was none of these aspects of the place such as he had expected to behold that fastened themselves upon his mental vision as the blue flame flickered out and left him in darkness again. It was something infinitely more terrifying than

anything made by man's hands or reminiscent either of human labour or human habitation.

It was man himself, or the ghost, the lost spirit, of a man.

Over against the further side of the hall he had seen a tall, grey figure, surmounted by a huge head and face, white as the hair and beard that clustered in long elf-locks about its ghastly contours. Its eyes were hidden in dark cavernous hollows. In one hand it held a long crooked staff. With the other hand it seemed to point or beckon. As the light died away, Gus thought he saw this figure start out from the shadows and move swiftly toward him. In a frenzy of fear he had turned to flee, and even in the act of turning he had been once more plunged in that abysmal darkness.

And now he thought he could hear footsteps, a sound of draperies trailing over the loose stones. In a very agony of terror he pushed blindly forward.

His right hand touched the sharp edge of a wall, his left hand hovered in space. He had found the looked-for gap. Then he stubbed his toe against some solid immovable obstacle, and, falling forward, found that he was at the foot of a flight of stone steps. He could not then, or afterward, have told you what impelled him up those steps. But up them he went, and round and round, and round and round, and round and round again, as if he had been some tiny insect climbing a corkscrew, so steep and so interminable did they seem as they wound spirally heavenward.

At last he felt level ground under his feet again. He was treading a thick, soft carpet of fine dust. He was still steeped in impenetrable gloom, but there were patches of slightly paler gloom here and there, marking, as he found on inspection, deep loopholes in the thick stone walls of an octagonal chamber some twenty feet across. He peeped out through one of these loopholes, and at first had only a feeling of being at an immense height from the earth. Then that sheet of livid flame which seemed now to have taken the place of the more fiery and evanescent lightning of a few minutes ago, played brilliantly over earth and sky. Far below he could see a massed darkness of trees dotting a patchwork of meadow and pasture. Then the light vanished, and he was once more in the dark, waiting for the thunder to boom forth again. It did boom forth, after a perceptible interval, but only faintly now. The storm was passing, though the rain still fell in a cold, fine spatter that drenched his face and hands.

He was still trembling violently, partly from the effects of his exertions, partly from the shock he had sustained at sight of that awful apparition in the vast hall below. If only he had not lost his torch! If only he could see, find out where he was, explore his surroundings!

"Why, what a benighted fool I must be!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Matches!"

He fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket, and there, sure enough, was a long, thin box of wax vestas. He was just about to strike one, when he thought he heard an unaccustomed noise. It seemed to come up from the dark, hollow cavity encircling that interminable spiral staircase. It came to him as a soft pad-padding, a padding of bare feet on stone, and mingled with the sound of the padding was a husky wheezing as of laboured breath hard drawn.

"Gaw!" he whispered.

Someone—something—was coming up the stairs after him. It must be that gaunt grey man, that dreadful spectre which had pointed or beckoned to him so mysteriously. Who—what—was it? He felt the flesh of his scalp creeping under his hair. Then he strove to reassure himself, to persuade himself to a more reasonable state of mind. After all, it could be no ghost. Ghosts walked in silence. Neither could you imagine a ghost gasping audibly for breath in that human way. It was a man, only an old man. For a moment Gus entertained the idea of awaiting the appearance of that heavy white head in its setting of elf-locks above the level of the flooring, seizing it by the hair, and hurling it backward down into unfathomable space. But instinctively he knew he could never do that. He had not the courage, the hardihood. Violence of any kind was repugnant to his nature. He took risks in the way of business that might have daunted a much bolder man, and yet somehow he never regarded them as real risks, the only real risk he feared being that of bodily injury, pain, conflict. He had none of the fighting instincts of the male animal. He would hardly have resisted a child that laid hands on him. To lurk and hide, to go warily and take every available inch of cover, to lie breathless and inert in the face of deadly peril, and in the last resort to take to his heels—those were the methods he favoured, the methods of the weaker creatures, their cunning and their guile.

So now he moved out of that patch of paler gloom in which he might have been visible, and merged himself in the deeper gloom. He began to slither along against the wall, the palms of his hands pressing the hard, rough stone of the wall. And all the while he listened—listened, and was glad that the thick, white dust so effectually muffled the sound of his movements. The pad-pad-padding of those ascending footsteps still continued. He could still hear that harsh wheezing. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, louder and louder they grew. And there he was, helpless, trapped as it were in an aerial tomb. He asked himself: Why move at all? And yet he went on moving. Perhaps, after all, there was an outlet somewhere. There must be some outlet, other than the stairway, from this close-pent, prison-like cell at the top of this lofty tower.

Then his fingers, feverishly active behind him, slipped into a crack in the wall. It was a thin, narrow crack, extending in a rigid straight line upward and downward as far as he could reach—the edge of a door, perhaps. Yes, the edge of a door! His finger-nails dug into soft worm-eaten wood, and then he touched an iron ring, a handle. He pulled gently at the ring, and felt a slight jarring. He pulled a little harder, and now the door yielded toward him. A tug, and it opened an inch or so—he could feel a cold draught of air on his cheek. Another tug, and there was an opening of several inches, through which he could see the sky, once more illuminated by that pale lambency of summer lightning. Heedless now of the slight noise he was making, he dragged at the door with all his strength, and now, with a jerk and a last grating scream of tortured hinges, it rolled slowly, heavily back, well-nigh knocking him down by its weight.

"Stop!" cried a voice, as it seemed in his ear. "Wait—wait!"

Gus elected not to wait. During his preoccupation with the door he had almost forgotten the menace of that unknown being whom he had heard coming so certainly, so unfalteringly, up the stairs. Now his first horror of that spectral figure revived. He cast one terrified look behind him, and seemed to see that unwieldy grey head suspended in space. Then he was out in the brisk fresh air, with the cool rain beating on his face.

Another most opportune glimmer of lightning revealed that he was on a long, narrow terrace, revealed also the devastating fact that here and there the pavement of the terrace had collapsed, leaving hideous black pits. Even in that extremity of his fear he paused, appalled. He dared not go forward in the darkness, with those fathomless abysses yawning before him, inviting him to inevitable destruction. He must strike a match. But that would reveal him to his pursuer. What, then, should he do? Perhaps, if he hugged the crenellated parapet—— Then, if he did blunder into one of those holes, he could still cling to an embrasure. The manifold chances and mischances incidental to his profession of a burglar had taught Gus to think quickly and clearly. To decide was, with him, to act. He crushed his body against the parapet, and hand over hand, grasping each crenelle in turn before he ventured an inch further, he set out on his hazardous course.

Ever and again he paused and listened, and presently his heart grew lighter as it appeared to him that his pursuer had been less bold, less inspired, than he, for no longer could he hear that stealthy pad-padding of bare feet, that painful suspiration of laboured breath. If only he could win safely to the further end of the terrace, he might find another way down. But oh, how long the journey seemed, and how, now and then, his limbs quaked under him and his blood seemed churned into liquid ice, as the soft sole of his shoe slid over the edge of one of those horrible fissures of death in the flags!

The lightning was fainter and less frequent now. A last prolonged flicker had shown him, however, the octagonal summit of another tall tower similar to that he had lately escaped from, and—joy of joys!—there in the wall was a square, black hole, another door, but this time open.

As he passed within he struck a match. Yes, it was another cell-like chamber, and there also was another spiral staircase, winding down into the darkness. Step by step, resting both feet upon each stair, he went down—down—down—until he was abruptly, unexpectedly brought to a standstill by finding that there were no more stairs. He struck a second match. He was in a long, broad corridor, pierced on the right-hand by numerous slits in the stone wall, through which a fine misty radiance shone pale and dim, casting arrowheads of a faded greyness on the smooth blackness of the floor, between which each intervening shadow showed blacker than the last. As the match

burnt down, he saw that there were other narrower corridors running out of this main corridor. Then that velvety pall enwrapped him again as he tiptoed gingerly along.

He had gone, perhaps, thirty yards, and was in the act of striking a third match, when he heard behind him a sound that thrilled him into a frozen stiffness of new terror. It was again that sound of padding bare feet, of distressful human breathing. That horrible old man, that spirit of hell or goblin damned, that spectral figure which surely belonged to no denizen of this world, was still on his trail. By some inexplicable means, by some obviously supernatural means, he had contrived to cross the terrace, circumventing its pitfalls and braving its dangers, even as Gus himself had done. But Gus was a lithe and active man of only thirty odd years, something of an athlete and gymnast, whilst that old man——

Fresh panic seized on our unhappy burglar. His wits, his nerve, his presence of mind, his faculties of ready resource and initiative, began to fail him. He felt that he was lost, that in this old man were typified all the outraged powers of law and order that he had consistently defied and evaded from his youth up. It was no human justice, no mortal punishment, that threatened him. This was some emissary from the unknown, unknowable world that had come upon the earth to haunt him and hunt him to his doom. He heard again that croaking voice, calling on him to stop, to wait, and then it was as if his feet found wings.



"It was something infinitely more terrifying."

He broke into a run. Hardly knowing what he did, impelled only by the weakly instinct to dodge and double, he darted down one of those narrower tributary corridors. Here, however, there was no least faint ray of light to lighten the gloom. He seemed to plunge into an infinite void of blackness. Still he pressed on with outstretched arms, now more slowly, slower, slower still, until something constrained him to stop dead and listen—listen.

At first he could hear nothing but the tumult of his breast and the thrumming of his temples. Then, gradually impingeing on his addled senses, he heard again the fateful sound of those padding feet, that laboured breathing. The thing that pursued him—man or ghost, good or evil spirit—had turned as he had turned into that tributary corridor, and was once more, as before, following him. Nay, worse, it was following him with a sure, even tread, as if it walked in broad daylight instead of pitchy darkness.

"Stop!" the strained voice cried out huskily. "Wait!"

A momentary faintness overcame Gus, so that he reeled and swerved aside, to find himself at the entrance to another corridor running at right angles out of the corridor he had just traversed. He went dizzily down this third corridor, fumbling at his waistcoat-pocket as he limped along, careless now of eventualities, only taking the precaution from time to time to hold one hand in front of his face, whilst he dragged the finger-tips of his other hand along the rough surface of one wall to ensure that he was at a safe distance from the other.

At last he got his match-box out again, and, holding it above his head so that the light should not dazzle him, struck another vesta. A few yards ahead he saw yet another corridor, running both to right and left. He turned to the left. And now he retained his match-box in his hand, and, as one burnt out, struck another. He had in this way struck, perhaps, a dozen matches, and traversed, perhaps, half as many more corridors, when it was irresistibly borne in upon him that he had entered a very maze of corridors, that whether he went forward or back, or stayed where he was, he was equally baffled and lost. He understood now why that yokel had grinned as he spoke the nickname of this intorted place: "Crazy Castle!" Crazy indeed! As well take one turning as another. They all alike seemed to lead nowhither. It was true that every now and then he emerged on a corridor a little less dark than others, by reason of the circumstance that it abutted on the outer walls and was pierced, like the first corridor, by numerous loopholes, but invariably this more spacious and more airy corridor ended at a dead wall, and then he had to retrace his steps and seek another way out. Once, as he hurried back, he came face to face, at a distance of a few yards, with that hideous wraith which followed him so steadfastly, so relentlessly.

In his own despite he uttered a yell. It was too horrible, too dismaying, this slow, sure, stealthy stalking of one man by another in a darkness that should have covered the flight of the one, whilst it blinded the eyes and hampered the progress of the other. But double and dodge as he would, go fast or slow, Gus could not shake off his pursuer. Nor could he find any way out of this tangle of endless corridors in which he was caught as in a net. He knew, from glimpses through the loopholes, that he had not yet reached the ground floor of the castle. He was still some thirty or forty feet above the level of the earth. And yet there seemed to be no way either up or down, no stairway of any kind, nothing—nothing but this bewildering, maddening cat's-cradle of corridors inextricably complicated as a tangle of fine wires.

Sobbing and moaning, gasping for breath, sore and spent, giddy and sick, Gus still held on his blind, heedless course, and still that soft pad-padding, that laboured breathing, and very occasionally that hoarse voice crying out "Stop! Wait!" hung in the near distance behind him, wearing him down—as he felt—to ultimate exhaustion and collapse, and then—what?—death, perhaps, madness, torture.

Something like a prayer formed on the burglar's lips as he thought of his home and wife and children, his garden and his poultry, his private hopes and aspirations, the honest old age of peace and comfort to which he had always looked forward, for the sake of which he had taken so many desperate chances and run so many deadly risks. And now—now——

He had stopped to strike yet one more match, though now his stock was getting low. It crumpled up in his shaking hand. He threw it away impatiently and struck another, and as its feeble light fell upon the gleaming black oak of floor and panelling, he uttered a cry of shrill ecstasy. There, not a foot away, so near to him that in another instant he must have pitched down

it headlong, was a broad, shallow staircase, flanked on its farther side by a massive balustrade, the carving of which had been polished and worn by time into a glowing roundness and smoothness as of jet.

Gus came suddenly under the sway of an old boyish impulse. He flung himself across the balustrade and, thanking the immutable forces responsible, gently yielded himself to the law of gravity, and slid down the slippery top-rail on his stomach, his hands lightly extended on either side of him to guide and safeguard his descent. There were three more flights, and these he also descended in like manner, falling at last in a crumpled heap on a litter of shards and stones such as had paved the hall in which he had first sought shelter, and from which all his travels and adventures had started.

There he lay, whilst a lulling sense of dull indifference to his fate stole over him. He seemed to sleep, to dream, to float in space, to drift away into infinity.

With an effort he roused himself, sat up, and gazed haggardly around. A strange light flooded the scene. The darkness had passed. The rain had ceased. No least mutter of thunder or flicker of lightning troubled the stillness. Before him the great pile of the castle uplifted its towering height to the sky, blotting out the heavens. But on either side of him the graceful shapes of trees and shrubs rose, softly outlined against silver-edged clouds and patches of nocturnal blue, in which the stars twinkled like kindly eyes.

Slowly, stiffly, he rose to his feet. He had now a feeling of poignant exaltation. All his recent fears had left him as if by magic, had fallen from him like an ugly garment discarded. He still felt shaken to the very core of his body and soul, but he was so full of joy at the thought of his escape from the nightmare thrall of panic and darkness, perplexity and terror, which had only a few moments ago bound him and hung him in fetters, that his pains mattered hardly at all.

And then again he heard that soft pad-padding of footsteps, that sound of laboured breathing. That spectral figure was still pursuing him then, still clinging to his trail, still following him to the end of all things, as if drawn after him by an invisible thread.

"Oh, well, what do it matter?" Gus said to himself, and laughed a little hysterically. "Man or ghost, I don't care!"

For now he was no longer afraid. His native common-sense had at last come tardily to his aid, was inspiring him to a scorn of himself for his silly superstitious qualms and fancies. This creature of the night that had so unmanned him could, after all, be but a human being, and an old man at that.

And then, even in that moment of sublime self-conquest, there came an insidious re-awakening in him of his old fears, his old misgiving, his old dread of the unseen, unknown, unknowable. An old man? Yes, but how could an old man, afflicted with the countless infirmities and disabilities of old age, move so surely, so confidently, so undeviatingly through such a bewildering maze, in such darkness and amid such perils as brooded within and without that misbegotten castle? Involuntarily, as the sounds of his pursuer's approach drew nearer and nearer, Gus found himself slowly backing, backing away step by step, from that black hole in the grey stone which marked the open doorway through which he had lately hurled himself into the starlit night.

And then on a sudden the moon shone forth in full glory. By the light of the moon Gus saw again that gaunt grey figure, with its huge unwieldy head set in white elf-locks, creep from the shadow of the wall into the brilliance of the moonshine.

"Keep off!" shrieked Gus, again a victim of his unreasoning fears. "Keep off! Who—who are you?"

"Only an old, old man," came the slow, mournful reply. "I have lived for many years among these ruins. This Crazy Castle is my home, the only home I know."

"What you want to chase me—foller me for, then?" demanded Gus, his courage once more fully restored to him.

The old man raised his crooked staff in his withered hand, and answered: "I wanted just to speak with you. I have not exchanged a word with anyone these months past. I have been ill. I thought I was dying. I was longing for human fellowship. And then you came, and passed, and ran away from me, though I called out——"

"Here, but I say," Gus broke in, "how the world without end did you manage it—manage to foller me about like that, I mean, in the dark, and across that there terrace full of whacking great holes, and then along them there passages, and up and down, and round and round, and all? Why——"

"Of course, you don't understand," the old man murmured, smiling gravely. "Let me explain, then. The darkest night is as light to me as the brightest day. I have no need of eyes to see with. I am blind!"

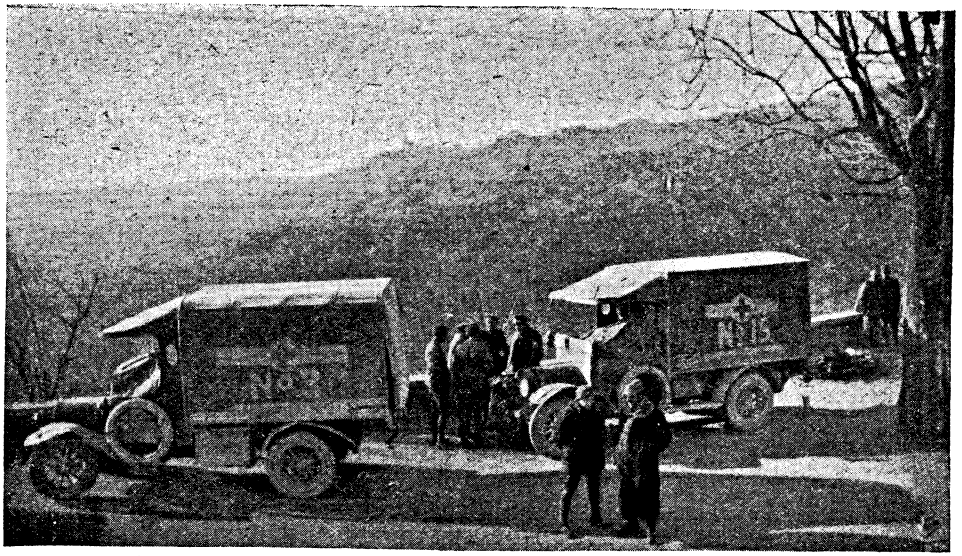
THE NIGHT SISTER.

By DOROTHEA SUMNER.

HARK! What a refreshing sound!
Across the passage and down the stair,
And round the wards, and round and round
It echoes, making us merry there,
And the wind comes in at the windows
And blows through everywhere.

Again we hear that good noise.
It is the magic we listen for,
Turning us all to girls and boys
Of six or eight, not a day more.
This isn't even a hospital—
No pain, no death, no war.

We may be blown on by the wind,
Banging its way in the moon's first light,
And the flowers quake; but we don't mind.
We are tucked in, we are all right—
The Night Sister is laughing
As she bids the men good-night.



VIEW FROM THE "PIAZZA INGLESI," AT QUISCA: SAN MARTINO IN THE DISTANCE.

AMBULANCE DRIVING ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

By CROSSLEY TARBOLTON

Photographs by A. N. Grace.

I AM not quite sure whether the driver is worth an article devoted to him, for he is a very small cog in the war machine. And I am not sure that he would wish it, for, as a class, he is modest and a man of few words. His association with his car has almost turned him into a piece of mechanism, and even his face has become set with the strain of driving through storms and on wearing roads. But there must be many thousands of his kind on the long line of front that wanders over hill and dale round Europe, and, in the bulk, he must have saved the lives of many more thousands of stricken fighters, whose only hope has been swift transport to where surgical skill can be applied.

So to the consideration of his feelings, in so far as he possesses them, and of the thoughts that occupy him as he guides his heaving car through the mazes of shell-holes, this short article shall be devoted.

In the course of his journeys the ambulance driver sees a great deal. If he does not enter the trenches, he sees them at fairly close quarters. He is, at any rate, within rifle and machine-gun range, and from that point to the base there is little that he does not see. He gets to know every battery hidden near every navigable road for miles round. He frequents the aerodromes and the camps. He sees the troops marching up the road to the attack, and he sees them coming down again. He knows the life of the Front in shelled villages and billets, and he knows the life of the big base towns. He is, to a large extent, the daily paper of the army, for he carries the news of advance or retreat, of market prices in Udine, and doings in the far interior, from lip to lip, long before the journals are off the machines.

The result of his unimpassioned scrutiny is a deep-seated homage to the men who really fight, and, fighting, fall and suffer. Although he does not blazon it abroad, the hardened ambulance driver has at the root of him an admiration and compassion for the

men in the trenches that none can equal. For he knows—none so well—what they endure and what agonies they undergo in the long hours of transit. He himself is in just enough danger to give him an appreciation of what the infantry must go through; but he is charitably-minded to all, for he has seen days on which the infantry has lain snug in its dug-outs without a casualty, while the roads behind the trenches have been strewn with the bodies of injured transport men and muleteers.

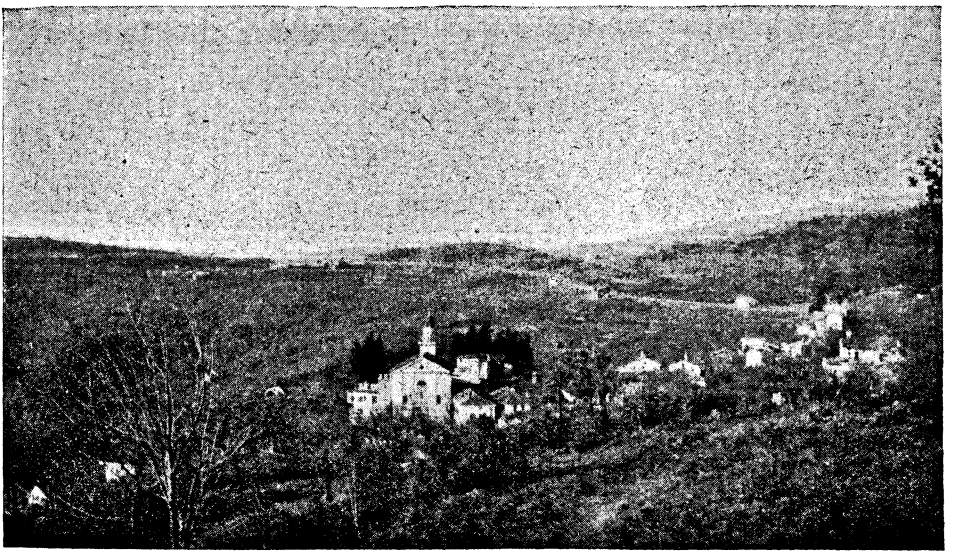
There are many causes that contribute to make the ambulance driver's work no light one. In many respects he differs from the motor transport man. While the Camion convoys that bring up the shells and stores have their headquarters and garages down at the base, out of the reach of shells, the ambulance driver lives near the dressing-station, and must do his repairs at the Front as best he can in the intervals between the "strafing." And while the Camion convoys make their run to the shell zone, and unload, and return to sleep in peace and quiet, the ambulance driver makes his run to the base, and, after unloading, returns to the shell zone to sleep with a field battery within fifty yards of his head. And whereas the Camion convoy usually sets out from and returns to its base at a given hour each day, the ambulance driver sets out, at five minutes' notice, at any hour of the day or night. In consequence, his sleep is irregular and his meals are irregular.

The strain of the actual driving on difficult mountain roads is very great, and when with this is coupled the strain of the responsibility of being in charge of four or more helpless men, together with the strain of being shelled, it is small wonder that drivers lose their nerve. I have known many—first-class drivers and as steady as any man could be—who, after six or more months, have suddenly crumpled up. In some cases the nervous breakdown comes on quite gradually, but in the majority it is sudden. I know one man who went suddenly, but temporarily, stone blind while driving along the road.

The motor driver's total absence of walking or other strenuous exercise doubtless helps to contribute to his liability to nervous disorders. The driver under fire worries very little about the shells, for he has enough to occupy his attention in steering the car. When he does worry, it is not at the thought of getting hit, so much as at the prospect of being near a precipice on a fast-moving vehicle over which he has lost control. For when a driver is hit, it is very rarely that his second man—if there is one—is quick enough to lean over and get the wheel before the car is off the road. I have known it done on one occasion by a pair of Italian automobilisti. They were driving an ambulance down the last stretch into Quisca. A shrapnel got both of them, the driver through the arms, and the mechanic through one leg. The mechanic recovered from his shock quickly, and was able to seize the



THE SEZIONE YARD AT QUISCA.



QUISCA VIEWED FROM SABOTINO, WITH THE ROAD TO CORMONS.

wheel, right the course, and bring the car safely into the village.

Drivers of ambulances, in common with most drivers of war motors, find it difficult to cultivate the stoical fatalism of the soldier in the trench. The reason is, I think, that they are always oscillating between safety and danger. They are rarely in the danger zone long enough to look upon death as inevitable, and their recent memories of pleasant and peaceful places make them dislike the idea of it.

At one o'clock the ambulance driver may be in Udine, lunching at a big restaurant. The gaily-dressed girls are chattering and laughing around him. The civilian crowds are out shopping, the electric trams are clanging by. Everywhere is jollity and the common, everyday sights of a town that might be in a peaceful land. And at two-thirty he may be crouching in the dug-out of the Osteria, with high-explosive dropping round him. His is always this journeying back and forth between heaven and hell.

The ambulance driver sees all the seamy side of war, the sordidness and the misery.



AN AUSTRIAN VILLA AT QUISCA USED AS A FIELD HOSPITAL.

The streams of human wreckage pass through his hands. He visits the hospitals and the dressing-stations, and war, for him, begins to mean nothing but blood. He does not realise the fierce joy of the victorious advance. He does not see the men who have won through to the enemy's third line. He only sees those who have stumbled on the way. He is shelled without a chance of retaliation, and his only satisfaction is in pitting his skill and brains against the artilleryman, and in dodging. On very rare occasions he gets his own back.

The story is as follows, and you can ask any Italian driver between Caporetto and Gorizia if it is true. He will grin and assure you, and embellish it, for it is the talk and joy of all the automobilisti. One of our men was driving his car full of wounded from Quisca to Cormons. In it was a wounded Austrian. At the usual place the enemy began shelling the car. To the horror of the orderly and inmates, our man stopped and got down. He went to the back of the car and politely asked the Austrian to listen to the bursting shells. They were aimed at the ambulance, he explained to the prisoner, by his friends, the Austriaci.

This story is known in every Italian motor park in the Third and Sixth Armies, and is quoted with delight as an example of what the mad-brained Inglesi will do.

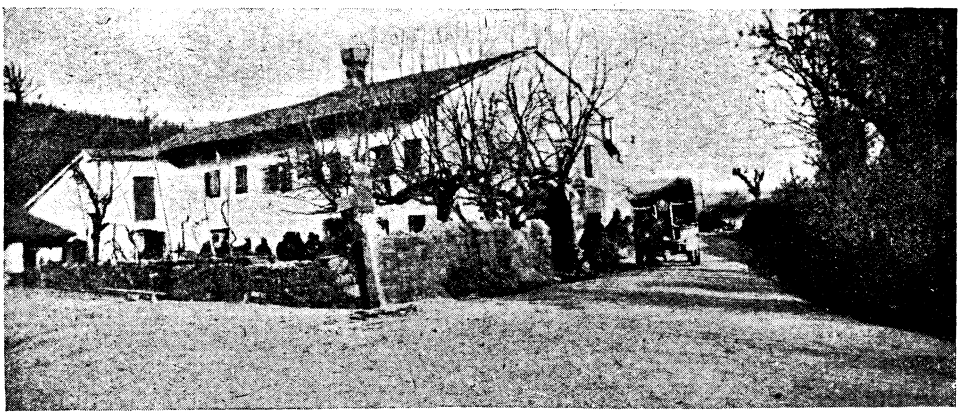
I suppose the popular conception of the ambulance driver is that of a benevolent, soft-hearted saintly sympathiser, who is always associated with what is called an "errand of mercy." I am afraid this is an exaggeration.

The driver is first of all a driver, full of strange oaths. He is next a mechanic, with his stony heart beating only when one of his cylinders refuses to fire on a hill. He is thirdly a bit of a cynic, and perhaps, fourthly, only a man.

Mercifully, after a few months' work he grows a bit callous. If it were not so, he would become a wreck. As I have said, and, I hope, said strongly, the driver more than any other admires the men who do the fighting, but he dare not allow his admiration and compassion for them in their suffering to interfere with his efficiency; and if he permitted himself to be wrung to tears by the moaning of his charges, he would not be able to see to drive. From the time they are placed in his car to the time they arrive at their final destination they are "a load"—a load that must be driven as carefully as if it were dynamite, but still, a load.

People at home may not understand this. They may say: "How brutal!" But the wounded understand it, and they and the driver understand each other. The badly-wounded man does not desire to be slobbered over; he desires to be driven. And he wants his driver to be a man whom he can trust. The sympathy and the caresses and the soft words will come later; the man wanted at the present juncture is the man who can safely steer a car along a perilous road.

I have always made a point of watching the loading of my car when at the dressing-station, and I have studied the faces of the injured men as they lie on their stretchers and are lifted in. And nearly every stretcher case that I have seen has looked round him in a kind of anxious search. The eyes wander over the crowd of orderlies engaged in the loading. They stray mutely from side to side, seeking something. Is it the doctor?



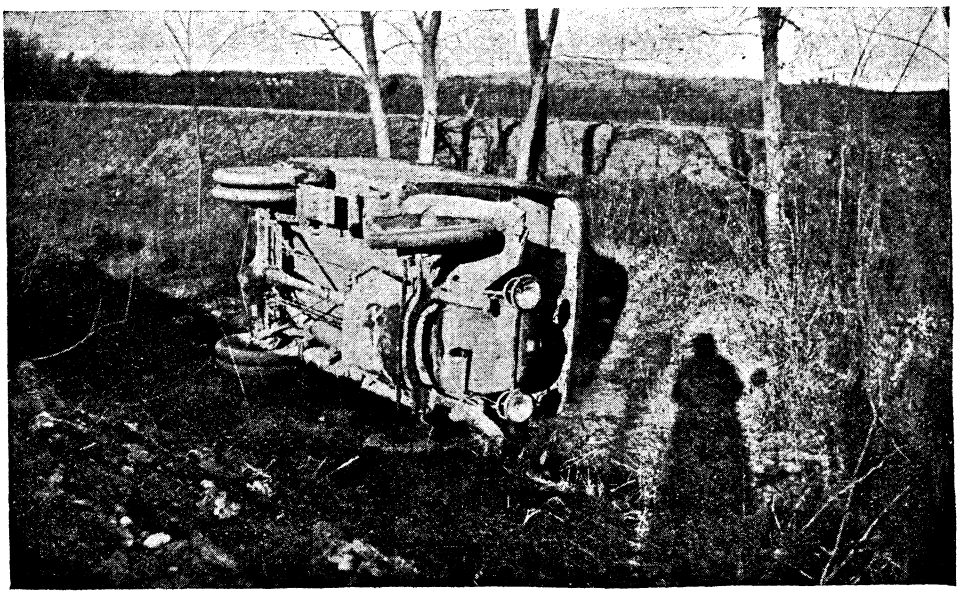
DRESSING-STATION AT ST. FLORIANO.

No; the doctor is over there, but the questing eyes have passed him by. Is it the priest? No; the priest, too, is near at hand. Who is it the poor, helpless fellow wants to see? It is his driver. The brown eyes suddenly fasten on him and remain riveted there. The driver is near at hand, smoking a final cigarette. The wounded man looks him through and through with the soldier's straight, probing glance. Is he a pal in whom a poor wounded chap can put his trust? Is he steady? Above all, is he competent? These are the questions that those searching eyes are asking.

And if the driver, by word, or confident smile, or blasphemy, or action, can at that moment show those anxious eyes that he knows his business, then will the patient suffer himself to be lifted into the car, and will journey in peace of mind.

I have often tried to put myself in the place of a wounded man. I am helpless, absolutely. I am lying on a stretcher. It is lifted on to a high rack in a car. I can't see anything but the roof above me. The car will shortly be traversing a precipitous, shelled road. Doctors, orderlies, priests? They don't interest me. If I'm going to be driven over that road in this helpless position, trussed up and ignorant of what is happening, for Heaven's sake let me have a look at the chap who's going to drive me! Why, there he is! He's telling a story to one of the orderlies. He's laughing. Oh, he's condescended to give a glance towards us at last—just a brief glance. But there, I suppose he's seen this sort of thing every day for months. It's his job. It's a big event in my life, but I suppose it's a common occurrence in his. And I suppose he's driven over that road every day for months. I expect he knows every inch of it. I don't suppose he thinks anything of driving near that precipice. Oh, well, I guess I can leave it to him.

I believe that is how the wounded men reason. And when, at the journey's end, the same driver watches the unloading, he receives, in place of searching glances, the wounded man's wan smile of thanks. One man once extravagantly whispered to me, as he was borne into the hospital: "If you ask me, when I am better again, I will do *anything* for you."



AN OVERTURNED AMBULANCE.

As constant reminders of the depth of that look with which the wounded men test their drivers, I have often come across cases of men who have remembered them for months afterwards. I was in Milan, and a soldier came up and grasped my hand; and I was in Udine with a friend, when a Bersaglieri recognised him as the driver who had brought him down from Quisca three months before.

The relations between the driver and his patients when on the road are naturally not

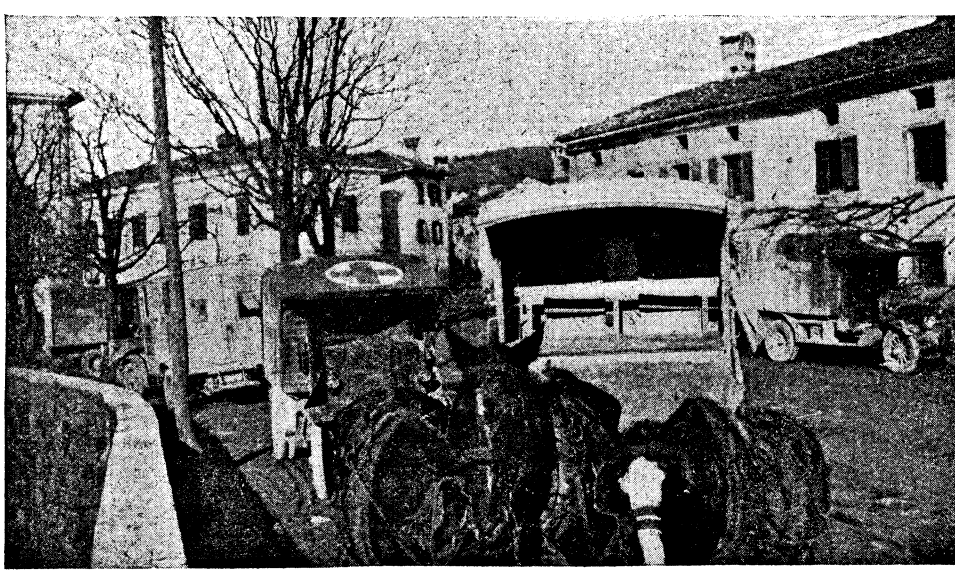
loquacious, the only opportunities for intercourse being in traffic blocks or when something unforeseen occurs. I was only once stopped by a serious disturbance inside the car, and on that occasion the canvas of one of the top stretchers was rotten, and tore away from the wooden bearers, letting the occupant fall through on to the case below. Luckily, another car was coming in the opposite direction, empty, and we were able to replace the faulty stretcher with a good one.

The fact on which I pride myself, in so far as there is any cause for pride, is that although, at a modest estimate, I have driven well over a thousand seriously-wounded men from the Front, I have only, so far as I know, had two deaths on the journey. I say, so far as I know, for the hospital orderlies at Cormons never tell an ambulance driver. If any of his patients are dead when they are taken out—he himself cannot always see—he remains in ignorance.

It is well that the hospital people thus spare the driver, for nothing depresses him so much as the knowledge that someone has "gone West" while on the road. He always feels, usually quite wrongly, that he was in some way responsible, and he starts wondering whether the poor fellow would have lived if he had driven more gently and taken longer, or, on the other hand, more swiftly and got him to the surgeons earlier — which speculations are useless.

The driver's reward is, in the first place, a professional pleasure in the knowledge of a job well done, and, secondly, a human satisfaction in the knowledge of having saved some life. The hardest drive, from some points of view, that I ever had was when I carried one solitary stretcher case by night to Cormons over the road at its very worst. The officer was so badly injured that it was doubtful whether he would survive the journey, and yet he would most certainly have died if he had remained at the dressing-station. I was given two orderlies, one with me in front, and the other watching every breath of the patient inside. And I had to drive according to his orders, dictated through the window. "Slower," he would say. "Stop. Go on again. Gently. A wee bit faster. Slow again."

The trip took two and a half hours for the seven miles, but when we arrived, the battered man was still living. To me that was sufficient recompense, and on our road home we sang joyous songs as we groped through the night.



AMBULANCES IN THE PIAZZA AT QUISCA.

A DANCING CAVALIER

By LINCOLN TREGENZA

Illustrated by Arthur Garratt

JIM CONWAY'S reputation as a dancing man was well established. Often he had been described as "one of the best dancers in London"—a vague description, perhaps, there being so many to whom it might well be applied; but, even so, it placed Jim's performance of modern ballroom dancing upon a high plane. He loved the pastime for its own sake, and was a graceful exponent of every modern creation of the terpsichorean art. With the partner of his choice, Jim's rendering of these movements was a spectacle well calculated to please even the most rigidly conservative individual who demands to be given the "old-fashioned waltz." He was a well-known and welcomed frequenter of the many clubs where keen dancers glide far into the night. Hostesses eagerly sought to secure his presence at their balls, partly on account of his excellent dancing, and partly because of his gay, light-hearted personality. Jim was young, having just reached the glorious age of twenty—the age at which a man can, for a while, "burn the candle at both ends" with impunity. His candle burned by day—and with reasonable steadiness—within the confines of an engineering workshop situated in the East End. His father, a famous engineer, intended that his son should follow in his own illustrious footsteps, and Jim, seeing no objection to so pleasant a programme, assiduously busied himself with the mysteries of machinery. By night, however, his candle burned at the magic end—in places where the soft white lights are shaded, and haunting melodies thrill the dancers' souls as they glide o'er the swinging floor. He was, in short, a gay reveller by night, a grimy worker by day.

* * * * *

One evening, leaving the shops an hour later than usual, his attention was attracted by the sound of dance music issuing from a dingy hall in the vicinity. He strolled down the street to investigate the matter, and found, upon reaching the building, that full particulars of the happenings within were boldly stated upon a large placard affixed to the outer door. This placard made clear, to all who cared to study it, that a gentleman's ticket for the "Dance To-night" might be purchased for one shilling. This sum was also required from a lady when unaccompanied by a gentleman. If, however, a lady *was* accompanied by a gentleman, the twain could obtain a double ticket at the advantageous rate of one shilling and sixpence. Refreshments of a light nature were provided for consumption during the interval, moderate prices being charged. Jim assimilated this information; then, acting upon impulse, he opened the door and stepped into a draughty, stone-flagged vestibule. Tendering a shilling to a golden-haired lady who peered at him from behind a *guichet*, he received a paper ticket, and, following the direction of a fat, misshapen hand and forefinger painted on the wall, soon found himself in the gallery, a much interested spectator of the scene below. A dance was commencing. What the dance was, he, a dancer among dancers, had not the remotest conception. Presently, however, he espied a sheet of paper pasted on the pillar against which he was leaning. A list of dances appeared thereon, and, after comparing it carefully with a distant pasteboard square which bore the numeral "eight," he decided the item to be a "Tango Waltz." Why Tango or why waltz, Jim did

not know, seeing in the peculiar movements of the dancers no resemblance to either of these dances. The performers below appeared to rock together for a space, then shuffle a little forward, now a little backward. Again, as though losing all interest in the proceedings, they would stroll casually along, solemnly, sedately. A moment later, vitality seemingly returning, they would spin together with surprising celerity. Jim watched amazedly. He turned and again consulted the pillar programme; his eye scanned the list curiously and wonderingly. Square dances bulked largely—lancers, cotillions, quadrilles. There were several waltzes, but these were chiefly enriched by the adjective "Superb" or "Imperial." All these were dances which had no vogue amongst such modernists as typified by Jim. The Boston, in all its shades and subtleties, he understood; the Maxixe, the Fox Trot, the Saunter, he was familiar with, but these—— "Priceless stuff!" he said softly, with the intolerance of youth.

"Not dancing?" inquired an unexpected voice at his elbow. He turned sharply. A girl stood before him—a girl aged, perhaps, seventeen, who smiled at him in a friendly way. Her ball-dress was a blouse and skirt, the former of white silk, the latter of some dark material. Her brown hair had been carefully "made much of," Art having assisted Nature. A pair of candid grey eyes, which atoned for the lack of beauty in the pale, eager-looking features, gazed up into Jim's merry blue ones approvingly.

"Well, no," he replied. "I—er—can't do these dances, you know."

"Oh, they're easy," she returned, with the assured air of one who could. "I'll learn you."

Jim smiled good-humouredly down at her. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"This one doesn't seem to be very difficult," he admitted, nodding downwards, "so"—he offered her his arm—"if you really mean it, lead on."

"I haven't seen you here before," the girl remarked, as they descended the stairs. "P'r'aps you don't live hereabouts?"

"No—further West."

"Ah, that's a pity, that is, because you'll be missing these dances. Fine, aren't they?"

"Splendid!" said Jim, in what he hoped sounded a heartily enthusiastic voice. "Hang it all!" he thought. "I can't say they're rotten."

They reached the dancing floor, and the girl turned to him expectantly, anxious to begin.

"Look here," he suggested, "shall we watch for a moment, and I'll try to get the hang of the thing? It's awfully decent of you to take pity on me like this, and I—well, I don't want to spoil it for you, you know."

This was a good idea, she thought, and while Jim eagerly studied the dancers, she, in her turn, eagerly studied him. There was something about him that she did not exactly understand. He could hardly be a "toff," she decided doubtfully, because of his trousers. Surely no genuine toff would wear such greasy, oil-stained garments as these! Why should he? Toffs were rich. Her glance travelled upwards and, passing disapprovingly over a well-worn golf coat by "Hammond," rested critically upon the flamboyant tie that proclaimed definitely where Jim had been educated.

"Too gaudy!" she commented inwardly. He had a nice face, however, that was certain. She liked the way he showed his teeth when he laughed; she liked his thick hair. "A shame, though," she thought, "to cut it so close!"

"Come along!" Jim exclaimed, after a few moments. "I think I've got it." He clasped her with the hold of a past master, and they took the floor.

The girl danced well. For a few bars he allowed her to lead, then, feeling himself perfectly at home with the simple movements, he assumed control, and, when the music ceased a few minutes later, any question of learning was a thing of the past.

"Whew! That was fine," cried the girl enthusiastically. She regarded him with sudden suspicion, and added accusingly: "You were pulling my leg about not knowing it—you can't kid me!"

Jim laughingly denied any intention so to deceive. "Why," he affirmed, "I hadn't even heard of the Tango Waltz an hour ago, so you see"—he smiled gaily at her—"you see what a splendid teacher you are!"

"Oh, well," she said off-handedly, although secretly well pleased, "I said I'd learn y——"

A loud and boisterous voice broke in—

"Hello, Young Glad! What's Alf up to to-night?" The speaker, a button-booted youth, with long and liberally greased hair, slowly winked an unpleasant, pale blue eye.

The girl surveyed him with distaste. "Alf is minding his own business," she remarked coldly. "It's a pity some others can't do the like."

She turned and accompanied Jim towards the gallery before the button-booted youth had time to formulate a suitable rejoinder.

"That's Herb Jenner," she explained. "He thinks it's funny to go on about Alf. Alf's my chap, you see. He sort of promised to come to-night, but"—she sighed wistfully—"he's that keen on billiards! Once he starts—oh, well, I suppose it's 'just another game,' and—well, there you are!" Her tone seemed to excuse the absent Alfred, and Jim echoed understandingly—

"Ah, there you are!"

A great state of excitement now pervaded the hall. Gentlemen hurried hither and thither laden with glasses of lemonade and businesslike-looking slabs of cake. "The 'refreshments of a light nature,'" thought Jim. He glanced at Young Glad inquiringly.

"It's the interval," she shyly informed him. "I didn't think about this being the supper dance when I——" She stopped short, feeling the situation to be delicate. "Perhaps," she thought, "he'd sooner have it with another young lady."

Jim came to her assistance. "Ah, of course it is," he said quickly, sensing the difficulty. "Splendid, this! Come along. I'll take you upstairs, and then rattle round for some provender."

He escorted her to a quiet corner of the gallery, then returned to the lower regions. After a good deal of trouble, he was at length successful in obtaining one glass of pale lemonade and two excellent slabs of cake. This refreshment he triumphantly bore away, and once again ascended to the gallery. Young Glad accepted the dainties gratefully. "You get hungry," he understood her to remark between two generous bites, "and that thirsty!" The pale beverage disappeared with amazing rapidity. "A-h! Put it on the floor, will you?"

"Another?"

"Well, p'r'aps later. You do get a thirst, don't you?"

"You do, indeed," Jim acquiesced heartily, as he took the empty tumbler and stowed it away in a corner.

Young Glad became speculative.

"I wonder who'll win the waltzing competition?" she said musingly.

"Waltzing competition? Why, who enters for it? What happens?" Jim was interested.

"They have it in the interval," she explained. "Anyone can go in, and there's a prize for the winning couple—the lady gets the prize."

Further questioning on Jim's part elicited the information that the competition was apparently conducted on the "knock-out" principle. Competing couples were allotted paper squares, each bearing a number, these to be pinned upon the gentlemen's backs. A committee sat in judgment, and, after the first round, "called" certain of the numbers. These were the lucky ones. Those couples whose numbers were not called were, as Young Glad neatly put it, "outed." More were outed at round two. Then came the final, three couples being left to contest the field. "That's the time!" she told him. "Then's the dancing—fine!" She sighed longingly.

"Have you ever won it?" Jim asked curiously.

"No. But, oh"—the pale face flushed as imagination ran riot—"how I should love to! Once—just once—Alf and me got into the last three!" She sighed again, and added with pathetic *naïveté*: "But only four couples went in that night."

Jim wanted to smile, but suddenly the desire left him. He thought for a moment. "Look here," he said, "will you enter to-night with me?"

"What! Me and you?"

"Well, and why not?"

She regarded him doubtfully.

"I can waltz a bit," he assured her, "although, as a matter of fact, we—er—don't do much of it at the dances to which I go. What do you say?"—and he smiled invitingly.

"We can try, of course," she said dubiously. "But Herb Jenner's here, and if he dances with Miss Baggott——" She stopped and glanced at him as if to say: "Ah, that frightens you, I think?"

But Jim was not to be thus terrorised. He had no fear of this Mr. Jenner. He would meet him upon his own ground—aye, and would floor him. As for Miss Baggott, he disposed of her with an airy wave of the hand. He felt confident, he informed Young Glad, that, with regard to the relative merit of partners, he would have the advantage.

The girl flushed with pleasure and gracefully accepted the compliment. After so gallant a sally as this, there could, of course, be no further argument. The matter was settled, then—they would waltz together for the prize.

"And if we lose, where's the harm?"

Young Glad asked the question almost defiantly.

"Where indeed?" queried Jim, somewhat at a loss to know. As they descended to the battlefield, he became conscious of a strong determination to win. The possibility of Miss Baggott and Herb bearing off the trophy filled his soul with an intense distaste. The prize was for the girl at his side—the girl who gripped his arm unconsciously in her nervous excitement—for her and her alone. They entered the ballroom, and found that already eager couples were grouped round a white-rosetted gentleman, who, in his official capacity as Master of Ceremonies, was handing forth boldly-numbered squares of paper. He passed one to Jim. Young Glad seized it and, with nervous, trembling fingers, hurriedly pinned it to the back of his coat, thinking the while: "Of course, we can't possibly win, but, oh, if only we did!" Somehow she felt great confidence in Jim. "He seems so sure," she thought.

The M.C. cleared his throat loudly; he was the man of the moment, and no one was more conscious of the fact than he himself. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced in a voice of brass, "when I blow this whistle"—he held the article aloft between a cotton-gloved finger and thumb—"couples will valse the ordinary valse." He paused to allow this information to sink in, whilst Jim thought: "Why can't the chap say 'waltz'?"

"On the second blast of the whistle," continued the M.C., "couples will reverse; on the third blast, they will——" He sought for a word.

"Unwind?" suggested Jim, in an undertone.

"S-s-h!" Young Glad clutched at him in alarm.

"— will revert to the former movement," boomed the M.C. triumphantly. "Any questions?" He glanced around aggressively amidst profound silence. "Very well, then"—he became an organiser, and spoke crisply—"arrange yourselves around the hall." He indicated his wishes by continued sweeping gestures of his arms. Twelve couples meekly obeyed and soon stood, equally spaced round the room, waiting expectantly. He signalled to the chief musician, who immediately, with the co-operation of a colleague armed with a violin, broke into the strains of "The Druids' Prayer," and the four-and-twenty competitors commenced to gyrate gravely. The judging committee sat at divers points of vantage, each member armed with pencil and paper, and all united in the pleasant task of "spotting the winner." Jim's waltzing was artistry; he turned in the very centre, in the very soul of the time, smoothly, gracefully. The girl, too, was no mean performer, although inclined, perhaps, towards a slightly springy tendency. Jim checked this, however, and hoped for the best. Presently the music ceased, and, after a short interval, during which the committee conspired together in private, the voice of the M.C. boomed forth that numbers two, three, six, seven, eight, and nine would dance again. Murmurs, both of pleasure and disappointment, greeted this announcement. The six "outed" couples, affecting an heroic air of casual unconcern, faded quietly from the stage to the auditorium, defeated but not disgraced.

"So far so good," whispered Jim to his partner. She made no response. Her eyes were shining with feverish excitement, her heart was thumping wildly. It grew steadier, however, as the well-known melody recommenced, and Jim's arm once again encircled her in that safe, masterly hold which seemed to give her confidence.

"How wonderfully he dances!" she thought. "I can just drift——"

Jim seemed to understand something of this feeling, and hollowed his arm protectingly. He knew that he was dancing well, and when round two was over, and the numbers two, six, nine were proclaimed, he smiled confidently down at the girl.

"Splendid, this! Don't look so mournful, though," he encouraged, giving her hand a friendly squeeze.

A quivering sigh was her only answer. The little breast rose and fell painfully. Speech was impossible—she could only think: "This is the final. Oh, if we win! Oh, please, let's win!"

Jim wanted to win, too; he wanted very badly indeed to win—why, he did not quite know. An hour earlier he would have unhesitatingly described the whole affair as being "the most priceless tosh." Now, however—— He glanced anxiously at his two rivals, high-collared *habitués* of the hall and local dancers of some repute.

Upon the countenance of each there was an expression of agony; both clasped their respective partners as though a danger of breakage was imminent. One of these gentlemen, Jim noticed with savage pleasure, was the puissant Herb. How he hated him! How magnificent to snatch the victory from under his very nose!



"The M.C. cleared his throat loudly. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he announced, in a voice of brass 'when I blow this whistle.'"

"Keep it up," he whispered; "you're dancing rippingly."

Young Glad smiled faintly. The excitement was almost too great. "To be so near," she thought, "so near, and then, perhaps——"

The music died away, and she clung to Jim's arm, feeling faint and giddy. The judges conspired together with terrible deliberation, seemingly well aware of their great responsibility; they were, indeed, Daniels—"Daniels come to judgment." At last the little group broke up suddenly, and the M.C. emerged from its midst. He advanced into the centre of the room and frowningly held up a hand.

The murmuring voices were hushed; all waited eagerly for him to speak.

Feeling this, he dallied a while with so pleasant a moment and, for a space, busied himself with his red silk hankerchief. Then, in a voice of thunder, he began: "The number of the winning couple is——" he paused and smiled cruelly at the anxious six before concluding dramatically: "Nine!"

A burst of applause followed the announcement, and no one, save Jim, heard the choking little cry of disappointment. Young Glad had uttered it. Bitter, scalding tears blinded her. For a moment everything seemed to grow black; a loud, rushing noise sounded in her ears as she clung desperately to his arm.

"Mustn't be silly," she told herself. "What does it matter, anyway? Only an old dance. Who cares? What's he saying? I must listen. He shan't see——"

"What's the trouble?" Jim repeated gently. "Don't you know you've won the prize?"

"No," she faltered. "We're six."

"Not a bit of it! Look! There's number six!"—and he pointed to the glowering Mr. Jenner.

"What! Herb six?" She scanned that gentleman's number eagerly.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Then—then we've won!"

"Rather!" A thought struck him. "Why, you little goose, I expect you looked at our number upside down!"

She laughed happily. "But—we've—actually—won—the—prize!" She said it softly, slowly, almost unbelievingly.

Her friends now thronged round, anxious to congratulate, and Jim, feeling suddenly *de trop*, slipped quietly from her side. He reached the door and glanced back into the ballroom. There stood Young Glad, smiling and happy. Her pale, thin face was flushed, her eyes were shining as she lived a moment of supreme happiness.

"Poor little kid!" he murmured. Then, for some strange reason, the scene before him became blurred. He turned abruptly away, and, after recovering his cap and stick, left the hall to swing westward with long, buoyant strides. His soul was filled with a delightful, wonderful sense of deep contentment which, welling up within him, found expression in the two words: "Splendid, that!"

THE DAWN.

FAIR, smiling Dawn peeps o'er the Earth's red rim,
And eager Life awakes man's drowsing brain.
With consciousness return his doubt and pain,
And greed and hate. These evil phantoms grim,
With faint souls strive, and jeer at faith grown dim.
We yield, or not, as we can count our gain
By past achievement. All life's blessings vain
If in our hearts there sings no matin hymn.

These Earth-born spectres, mad and menacing,
Are but the tests by which man's soul is tried
And shaped to perfect round, encircling
All good. For man is free and may decide
His world, a life of his own fashioning—
And by its glory is God glorified!

PAUL DERRICK.



CRUSHING.

HOTCHKISS GUNNER: Ever 'andled one o' them guns, mate?
HOWITZER GUNNER: No, me lad. Mine's a man's job—not playin' about with a blinkin' sewin'-machine!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

MUFFLERS AND MRS. PEGG.

By H. A. Postlethwaite.

WE rely on Mrs. Pegg. Without her, life would not be what it is. She stands between us and furniture storage; she is our salvation from the three-roomed flat, the residential hotel, and the "Apartments Wanted" column.

She is no autocrat. Of all those who cook and clean and are generally useful, she is the least overbearing. She takes a pride in doing what she undertakes to do; she drinks neither beer at eleven nor tea at three-thirty. Two things only remind us that she is no more than human—her clock loses fifty minutes every night, and she refers to me as "Mr. B."

"I wonder, ma'am," she asked my wife one morning, "whether Mr. B. would mind obliging me in a little thing?"

My wife knew that I dare not.

"It's so seldom I gets up to town," Mrs. Pegg explained, "and this weather has set me worrying about my boy in France. It was bitter cold lighting the bedroom gas this morning, and if I knew 'e 'ad a real warm muffler, I'd sleep easier. If Mr. B. wouldn't mind, next time 'e's going up, getting me a muffler something like the one 'e wears 'imself, I'd be very thankful. A gentleman can always buy those sort of things best, ma'am, and I couldn't get up myself for a fortnight, anyway."

My wife said I would probably be going to town in a day or two.

"I do 'ope it's not asking too much," said Mrs. Pegg gratefully. "I don't mind the price up to 'arf-a-crown, or perhaps a shilling more, if it's a warm one."

On the first opportunity I called at the shop where I usually make such purchases.

"I want a muffler for a man at the Front," I said—"something like the one I'm wearing."

The shopman had the ideal article. There was no question of choice. It stood out among all other mufflers as Mrs. Pegg stands out among all others of her calling.

He wrapped it in soft paper and stout paper, and tied an unnecessary loop in the string. "Nine-and-six," he said.

I paid him and went home, tasting the joy of a faithful Boy Scout.

Mrs. Pegg was pleased with the muffler. "It's just what 'e wants," she said, stroking it appreciatively. "But you can't make me believe you only paid two-and-six for it, sir. How much did it cost, please?"

"Three-and-six," I lied. "But that was my fault. I didn't like the colour of those at two-and-six."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Pegg. "I always pays my debts, Mr. B. Three-and-six was just about what I put it at."

I took the additional shilling, for I knew that, even if I had told her the correct price, she would have insisted on paying every penny.

A fortnight passed before the verdict came from the Front. Mrs. Pegg brought the letter for my perusal, and I understood her gladness.

The next day I encountered her as she was operating on the stair carpet.

"If you don't mind my asking you, sir," she said, "will you be going to town again before the twenty-fourth?"

I was going the following day.

"Mr. Pegg was so taken with what Wilf wrote about that muffler, that I mean to get one for 'is birthday, which comes on the twenty-fourth. 'E's on a cold round just now, and, if you wouldn't mind once again, I'd be greatly obliged."

I purchased a second muffler the next day.

Mr. Pegg's gratitude was only less than that of his son. He had never known a muffler like it, and Mrs. Pegg hummed *fortissimo* from eleven to four on his birthday.

Shortly afterwards I happened to be travelling on one of those really warm days that break the monotony of the other kind. I took off my muffler and put it on the seat at my side. I left it there when I alighted at the terminus.

Mrs. Pegg noticed its loss. She came to me with her fingers clenched round what I knew to be a half-crown and a shilling. She made the suggestion I knew she would make.

But on this occasion I felt equal to remonstrance. She could take no possible offence, I thought, from a refusal to replace my own muffler at her expense.

"Now, listen, Mr. B.," she said, when I had protested. "It was all because of that muffler of yours that I first thought of sending one out to Wilf, and if you'll kindly get another, and let it be from me, I'll take it as a kindness. And it'll serve to remind me of the one Wilf's so glad of."

"But Mrs. Bletchley is already making me another," I asserted untruthfully.

Mrs. Pegg could hardly deny it, but she was not to be denied her purchase.

"In any case, I wanted another," she said, "for Mr. Pegg's brother. I was afraid I'd 'ave to wait till next week for the money, but if Mrs. B. is making you one, sir, p'r'aps you'll be kind enough to get it for 'im instead of for you, though, all the same, I'd rather it was for you."

For a month I was not called upon to undertake any fresh commission, and I began



OF COURSE NOT.

VILLAGE TACTICIAN: Say what 'ce loike, Jarge, we won't never beat them Germans while we keep making our trenches in sich dangerous places!



UNREASONABLE.

"'Ere, cookie, there's 'alf a cigarette in my stoo!"
"Well, wot do you expect—*the whole blooming packet?*"



SOON SETTLED.

Chairman of Tribunal: I seem to know your face?
Applicant: Yes; I used to give your daughter singing lessons.
Chairman of Tribunal: Humph! Join up at once.

to hope that the fever had subsided. But I had misjudged the fervour of Mrs. Pegg's generosity.

The next request came to me through my wife.

"Mrs. Pegg wants you to give her the address of the shop where you bought those mufflers. She was in town on Tuesday, and she called at three places, but they all wanted five or six shillings each. She will be going to town again next week, and she thought you wouldn't mind giving her the name of the shop."

"Five or six shillings!" I said. "Where did she go?"

My wife mentioned two well-known names.

"You'd better tell her," I said, "that the shop I patronised closed last week. They found they were losing money, particularly on their woollen goods."

PARSON: Well, Mr. Johnson, what do you think of the new church? It is now much nearer for you—in fact, it will save you a two-mile walk.

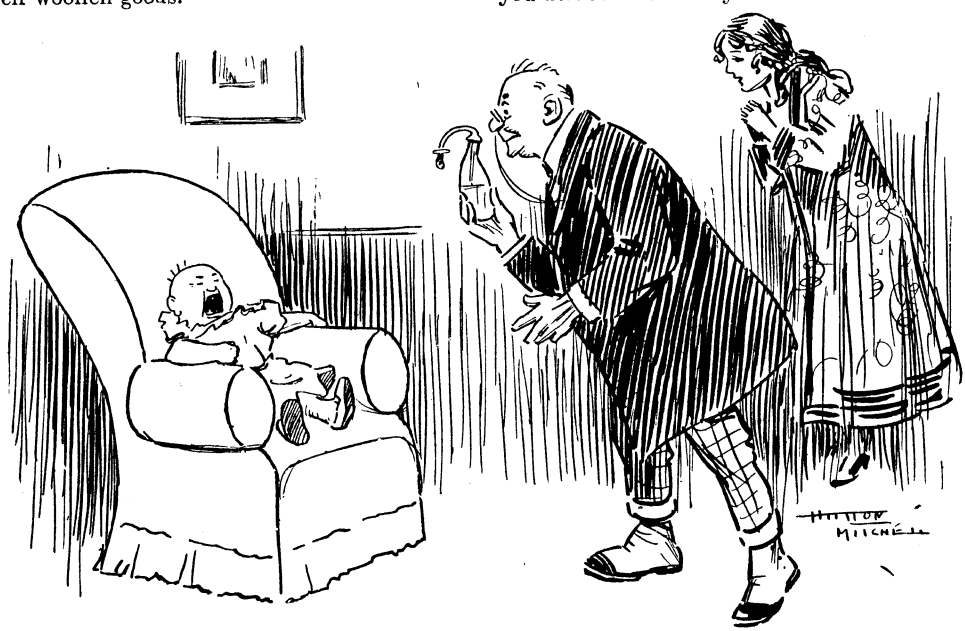
MR. JOHNSON (the village wit): Well, I'm rather sorry it is so near my door.

PARSON: Why, I thought it would suit you much better?

MR. JOHNSON: Well, it was really the walk I enjoyed; the time in between I found rather trying.

"Now, my son," said the conscientious father, "tell me why I punished you."

"That's the trouble," answered the small boy indignantly. "First you punish me, an' then you don't know what you did it for."



THE POWER OF OFFICE.

THE Food Controller in the home.

THEY had lost their way in their new and expensive car.

"There's a sign, dear," she said to her husband, who got out of the car and turned his flashlight on the board.

"Are we on the right road?" she asked.

He read: "To the Poorhouse."

"Yes," he answered. "We're on the right road, and we didn't know it."

WIFE (at music-hall): What a clever performer! How I wish I could play on a one-string violin!

HUSBAND: Well, my dear, you can harp on one string very successfully.

WILLIE was out walking with his mother, when she thought she saw a boy on the other side of the street making faces at her darling.

"Willie," asked mother, "is that horrid boy making faces at you?"

"He is," replied Willie, giving his coat a tug. "Now, mother, don't start any peace talk—you just hold my coat for about five minutes."

"I AM very glad, George," said his mother, "to see that you are polite enough to offer the oranges first to your little sister."

"Yes," responded George, "'cause then she's got to be polite, too, and take the little one."

THE spelling lesson contained the word "wool."

"What is wool, auntie?" asked little Clarence.

"Wool," replied auntie, "is fine hair that is taken from the back of a lamb. It is used in making yarn, cloth, and other things. The trousers you have on are made of wool."

"Oh, no, auntie, these are not made of wool; they are made from an old pair of daddy's."



DISILLUSION.

FAIR VISITOR: But you don't let that fat little man speak to *you* like that, dear?
HARDENED WARRIOR: Well, yes; he's the sergeant-major, you know.
FAIR VISITOR: Oh, I'm so disappointed with you—I thought you were such a brave man.

THERE is a country inn that is popularly supposed to have been established during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the present proprietor is very proud of its reputation.

"This inn must be very old," said a visitor who had not as yet been made acquainted with its history.

"Very old, sir," said the proprietor, with the utmost solemnity. "Would you like to hear some of the stories connected with the place?"

"I should indeed," replied the tourist. "Tell me the legend of that curious old apple tart the waiter just brought in."

DORIS, four years old, visiting in the country, saw her first windmill.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "come and see the big 'lectric fan grandpa keeps out in the barnyard!"

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

To look at, the compositor in a printing office does not seem at all a humorous person, but all unconsciously he adds greatly to the joy of life. If it were not for him, there would be less laughter in the world, and many reports in the papers of important meetings would read very dull indeed. So I sing the praises of the compositor, not for his correct setting up of type, but for his mistakes!

A popular contemporary has a column each week under the heading "Printer's Pie," giving examples of compositors' mistakes. It is amusing reading.

The man who in his speech used the well-known words "blind guides who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel" perhaps saw no humour in the printed report, where he read, "blind guides who strain at a quart and swallow a canal," but no doubt other readers did.

Politicians come in for their fair share of punishment at the compositor's hands. One public speaker is reported to have been "brandishing a mailed fish" at his audience, instead of a "mailed fist"; and another, who had in his speech given a list of facts which he said were "worth noting," found in the report of his speech, "all these facts are worth nothing."

A certain paper, advertising the notice of a public company, announced the issue of a thousand "£5 snares." The printer, by his mistake, was probably telling the truth. Again, it was said of another company that it was "thieving as usual." What the paper meant to say was that it was "thriving as usual." No doubt some pessimist will say that the paper was not far wrong, and that it is only companies that "thieve" that "thrive as usual." A compositor has been known to render the words "the masses" as "them asses." Church doings are sometimes curiously reported. A sermon was said to have been preached on the text "We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye," and a church was said to have been dedicated "under very suspicious (for auspicious) circumstances."

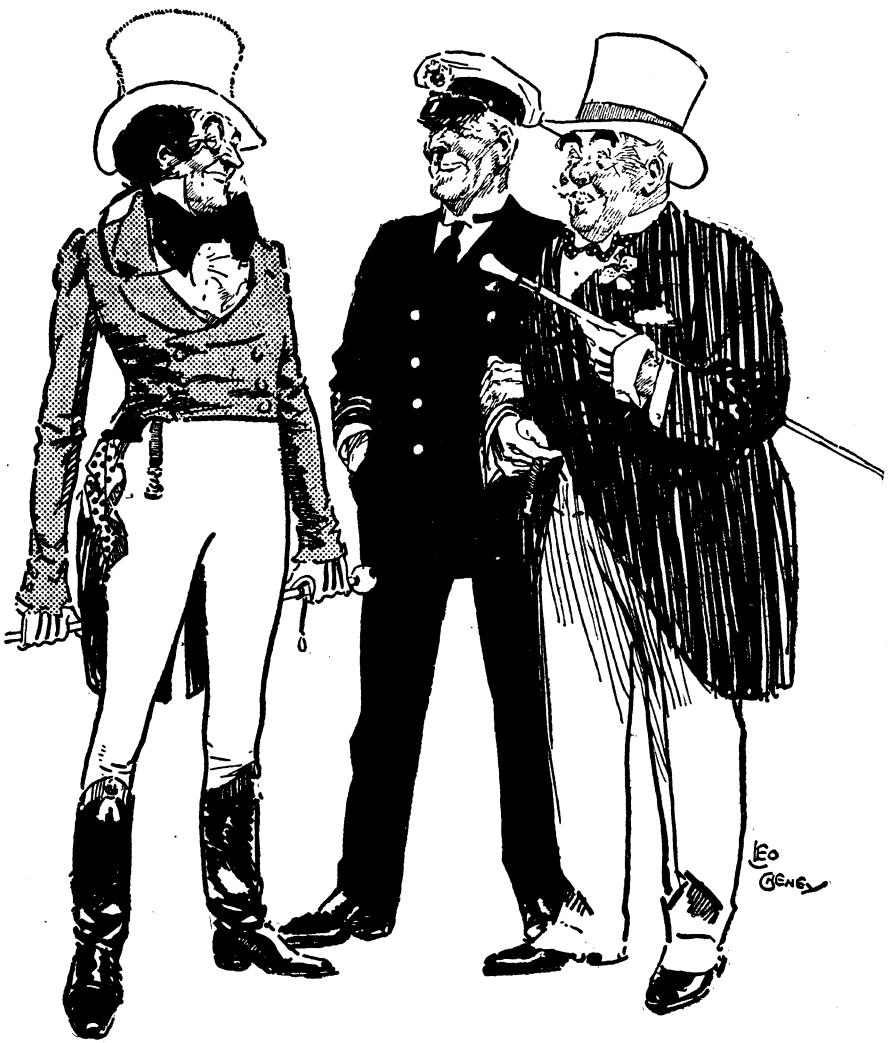
Quotations from sentimental poetry are sometimes made to read as very practical and worldly statements. For instance, "He kissed her under the silent stars" was rendered "He kicked her under the cellar stairs"—a most unchivalrous thing for a knight to do to his lady-love.



THE DAILY QUESTION.

PATRIOT (opening morning paper): Now, then, wot particular kind of ijits is the Guv'ment making of theirselves *this* mornin'?

Born 1820—
still going strong.



FRIEND IN BLUE: "A faithful friend is the medicine of life."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Because 'the medicine of life' is sold only in 'square' bottles."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



LOOKING AHEAD.

"WHAT will you do when peace is declared?"
"Oh, volunteer for service abroad, I suppose."

THE COMING FLOWER FAMINE.

The state of horticulture is remarkable to-day;
The vegetable kingdom is the one that holds the sway,
And all our parks and gardens of their flowers are bereft.
If the War goes on much longer—well, there won't be any left.

When the hero in the novel with his sweetheart has to part,
He gives her blue forget-me-nots to treasure next her heart;
His floral aspirations in the future he must check,
And present her with a carrot, which she'll hang around her neck.

At weddings the reporter always has a word to say
About the 'choice exotics" which compose the bride's bouquet;
But soon he'll have to drop it, and it won't sound half so grand
To say, "She bore a lovely bunch of beetroots in her hand."

The giddy flower battles at the carnivals so gay
Will shortly be conducted in a different sort of way;
'Twill change a harmless pastime to a dangerous affair
When vegetable marrows and tomatoes fill the air.

R. H. Roberts.

"WHO gave the bride away?" asked mother, as her daughter and Johnny, aged ten, came back from the wedding.

"Bobbie did," replied Johnny. "He whispered to his mother: 'Hurrah for Blanche—she's got him at last!'"

SMITH: Have you noticed old Brown lately? He passes by all the boys, and doesn't take any notice of anybody.

JONES: Well, you know, he's got a job at a glue factory.

SMITH: Well, what's that to do with it?

JONES: Well, he's getting stuck up, I suppose.

TEACHER (to Harry the dunce): Now, Harry, say your brother Dick had a cake, and he cut it into ten pieces, gave your mother three pieces, your little sister one, and you two, how many pieces would be left?

HARRY: None, sir.

TEACHER: Come along, Harry! Surely you can give me the right answer to that easy sum?

HARRY: That's correct, sir. You don't know Dick.

"LOOK here," yelled the infuriated bridegroom of a day, dashing wildly into the editor's room of the country weekly, "what do you mean by such an infernal libel on me in your account of our wedding?"

"What's the matter?" asked the editor calmly.

"Didn't I say that, after our wedding tour, we should make our home at the Old Manse?" howled the newly-made Benedict. "And just see how you've spelled it!"

And the editor looked and read—

"After their wedding tour the newly-married couple will make their home at the Old Man's."



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"IT'S insomnia that ole Bill's got."
"Serve the blighter right! He should go to sleep of a night, instead of sitting up grousing."



The

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The Big CIGARETTE with the choice Flavour.

SILK CUT VIRGINIA.

FULL cigarettes for firm lips. Big and wholesome. Cool and easy smoking.

1/2	2/9	5/6
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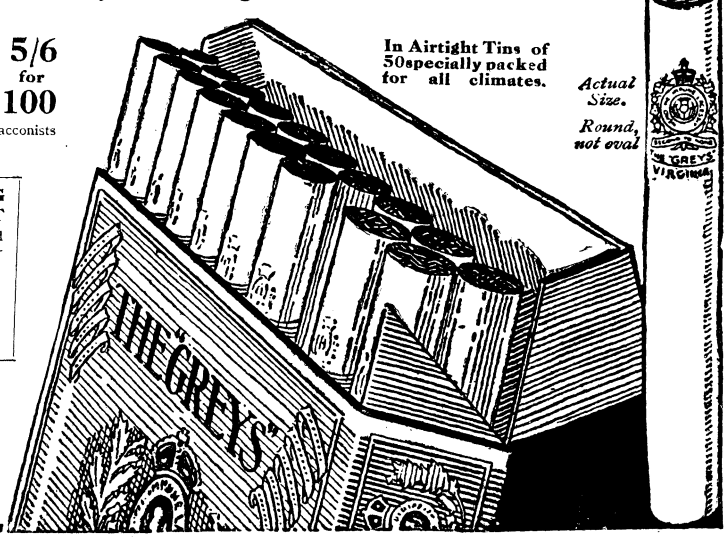
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In Airtight Tins of 50 specially packed for all climates.

Actual Size.

Round, not oval

"GRANDMA," asked six-year-old Paul, "what makes Helen such a pretty little girl?"

"She is pretty," his grandmother replied, "because she is such a good little girl."

"But, grandma," Paul protested, "you are awfully good, too, aren't you?"

"JAMES," said Mrs. Mellow to the man-servant, "can you find out whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? I don't want to ask the new cook, because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable."

"Please, ma'am," replied James, "the new cook ate all the salmon, an' no matter what you was to say to her, you couldn't make her more uncomfortable than she is now."

behind him. Curious to learn how he did it, the visitor strolled up just as the man, after looking over some things at the last booth, was about to pass on. "Why don't you buy something at my table?" the girl in the booth demanded.

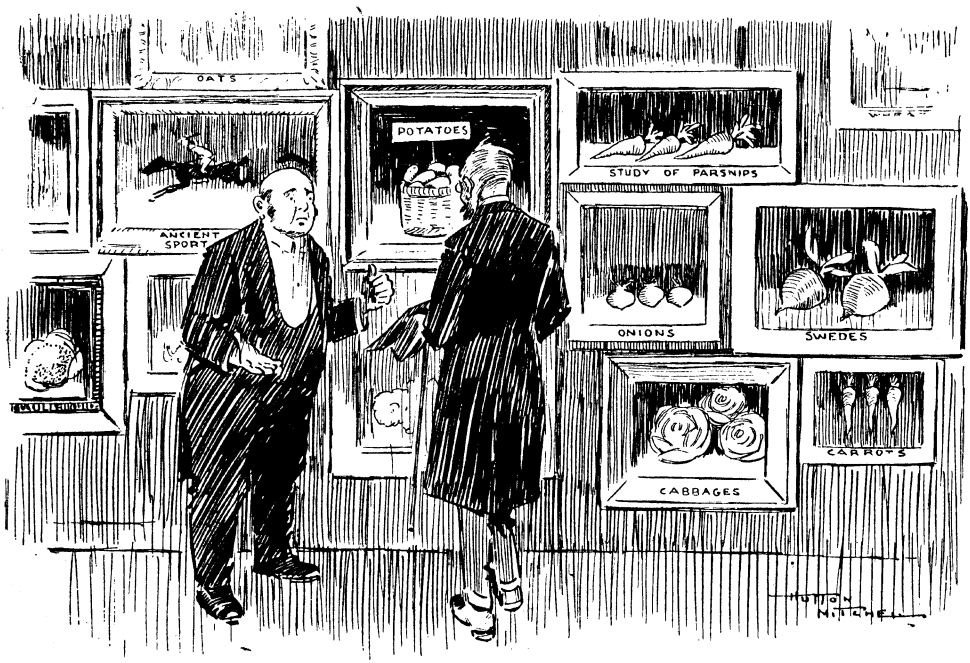
"Because," the man said confidentially, "I buy only from the plain girls; they have a harder time making sales."

"You once kept a cook for a whole month, you say?"

"Yes."

"Remarkable! How did you manage?"

"We were cruising about on a houseboat, and she couldn't swim."



THE UP-TO-DATE ART GALLERY.

"AND that, my dear sir, I regard as the gem of my collection!"

"I CANNA get over it," a Scotch farmer remarked to his wife. "I put a twa-shillin' piece in the plate at the kirk this morning, instead o' ma usual penny."

The beadle had noticed the mistake, and in silence he allowed the farmer to miss the plate for twenty-three consecutive Sundays. On the twenty-fourth Sunday the farmer again ignored the plate, but the old beadle stretched the ladle in front of him, and in a loud, tragic whisper hoarsely said—

"Your time's up noo, Sandy."

ONE day a visitor at a charity bazaar noticed a man going right along the line of stalls, buying nothing and yet leaving smiling faces

SAID the city friend to a friend who had just moved into the suburbs: "What do you miss most since you moved into the country?"

"Trains."

"LOOK, mother," said Bobbie, exhibiting a handful of marbles, "I won all those from Willie Smith."

"Why, Bobbie," exclaimed his mother, "don't you know it's wicked to play marbles for 'keeps'? Go right over to his house and give back every one."

"Yes, mother," said the boy obediently. "And shall I take that vase you won at Mrs. Jones's bridge party, and give it back to her?"

A LINK WITH HOME



Cameron
Safety Self Fillers



The man at the Front knows that in writing his cheery letters home he'll be at his best with a Cameron pen—and it's no trouble to fill.

No separate fillers to get lost, no special ink bottle to carry about, no trouble, no mess—he simply fills it from *any* ink bottle, by pressing the bars, and continues to use it again. With Plain Nib, **12/6**; with Waverley, Hindoo, "J," or Bankers Nib, **15/-**

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6d., 9d. & 1/- of all Chemists.

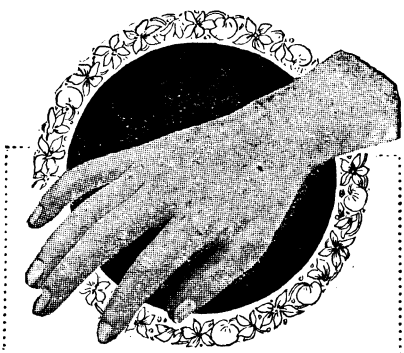
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Estd. 1712.



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A toilet preparation for rendering the hands soft and white. Delightfully perfumed with the essence of the Violet. A few drops rubbed well into the hands after washing makes them beautiful.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores,
1/3, 2/6, 5/-

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A TRAVELLER'S MISTAKE.

A TRAVELLER who was making a tour on the Continent in search of the classical and picturesque one day met a man sitting in a state of most woeful despair, and apparently dying, by the side of one of the beautiful mountain lakes of Switzerland. With great anxiety he inquired the cause of his suffering.

"Oh," said the suffering man, "I was hot and thirsty, and took a long draught of the clear water of the lake, and then I sat down on this stone to consult my guide-book. To my astonishment I learnt from the guide-book that the water of this lake is poisonous. Oh, I am a dead man! I can feel the poison going through my body. I have, I am certain, only a few moments to live. Remember me to——"

"Let me see the guide-book," interrupted the other. Turning to the passage, he read: "'*L'eau du lac est bien poissoneuse*' ('The water of this lake abounds in fish')." He explained the meaning of the passage to his dying companion.

"Is that really the meaning of the passage?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, of course it is. There is no doubt about it."

The dying man leaped at once to his feet, with a countenance radiant as the sun on a fine May morning. He cut a series of capers that would have done credit to a circus acrobat.

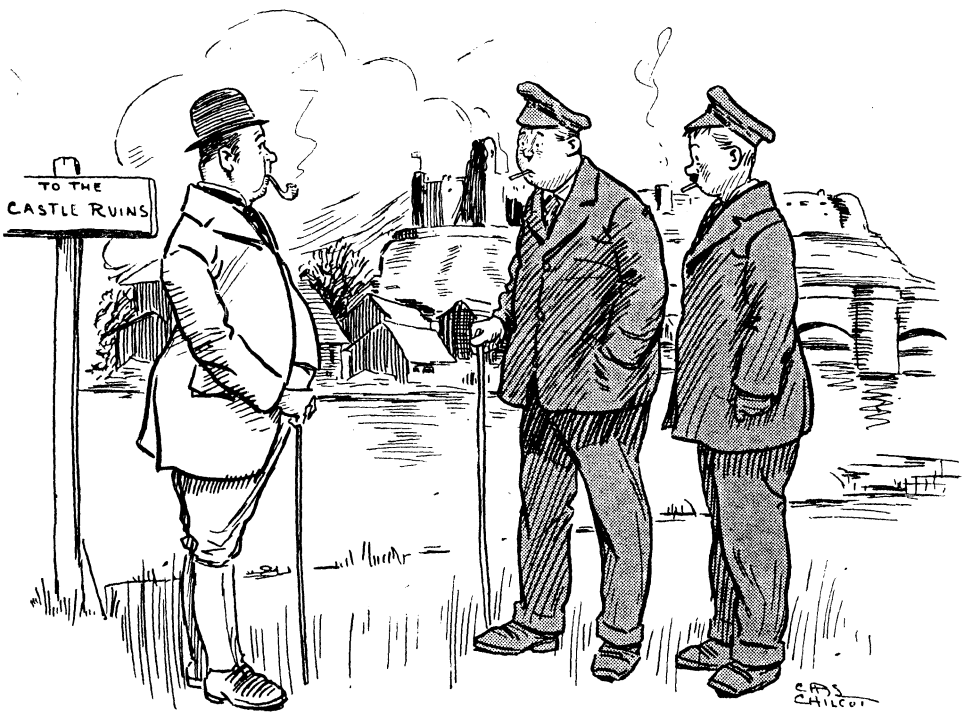
"What would have happened to you," said his companion, "if I had not been here?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language," was the laughing reply.

THE old folks had come to town to see their son, who had secured a room for them at one of the best hotels. The father, particularly, was very much impressed with the manner in which everything was gilded.

"Lot of gilt they have used here, son," he said.

When the old folks retired, the son suggested to his father that if he would put his shoes outside of his door they would be "shined."



FED UP.

RESIDENT: I am sure you boys would like to see the ruins.
TOMMY: Wot! And us just back from France?

"No, thank you, boy," he returned. "I'll keep 'em in my room."

"But why not?" persisted the son.

"No," answered the father; "they'll put gilt on 'em."

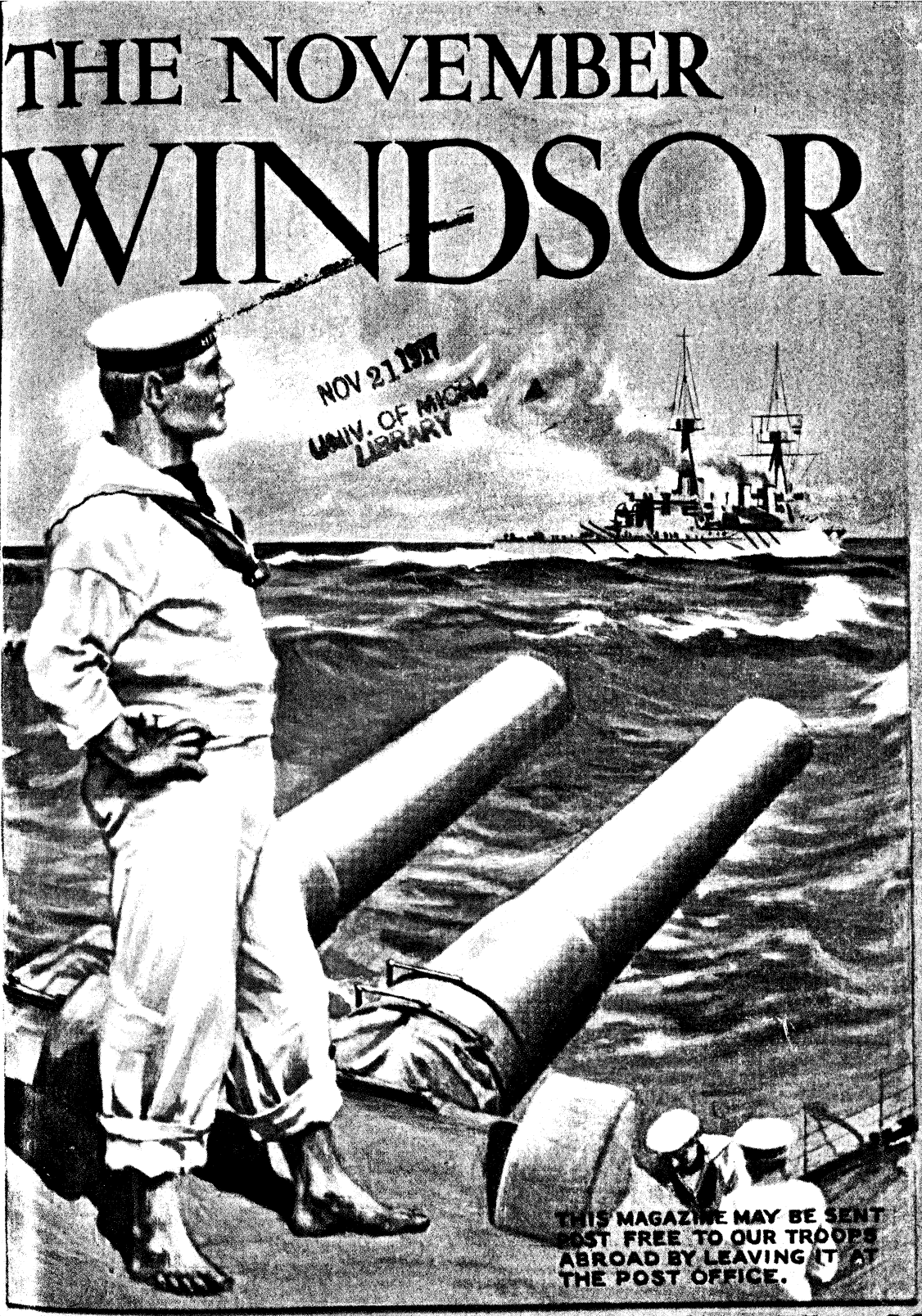
CHAIRMAN OF TRIBUNAL: Yes, and what do you say you are by trade?

APPLICANT: A dentist to a cricket team, sir.

CHAIRMAN OF TRIBUNAL: Dentist to a cricket team? Never heard of it! I've heard of apple polishers, but not that line yet. What is it you do?

APPLICANT: Draw the stumps, sir.

THE NOVEMBER WINDSOR



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THE WORD "Vaseline"

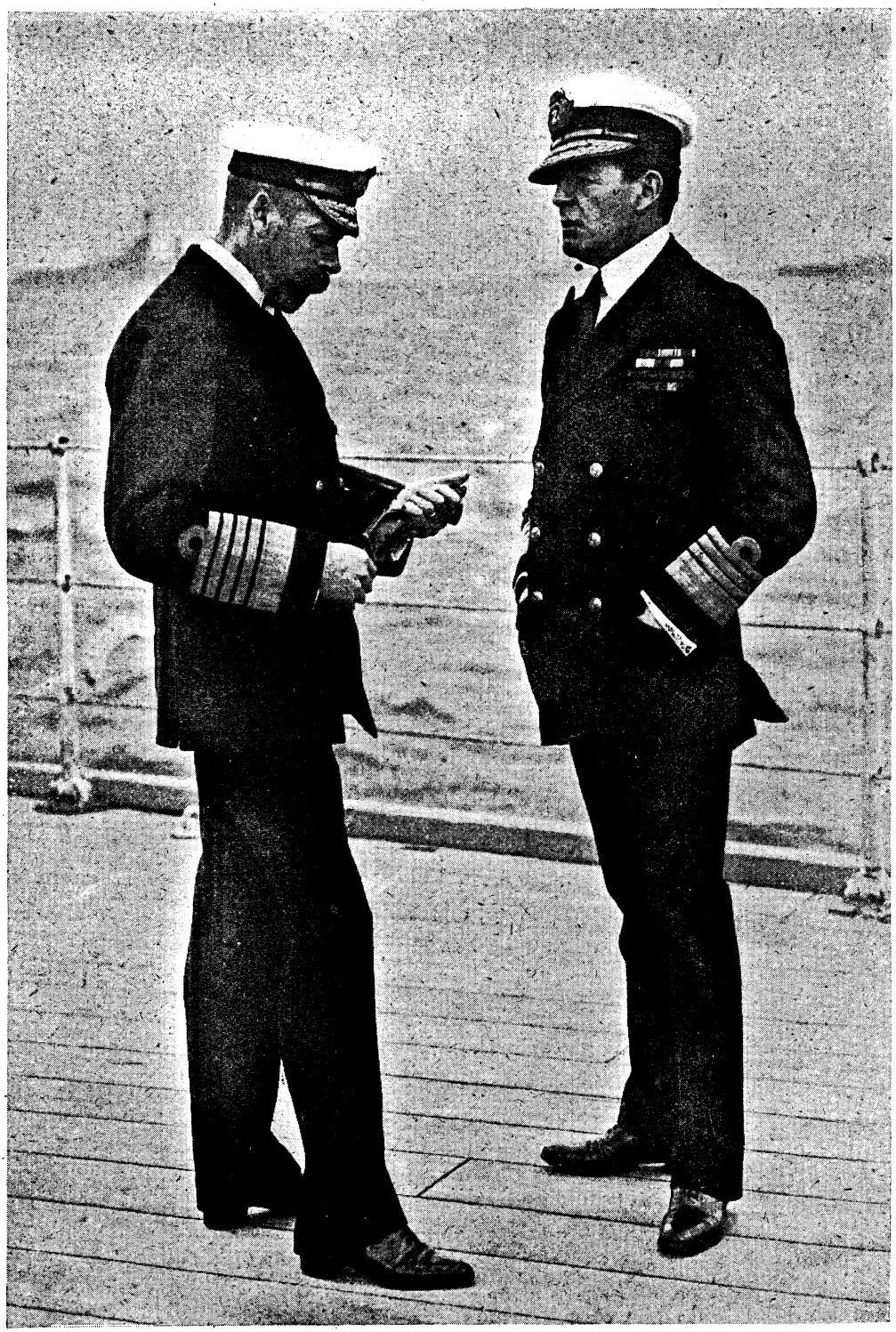


although unknown 50 years ago, is one of the most popular throughout the whole world to-day, but at the same time there are still a great many people who have yet to learn that the word is a registered trade mark and the exclusive property of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., of New York, London, Moscow, Montreal, etc. **"Vaseline"** was coined by Mr. R. A. CHESEBROUGH to immortalise his discovery of the substance which he named **Petroleum Jelly**, and in order that the future generations might benefit, and the sufferings of the afflicted alleviated, he registered **"Vaseline"** as a distinguishing mark, to **protect the public from dangerous imitations and adulterations.**

'There are a variety of Preparations, some for the Complexion, Chapped Hands, etc., for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Healing Cuts, Wounds, for giving a Healthy and Glossy Appearance to the Hair, etc; in fact no Home Medicine Cupboard should be without an assortment of the specialities. A Descriptive Pamphlet will be sent Post Free.

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HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE WITH ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY.

From a photograph by Central News.



Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations*

THE ARMED GUARD OF A BOARDING-OFFICER AT DRILL.

GLIMPSES OF THE GRAND FLEET AND ITS DAY'S WORK

ON July 29, 1914, the main body of the British Navy vanished from the Channel and drew a veil over operations which now control, directly and indirectly, two hundred million square miles of the world's oceans. Its main base has unique advantages, considering the strategy imposed upon us by the conditions of modern naval war. As Sir John Jellicoe has explained, the torpedo and the underwater mine "entirely prevent the close blockade of former days." When Nelson was watching Villeneuve off Cadiz, his inshore squadron could actually see what was happening in the port.

And here let us grant that amateur criticism of our naval strategy is based at best upon incomplete knowledge of the factors involved. The impatience of the sea-thrusting school would have us assail the Bight of Heligoland and knock at Wilhelmshaven, that riddle of the North Sea sands—a Portsmouth and a Sheffield in one, fenced with islands from Emden to the Dutch frontier, and armed with monstrous guns. A naval offensive against the German coast is called "biting on granite" by Admiral von Capelle. Whether this exploit will ever be feasible with the aid of new weapons and devices, remains to be seen. Certainly Nelson, when chafing to get at the French in Toulon, declared that the man was a fool who sent his ships against land fortifications. Yet we know there was no hazard which our naval hero would not accept, if it had a chance at all and led to mighty things. Remember also that, in our great struggle with France, only four important naval actions were fought between 1793 and 1815.

And yet then, as now, those invisible ships of Britain—no battering force, indeed, but rather a hydraulic press — were slowly quenching for ever the Napoleonic dream of world dominion. The frequent carping

of the half-informed is sometimes caught by the public, and grave injustice done to a Service which—as a foreign attaché remarked—deserves only the profoundest homage of the British people . . . "So long as the seas are open to the Allies and closed to the Germans," this expert pursues, "the certainty of German defeat may safely be presumed."

Our Navy is, above all things, a hidden force, not to be appreciated without a command of facts which no civilian can ever attain. The Grand Admiral himself appears to hint at this when he acknowledges the felicitations of his King: "More especially as it is a confidence based upon intimate knowledge of the Fleet and those who man it."

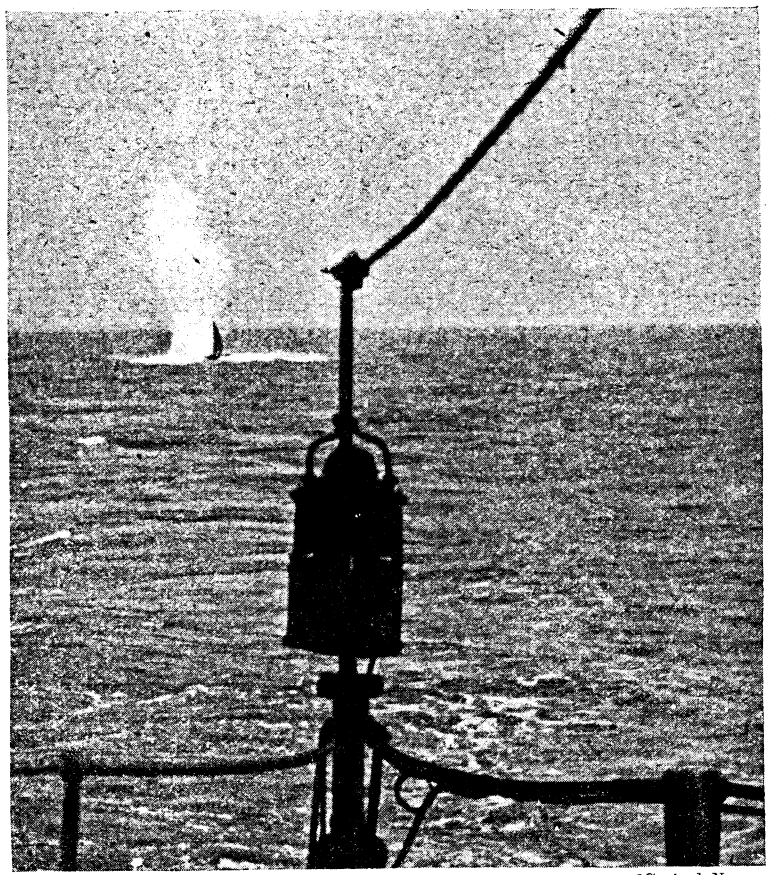


Photo by] [*Central News.*

TARGET PRACTICE: THE TARGET STRUCK BY A SHELL.

Now, visitors to that northern base are few and far between. What are their impressions when the naval might of Britain streams past them for battle-play at sea? They all strike the same note. It is a highly instructive note, since the artist in words confesses that words fail him; the most cautious observer—the ablest and most restrained of men—uses very big words indeed, in manifest despair of conveying what he saw. "So vast is the spectacle," the Frenchman finds, "that no eye can take it in at a glance." His colleague, a man of letters of European repute, was equally at a loss. Here was irresistible power, arrayed and placed with matchless cunning; it was invincible in numbers, swift and volcanic, alike in the air, on the sea, and under water, too. Here rode the naval units which made an island of *Mitteleuropa*, cutting it off from all resources and realising the old ideal of a Continental blockade.

"We were conscious," says the Russian visitor to the Grand Fleet, "as we went hurtling through fantastic floating cities at terrific speed, of elemental strength and overwhelming display of human genius. Never again am I destined to survey so awesome a scene. It haunts me now like a fabulous dream." Another Russian reaches the heart of the Fleet and tries in vain to set down his sensations. "Our imagination was dulled," he fears, "by colossal shapes that ate up the horizon—grim walls with frowning turrets, a world of smoke and movement, with truly stupendous guns rocking like factory chimneys with rapacious maw and purpose."

Count Alexis Tolstoy was more interested in the human side, as the destroyer whirled him through the endless squadrons. Here was a heaving metropolis of roads and lanes, with the strangest satellites in attendance. Even the American writer, bred to big

things at home, was quite overcome. He owned to "a lump in his throat" at sea-power made visible for the first time. . . . . Was there no end to the greyish, blue-green monsters? Here in the hollow of a nation's hand was immeasurable force to throw as she pleased for good or evil. What should it not convey to the Briton? The Briton shall reply, in the person of Colonel Repington, the well-known military writer, and a privileged visitor to the Grand Fleet. He owns that, as the full meaning of this armament dawns upon the mind, "it leaves the beholder dumb."

For naval warfare is progressive. There are wiles and guiles at sea as on land—new types and designs to meet new conditions, just as the famous Tanks dealt with machine-gun nests and barbed wire. So that a parade of the Grand Fleet includes super-Dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers, armoured and light cruisers, swarms of destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines, as well as monitors and "chasers" of incredible speed. There are colliers, oil-tankers, and floating warehouses for general supplies. There are mother-ships for roosting seaplanes, "mothers" of the

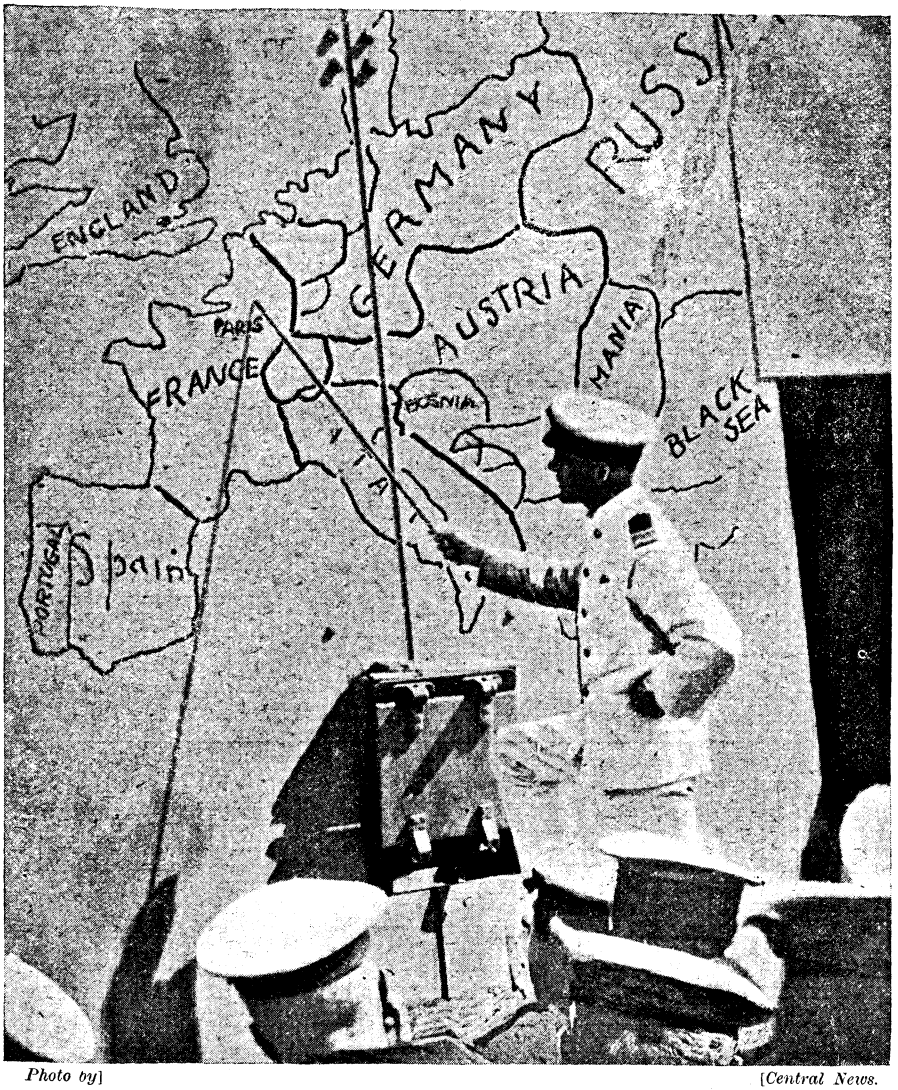


Photo by [*Central News.*

A LECTURE ON THE WAR.

observation balloons, "mothers" of the sick and wounded sailor—the hospital ship, mine-layers, mine-sweepers, and other boats, of which the design and purpose are best left undiscussed. To-day, despite losses in action, the Grand Fleet is fifty per cent. stronger than it was at the Battle of Jutland, and a hundred per cent. more efficient than at the outbreak of war. Then there is that "Fringe of the Fleet" which Kipling has described.

No *communiqués* of the day's work come from the Grand Fleet, yet its sway is not passive at all, but active. Sir Eric Geddes, the new First Lord, hints at has her flaming funnels, the cruiser her thunderous screw—

> But only whiffs of paraffin,
> Or creamy rings that fizz and fade,
> Show where the one-eyed Death has been—
> That is the custom of "The Trade."

The award of "mystery" V.C.'s is eloquent of ubiquitous power that works in darkness. Commander Gordon Campbell, D.S.O., was given the supreme decoration for "consummate coolness and skill," which, we are told, was "of the utmost value to the Navy and the defences of the country." But further details were withheld as likely to give valuable information to the enemy.

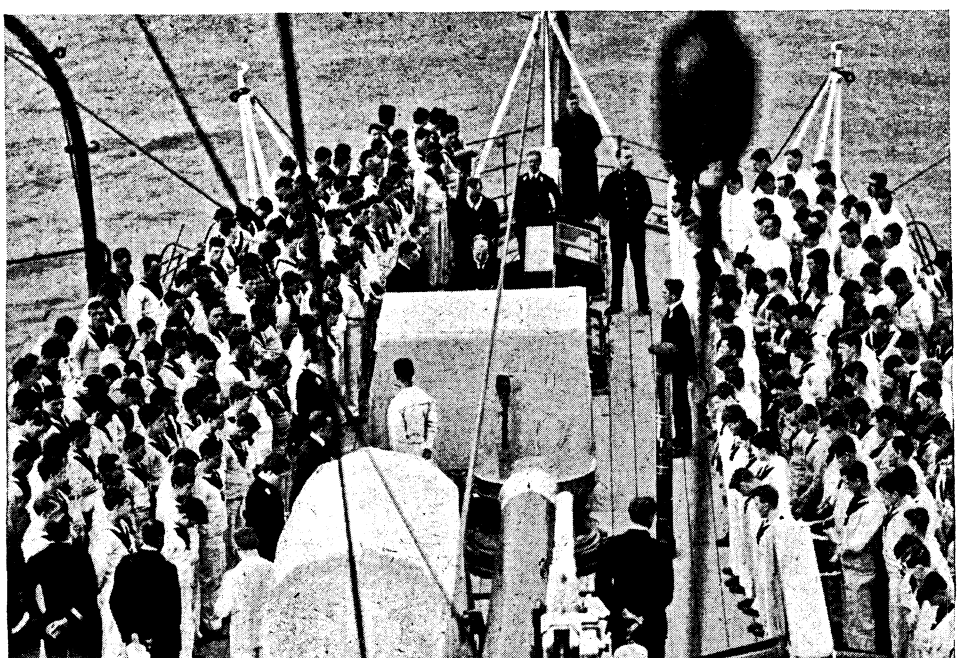


Photo by] [*Central News.*

A CHURCH SERVICE AT SEA.

deeds that would send a thrill down your back. But from behind the veil there comes to him the traditional voice of the Service: "Please don't tell all our exploits at sea!"

"Its enterprise and courage," Sir Eric declared, "pass all words. When the story is told some day, it will eclipse in daring, ingenuity, and wonder all the tales of Captain Marryat"—the desperate hazards of our submarines, for instance, of which Kipling has given us an inkling.

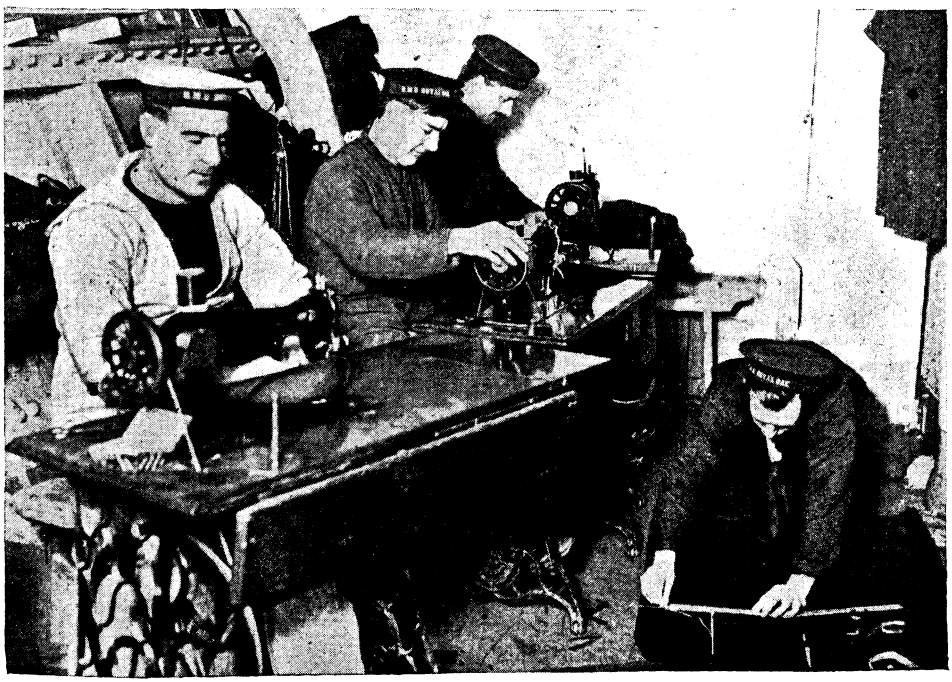
This is the most secret branch of all. The swift scout—as Kipling reminds us—

The visitor to Sir David Beatty's flagship, surveying the Grand Fleet, is struck by the multitude of types—their mobility and variety, too, and the puissant ease of communication for swift, efficient strokes in all seas. Here is a cruiser escorting a contingent of troops from the Canadian shore. Word passes through the fleet of transports that the —— will be relieved at noon a few days hence. At eleven o'clock on the appointed morning there was no sign of the new warship. Half an hour later smoke was seen. Precisely at twelve No. 2 swung about and took her place, whilst No. 1 retired into the



WASHING DAY.

From a photograph by Central News.



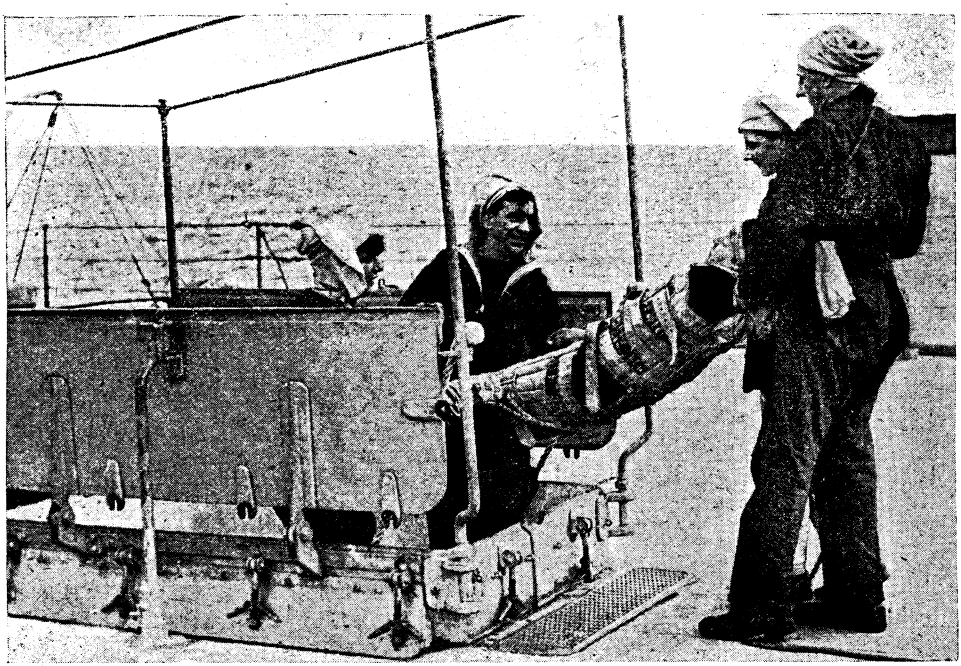
NAVAL TAILORS AT WORK.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by "Topical."

unknown. "It's uncanny," the Canadian officers said.

Again, there was the avenging of Cradock in the South Atlantic. At a few hours' notice, Sir Doveton Sturdee set off. His rendezvous with Von Spee was seven thousand miles away. But the historic job was done, the German squadron destroyed, with two thousand two hundred officers and men, who went down in chaos against the setting sun. Then Sturdee came home to report—and take his place in the Grand Fleet for the next task. Our enemy well knows where that force is, and many a furtive attempt has he made upon prizes which haunt and tempt the U-boat pirates. A famous chart on our flagship shows the sea outside our main base fairly speckled with dots. This is "the graveyard of the submarines." But the Fleet does more than assert dominion; it exercises it in a hundred ways with a thousand lesser craft which form the antennæ of its own formidable body. It besieges the Central Empires; it convoys millions of men and mercantile freight; it assails and defends, searches and frustrates each new design of a very able foe, learning lessons from the German, who knows the British way and has developed it, *more suo*.

"As a young naval nation," the Kaiser said at Athens in 1889, "we come to England to learn from the first Fleet in the world." The German Navy, which was the Kaiser's dearest dream, was undoubtedly modelled by Von Tirpitz and his master upon our own. The Emperor said as much in 1893, adding that our own naval heroes would ever be regarded as "lodestars for the German officers and men." But what would Nelson or St. Vincent say to the assassins of the *Lusitania* and the *Belgian Prince*? There is a great gulf fixed to-day between the German Navy and our own.



STRETCHER DRILL FOR TREATMENT OF WOUNDED IN THE DAY OF ACTION: TAKING A PATIENT BELOW FOR TREATMENT.

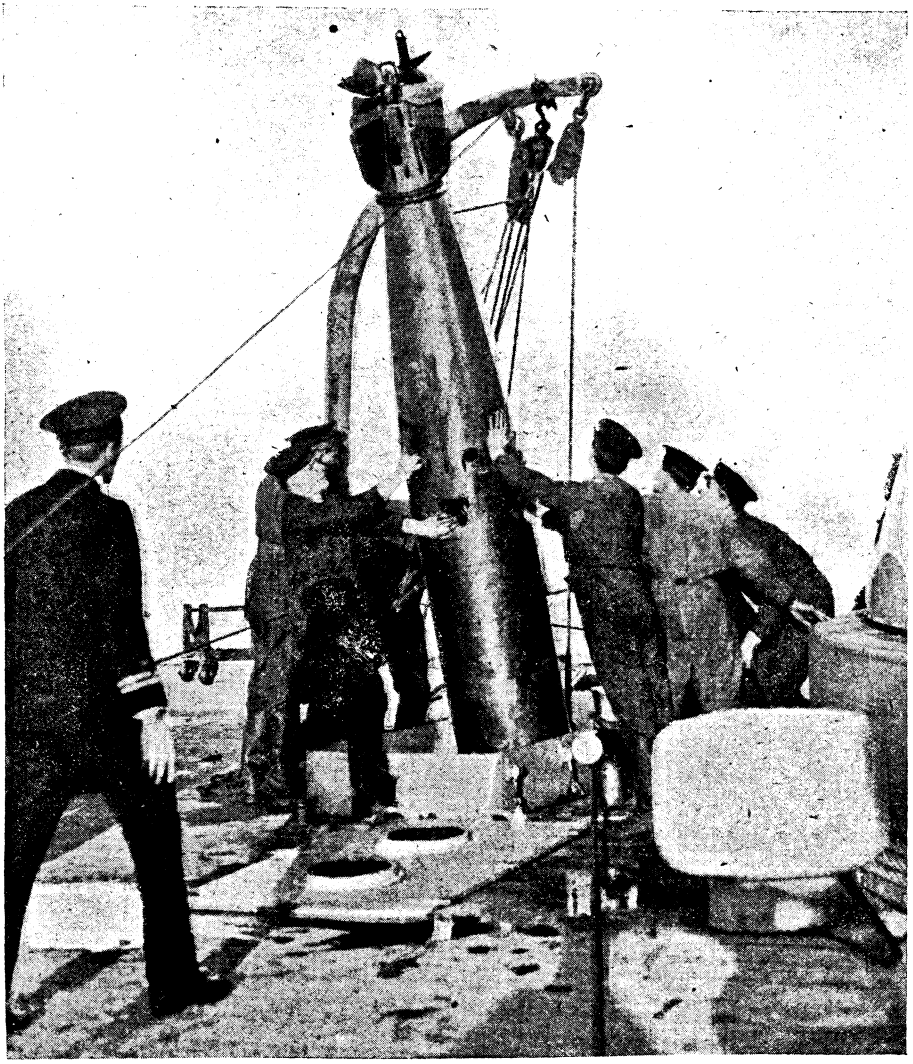
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

The Grand Fleet is, of course, the seat and centre of our sway. The flagship is known by the Admiral's barges astern, and at a signal the whole force is in motion—battle squadrons, "cat" squadrons, light cruisers, destroyers and satellites of all grades, from the screen of submarines to the flight of seaplanes and airships; from the floating forge to the torpedo-depot and supply-ships of every sort. The greatest vessel of all is primarily a gun-platform worth millions of pounds, and carries a crew of over a thousand men. It is a terrible weapon, yet so delicate and complex that a single torpedo or projectile can destroy or

cripple it. No layman could grasp the details of such a floating fort, upon which destructive science has lavished her all—ballistic, electric, hydraulic, mathematic, and optic. If you took a day to view each vessel of the Grand Fleet, a whole year would not suffice for the complete inspection.

out, thrashing and tearing at thirty knots—tunnelling through giant rollers—a winter's night on a fast destroyer is an ordeal inconceivable to the landsman.

The Grand Fleet is just so many guns afloat. Some of them weigh a hundred tons, and throw a ton-weight shell, which, as Sir



SHIPPING TORPEDOES.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by "Topical."

One cannot deal with the work of each type of vessel, nor each rating among the crews. Life in a spacious Dreadnought is vastly different from life in a submarine. The day's work on a racing destroyer—especially in winter—is in itself a feat calling for the highest nerve and endurance. With lights

John Jellicoe has told us, begins to grope for its target at a range of eleven nautical miles. On the whole, it is the sea-war which has altered most. The land-war shows curious revivals of older weapons, such as the Tank, inextinguishable flame, the bomb, with bludgeons and knives for the night

raid. In defence there are steel helmets and armour, the deep ditch and oubliettes or man-traps of an elaborate and cruel kind. But the submarine boat, the floating mine, wireless telegraphy, and aircraft scouts—these have entirely transformed the naval affair. They have, moreover, bred a new strategy, which no outsider can criticise, since adequate knowledge is beyond him—especially the motives of State which govern so vast a conflict.

The Grand Fleet's day is a drama of overpowering activity. Here, on a grey and sombre stage, tense movement is seen "in front," with ceaseless preparation behind the scenes on shore for the next tremendous act. Seen from the spacious deck of the flagship, grey citadels stretch interminably, with minor craft passing below them—picket-boats and barges, whalers and gigs, yachts and colliers and tankers, as well as depot-ships delivering all things, from letters and food to shells for guns of all calibres. Here are historic vessels, and here are submarines; overhead are seaplanes such as convoy food ships into port, or even sink an enemy transport.

But when all is said, the men are greater than the machines, enormous as these are, and bristling with the marvels of laboratory and forge. That our naval gunners are incomparably superior to the Germans was proved in the Battle of Jutland. Here the enemy began well, but fell away in nerve and *verve*. Our men are well aware of the merciless nature of naval war, and wear that knowledge lightly.

All ranks and ratings, from the Grand Admiral to first-class boy—from chaplain to tailor, from the surgeon in the sick bay to the wireless operator—are for ever intent upon new ways and means of more efficient service. You see this when the floating target is towed out for gun-practice. You see the same spirit when "coaling ship" is toward—a big vessel swallows a thousand tons a day under full working conditions. Yet coaling is looked upon as a game, in which proud records can be established. If one vessel took in her thousand tons in a few minutes over three hours, another must do better still. So also with the stokers feeding fires far down in the ship's heart.

Beatty's famous signal, "Well done, *Indomitable* stokers!" shows how alive is the highest admiral to the humble yet vital labours of the black hole. As for the engineers, their sleeves now wear the "curl" of the combatant branch, thanks

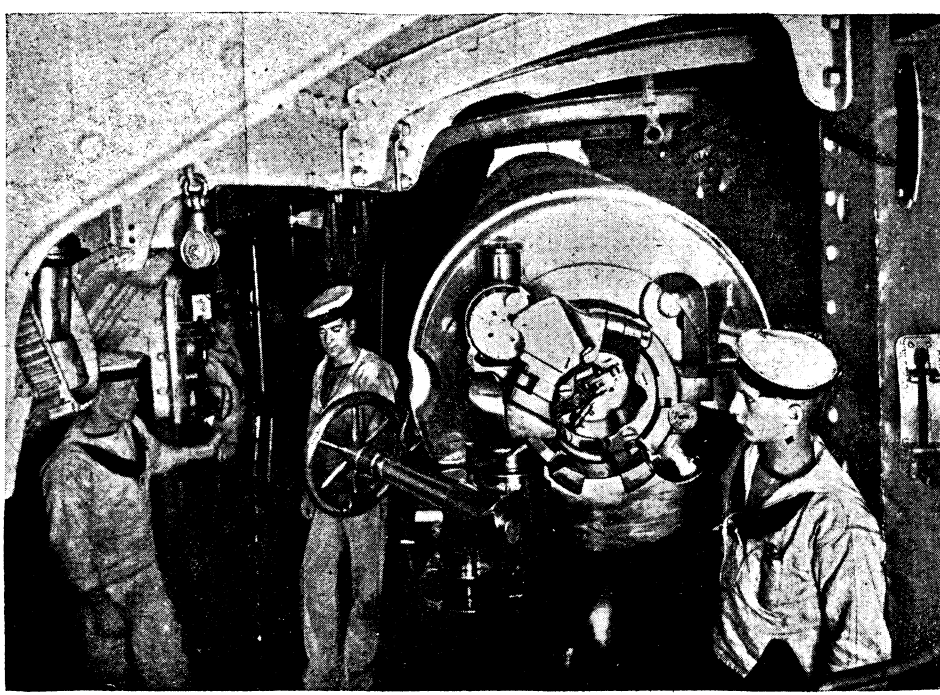


Photo by] [*Daily Mirror.*

INSIDE A GUN-TURRET.



A LIBERTY BOAT ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, WHEN MEN VISIT THEIR FRIENDS ON OTHER SHIPS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

to Lord Fisher, who is eloquent over "their all-important part in the present splendid fighting condition of our whole Fleet." The Navy swarms with specialists, from gunner to cook, from the Director of Dockyard Repairs to the torpedo expert and trapper of submarines. Merely to name them all would take too much space.

Routine-Board hours and duties have been modified by war, for the harbour day of peace-time differed from the tense strain of preparedness and complex evolutions practised daily by the Grand Fleet.

At daylight the admiral surveys the order and disposal of his fleet, and his flag-lieutenant has little to fear when he calls with a message in the small hours. As for the ship's company, "hands" are roused at half-past five by loud-voiced corporals, who stalk along the mess decks, calling on the lads to "rise and shine." Cocoa is served out when

the hammocks are stowed, and then scrubbing down begins.

There is no bright work to clean—the old day of "spit and polish" is over—and from truck to keelson no gleam of brass or gun muzzle is seen, to catch the light and aid the enemy spotters. The great grey ship is cleaned until eight o'clock, which is breakfast time. At seven bells in the morning watch (half-past seven) the middies and

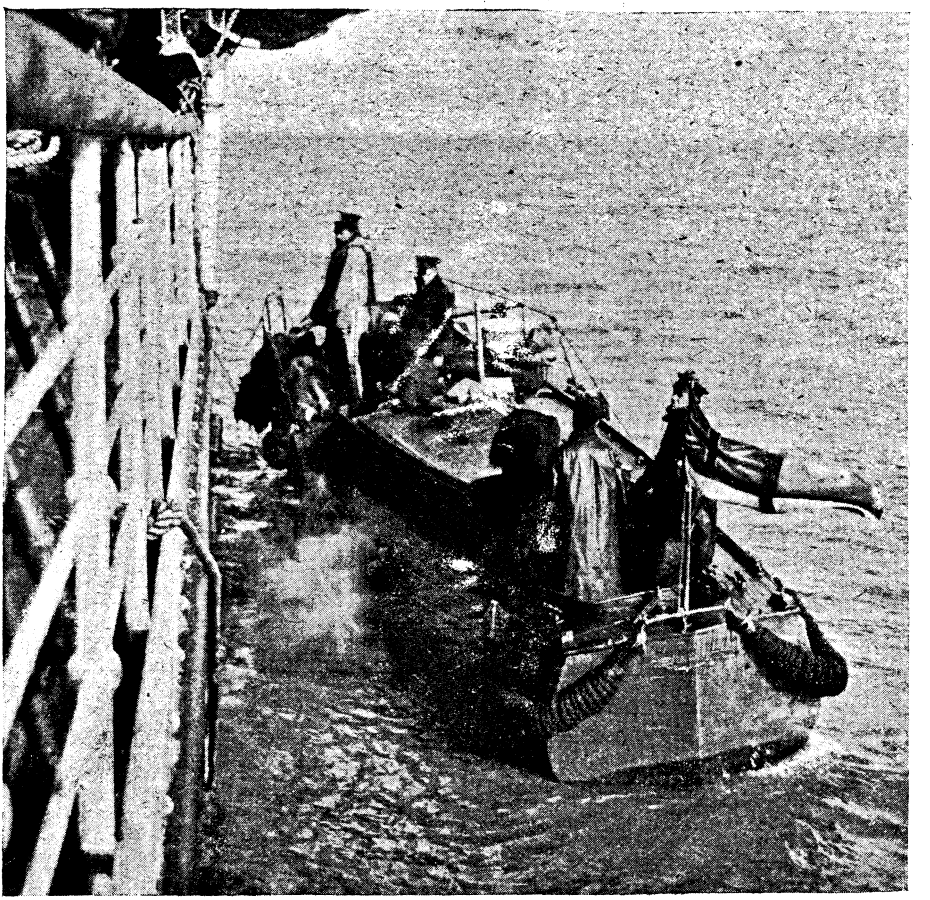


Photo by] [*Central News.*

A MOTOR-BOAT BRINGING THE POST.

junior officers go to drill. This may be small-arm exercise under a gunnery instructor, or physical drill with the "india-rubber man" of the ship. At eight o'clock the colours are hoisted with all the musical pomp and saluting which Lord St. Vincent introduced one hundred and fifty years ago. After breakfast the boatswain's mate pipes "Hands to clean," a signal that deals with the dress of the day, which the flagship gives out for the whole squadron. Jack has nine different "dresses," each with its own distinctive number. And, of course, "coaling rig" is the most informal of all.

At a quarter to nine mess-decks and flats are cleared, and at nine all hands fall in for inspection by divisions, and the usual report to the executive officer. Then Prayers are read on the quarter-deck. "On caps!" And the band strikes up a lively tune as officers and men double at a run around decks that may be six hundred feet long. When a halt is called, the real work of the day begins—gunnery instruction, torpedo drill, school or naval training for the boys, who are rated as seamen at eighteen, and are well grounded in certain sciences.

The greater ships now carry teachers, or, at any rate, a qualified chief petty officer with a genius for imparting sea-lore to high-spirited lads.

Monday morning is devoted to general

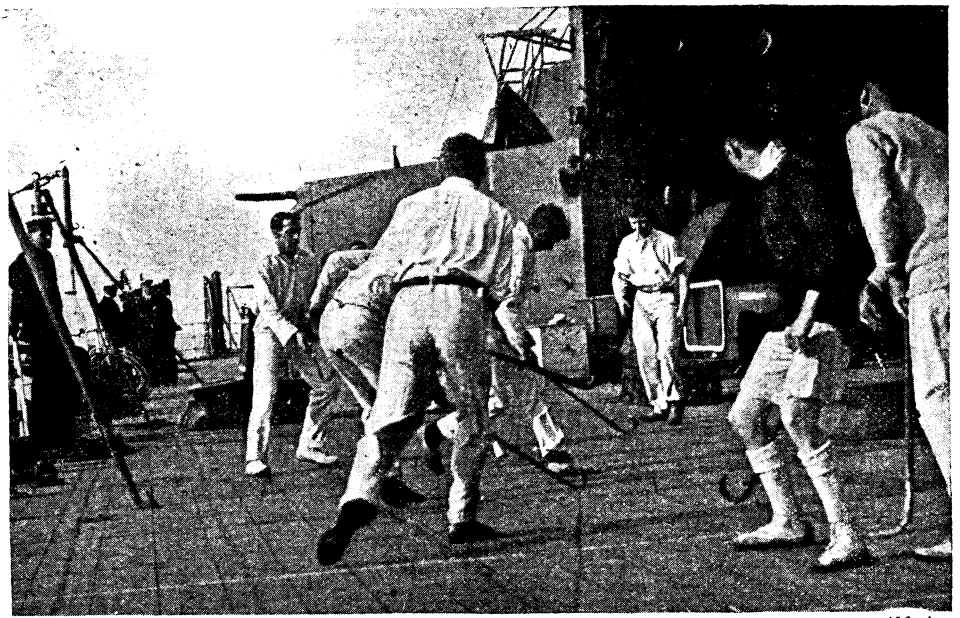


Photo by] [*Alfieri.*

AN OFFICERS' HOCKEY MATCH.

evolutions of the squadron. Wednesday morning sees a landing party. Thursday afternoon is a half-holiday, strangely hidden in the order "Make and mend clothes." On Friday come General Quarters or Action Stations, a series of exercises which accounts for the perfect coolness of these men in the direst emergency of naval war. Every detail of every act in the day's routine is devised with amazing skill—the heritage of centuries—which makes the vast machine work in smooth unison as a striking force of appalling weight. All contingencies are provided for, with stations for each. Besides Action Stations there are also fire and collision stations, as well as the drill for



Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

ROLLER-SKATING AS EXERCISE.

abandoning ship, which means taking to the boats in the last extremity.

Saturday sees an orgy of cleaning up. Sunday is inspection day for both ship and men; and when the captain has passed, the lads go to a church service and hear a really helpful and cheering talk from the padre, who is in truth the father of the ship. Dinner is served at noon—no Spartan diet of Nelson's day, but the best of meat, with savoury dishes and sweets prepared by a graduate of the famous Cookery School at Portsmouth. Big ships now have their own bakeries, and on one of them three bakers turn out 1100 lbs. of bread each day in a naval oven of special design. The rum ration is a jealously-guarded institution, hedged about with quaint ceremony. Petty officers and men get "three-water grog," but the higher ratings receive the spirit neat.

It must not be thought that Jack has no leisure hour, even in the treacherous seas of war. Not much is heard of his "comforts," but the sailor is not forgotten, whether afloat or ashore. There are societies for sending books and papers, fresh vegetables and fruit. As for amusements—sports and games, and the varied diversions of the lower deck—boxing and singlestick are favoured, and there are amateur theatricals, concerts, variety shows, lectures on the land war, and cinema displays. The first reels were shown by Lance-Sergeant Dillon on a dreadnought. He once had an audience of 1200 men, with the ship's band in attendance. "The subjects that go," our naval impresario says, "are really good comics and Western melodrama with downright thrills. The pictures have come to stay."

A warship's piano is specially made for the Service, and all manner of creatures dance to it, from middies to mascots, which may be pigs or dogs or monkeys.

We have spoken of visitors to the Fleet, and foremost among these comes the King himself, who held an investiture on the flagship, and visited craft of all sorts, from the latest submarine to the little mine-sweeper. Well might the King congratulate the Grand Admiral upon the patient endurance and energetic power which keep the Trident secure and enhance the glories of our Navy's historic traditions. "Never has it stood higher in the estimation of friend or foe. . . It secures to us," His Majesty concluded, "and to our Allies, the ocean highways of the world."

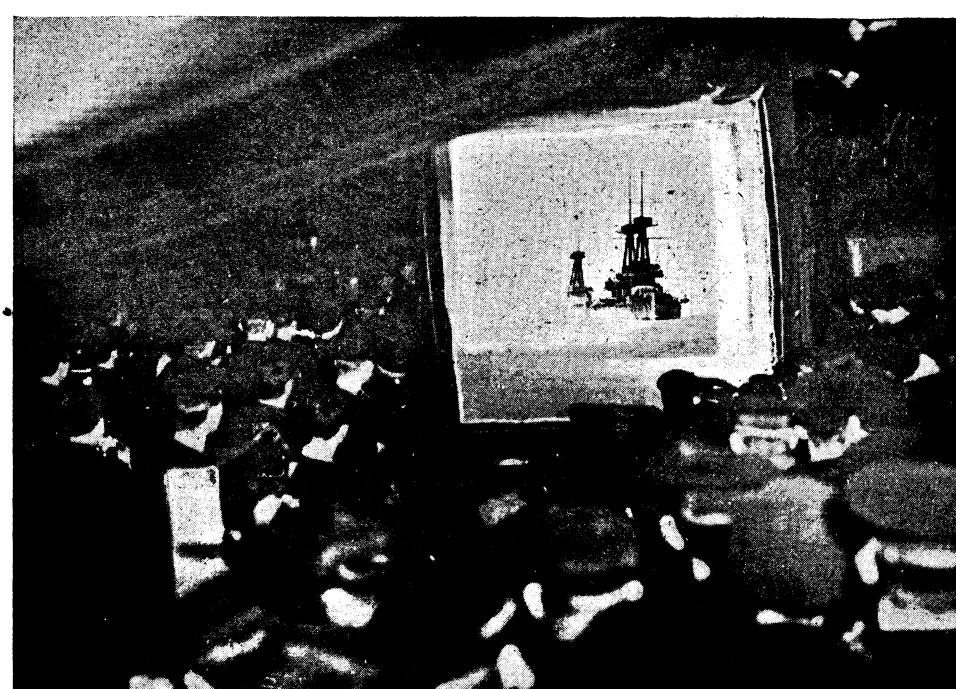


Photo by] [*Newspaper Illustrations.*

A CINEMATOGRAPH SHOW ON BOARD SHIP.

THE LONELY FURROW

By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by A. Gilbert

A DISTINGUISHED novelist, who would rather make an epigram than a friend, always declared that Mrs. Harcourt's flat in Lowndes Gardens reminded him of one of the brilliant stage settings usually associated with a St. James's production, which description had just enough truth in it to carry a sting in its tail. And, indeed, perhaps there was just a suggestion of that glittering artificiality surrounding the home life of the famous actress in question, just a little bit too much gold and colouring; but the young man standing there, with his back to the flower-filled fireplace, noticed nothing of it.

He was not in a condition just then to notice anything but the glamour of the moment, for was he not taking Cecil Marne out to dinner, and convoying her subsequently to the first night of a new play at the Comus?

He was good enough to look on, was this young man, with his clean-shaven, handsome face, lighted with a pair of clear, brown eyes, fearless and resolute, a young man with all the world before him and everything in his favour. He was beautifully groomed, of course, immaculate and speckless, the finished product of Eton and Oxford, just a fine specimen of a typical young Englishman, a little tanned and brown—an athlete, in fact, and potentially a leader of men.

He stood there, glancing carelessly about him, a little impatient and a little eager, and, perhaps, just a shade disappointed to find that Cecil was not already awaiting him.

She came in presently, a dazzling vision of loveliness and beauty, clad in some pink diaphanous confection that mere man would have found it impossible to describe, but which seemed to be part of herself, as a woman's dress ought to be when she knows how to wear it. And it was not any particular classicality of outline or amazing regularity of feature to which Cecil owed her chief charm; still, it was a beautiful face, soulful and intellectual, and flushed with happiness and pleasure just now.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she said, "but Mrs. Harcourt detained me. She has just gone."

"Oh, down to the theatre, I suppose," Alan Chamberlayne said. "Is she very nervous?"

"Well, not just at the last. I would give anything to have a position like that."

"You would like to go on the stage, Cecil?"

"Of course I should—it must be glorious. And I believe I could do it, Alan. Mrs. Harcourt says so. And, perhaps, some day——"

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," Alan said. "I think you know—you *must* know by this time—why I come here so often, Cecil. You must know we are something more than friends. Now, don't you?"

The girl flushed slightly and turned her glowing face away from his. She was still at the parting of the ways, still hesitating with the seed of the dandelion in her hand, saying to herself: "I love him, I love him not."

"Oh, well," she said a little petulantly, "aren't you just a little bit old-fashioned, Alan?"

"I don't know—perhaps I am," Chamberlayne admitted. "Perhaps, if my mother had lived, it might have been different. I suppose I have an altogether too exalted

idea of womankind. I don't understand them."

"Does any man?" Cecil laughed. "Do we understand ourselves? And yet you are just like all the rest of your sex. You seem to think that a woman's mission in life is to marry and settle down."

"Well, isn't it?" Alan asked.

"Oh, come along!" Cecil said impatiently. "If we are going to dine at the Ritz first, the sooner we're off, the better."

The big car was waiting at the door, and together they drove along the streets, in the dusk of the falling September night, in the direction of the hotel where they were to dine. They were going on afterwards to the Comus Theatre, to see the first performance of the new comedy in which Mrs. Harcourt expected to achieve one of her greatest triumphs. A great night, a night to be remembered, and one destined, though Cecil did not know it yet, to mark an important turning point in her life.

And meanwhile here they were at their destination, seated at a little table set out for two, with shaded lights and mauve orchids in reckless profusion. The place was full of diners, the whole of the big room was crowded with youth and beauty, an attractive scene that filled Cecil with pleasure, and brought a look of tenderness into those dusky eyes of hers.

"Do you know," Alan said presently, "that so far you have not met my father?"

"Would he be interested in me?" Cecil smiled.

"What a question! Of course he would. He knows all about you, and he is very anxious to see you. Won't you come down and stay a week-end at our place? It's the most delightful old place in the world, and I think my father and I value it all the more because we so nearly lost it."

"I have heard something of it," Cecil said. "Wasn't your father rather poor in those early days?"

"Terribly poor," Chamberlayne said. "He and my mother lived in lodgings in an obscure seaside town, trying to save enough money to pay the interest on the family mortgages. You see, my father met my mother in Australia, where she was on the stage, and married her. Oh, no, she was no great actress, but a young girl struggling for a living—anything rather than stay in a home that was cursed by drink and poverty. I don't remember her, of course. She died when I was quite a child, and then it occurred to my father to take up his profession. Fortunately, at an early age he had been called to the Bar, and from the first he was a great success. You know what he is to-day. I know you'd love him—everybody does."

"So—so you've told your father all about me?"

"Of course I have. I told him about you long ago."

Cecil made no reply for a moment. She had taken one of the orchid blossoms from the table and was aimlessly pulling it to pieces.

"Aren't you taking a good deal for granted?" she challenged.

"Well, perhaps, Cecil; but haven't I had reason to take things for granted? Haven't we been together practically every day since June, and haven't our friends recognised—— Well, you know what I mean."

"Oh, it's impossible," Cecil said. "I mean—well, I mean that I'm a bit frightened. Oh, I am to blame, if you like. I have encouraged you, I have been fickle and shallow, incapable of understanding my own mind. If you like to ask me under these conditions——"

Chamberlayne rose slowly from the table. There was a certain grimness about his mouth and a little hardness in his eyes that set Cecil fluttering.

"Perhaps we had better be moving," he said curtly. "And thanks for the confession. We'll forget all about it now, but I will come and see you in the morning."

"Is that a threat?" Cecil laughed.

"No, it isn't—it's a promise."

The frown had gone from his face, and as they drove along in the taxi he might have been no more than the average polished Society young man doing his best to be agreeable to a pretty and fascinating girl. And, strange to say, it was this very change—the change that Cecil had hoped for—that filled her with all sorts of vague alarms. For Cecil knew her world, and Chamberlayne was not the first man who had made love to her. She had come, like so many brilliant and attractive girls, to regard homage from the opposite sex as her prescriptive right, and the sensation that she was merely a mouse, within reach of the claws of the cat, frightened whilst at the same time it strangely attracted her.

She was glad enough to find herself in the theatre, waiting for the curtain to go up. She glanced round the stalls and returned the nods and smiles of her many acquaintances. It was a full house, as she had expected,

crammed from floor to ceiling, and everybody was there that was worth counting at all.

And then for the next hour or two Cecil forgot all about her anxieties and worries in the contemplation of the stage and the triumph of Helen Harcourt in one of the finest interpretations that she had ever given in her long and distinguished career. It was not that the play was anything amazing in itself—in fact, it was rather commonplace—but the soul of the artiste dominated it all, and the curtain fell finally on a veritable triumph.

Cecil drew a long breath of sheer delight. She had almost forgotten by this time that Chamberlayne was seated by her side. She turned to him presently with glowing eyes.

"Wasn't it marvellous?" she said.

"I suppose so," said Alan. "I am horribly out of date, but this sort of thing doesn't appeal to me much. I never can quite understand why people make so much fuss of actors and actresses. After all, they are only children of larger growth playing at make-believe, and they don't create the character. The author of the play does that."



"She rested her hands on his shoulders just for a moment."

Cecil rose impatiently and made her way in silence into the vestibule. She hardly spoke as the taxi purred its way along the streets in the direction of Lowndes Gardens. It was much the same when the flat was reached, and even Chamberlayne gave a sigh of relief when his hostess arrived and supper was announced.

Helen Harcourt came in a beautiful costume in which she had appeared during the last act, tall and graceful, and full of those magnetic qualities which made her what she was. She was radiant enough, gracious and friendly as usual, but never, in Chamberlayne's eyes, had she appeared more remote and aloof than she did at that moment. She was brilliantly witty, as usual, hard as a diamond and as dazzling, but this only deepened the impression in Chamberlayne's mind.

And so the meal went on to the conclusion. One o'clock struck somewhere, and at length Chamberlayne rose to go. He barely touched Cecil's fingers as he said "Good night" to her, and muttered something to the effect that he had work to do, and that he hoped to call on her in the morning. The last words were so cold that Helen Harcourt elevated her eyebrows.

"Good night, Alan," she said, with one of those rare smiles of hers that she always kept for him. "Good night, my dear boy. One moment—your tie is a little on one side. Let me put it straight for you. There!"

She rested her hands on his shoulders just for a moment, then, when she had finished her work, allowed her fingers to stray on his sleek hair and dropped a careless kiss upon his forehead. It was characteristic of a woman of her temperament, a woman who cares nothing for convention, but there was just a touch of intimacy in the action that roused some vague symptom of jealousy in Cecil's breast. Then Helen Harcourt flung herself back in a chair and lighted a cigarette.

"This has been a great night for you," Cecil said—"I should say the greatest in your career. I believe, if I were you, I should die happy."

"Would you?" Mrs. Harcourt sighed. "Ah, I am not at all happy this evening; on the contrary, I never felt more miserable."

"But why?" Cecil cried.

"Do you know what I mean? No, I am afraid you don't, Cecil. So we had better go back to first causes. Why have you quarrelled with Alan?"

The girl fairly staggered back before the directness of the attack. She had no time to fence or dodge, no time to summon up those little lethal sophistries by which women deceive one another. The blood mounted to her cheeks, and her eyes grew dim. Then she was herself again.

"I don't quite understand what you mean," she said coldly. "I have not quarrelled with Alan."

"No? But you are keeping something from me now. You know what my ambition has been for you—you know that I wanted to see you happily married to the finest man I know. And now something has come between you. Won't you tell me what it is?"

"You are imagining these things," Cecil said. "I like Alan Chamberlayne immensely. I am sure that he is all you say he is, and more. But I don't want to marry him, dearest, and, above all, I want to go on the stage."

Mrs. Harcourt sighed gently.

"I was afraid of that," she said. "My dear girl, I have had scores of young women to stay with me from time to time, and, after they have once seen me play, every one of them has wanted to go on the stage. Do you know what I earned for the first three years of my career?"

"What does that matter?" Cecil said petulantly.

"My dear, it matters a great deal. If fame and fortune are to do you any good, they must come in the early thirties—after that it's too late. Ah, I know, and that is why I am so bitterly disappointed to think that you should have turned your back on your own happiness so deliberately as you have done. Fate gave me the same chance, and I also turned my back upon it. Shall I tell you the story?"

Cecil nodded. She was strangely moved by the torrent of bitter words that had fallen from her companion's lips, words that seemed to have a new shape and meaning, declaimed as they were by one who knew the utmost value of every syllable. And the great actress was playing now with a force and intensity that she probably had never displayed before, for she was playing, not to an audience, but to the soul of one girl, playing for the stake of human happiness.

"Very well," she said. "I'll tell you. But first give me another cigarette. I suppose it is the proper thing for the adventurous heroine to tell her story with a cigarette between her lips. At least, that is what the public expect, and you are my public for the moment, Cecil. I married a good man, who took me from a sordid home, and I,

like the fool that I was, thought I was conferring a favour upon him. From the very first he spoilt me. Everything I wanted in reason I could have, though I knew he was saving all his income for a specific purpose, and when occasionally he remonstrated with me on my extravagance, I only grew angry and accused him of being mean. Mean! Good Heavens! Now I know he was one of the most generous men on this earth. And so it went on for two years—two long, dragging years—during which my husband grew poorer and more anxious, and then I left him."

"You mean you quarrelled?" Cecil asked.

"Oh, no, there was no quarrel. I have not even that excuse. I had made up my mind that he was a poor creature, absolutely unworthy of being the soul-mate of so brilliant a personage as myself, and so I left him.

"I must have cut him to the heart. I can see his face now as I told him everything. It was to be an absolute parting. It was understood that we were never to meet again, and we never have. But I know where my husband is, and what he is doing, and I know now what has ever been a bitter humiliation to me. I know it was I who kept him down, who spent his money, and crippled him in a thousand ways. For the man I regarded as a poor, spiritless creature is to-day one of the most successful men in England. Directly he was free from me and the weight that I hung about his neck, he began to rise, and he has never looked back since. I am not going to try and coerce you—I won't attempt to influence you further. I merely wish to point out what a lonely, unsatisfactory life my own selfishness has built up for me; I want to save you from the same melancholy fate, if possible. With my eyes wide open I made the same mistake as you are going to make. With my eyes wide open I turned my back upon my husband and my child——"

"A child!" Cecil gasped. "How could you?"

"Ah, how could I? My dear, I have asked myself that same question many times. And I am glad to hear you speak like that, because it has proved to me that my story has not fallen on barren soil. Yes, it was part of the price I had to pay. It was my own suggestion. And now, when the shadows are beginning to deepen, and my hair is getting grey, I am alone in the world!"

"But you might go back," Cecil whispered.

"I shall never do that," Mrs. Harcourt said sadly. "It would not be fair to either of them; I doubt if it would be even fair to me. Why should I obtrude upon their lives after all these years? They are well and happy, they are devoted to one another, and there was no shadow on my husband's face when I saw him last, like there used to be in the old days, when I was dragging him down. No, he and the boy——"

"Your son!" Cecil exclaimed. "How strange it seems!"

"My son—yes. And, mind, this is a secret between us, which you are to keep till I give you leave to speak. And do you know why I tell you this? Because you love Alan Chamberlayne, you admire his many fine qualities, and you are afraid he may dominate you if you marry him. Of course he will; no husband is worth his salt who doesn't. And now I have finished. Do you want me to tell you any more? Do you want me to tell you why I like Alan so well?"

A great light suddenly leapt into Cecil's eyes, the lines about her lips trembled and wavered. Then, with a smile, she got up and reached for the telephone on the table. As she called the number of Chamberlayne's flat clearly and firmly, Helen Harcourt smiled, too, and there were tears standing in her eyes.

"Complete surrender?" she whispered.

"Absolutely!" Cecil laughed unsteadily. "Absolutely! Listen . . ."

THE GARDEN ROLLER

By HERBERT WESTBROOK

Illustrated by G. L. Stampa

THE two houses, The Limes and The Acacias, were exactly detached. Each "stood in its own grounds," but the grounds had one length of palings common to both.

Beneath the roof of The Acacias lived three people—Mr. Undershaw and his two sons, Riley and Philip, the latter seven years younger than the former.

They were a comparatively happy family. That is to say, Mr. Undershaw and Riley were content, and Philip, though discontented, had no definite grievance with existence, although he perpetually was subject to a vague conviction that things with him were not as they should be. He was twenty, and for the last four years had worked in a huge office in the City, to which he travelled to and fro from Blackheath every day.

Riley had got him the job. In fact, every event in his life had been promoted by Riley.

The servants—a cook and a housemaid—were engaged by Riley. Riley ordered the food, Riley superintended the occasional replenishing of Philip's wardrobe. Mr. Undershaw relied entirely on Riley.

When Riley's father expressed a wish, Riley saw that that wish was gratified. Mr. Undershaw had only to announce that he intended to "take up" carpentry, and a bench and tools and wood were purchased by Riley and placed at Mr. Undershaw's immediate disposal.

The same with photography. Mr. Undershaw said that he was "taking up" photography, at breakfast one June morning, and Philip returned from the City that night to find that his father was developing a negative in an improvised but efficient dark-room—a negative "taken" by Mr. Undershaw with his own camera. Camera, plates, chemicals, and dark-room—all had been instantly procured for Mr. Undershaw by his son Riley.

Then, one April, Mr. Undershaw conceived an ambition for gardening. That is why Philip was sent three times a week to borrow the roller from Mr. Canning.

Riley, when Mr. Undershaw's desire had been originally formulated, had hastily collected the nucleus of a gardener's outfit, but he had omitted a roller.

This neglected item was mentioned by Mr. Undershaw that night at supper. The lack of a garden roller had obviously irritated Mr. Undershaw, and into his usually level, toneless voice a coldness had crept.

Riley paled. "I'll get a roller first thing in the morning, father," he said, filling his father's glass from the beer-jug.

"No beer to-night, thank you, Riley," said Mr. Undershaw. "It is a disappointment to me not to have a roller at hand. The lawn needs a roller. I should like you to roll the lawn at least three times a week, Riley."

"Certainly, father," said Riley.

"And," said Mr. Undershaw, "I wanted you to begin to-morrow morning, before breakfast. This little handbook 'Lawn Culture for Villa Residents,' which came packed up with the parcel from the seedsman's, states that before breakfast rolling is a stimulant both for him who rolls and for the lawn as well. You ought to have thought of the roller, Riley, when you got the mower."

"Yes, I ought, father," said Riley, humbly eating a wedge of veal and ham pie.

"Business good to-day, Philip?" asked Mr. Undershaw.

"Very active, father," said Philip.

"I am extremely glad to hear it," said Mr. Undershaw.

This little conversation took place regularly at supper.

Mr. Undershaw had the firm impression—as far as any of his impressions were firm—that Philip had been placed by Riley in the heart of commercial London, and that he was intimately connected with the fortunes of the huge firm in which the young man was employed as junior clerk at eighteen shillings a week.

Philip had once tried to explain to his father the sort of work he did; but Riley had intervened with an urgent question about the price of thin mahogany—the incident occurred during Mr. Undershaw's inclination towards the use of the fret-saw—and told Philip, in a private talk afterwards, that their father's health was chronically likely to be impaired by anything of a worrying nature.

"I'm older than you, Philip," said Riley, "and I know father's constitution. He's all constitution. He's perfectly well. But, to put it in a nutshell, he mustn't be bored."

* * * * *

Philip disobeyed Riley only once. At the age of eighteen he was obsessed by a longing to attend some evening classes in modern languages, which he had not succeeded in assimilating at the two cheap schools selected for him by Riley. Riley was damping on the subject of evening classes—said curtly that "they were no good."

Philip experienced a pang so great that the thought of hitting Riley flashed through his brain. But he couldn't quite lose his temper, and unless he completely lost his temper he could not hit Riley.

Riley was a big man. His bulk towered over Philip, who was narrow-chested, short, and meagre.

What Philip did was to appeal to his father. Whilst the boy made his request, Riley came into the room and sat silent, reading a paper. Mr. Undershaw concentrated himself enough to grasp Philip's meaning, reflected judicially, and said—

"Yes, you may attend your classes, if you like, Philip."

"I have your permission, father?" said Philip delightedly.

"Yes, Philip," said Mr. Undershaw, beginning to relax slightly from the strain of mental concentration.

"It will cost two guineas down," said Philip. "Could you let me have the money, dad?"

"Two guineas?" repeated Mr. Undershaw, as though the sum represented an unusual, but not necessarily unpleasant, imaginative picture.

"Shall I give him the two guineas, father?" suavely asked Riley.

"Yes, Riley. Yes. I shall be obliged if you will. Yes." And Philip realised that the episode was finished. He did not get the money from Riley.

Riley never actively refused to disgorge. He simply did not give the two guineas, and Philip saw that he was powerless to enforce his father's order.

But Riley was less passive in showing his brother that he did not intend to be disobeyed in future. He made Philip's life utterly miserable. Philip never got a decent meal at home.

He was subjected to every form of petty inconvenience which the sluggishly fertile brain of Riley—who, you must recollect, was the domestic potentate of The Acacias—could devise.

It was an elusive persecution, too. Things went wrong through Riley's agency, but it was difficult to pin the agent down to any one particular act.

It was the exposure of some of Philip's newly-washed shirts to the rain which brought the matter to a head. A housemaid, whom Riley was dismissing for some fault or other, volunteered the statement to Philip that she had been going to take the shirts off the line in the garden, because the rain was coming, and Mr. Riley had prevented her doing so.

Philip nerved himself to tax Riley with the heinousness of his behaviour, but, when it came to the point, he could only whine.

Riley bulked big and unassailable. When Philip had trailed off into silence, Riley, who was in no hurry to reply, condescended to say at last: "What are you going to do about it?"

"I shall go away and write to father, and tell him that you have driven me from the house," said Philip desperately.

"And live on your screw from Mitchford's?"

Philip nodded.

Riley laughed. "On the day you leave this house, Philip," he said, "I shall see that

Mitchford and Co. give you the sack. I shouldn't go, if I were you. Why starve?"

* * * * *

On the morning after Mr. Undershaw had complained of the absence of the garden roller, Riley woke Philip at an early hour and said: "Get up, Philip, and go next door and give Mr. Canning father's compliments, and ask for the loan of the garden roller."

"It's too early," said Philip, who loved his bed, and, not having to catch a train earlier than the 9.16, never had breakfast before half-past eight.

"It won't be too early by the time you are dressed," said Riley. "Mr. Canning goes to business earlier than you do. He has breakfast at a quarter to eight."

Philip rose.

Twenty minutes later he was ushered into the dining-room of The Limes, where Maud was pouring out coffee for her father.

He gave his message.

"With pleasure, Mr. Undershaw," said Mr. Canning. "But how can we get it across?"

"I'll take it round, if I may," said Philip.

"Go on with your breakfast, dad," said Maud. "I'll show Mr. Undershaw where the roller is kept." She beckoned Philip to follow her, adding: "It's in the shed at the bottom of the garden."

She piloted Philip to the roller, and he trundled it out of The Limes and into The Acacias. Then he had his own breakfast and went to the City.

He returned at about six o'clock, and sat down in the garden to read a sixpenny novel which he had bought for himself.

"Get up, Philip, and roll the lawn," said Riley, sauntering up to him.

"I'm reading," said Philip.

"It's father's wish that the lawn should be rolled before supper," said Riley, lighting a cigar.

Philip did not move.

Riley touched him on the shoulder.

"Roll the lawn, Philip," said Riley.

Philip looked and caught Riley's watery eye.

"Oh, all right," said Philip.

He began to roll.

He had pushed the roller hardly a yard,



"He surveyed Philip through his one uncoloured eye."

when he heard Mr. Undershaw's voice calling to Riley from inside the house.

"Riley," said Mr. Undershaw, "have you rolled the lawn yet?"

"It's being rolled now, father," Riley called out. "Philip and I are taking it in turn to roll."

"Take the roller back to Mr. Canning when you have finished, Riley," was the

next utterance of Mr. Undershaw that floated through the open window.

"Yes, father," said Riley.

When Philip had rolled the length of the lawn and back again, Riley said to him: "Philip, after you have done the lawn all over, take the roller back to The Limes. I'm going to rest on my bed until supper-time."

* * * * *

Philip met Maud twice a day for the next three months.

Mr. Undershaw borrowed Mr. Canning's garden roller every morning and returned it every night; for when the roller which Riley had hurriedly purchased was delivered to The Acacias, Mr. Undershaw said that, as Mr. Canning was so obliging, it was an unnecessary expense for a new roller to be bought, and told Riley to send it back again to the shop.

"It is lucky for you, Philip," groaned Riley, "that father's got this economical mood on. You'll get a bit more rolling exercise, because you'll have to take the roller backwards and forwards from The Limes. That is to say," he added, "if Mr. Canning doesn't cut up rough about lending it."

But Mr. Canning did not cut up rough about lending it, and Philip met Maud twice a day for the next three months.

* * * * *

At the end of three months, Philip, having placed the garden roller in the charge of Maud, who carefully locked it up in the shed, sat down to supper and immediately said: "Riley, don't eat in that gluttonous, beastly way. It makes the meal so disagreeable to father and me, who have to watch you." And before Riley could reply, Philip turned to Mr. Undershaw and said: "Do you see what I mean, father? Look at Riley! His mouth is so full that he can't speak!"

"You are quite right, Philip," said Mr. Undershaw, gazing placidly at Riley. "He fills his mouth too full."

"I think that Riley should go and take his plate of lamb and eat it at that little table up by the window, don't you, father?" said Philip.

"Yes," said Mr. Undershaw, gravely reaching out for the salad dressing.

"Can you spare me a moment in the garden, Philip?" said Riley, getting up. "I want to show you the netting that father has put over the early peas."

"By all means," said Philip. "I've been so busy rolling that I quite forgot to look at the new netting."

* * * * *

Maud watched the fight through a hole in the paling.

Whilst Riley was regaining consciousness, she said: "I never thought, Phil, that he'd last so long. Four minutes I make it."

"Sheer spirit," said Philip, prodding his prostrate brother. "He's awfully fat and flabby."

When Riley came to, he surveyed Philip through his one uncoloured eye and said: "How on earth did you do it?"

"By borrowing Mr. Canning's garden roller, Riley," said Philip. "Rolling makes you fit, whereas lounging makes you fat and flabby. Take the roller back to The Limes, and then I'll bathe your eye for you, and bring you your lamb and salad up to your room. You mustn't let father see you like this. It would worry him."

"What are you going to say to father?" asked Riley, painfully rising to his feet.

"I'm going to ask him to let me have some money. I think that father and I shall understand each other better now, and I think that he would like to start me in business for myself some day soon. I'm tired of eighteen bob a week at Mitchford's. Besides, I happened to come across a man who has a partnership to sell."

"What in?" asked Riley, taking hold of the handle of the roller. "Any advice I can give you, Philip, is always yours for the asking."

* * * * *

Three years after Maud and Philip had returned from their wonderful honeymoon at Ostend, Mr. Canning astounded himself by selling the goodwill of his business and becoming an onlooker in the theatre of life.

Philip had gone to a smoking concert, and Maud had had her father to supper at Pineview, Corunna Road. That calm evening was very quiet as Mr. Canning, sitting with Maud in the porch, when the meal was ended, told her that he had retired from business. Maud did not conceal her surprise, but she hid her delight at her father's news.

"I have worked very hard," said Mr. Canning, speaking with measured serenity, "and I have lately been very fortunate in my business. As far as money goes, I have saved what I call a comfortable competency—a very comfortable competency."

He paused, surveyed the glowing tip of his cigar, and continued—

"You always hated the business, didn't you, Maud?"

She was silent, half-heartedly shaking her head.

Her father smiled. "I know you did. It's all right. You weren't ashamed of it. You just hated it. So did I. But I had begun, and I couldn't very well leave off. It kept us, you know. 'Financial Agents'—not agreeable work at all, but necessary, Maud, necessary."

She took his hand.

"Dear old dad!" she said. She wanted to say more—to tell him that she wished that she had not let him see that she hated his money-lending business. She thought: "What a prig I have been!"

But Mr. Canning appeared to know what was passing in her mind, and to be averse from any further serious talk.

He gave vent to a chuckle as he squeezed her hand comprehendingly.

"Do you remember the garden roller, Maud?" he said.

She, too, laughed. "I should think so!" adding, "It was the garden roller that brought me and Phil together."

"The garden roller and I," amended Mr. Canning, with another chuckle.

"You, dad?"

"Certainly. In the business I am called a 'lender'—just that—and directly Phil's father began to send him to the house to borrow the roller, I had an idea that this borrowing ought not to be a one-sided thing. Without Phil's father knowing it, I lent that roller on certain terms—in fact, the terms were Philip. I saw what Philip had in him. I wanted you to make Philip into the splendid fellow he is now; and, when you had done that, I wanted Philip to take you away from the house of your dad, with its lending, and put you into a house of your own, with Philip to be there to tell you how well he was getting on in the jute trade. You could be as fond of your dad as ever you were, but there would be a little distance between you and my lending business, and you would have things of your own to occupy you and make you forget how hateful your dad's business was. Will you give me a drop of whisky, dearie?"

Maud fetched the whisky and soda. She did not resent that her father should think that he and she could have their own private confidences on the subject of her husband. She and Phil had such tremendous secrets together that this revelation of her father could not touch her to the core. She knew that she was so close to Philip that she had become inaccessible, in the extreme of temperament, to her father. It was proof that her father was always thinking of her, had been always thinking, had even tried to turn his dreadful lending instinct to advantage for her. But there was that streak, so it seemed to Maud, of the fanciful in her father's conversation that would soon send this talk of theirs to the blurred edges of her memory, and, when she recalled it in years to come, she would recollect it as "that night in the porch when dad told me he had retired from business." She would, she knew well, be unable to admit the recollection of his reference to the garden roller at The Acacias.

"Phil'll be back by the twelve-two," she now said, speaking to Mr. Canning in a voice to which the glass of whisky and soda lent automatically a more material timbre.

His answer was correspondingly mundane in pitch.

"He's got the latch-key, of course?" said Mr. Canning.

THE LOVER OF SANDERS

By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.

ALI ABID was a stoutish man, a man of many black, rolling chins. He was the possessor of a plump, cherubic face innocent of beard, and his eyes were round and wondering.

Though he affected the jellab of the Moorish people, and wore scarlet tarbosh and the bright yellow slippers which the folk of Morocco affect, he was indubitably "Coast."

The Kano folk, who are followers of the one Prophet, resented his tarbosh and his easy assumption of the faith of El Islam, and most bitterly of all resented the green turban in which he appeared upon certain great occasions, for the green turban is the outward and visible sign of Hajdom which an acceptable pilgrimage to Mecca confers upon the adventurer.

Abiboo, a most faithful and devout Mussulman, once challenged him to prove his right to the green turban, and Ali had recited the first two Suras of the Koran almost without stopping to take breath, whilst an abashed Abiboo sat crushed down beneath a torrent of unfamiliar but very holy words, for Abiboo, being of the Kano people, was but an indifferent student of the Inspired.

Ali Abid sat one afternoon nodding in the shadow of his master's hut. The day was very warm and drowsy—a murky western sky, and a thin haze that blended sea and sky lay on the lazy blue waters of the Atlantic. There was a lifelessness in the atmosphere which was reflected in every living thing. The big fronds of the palms drooped at a steeper angle; the weaver birds, usually so noisy, were silent, save for a testy "Cheep!" which came at intervals from some irritable father of a restless family. On a white sandbank in the delta of the river a big crocodile lay slumbering, his ugly mouth wide open, whilst, as motionless, near at hand, stood a long-legged bird, his head buried beneath his wing. Even the milk-white rollers crashed more languidly and, as it seemed, at more infrequent intervals, as though the great machine which governed their activities had run down and was badly in need of re-winding.

The white Residency, set on a knoll beneath the shading gum trees, showed no sign of life, and the yellow barrack square was deserted. No wonder that Ali Abid nodded, for the world was taking its siesta, and Ali was oppressed with that incomparable sense of loneliness which only wideawake people feel in a world of slumber.

Again and again he addressed himself to the copy of the book which he held in his lap.

To Ali Abid it was the most precious book in the world. It had been presented to him by a certain professor of bacteriology, who had lived for twenty years on the Coast, studying tropical diseases, and Ali had spent the greater portion of his life in the service of that learned man. Thus it came about that Ali Abid could read and speak English, and, more remarkable, that his English was not the Coast English as we know it, but the English of the lecture-room and the anatomical theatre.

He blinked himself awake, and for the tenth time addressed his attention to the great work. Its chiefest charm in Ali's eyes, apart from the fact that it had often helped him baffle and confuse his enemies, was that

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it had been legally bequeathed to him by the old man, who had died at his post—he had been found dead in his laboratory over a half-finished treatise on "Embryonic trypnasomes in the proboscis of the Glossina."

The will had specifically stated that "my native boy who calls himself Ali" should inherit "my annotated copy of El Koran in the Arabic language, as a memento of his master." And Ali, pocketing the dubious description of himself, had taken the book with greater happiness because it bore the professor's autograph and book-plate.

Thus Lieutenant Tibbetts, on a brief visit to Cape Coast Castle, had discovered what proved to be an excellent servant—a fat, disconsolate man sitting on the edge of a wooden jetty, with a book hugged under his arm and Tragedy written largely upon his expansive face.

Ali flattened the book on his raised knees and read aloud slowly, deliberately, and somewhat appropriately—

"And among His signs is this—that thou seest the earth drooping, but when we send down the rain upon it——"

A red and wrathful face appeared at the window above him—the face of a young lieutenant of Houssas, whose wild blue eye and tousled hair proclaimed the awakened sleeper, than whom there is nothing more remorseless or fiendish.

"What the dooce are you howlin' about, Ali, you jolly old trumpet?" snarled Lieutenant Tibbetts, called by his intimates Bones. "What the dickens are you ravin' about, you naughty old silly?"

Ali closed his book and rose in one motion.

"Sir," he said, "if studious application of study to holy book disturbs superior officer, it is desirable to make reprisals on myself and migrate to other spheres."

Bones came yawning into the open, smacking his lips and indulging in that ritual of contortion which accompanies the return to consciousness of the young and healthy.

His servitor disappeared into the interior of the hut and returned carrying a large cane chair, which he placed on the cool side of the hut.

Bones scowled at the chair.

"My poor unlettered savage," he complained testily, "what the dooce do you mean? Routine, Ali! Time-table, Ali! Goodness gracious, Heavens alive! Pull yourself together, my boy—wake up an' look round!"

Ali passed through the torrent of protest to the hut, and returned with a board on which a neatly-written sheet of paper had been pasted. It was ruled in red and heavily underlined in places. At the head of the sheet, in old English characters, were the words—

ROUTINE FOR THE WEEK.

Lieutenant A. Tibbetts.

Bones took the board in one hand and tapped it with the skinny forefinger of the other.

"System, my jolly old bird," he said solemnly, "is the essence of success. Havin' a definite objective, stickin' your jolly old beak to the grindstone of routine, layin' down a path an' followin' it, orderin' your days an' nights so that not a second is wasted, for, as dear old Thingummy says, 'The movin' finger writes, an' all that sort o' thing'—this is the only way, Ali, my downy old lad, the on-ly way to make anything of life."

"Sir," agreed Ali humbly, "methodical classification of matter assists subject to regulate jobs."

Bones nodded with a complacent smirk, and turned his attention to the board.

"Rise at five-thirty. Bath an' exercise with dumb-bells," he read, and paused.

"What time did I get up, Ali?" he demanded.

"Sir, owing to absence of Captain in piscatorial hunt," said Ali cautiously, "subject's exit from bedstead was dated nine hours of the clock."

"Nine?" said the horrified Bones. "Didn't I get up till nine? You're a naughty old story-teller! It was a quarter to nine!"

He wrangled through the time-table, tactfully skipping such accusing items as "Two p.m. to three p.m.—Study of field tactics."

"Don't get it into your silly old head that I'm sleepin' because I happen to be thinkin' with my eyes shut," said Bones sternly, and Ali spoke learnedly of "cerebral subconsciousness."

"Anyway," said Bones, jumping to his feet, "three to four—map reading. I'm in time for that."

It was at that moment that the guard-room gong struck five, and Bones went briskly to his hut and had his bath, whistling flatly "The Day is Past and Over" with great vigour.

He dressed, spent his customary quarter

of an hour over his hair, singing violently the while, and stepped out of his hut.

"Hello!" he said.

There was a man sitting patiently before the door—a tall, broad-shouldered man with a laughing eye and a strong, good-natured face. He wore the leopard skins of chieftainship, and about his neck hung the silver medal which was the token of his authority.

He rose to his feet and brought up his hand in salute.

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Bones. "If it ain't old Bosambo! Why, you wicked old josser, when did you arrive?"

"Sah," said Bosambo, Chief of the Ochori, in his best English, for he had been educated at a mission school at Monrovia, "sah, I lib for dis place dis minute. I make um canoe t'ree days." He held up his three fingers. "I find um Sandi, I speak um Sandi, but I speak um you first one-time."

Bones sat down, and at his nod Bosambo sank again to the ground.

"O Bosambo," said Bones, in the Bomongo tongue, "this is a good sight, for it is many moons since I have seen your face. You shall tell me why you came."

"Lord," said Bosambo earnestly, "I came to make a palaver with Sandi. For I desire many things, but most do I wish that Sandi should let me go out of this country to see my mother, who is very sick."

Bones shook his head in melancholy reproof.

"You're a naughty old story-teller, Bosambo," he said.

"I be big liar sometime," admitted Bosambo frankly; "I don't be big liar this time. I look um my farder. She be bad."

Bones chuckled, for Bosambo had had leave to pay a visit to his home in Monrovia, and there had been some trouble with the police. Also Bosambo had, in a moment of exaltation, thrown a coal-black cabinet minister into the sea, and had fraudulently converted to his own use the uniform of a Monrovian admiral, a theft which was not detected until Bosambo had returned and, at the urgent request of the Monrovian Government, his baggage had been examined by Sanders.

"Lord," said Bosambo, "I made a bad palaver with a dog of Monrovia, and now I will tell you the truth. My mother is not sick, but I wish to go to Monrovia to see certain wonders and to buy stores for my people. Now, if Sandi will be merciful, I will not go to Monrovia, but to Lagos, where I have a cousin. For, lord, these Ochori people I rule are fish, and I grow very sick in my heart because I stay with them all the time."

"My dear old chap," said Bones, in English, "just come along with me to the Commissioner. I will fix it for you in five minutes. You're a bad boy!"

"You be fine chap," retorted Bosambo; "you be big fine fellow, Bonsie."

"Not so much of the Bonsie," said Bones, turning haughtily. "I am surprised at you, Bosambo. You may call me Tibbetti or Maglibani, The-Eye-That-Never-Shuts, but not Bonsie."

"You changed um name?" asked Bosambo, interested.

"That will do," said Bones sternly, and led the way to the Residency.

Sanders came out to see his *protégé*, and greeted him with significant glance.

"I thought I'd just bring him up, sir," said Bones. "He wants to go down to Lagos, and, of course, there's no objection to that."

"None at all," said Sanders.

"I have given the matter a great deal of earnest thought," said Bones.

"I expect you have, Bones," agreed Sanders mildly.

"And whilst I don't think we had better let the jolly old rascal go to Monrovia, there seems no reason why he could not go to Lagos."

"None at all," agreed Sanders.

"So I can tell him he can go, sir?" Bones put his head on one side like a perky bird.

"No, you cannot tell him that," said Sanders. "If Bosambo leaves the Territories, he doesn't come back. O Bosambo"—he turned to the waiting chief—"the lord Tibbetti has spoken for you, and thus I say: If you leave these Territories, you do not return, for your people are unsettled, and when you went away before, there was much bad talk. Did I not go in my fine ship to the Ochori city and punish your councillors? Now, I think you are growing too rich, and though I love you, and it would make me sad if you went away from this country, I will give you no book to return."

"Lord," said Bosambo stoutly, "I am your man. And I will go back to the Ochori, and perhaps your heart will be made softened, and you shall send word to me that I may go to my uncle, who is dying."

"Mother," murmured Bones.

"Also my mother," said Bosambo, "who has the sickness mongo."

"When that time comes," said Sanders, the ghost of a smile twitching on his lips, "I, too, shall have the sickness mongo, for I shall be mad. This palaver is finished."

Hamilton had joined the group, and as Bosambo went across the square, accompanied by Bones, Sanders turned to him.

"Bosambo wants a jamboree," he said. "No, I don't think he drinks, but he has a very good time, from what our consul wrote me, and I certainly do not think it is good for Bosambo to renew his acquaintance with civilisation at too frequent intervals."

Bosambo was expressing very much the same view to a sympathetic Bones.

"Sandi is the father and mother of all the owls," he said, "for he knows, when I go into these wonderful places, I do many mad things because I am so joyful. But, O Bonsie——"

"Bosambo, Bosambo!" said Bones testily.

"O Tibbetti," corrected Bosambo, "my heart is too big for the Ochori, and it swells until I am full of sorrow. I think I will go home," he said philosophically, "and from time to time I will send word to Sandi, and perhaps he will think well of me and let me go."

Bones did his best to entertain the visitor, for he remembered many things for which he had to thank this great-hearted Chief of the Ochori folk. He entertained him with his gramophone. He showed him his many photographs. He produced his literary treasures, explained the value of the Thesaurus of Mr. Roget—which did not interest Bosambo at all—and the functions and value of a small volume called "The Ready Letter Writer," to which Bones had frequent resource in his official correspondence, and finished up by presenting the grateful Chief of the Ochori with a bound volume of "Little Tots," that had been inexplicably sent to Bones by a well-meaning lady of Guildford, to whom Bones had addressed a letter when remitting a guinea for a local charity of which the lady was honorary secretary.

That the letter accompanying the bound volume began, "My dear child, how perfectly sweet of you, etc.," was a matter for still greater mystery; and though Hamilton had pointed out that the lady's erroneous impression arose from the atrocious spelling in Bones's original epistle, this did not satisfy the young officer of Houssas, though it was undoubtedly the true explanation.

When the gong sounded for dinner, Bosambo took his leave, but not before Bones had placed him in the hands of his placid servitor.

"This night I go back, and I will carry my beautiful presents to my wife, and she shall thank you, Bonsie"—Bones made a weary gesture—"and perhaps I shall move Sandi's heart. Also this Coast man, who is cunning, may give me great thoughts."

"Cheerio," said Bones.

"Sir," said Ali, with dignity, "chief of indigenous natives may listen something to his advantage if he will accompany alleged Coast boy, but truly Arabic man, to suitable speaking place."

Bones left them together, talking very earnestly.

It was some five weeks after the departure of Bosambo that Patricia Hamilton came down the sunlit steps and, shading her eyes, looked earnestly across the great yellow square, with its fringe of palms and its neat rows of barrack huts. There was nobody in sight, save the Houssa sentry, who marched resolutely up and down before the guard hut, and no other sign of life but the pigeons which wheeled and circled about the big post-office loft. Certainly there was no view of Bones. She went round to the shade of the western verandah and looked toward the sea. The beach was deserted, and here the world might have been empty, but for the dun cloud of smoke upon the horizon which told of the passing of a Coast boat. She looked at her watch. It was eleven o'clock.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders and her brother had gone up to a village on the Lower River, to sit in judgment on the claim of an inevitable husband who, finding his wife had too many undesirable acquaintances of pre-nuptial days, was demanding the return of the goats, the salt, and the rods of brass with which he had purchased his lordship.

Patricia went back to her room and put on her solar topee, grabbed, in passing, a walking stick from the hall stand, and made her way across the hot square.

The rays of a tropical summer sun beat down, scorching her shoulders and her arms through her thin silk blouse. There was not a breath of air in all the world, and she was very thirsty and unaccountably irritable by the time she reached the door of Bones's hut.

That young officer was hot, but happy. A big pipe was stuck in the corner of his mouth, his shirt-sleeves were rolled up, and he was writing with great violence.

There were sheets of paper covered with



"Bones came back with the water as the two men reached the verandah."

uphill lines on the table, sheets half filled on the floor, sheets criss-crossed madly with marks of deletion in special reserve on his bed.

"Bones," said the girl ominously, "it is eleven o'clock."

Bones dropped his pen with a start and blinked at his visitor, then jumped up with such energy that he all but upset the table.

"Dear old Miss Hamilton! Bless my soul!" he said, groping for his helmet. "Well, well! Eleven o'clock, and I promised to be with you at twelve!"

"At eleven—at ten minutes to eleven," corrected the girl, with set lips.

"At ten minutes to twelve, dear old girl," insisted Bones gently. "I can prove it—my diary."

He held a large volume before her eyes, and laboriously unfastened the lock which bound its covers together.

"Twelve o'clock," he murmured, as he turned the pages. "Tuesday, Wednesday—here we are—Thursday. 'See Pat'—that's you—'see Pat at twelve.'"

"Let me look," said the girl, but Bones held the book at arm's length.

"Private thoughts, dear old miss," he protested urgently. "Secret communings of poor old Bones's heart! Play the game, sister!"

She snatched the book from his hand.

"'See Pat at eleven o'clock,'" she read, and eyed him accusingly.

"Eleven o'clock?" said Bones incredulously. "Are you sure?"

"What do those two strokes stand for, if they don't stand for eleven?" asked Pat.

"Those two strokes," said Bones slowly, "they stand for twelve o'clock. Everything I do is in secret cipher, dear old miss."

She closed the book and put it down.

"Bones," she said, "on your honour?"

"Say no more about it, dear old Miss Hamilton," said Bones briskly. "And now to work."

He led the way out on to the square, turned religiously toward the centre, and returned a salute which was not offered, then set forth with giant strides toward the Residency, leaving the girl well in his rear.

"Bones," she called desperately, "where are you going?"

He stopped dead, turned, touched his helmet.

"Where are we going?" he asked, in a puzzled voice.

He scratched his chin and looked aimlessly round the landscape for inspiration.

"Where are we going?" he repeated.

"You promised to help me make Mr. Sanders's office tidy," she said.

Bones slapped his thin thigh with great energy.

"What a silly old ass I am!" he said. "Why, of course!"

Sanders had agreed to this cleaning up process with great reluctance. His private bureau could, on occasions, be a chaos of stationery, of old memoranda, of official orders, Blue Books, White Papers, and annual and biennial returns.

She led the way through the big common room to Sanders's office, unlocked the door, and passed in. She stood a moment looking down at the littered desk, biting her lower lip thoughtfully.

"Bones," she said, "have you noticed anything strange in Mr. Sanders lately?"

Bones frowned.

"Now you come to mention it," he said, "I have."

"What have you noticed?" she asked quickly.

"Well," said Bones, "for one thing, he never takes his eyes off you."

She went the colour of a peony.

"I think you are very stupid," she said, "and, of course, it isn't true. But have you noticed he has been preoccupied?"

"Indigestion," said Bones. "My dear Miss Hamilton, they always get it. These dear old gentlemen——"

He met her cold eye and quailed.

"No offence, dear miss, dear old sister of mercy," he said incoherently.

"Take off your coat and help me sort these. Mr. Sanders told me I might read everything and destroy anything I thought was no use."

They had been working for an hour before Patricia Hamilton came upon the packet tied with red tape.

She unfastened the tape and opened the first letter, and the colour left her face. It was written in an almost illiterate hand.

For a moment she hesitated. Sanders had told her she could read everything, yet he could not have meant her to read these. He must have known they were there. A cold hand was gripping at her heart, and her fingers shook as she took the letter up.

"My own dear darling Sanders," it began.

She looked at Bones. He was busy arranging in chronological order some official returns which had been rescued from the heap. She turned to the letter again.

"How my heart beats with rapture when I recall the moments I have spent in your arms! The memory can never be effaced. The rapture of our parting lingers with me like a fragrant dream."

There was more in the same strain. She did not read it through. It was incredible, impossible. She put the letter down and took up another, and almost uttered a cry of amazement at the changed tone of the correspondent. It began as did the other—

"My own dear darling Sanders," but went on—

"I have received yours of the 15th, for which I thank you. I enclose, under separate cover, copies of the invoice, which I trust you will find in order."

It bore no signature, and, looking at the first of the letters, she discovered that that also was without any name. She picked up the third letter, and, after the inevitable flowery beginning, it went on—

"Will you never return to me? This is the thought that haunts me night and day. How often I kiss our dear Eustace, and tell him that his father will come back to him soon! How I long to welcome you at the quay, and to tell you all my little troubles and my little joys. The money you send me is quite sufficient, dear one, and I am saving some to give you a great surprise when you return.

"Your loving and affectionate wife."

Still no name.

She was numb now. She read the letters mechanically. The fourth in the same writing was more formal. It began, "My own dear darling, Dear Sir," and continued—

"We have this day shipped you, as per s.s. *Calgary*, the articles as per bill of lading, and we have drawn against you for the amount specified. We are forwarding this letter in duplicate to your agents, Messrs. Brown and Smith. Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

"We are, sir, Yours faithfully."

"What is the matter, dear old sister?" said Bones suddenly.

She shook her head. She had just finished the sixth letter, and it had been a more passionate love letter than the first.

"I think the weather is affecting me," she said faintly. "Let us go outside, Bones."

He took her to the verandah and found her a comfortable chair, and then went in search of the water for which she asked. Before he could return she saw her brother and Sanders walking across the square from the little riverside dock.

The *Zaire* had arrived while she was in the bureau. Bones came back with the water as the two men reached the verandah.

"What is wrong?" asked Sanders.

She did not look at him. She felt physically sick. She wanted to go away.

"I think it is the heat," she said to her brother. She did not address Sanders. "It is nothing to worry about—I shall be better soon. Did you have a good trip?" she asked Hamilton.

"A tiring one." It was Sanders who answered. "Oh, by the way, Bones, I think this is yours." He drew from his pocket a little brown volume and passed it across the table to Bones. "I have had a palaver with Bosambo," he said, "and this was the outcome."

"How the dickens did he get this book?"

"What is the book?" asked the girl, her curiosity getting over her repugnance to obtrude herself upon the conversation.

"It is a volume that Bones has probably found very useful. You see, Bosambo has some sort of education," he explained, "and he can write a fairly good fist. With the aid of this he has—on the advice of Ali—been bombarding me with letters taken haphazard from the book, the idea being to produce a certain softness of heart on my part."

The girl looked at the volume. It was entitled "Lover's and Business Man's Letter Writer."

She opened the book, and the first thing that caught her eye was a letter headed—

"Suggested letter from a lady to her lover.

"My own dear darling (insert name.)

"How my heart beats with rapture when I recall the moments I have spent in your arms! . . ."

The girl dropped the volume on the table and laughed. She laughed and she cried, and three men looked at her with horror-stricken faces.

"You're sickenin' for something!" accused Bones.

She shook her head helplessly and smiled at him with tear-filled eyes.

"Can I have that book?" she gulped.

"Of course you can, dear old sister," said Bones heartily, "but you needn't cry for it! You can have anything you ask for. Bless my soul! Don't you know old Bones well enough for that?"

WITH THE DAMES ANGLAISES AT COMPIÈGNE

By MARGARET L. WOODS

LAST summer, when I was working in Paris, I happened on a canteen for British and Belgian soldiers at the Gare du Nord. It was run by a small society called the Women's Emergency Canteens; or, in French, l'Œuvre des Dames Anglaises. In January, 1917, I joined this society and became one of its workers at Compiègne. The Women's Emergency Canteens were started early in the War. Mrs. Wilkie, then a member of the Women's Emergency Corps, had lived for many years in France, and was anxious to do something to help our Allies. She proposed to the Croix Rouge to open canteens at the Front for the French troops. With the assistance of the Croix Rouge and of Miss Desmond Hackett, who was resident in Paris, a permit was obtained, and a depôt for clothing and other comforts was established at Compiègne in January, 1915. Miss Hackett was appointed as organiser in France—in French, and more briefly, *directrice*—and an admirable *directrice* she has proved herself.

The work developed rapidly. Canteens were started both in Paris and in the country, not far from the trenches. Compiègne itself was at that time barely twelve miles from the front German trench. There also came into being Recreation Rooms for the soldiers, which have proved successful rivals to the *cabaret*, and definitely decreased the number of soldiers condemned to the guard-room. The military hospitals, too, were visited by the Dames Anglaises, whose appearance with cigarettes, chocolate, and newspapers soon came to be agreeably expected by the patients.

The Women's Emergency Canteens have won the high approval of the French military authorities at Compiègne, who are always ready to help the Dames Anglaises, and, in their turn, to ask the Englishwomen for assistance. M. Poincaré has contributed to their funds, M. Briand has visited them, and Miss Hackett, as representative of the society in France, has been decorated with the French Military Cross. All this has been achieved by a very small society, of which Mrs. Norman Grosvenor is chairman, and Mrs. Wilkie honorary secretary, assisted by Miss Winifred Stobart, a voluntary worker.

It was only after prolonged struggles that I became possessed of the magical little red book without which none may enter the war zone, for Compiègne at that time was very much in the war zone. It had been still more so in 1914, when the Germans actually entered it. Of course there was a Boche manager at the principal hotel, who welcomed them with rapture. Of course they knew exactly what was worth stealing at the château, and were pained to find just those objects removed. They left the building intact, as providing suitable headquarters for the All-Highest when he should arrive. But he never came, and they themselves had to leave so hurriedly that there really was no time to do anything except break the hotel lift and pour champagne down the piano.

Before I went to Compiègne I was told that everyone there went about in gas-masks. It was a truly terrifying prospect—a whole city of gollywogs! In fact, the military authorities provided us with masks, which we were supposed to carry about with us for use if necessary. I wore mine once for five minutes, appearing in the mask, a uniform cap, and a dressing-gown. As a comic "turn" it was a great success, but for serious purposes my mask was never

needed. Some time earlier a house in Compiègne had been wrecked by shell-fire, and at another point a bomb had wrought havoc among a crowd of human beings. To this scene the Dames Anglaises had hurried to bring succour, and doubtless their conduct on this occasion contributed to earn them the friendship and respect with which they are regarded by the military authorities, the *poilus*, and the citizens of Compiègne. A pavilion in the gardens of the château had also been destroyed; but happily the beautiful eighteenth-century château, so

made a great noise, and did rather more damage to property than the shells, but no one was hurt.

These were the only warlike happenings of this year at Compiègne up to the middle of March; and in one sense the little town might have been said to have pursued its life as peacefully as London or Paris. Yet the pulse of war could be felt beating much more strongly there. The guns at the Front sounded comparatively near, and their flashes could be seen at night. Guns and ammunition wagons, all the caravan of



WORKERS IN THE WAR ZONE.

From a photograph by E. Hutin, Compiègne.

graceful where its screen of columns secludes it from the public *Place*, so majestic where it looks down on its old-world gardens, remains uninjured. The Germans could easily have reached us with their big gun fire, but evidently they did not consider it worth doing. One misty morning last February they brought an automobile gun up to their front trench and dropped fourteen shells on the town in a "runaway-ring" style, retiring the gun before it could be located. It seems strange that not one of these shells should have caused any damage worth mentioning, but so it was. Another morning an enemy aeroplane dropped nine bombs on us. They

war, sinister or amusing, continually rattled and rumbled through the narrow grey streets and rested in the spacious squares, amid endless marchings and countermarchings of French troops in their beautiful horizon-blue uniform and Cromwellian helmets. Compiègne was a town of soldiers, and not of soldiers on leave.

It was for these men in blue that the Women's Emergency Canteens were established. The actual canteens were, some of them, in more dangerous spots than Compiègne. One, three miles from the trenches, was close to ammunition stores. If a shell had happened to fall there, it must have

completely disappeared. But no one shrank from going to it on that account, though some objected to the rats, which occasionally came and sat beside you while you slept. Only one of the outside canteens had a Recreation Room attached. The other Recreation Rooms were in and near Compiègne, and were assigned to the Dames Anglaises by the military authorities. One was at a barracks used for *éclopés*—that is, men suffering from slight ailments or injuries or mere fatigue. Here, too, was a workshop and reading and writing rooms. The two others were attached to hospitals. Before their establishment the convalescents had nowhere to sit except their hospital wards, and the wards of a French military hospital are by no means so comfortable as those of an English one. I doubt whether Mr. Atkins would have been satisfied even with our Recreation Room. In the first place his commanding officer would probably have told him off to whitewash and decorate it for us, which he would have done with much exultation in his own decorative taste and skill. But he would then have required of us more "comfort." I only came across one French soldier who seemed to want decorations in our room. He said we ought to have a large trophy of all the Allied flags, but he did not suggest putting them up himself. He was a severe-looking gentleman, with spectacles and a long, drooping, dignified moustache. He passed his time making careful coloured drawings of flags and shields, and was so instructive that I set him down as a schoolmaster. That shows how difficult it is for a foreigner to class people, for he was really a Paris 'bus-conductor.

Unadorned as our Recreation Rooms were, they were a great boon to the *poilu*. He found there books, newspapers, free writing materials and tobacco, games, and a perpetual gramophone, to say nothing of a piano and frequent entertainments, in which he could, if he liked, be a performer. The stove, too, was an attraction last winter, for the cold was intense. Happily, the hospitals were always kept warm, and the military authorities allowed us coal; otherwise we could have got none. The coal famine all over France was serious. Even the wealthiest learned what it means to go fireless.

The French soldier did not want war; he was compelled to fight for his existence, for the existence of France. It is sad to see the boding shadow in the eyes alike of fresh-faced boys of twenty and of stoutish *pères de famille*, as they ask you the everlasting question: "When do you think, madame, this War will end?" "It is long—it is very long," they add. The French soldier did not want war; but dearly has the aggressor paid for his crime, and yet more dearly shall he pay. For the conquering legions of Turenne and Napoleon never fought so magnificently as these peace-loving modern Frenchmen, whose glory shall eclipse all the glories of their forefathers. And at each Hunnish outrage whose traces met them as they advanced over their reconquered territory I have seen how they set their teeth in a grimmer determination to fight on and on until the barbarous foe has paid the utmost penalty for his evil deeds and, one may add, for his immense stupidity.

The *poilu* in these Recreation Rooms is always courteous and quiet. The one exception I remember was almost pathetic. He was a huge black—from what part of Africa I know not—who developed a consuming passion for the game of draughts. The moment the Dame Anglaise opened her games-cupboard, the eager, coal-black face towered up over her, cleft by two rows of white teeth, and a swart hand was extended—mutely at first. Then when he clearly understood that the rule was "No name, no game," he would cry impatiently, "Massaou! Madame! Massaou!" and grin yet more extensively. He always played with a smallish brown man, and I would feel momentarily anxious when the pair leaped from their seats to shout and gesticulate at each other; but in a few seconds they would subside in peace—until next time. At length, however, Massaou's passion for the game undid him. He could not wait for the arrival of the ladies, but, precipitating himself on their locked cupboard, easily tore it open and helped himself to the beloved draught board. It was an offence which had to be reported, and the Recreation Room knew Massaou no more. Poor, big child! Massaou was the only actually black man I met in the Recreation Rooms, but there were many brown men from North Africa, who mixed freely with the white, so far as their knowledge of French allowed. The French soldier is easy to talk to, needing sympathy and giving it, often intelligent and always appreciative of what is done for his benefit. One met many poor fellows who had left their families in the invaded territory. A few would occasionally receive a post-card signifying that those dear to them were at any rate alive. Most had received no news

from home since the War began. Among these was a young man who told me, in a half whisper, his little love story—how he had wooed and married his girl, and how the baby was born. "Ah, madame, how happy we were together!" No word of wife or child had come to him. I offered to make an effort to discover their fate. His reply had the tragic quality: "Thank you, madame, but I would rather not *know*. As it is, I can hope. But if I *knew* that harm had come to my wife, life would be at an end for me. *C'était une si brave fille!*"

In a Recreation Room outside Compiègne we had a shop for the soldiers which was small, but various in its goods. It would have been a bewildering business to the novice, had there not always been a *poilu* ready to assist. The one I knew had earned the title of "Father" among the Dames Anglaises, although he was certainly less than forty years old. I fancy that as "Father" stemmed the eager crowd of customers and dealt with large sums in sous—for the *petit commerce* of France ignores francs and centimes—he saw himself back again in some little shop of some little provincial street, where now the dust settles in the darkness, while outside, across closed shutters, is scrawled in chalk: "Closed during the War." And "Father" felt temporarily happy.

In the canteens close to the Front the soldiers are equally appreciative and, generally speaking, equally well-behaved. The work is harder, on the whole, in these canteens. The workers have to rise about four in the morning, and in one case they had to walk a mile before starting work. The coffee is made in huge *marmites*, and here they usually, but not always, have an orderly to assist them. Even so, the work is not light. A worker told me that one morning she had poured coffee for thirteen hundred men consecutively.

We were always being promised "great events" at Compiègne, so when in the grey dawn of March 17, after a night of distant cannonade, I heard gunfire which sounded nearer, I just lazily wondered whether the French advance or the German attack was really beginning. But when there followed sharp immediate explosions, evidently bombs, I leaped from bed into my clothes, foreseeing that we should all be summoned to the hall, and that it would be disgustingly cold. In a few minutes our *directrice* appeared with the thrilling news that a Zeppelin was overhead—she had seen it from her balcony. Experienced eyes had already judged it to be in difficulties with its motor, for it was moving slowly, bewilderedly, like a great wan, nocturnal bird surprised by the dawn. By this time the anti-aircraft guns were banging viciously. Now all doors flew open, and the Dames Anglaises broke covert. Precipitating themselves down the numerous flights of stairs to the bottom of the hotel, they streamed, a torrent of tempestuous dressing-gowns, into the courtyard. Not a moment too soon, for at that instant, apparently just above us, two large splashes of flame broke pale over the pale surface of a morning cloud, and immediately there was no Zeppelin—only a straight red bar of fire rushing perpendicularly to the earth. As it fell, a great cheer went up from French and British throats alike.

About a quarter of an hour later the Dames Anglaises, clothed in their khaki uniform, arrived with their motor ambulance at the spot where the monster had come down. As we arrived, a French aviator was looping the loop joyously so close over our heads we almost ducked them, while before the gate a poodle was performing a dance of triumph on his hind legs and celebrating victory in passionate barks. The Zeppelin might have done more damage in its fall than the bombs it had dropped, but by a most fortunate chance it had come down in gardens behind the houses of a boulevard, and between other houses standing at right angles to these. Had it not humped over a garden wall, it would have touched a house, but one which had already been gutted by a shell. There it lay, looking more like a huge rubbish heap of old metal than anything else—of metal so curiously slight and brittle it seemed impossible that it could have sustained the weight of the great ship. Most of it was broken into small pieces, and a number of people were already busy picking up "souvenirs." The two policemen, representing the "cordon of police" provided by the lively fancy of reporters, occasionally drove all but the boldest spirits to a short distance for a few minutes by announcing in ominous tones that "the bombs were going to explode." What had become of the crew? The patients of a neighbouring military hospital had all of them—that is, all who had a leg to stand on—rushed out from their beds to see the Zeppelin, and they told us that several of the crew had jumped out as it fell, one using a parachute. But none appeared to have survived. One fell in a garden not far from the wreck, and a curious

crowd went in and out there. Others lay on the further side of the Zeppelin—which I therefore did not visit—and more were found under the wreckage. There were eighteen in all. The Zeppelin was supposed to have come from England. I afterwards heard, from a relative dwelling in one of the most perfect of our old English towns, that an air attack, happily ineffectual, had been made upon it that night. It was, perhaps, this outrage which I saw expiated on French soil.

The fall of the airship had been an event, but it had made no change in the work of the Dames Anglaises. The change came a few days later. A report that the Germans were burning stores had hardly had time to spread, before the retirement of the Boches was definitively announced, and at a bound the horizon-blue legions passed miles beyond the front where they had been fixed for over two years. Yet there was at first little exultation among the soldiers. "It is a trap," was an expression commonly heard. There followed anger, quiet but deep, as the condition of the recovered territory was revealed. "This will wind up our courage," they said, though, God knows, it would be difficult to raise the pitch of that higher than it has stood all the time.

Very shortly after the advance of the French, our *directrice* was asked to bring up as much food as she could procure to feed the starving inhabitants of an evacuated town. Accordingly she and three other ladies took up the two motor ambulances, loaded with provisions, over what had but a short time before been No Man's Land. It was not quite easy going, but they were astonished at the speed with which the French had constructed a practicable road across the devastated country. The small town at which they arrived that day was less completely ruined than most, and the populations of some of the destroyed villages had been dumped there. Some of the inhabitants told Miss Desmond Hackett that there had been English children at school in the local convent when the Germans arrived, and that these children had been shot. Whether this story proved to be true, I do not know, but, judged by the standard of well-ascertained German atrocities, there is nothing improbable in it. The word "Boche" was unknown to these French people, to whom their oppressors were simply "they." The Germans had told them terrible tales of the English in France, so it was well that among the earliest friendly arrivals among them there should have been a party of Englishwomen, acting under the orders of the French military authorities.

These authorities decided to evacuate most of the inhabitants of the devastated country. On the day following the excursion of the Dames Anglaises, the refugees began arriving in Compiègne. They went on arriving all night and all the following day, then less continuously, but still for many days waves of them flowed in. No accommodation had been prepared for them. They were put down in barracks, churches, any big building that could be found. The civil, and not the military authorities, were supposed to be responsible for these poor people; but the Army, with its usual promptitude and kind-heartedness, threw itself into the breach, and invited the Dames Anglaises to assist in distributing food to them. We worked mainly at the Orangerie, a barracks where there were large empty stables. A table and wooden benches were placed in each stall, and at night the mothers made beds for their children on the tables with wraps and blankets. But there was nowhere for the grown-ups to lie down, and it was no easy task to find beds for the old people, who were dying of sheer exhaustion. The refugees consisted entirely of old people and mothers with young families. This was partly, no doubt, because the French had kept back such of the population as could be useful in rebuilding their homes, but mainly because the Germans had carried the others into slavery. Three children under nine arrived at Compiègne alone. Their father was in the Army, their mother had been carried off by the Germans. An old couple told me how they and the other inhabitants of their village had been turned out of their homes and kept forty-eight hours in vans in the bitter cold, without food or drink, while the Germans burned and destroyed their village. They had then been dumped at Noyon and left to the compassion of townsfolk hardly less wretched than themselves. Seventeen persons died between the village and Noyon, and, as the old woman said, "were put into holes." It was a strange thing to see these poor people camping in the great church of St. Jacques, with the altar candles burning and Mass being said at the high altar or in some side chapel. The porch was cumbered with great, shapeless bundles of goods, and the children ran in and out as merrily as though this exodus had been a picnic. The food, simple as it was, seemed strangely

good and plentiful to these starving people. Many bought extra luxuries in the town, although their money only consisted of German notes and curious coins, said to be made out of sardine tins and stamped by the Boches with the Belgian lion.

I left Compiègne in company with hundreds of refugees bound for Paris, though Paris has long been so congested with refugees that they could not possibly be allowed to remain there. The stream has continued to pour through Compiègne. The Dames Anglaises have continued to labour among these helpless victims of war. But the military authorities soon asked them to bring their valued canteens nearer to the new Front. Yet they have not abandoned the refugees, many of whom had to leave their plundered homes with no more than the clothes they stood up in.

Workers are needed to carry on the work so bravely begun and successfully carried out by a mere handful of women. I have done no more than outline it. If any readers of THE WINDSOR wish to hear of it in detail, they can get all information from Mrs. Wilkie, at the office of the Women's Emergency Canteens.



Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

MARGARET L. WOODS.

CUP-MOSS GREY.

By ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

ALL on the hillside, in the bleak and cruel breath
Of the hail-storm driving across the barren heath,
There are tears in the cup-moss that grows the gorse beneath—
Sorry tears in the cup-moss grey!

They should have been tears of true repentance meet
To fall in silvern cup at the holy altar's feet;
They should have been tears of quiet gladness sweet—
These tears in the cup-moss grey!

But now there lies a tear for every fierce heart-beat,
For every broken sob at the fir trees' rugged feet,
In the cold storms of rain and the bitter, bitter sleet—
These tears in the cup-moss grey!

Yet each grace-cup has a rose-and-ruby rim,
And it may be, at the end of this day a-closing dim,
God's starlight shall sparkle where these bright drops overbrim—
Happy tears in the cup-moss grey!

A RED LETTER DAY

By ELLEN ADA SMITH

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

CUCKOO! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

For a wooden bird he sang lustily, if very mechanically. He announced three o'clock with a rush, as though he would be glad to be done with it, and yet cheerfully, too, as though the rest of the day were playtime, instead of having to bounce out again and announce four more or less inaccurately, and keep watch of all those hours when real cuckoos made feather balls of themselves and slept peacefully from dusk until dawn.

But there was something truculent about his very cheerfulness, and the sharpness of his announcement considerably startled the lodger, newly inducted into a cheaper lodgment than he had ever experienced before. John Saner was down on his luck. He had been ill, and, although apparently convalescent, his right hand appeared to have lost its cunning, and, more serious still, he felt a lack of all inspiration, without which no artist can hope to make a living. Unlike many artists, he had a horror of being in debt; hence the cheap lodging and the surprise of the cuckoo, who blazoned forth the uninteresting hour of 3 p.m. as though it were high and happy noon.

With a start of irritable surprise, Saner faced round upon the cuckoo—who was painted gay as any jay, and whose wooden bows were as staccato as his notes—and frowned upon him.

"If you think I am going to put up with your vocal impertinence, you are jolly well mistaken," he said. "I shall put a period to you by letting you run down."

But Providence, in the shape of Saner's landlady, intervened, so that the cuckoo sang all day and all night at his stated times, giving his more or less inaccurate information. There was no depending on his vocal efforts, and anybody attempting to catch a train by his cocksure inaccuracies would either have been handsomely late or in time to catch a previous one. The cuckoo was as sure of himself as Big Ben; but he and his works had only cost seven-and-six in the heyday of youth, so what could you expect?

For some time Saner suffered him, too apathetic to set the machinery in motion that would stop the cuckoo's misplaced exertions. His landlady, Mrs. Humber, doted on the mechanical toy, and would gladly have charged it as an extra on her lodger's bill if she could have seen her way to doing it. She was sorrowfully hurt if he ventured to hint that a dumb cuckoo would have pleased him better.

"I s'pose it's how we are made," she said, eyeing him as one become prematurely misanthropic. "There's some as would take against a bird o' paradise itself! For me, I likes a bit of life about the house, if it's only a hurdy-gurdy a-wheezin' outside."

But she continued to wind up the cuckoo, all the same. For had not Humber himself in his lifetime impressed upon her that, if a woman gives in to all a man's idle fancies, she might find it impossible to live in the same house with him. She didn't want to lose her lodger, but if he did not value his privileges, he should have them all the same. Some folks didn't know what was best for themselves, and many didn't know when they were well off. It may be that she was partly right concerning John Saner, who was conscious himself of being

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unpleasantly out of sympathy with his surroundings, especially with the cuckoo who so blatantly punctuated quite wrongly the wasted hours and opportunities Saner appeared unable to grasp. If only the best picture he had ever painted would sell! But it appeared unlikely to sell, and this misfortune seemed to put him wrong every way. His landlady found him thankless for mercies vouchsafed; he shrank from his comrades because they were doing better than he was, and he knew their generosity of heart. Why, even the genial old crossing-sweeper, upon whom he had bestowed pennies somewhat recklessly at first, shamed him by saluting just as respectfully, and commenting just as cheerfully upon the weather, whatever its conditions, now that Saner's flow of pennies had become intermittent and somewhat rare. Evidently this particular crossing-sweeper beamed like the impartial sun upon the liberal and illiberal, and the fact that Saner had never seen him handle his broom did not detract from his merits. For to be courteous and pleasant alike in fair or foul weather cannot be achieved by all of us. And by nature Saner was not tight-fisted, nor was he at his last pecuniary gasp; only he feared this unhappy consummation, and fear made him parsimonious. He had evidently lost all inspiration, and after that the worst might happen—indeed, had happened already, for nothing else mattered much except that he should owe no man anything.

The cuckoo annoyed him, the suavity of the magnanimous crossing-sweeper irritated him, but the most vexing case of all was Regina Milrea, who was just overhead. Now, as is usual in apartment houses, the various inmates passed up and down the staircase like scared mice expecting to encounter the cat round every corner. The gregarious instinct seems almost wholly to fail, and become, instead, a mutual avoidance. Saner and Miss Milrea had been weeks in the same house—104, Belvoir Road, Bayswater—before they met, and, when they did meet, it was with a vengeance, so to speak. For Regina Milrea was coming round the awkward bend of the staircase, on a very dark evening, in her bedroom slippers, when Saner was descending in haste to catch the post. Their impact was violent, and if Saner had not clutched at her strongly, she would have fallen backwards down the whole flight. An intimacy was forced upon them by the exigencies of the moment, and as they mopped up between them the half-pint of milk that she was conveying to her apartment, they had time to improve their acquaintance. In order to assist the mopping and his apologies, Saner turned the gas full on, and his immediate impression of the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl was distinctly good. She flashed out into the light quite impressively, despite the wasted milk cascading down her dress. Even then his keen artist's eye detected her possibilities; but in the chance encounters which followed, the possibilities did not seem to materialise, and she was a disappointment to his artistic sense. She reminded him somehow of an arrested sunrise, a bud which was not opening happily. Apparently something had dulled and staled the morning of her life, for she was absurdly young to have a drooping mouth and insurgent eyes. He would have liked, or thought he would have liked, to paint her, had she fulfilled her promise, but her presentment would look dull upon canvas and be a failure.

It cannot be said that they improved their acquaintance, but they spoke when they met, and Saner discovered that, in a sense, they were comrades, because she illustrated children's books, when she could get any to do—not that she complained of any lack, and appeared well occupied.

But something was wrong with her, and Saner could not, or did not, get enough into her confidence to find out what it was. On one of his darkest days he was thinking about her, but not very sympathetically. She was out of drawing, somehow; and her manner was ungracious—or did her manner only reflect the ungraciousness of his? Was he becoming so curmudgeonly that a girl's face couldn't brighten a bit as she passed him on the stairs?

"*Cuckoo!*" cried the wooden bird, as though he shot out a very staccato "Just so!" And the ejaculation appeared so apposite, as well as unpleasant, that then and there Saner put the cuckoo out of action by removing his weights, so that he was reduced to standing stiffly to attention, like a poor little forgotten sentinel who might not leave his post.

Saner's room grew very silent after that, for the indiscreet cuckoo had been very cheerful, as many tactless people often are. Now there was only Saner to break the silence, so it remained unbroken.

The dumbing of the cuckoo made the landlady speechlessly indignant; but since the room belonged to Mr. Saner while he

paid for it, expostulations were useless. But the cuckoo, like many other unappreciated blessings, had friends not personally known to him in the larger world. For the very next day Saner encountered Miss Milrea, who asked him point-blank why he had failed to wind up his clock.

"I couldn't sleep," she announced rather fretfully, "and I missed the cuckoo very much."

"It is more than I did," answered Saner rather grimly. "Or, if I did, it was an extremely good miss. And isn't it rather absurd, at your time of life, to lie awake at night?"

He tried to speak kindly, but he wasn't attuned to be really sympathetic, and he was a poor dissembler—there was that in his favour. There was much in his favour really, but just then he was too depressed to be able to do himself any sort of justice, and she annoyed him by falling so short of her possibilities, which should have been brilliant.

"I doubt if sleeping badly has much to do with one's time of life," she answered. "Things don't hurt old people as they do young ones."

"And young people are famous for making mountains out of molehills. As for the cuckoo, you only *hear* him making his silly noises; I *see* him making an ass of himself as well, and I can't stick it!"

"He's cheerful, at any rate," she retorted. "Better than having the raven over the door, you know."

And somehow she gave him the clear impression that she had, or thought she had, that extremely uncomfortable fowl over *her* door; but, of course, that was nonsense.

"What do you know about ravens? You are young, with plenty of congenial work to do. Possibly you don't recognise the bluebird when you see it."

She looked at him out of her wide eyes, and surely, if here was only one of the toy tragedies inseparable from youth, she was taking it very hard.

"But nobody ever *does* recognise the bluebird until he has flown away."

"That isn't the bluebird's fault, is it? Some people won't see him; they think the raven more distinguished and better form."

She passed him by, and her light feet sounded strangely heavy upon the stairs. He had talked to her all for her good, but he had an uncomfortable sense of having failed, and done her no good at all. He had also a sense that she had been on the brink of a confidence—that her womanhood had made an appeal to his manhood, which had failed her and passed by on the other side. Such a reflection by no means increased his good opinion of himself, and he felt it a very curmudgeonly act to refrain from winding up the cuckoo; but he did refrain, casting no kindly eye upon the little arrested sentinel who might no longer mark time with a light-hearted incorrectness.

It was Saner's darkest hour, for, with the morrow, dawn broke for him prosperously, and a letter from Mortimer Brothers, picture dealers, informed him that they had been able to sell his last picture, "'Twixt the Day and the Dark," very advantageously for a hundred guineas.

In the twinkling of an eye his depression left him, and he felt as though he had never been ill. He had thought very well of "'Twixt the Day and the Dark," but he would not have refused twenty guineas for it; he would have been very content with fifty, but a hundred was amazing to him. It appeared opulence, and, so encouraged, he felt the power to work and happy inspiration rising with every free breath he drew. But he felt more than that, for his frozen sympathies were stirred and set rippling by this burst of happy sunshine. He felt suddenly in love and charity with all men; he had even a kindly thought for that which was unblessed with life. It was a sunbeam striking upon the bird of many hues which suggested an immediate winding up and exploiting of hidden talent. In the rapture of its release from dumbness, the cuckoo shrilled out twelve as fast as ever he could go, with bowing beak and tip-tilted tail, and Saner laughed at him gently, as we laugh over the vagaries of a familiar friend; neither did he attempt to correct the inaccuracies of this meretricious time-keeper.

"You give it tongue, old chappie," he said genially. "You must have found it beastly dull, and I wonder you are not too stiff to move."

On the strength of his sudden opulence, he decided to make holiday that day, and set to work in real earnest to-morrow. And why should he not ask Miss Milrea to make holiday, too? She was a bit off, poor girl, for some silly reason or other, and if they went down to Kew and made a day of it, they ought to enjoy themselves. Why not? It was the first time he had proposed such a thing to her, but it was the first time he had ever sold one picture for a hundred

guineas, and everything must have a beginning.

So he put on a lighter suit for the coming of spring, and, whistling blithely, went up and knocked at Miss Milrea's door. After

shoulders looked squarer, his head more uplifted. His smiling eyes were insistent; he had come to carry his point, whatever it was.

She was a little startled, for he was almost a stranger.



"'How can I ever thank you?'"

opening it she stood gazing at him, for here was surely not the man who had talked to her for her good and given no comfort, no real response to her dumb need. For this man brought with him a healthy breath of cheerful, resourceful masculinity. His

"How happy you look! And the cuckoo is going again. What has happened?"

"Oh, just the swing of the pendulum," he answered lightly. "The cuckoo knows all about that. But if I look happy, you look perfectly miserable. What is amiss?"

As she looked at him, he was again conscious of an appeal from her womanhood to his stronger manhood; he was also conscious that on this occasion he could answer it. She was in trouble, and he was there to help her—not a doubt about it. She drew back a little without answering, and, taking this as an invitation to enter, he did so, and as they moved, the light of the window fell full on her.

"Why, you have been crying!" he said.

"No, I haven't—or, if I have, it's nothing."

"I am quite prepared to hope and believe that it is nothing. But the troubles we make for ourselves when alone, and with our best friends at a distance, are often larger than life. It is silly to be wrecked by a bubble, you know, so I want you to tell me all about it right away."

She appeared to find this impossible, but there were again tears, which she wiped away with a sad patience which rather alarmed him.

"Come," he urged insistently, "make a clean breast of it. If it is a love trouble, I will be discretion itself. If it's murder or even justifiable homicide, I promise not to notify the police."

"It is neither of those things, and you will think me very silly, very cowardly. Besides, you can't alter anything. How can you?"

In her wavering he saw the appeal of which he had known before, with no power to answer it. "Of course I shall think you very silly; I am here for that purpose. At least, I am here to ask you to come to Kew with me and see the pink may trees. But we will shelve that for a moment, while you tell me all about it."

He had the way with him—the insistence which had not been his yesterday—and, of course, she yielded, for she was lonely and very, very miserable.

"You will think me very silly," she repeated. "But some time ago I was knocked down by a bicycle. I wasn't really hurt, only frightened enough to faint, so, of course, I was taken to a hospital, because they could not tell if I was hurt or not. It was rather a long faint, I believe, but I recovered consciousness rather before the doctors realised. I heard them talking about me, one of them, and he said: 'She hasn't a scratch upon her—a chemist's shop would have done equally well. All the same, a total smash-up might have saved her some suffering. She is very phthisical, and two years will see her out, unless I am greatly mistaken.' The other man did not answer, for he saw I was coming round. I've tried so hard not to think about it, but latterly, now I find the stairs so hard to climb, I can think of nothing else."

Her voice wasn't steady enough to use for a few seconds, but before Saner could speak, she began again passionately.

"You see, I so wanted to live. I—I quite expected to, until that day. I'd had a cough, not much of a cough, but it made me rather thin. I felt quite well; I liked being young, and I so enjoyed my work. I hoped to do great things—great things for the home folks, I mean, for they are not at all rich. At night I think: 'Another day gone!' I try to hold back as I am hurried along, only it's no use—no use—and the stairs get harder every day!"

Perhaps in all his life he had never felt so pitiful, but he gave no sign of being unduly impressed. The son of a doctor, he had not lived all his growing years with a medical father without acquiring some knowledge of therapeutics. To him she appeared anæmic—he had thought that before—but he saw no phthisical signs which he could recognise as such.

"So you have let yourself be worried by the raw opinion of a fledgling house-surgeon, very probably new to his job. There is only one thing to do, and that is get the best expert to pronounce upon your case. I will 'phone to Sir Gregory Watson, and ask him to see you to-day. He and my father were great chums, so he knows me quite well, of course."

Such prompt action scared her, although her courage had mounted even with the telling of her trouble. But to put her fate immediately to the test scared her; it was like locking a door already closed to her. It was he who insisted that she should, and through his insistence the thing was brought about.

"Gregory Watson will tell you the truth," he asserted. "For living under the shadow of a vague fear is infinitely worse for you than knowing the worst, which may quite easily be the best. I firmly believe it is."

So he 'phoned and got an appointment for Regina Milrea that same day at six. There was no shirking the issue for her now, and although he postponed Kew for a happier morrow, he spoke of it robustly as a human certainty. And as there is nothing so infectious as fear, except courage, which is still more infectious, he put heart into

her before going his way into the open air.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself. "Poor little girl! I wish I had made her tell me before. And I don't believe a word of it! I dare say the fellow could bind up ribs, but I doubt if he was more of a physician than I am. I expect the other fellow was prepared to snub him well, if the girl had not come round a bit too soon."

He thought about her anxiously and yet confidently, too, until he arrived at the crossing-sweeper's beat, to remember that he had not seen the old man for at least a week, nor bestowed alms upon him for a longer period still, despite the geniality of the old man's greeting, which had never failed. He felt suddenly very remorseful about this, and he asked the constable at the fixed point what had become of him.

"Old Nicholls, the crossing-sweeper?" deliberated the fixed point slowly, with a twinkle in his eye. "Ever see him touch his broom, sir?"

"I can't remember that I ever did," replied Saner. "But he was a nice old chap—always the same."

"So he was," admitted the fixed point handsomely, "and a pleasant word is worth a penny oftentimes, isn't it? I believe he's down with the bronchitis, and if anyone wants to do him a good turn, he lodges at Temby Court, Ladbroke Grove way."

For it was quite obvious to his metropolitan experience that here was a gentleman, free with his money, who wanted to help a more or less deserving case. And Saner, after the handsome manner of one who need take no pecuniary thought for the morrow, purchased some delicate fare and started in the direction of Ladbroke Grove. He was very pleased to do this; he was still more pleased when he had unearthed the invalid in his lair, where he was surrounded by much rough good-will, but very little delicate fare. He was very sick, but between gasps his cheerful courtesy showed plainly still. He bore so little malice for past neglect, and was so grateful and pleased with what Saner had brought him, that the latter was moved to express regret for his cold attitude in the past. But Nicholls would not hear him out.

"I knowed," he insisted, with some difficulty, "I knowed well enough you was a kind-'earted gentleman wot was down on yer luck. I ain't swep' that crossing fifteen 'ear or more without learning a thing or two—not me!"

So, with pleasant words on both sides, the satisfactory visit ended, after a promise from Saner that he would come again. But he was not clear of Ladbroke Grove before another appeal was made to his natural generosity, which had suffered under adversity. A little girl—a very small child—carrying some milk in a glass milk-jug, slipped upon the kerb, and the catastrophe included not only the milk, but the jug, too. Sobs and tears followed with incredible swiftness, and a note of terror in the sobs somehow made Saner feel that the child would be punished, perhaps cruelly, for the pure accident. Now, he had some idea of the price of the milk, but pricing the crystal ware was too much for him; and at last he made the child coherent enough to jerk out through her sobs: "Threepence, at the sixpence halfpenny shop." He could not quite see how this could be, but the child seemed so certain of it that he presented her with sixpence, and watched her depart in all the rapture of release. Until then he had never realised how quickly a sixpence, properly applied, could mend a broken heart.

And after that fashion he spent the day, not very economically, perhaps, but that consideration was nothing to a man who had just sold his picture for a hundred pounds—or, rather, guineas.

He reached home somewhat tired, but extremely happy, about six, to find a regretful note from Messrs. Mortimer Brothers, explaining that, by a regrettable coincidence, they had had for disposal two pictures of the same name, and it was the other man's "'Twixt the Day and the Dark" which had been so advantageously disposed of. With apologies, etc., etc.——

The reaction was painful. He sat in such deep dejection that he did not even heed the cuckoo firing off eight salvos, shrill and piercing, just because it was a little after six. Surely it was All Fools' Day, and he was the biggest fool of all! He left his meal untasted. He sat in the growing darkness, while the cuckoo, in the exuberance of having been wound up and set going, said just what he thought he would, and was responsible to none. Presently a knock at his door obliged Saner to turn up the gas, although he expected no more inspiring vision than his landlady to remove the tea-things. He bade her dully enough to "Come in!" Yet it was not his landlady who stood, flushed and smiling, upon the threshold, but Regina Milrea. It was as though they had changed places since the morning, and

it was she, not he, who radiated life and vitality. For the moment he stared at her blankly and amazed. Her unfulfilled promise had always annoyed him, to be sure, but he had never suspected she could look like this. Why, she was beautiful—an inspiration for any artist! She brought a glow into the dull room. Her eyes were dazzling—better than that, even: they were kindled and kind, and his dejection suddenly lightened. But it was for her to speak. She had forgotten all shyness; she was just an eager, happy girl, overflowing with relief and gratitude. Even before she spoke he began to realise that this was not All Fools' Day, but one divinely appointed for the release from suffering.

"Mr. Saner, how can I ever thank you—ever do enough to pay back what you have done for me? Do you know, Sir Gregory Watson laughed at me just as you did. He says that I have been silly enough to worry myself ill, but that I am not in the least phthisical, and that the house-surgeon was all wrong. He says all I have to do is to take some iron pills, and go back to enjoying being young and doing my work. He says I am naturally as healthy as a trout, so I suppose a trout is never ill. I am so glad—so very glad—and I owe all this to you! If you had not come up and insisted, I should never have had courage to break out of prison, for it *was* prison, and all the veiled sunlight came through bars."

Girlishly incoherent, babbling as any happy little brook released after a frost, she was wonderful to hear, still more wonderful to see. As he listened and looked, his own disappointment passed out of sight and was lost. He had been just the prism, condensing the light which had fallen upon his neighbours. This girl would go on unafraid and rejoicing; the old crossing-sweeper would soon be out again, sitting by his broom and enlivening the dull street with his genial presence. For the sake of his sixpence a little child would suffer no unrighteous punishment, and even the cuckoo—bless his little wooden heart!—should be stopped no more, but add his shrilling to the cheerful babel of general inaccuracy. For surely anything is better than heavy, unhopeful silence?

Regina Milrea, who had hitherto not given him a chance of speaking, now noticed his silence, and also that he was very pale. Like a happy, impulsive child, she put her hands into his. But the woman breathed in her, too, and the touch of her hands and the kindness in her eyes meant more to him of real and lasting inspiration than if his picture had been sold for a thousand guineas.

"Is anything the matter? You are pale, and you looked so happy and well this morning."

"Did I? Then certainly I ought not to look pale now, for I am much happier and much richer, too, than I was this morning."

Perhaps he spoke too gravely for her quite to understand him; perhaps she understood him better than he realised, for the hearts of both were touched and open that evening.

"I owe you so much," she said a little shyly, "so very much. What can I do about it?"

"You can let me paint you, if you will. Of course, you do not really owe me anything, but I want to pretend that you do. Will you sit for me?"

"So gladly, Mr. Saner; it is so little to do, after what you have done for me."

But he did not think so, and as he lighted her up the dark staircase he watched her with possessive eyes. For he realised that this was the happiest day of his life—so far!

But "'Twixt the Day and the Dark" only made fifteen guineas. Not that it mattered, for he could have sold Regina's portrait for much more. Only he did not sell it—that first one of hers.

ALL HALLOWS TIDE CUSTOMS

By C. F. LORIMER AND H. W. TAUNT

MANY and various are the versions of the name of this festival. Hallow Eve, which is so called from being the eve or vigil of All Saints' Day, is by some called "Allhallows Eve," in Cornwall "Allan Day," in the Isle of Man "Hollantide Eve," and in Scotland "Halloween." Hallow Eve was celebrated of old by many quaint customs, some of which still obtain, perhaps the most universal and best-known surviving instance being that of apple diving, from which, in some parts of the country, the night is called "diving" or "ducking apple night." The term explains itself, though the practice has many local variations. It is said to be grounded in some superstition, though most of those who remember pursuing the elusive apple know of no other significance than the entrance upon the apple season and the general delights of pursuit. The apples are placed in a tub of water, and the competitors seek to bring one up in their mouths, or at least some portion for their trouble.

Another form of the old custom is that of "bobbing" for the apples, which are suspended on one end of a transverse beam, at the other end of which is fixed a lighted candle. The hands are tied behind, and many none too gentle knocks may be obtained before the apple has been secured in the mouth. In Cornwall children have not to earn their apples, but receive each a large one on "Allan Night," and the apple is thence called an "allan apple," and children often sleep at night with the customary prize lying snug beneath their pillows. The carrying out of this custom consumes a great quantity of the fruit, and the selling thereof wins the dignified name of "Allan Market." Burns gives a variant of the custom which has the merit of purpose behind it—a purpose as old as the hills. A candle is taken, and, going alone to a looking-glass, the inquirer eats an apple before it, according to some traditions combing the hair all the time, and the face of one's future cavalier or sweetheart will be seen in the glass as if peeping over the shoulder. This custom, which used to obtain among the Scotch peasantry, is of the uncanny order.

The same idea, but shorn of its ghostly character, was enshrined in a practice that anciently held in Nottinghamshire. If a girl had two lovers, and wished to know which would be the more constant, she procured two brown pippins, and sticking one on each cheek—naming each after a lover—and repeating the couplet

> Pippin, pippin, I stick thee there,
> That what is true thou may'st declare,

she waited until one fell off, when the lover whom it represented was sent about his business as unfaithful. The practice, one would think, gave room for a little conscious or unconscious shaping of the Fates, and if more than two lovers were strung to the bow, the process might lengthen out very considerably. Gay has thus described the custom:

> See, from the core two kernels now I take:
> This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
> And Booby Clod on t'other side is borne;
> But Booby Clod soon falls upon the ground,
> A certain token that his love's unsound;
> While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
> Oh, were his lips to mine but joined so fast!

Fires were also, with different local adaptations, another means of celebrating Hallow Eve. Sometimes a fired bridle of straw was carried by the master of the house about his corn, and the rhyme

> Fire and red low
> Light on my teen now

was said. The fire was meant to ward off witchcraft and so preserve the corn crop. The red end of a fiery stick, in Scotland, was waved about in mystic circles for the same purpose. Red was apparently an

objectionable colour to witches. A rhyme embodying the *raison d'être* of these acts runs—

> Rowan tree and red thread,
> To gar the witches dance their dead

—i. e., to make the witches dance until they fell down dead. Rowan berries (mountain ash) are of a brilliant red, and a "red thread" is suggested by the red point of a stick waved rapidly.

A great number of different versions of the fire custom have been noted. Queen Victoria took a great interest in the Halloween celebrations at Balmoral, which had their climax in the lighting of an immense bonfire

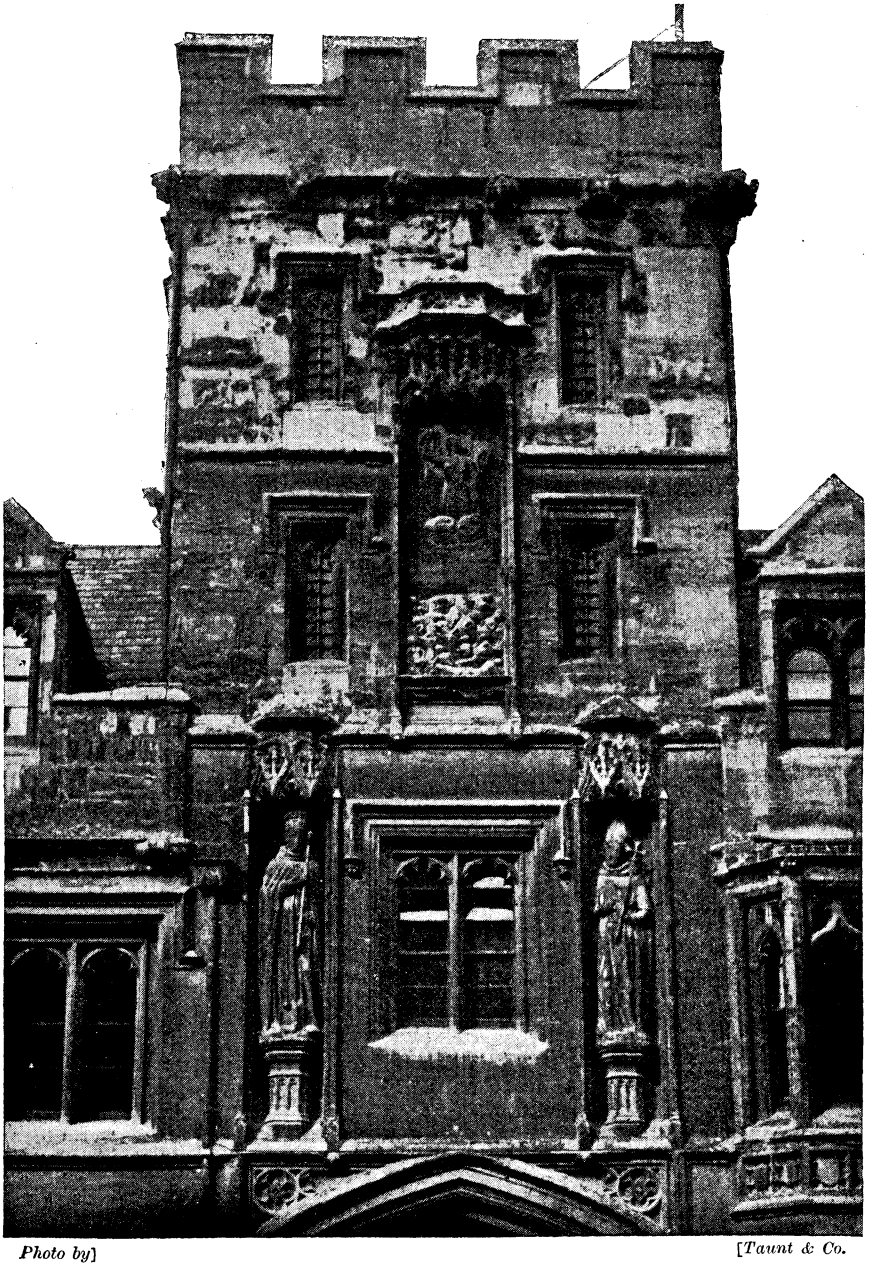


Photo by] [*Taunt & Co.*

ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD: PART OF THE FRONT TOWER WITH THE ALL SOULS' SCULPTURE.

in front of the castle. The fire was prepared beforehand of old boxes, packing-cases, etc., stored up during the year for the purpose. It was lighted when an imposing procession of the tenants and servants on the estates drew up before the castle. Each person bore a torch, and a weird effect was produced when a car bearing the effigy of a witch, surrounded by fairies and drawn by a hobgoblin, appeared. The torch-bearers made a circle round the figure, and the hobgoblin flung it into the flames, and, when it was burnt, the celebration ended in great liveliness with the dancing of reels. The inhabitants of Callander, in Perthshire, also celebrate Halloween with bonfires, combining therewith the superstitious element characteristic of the day. Several families in a village will build their bonfire, and when it is burnt out will strew its ashes in the form of a circle, placing within the circumference stones to represent the different people concerned. If any stone is removed or injured before morning, the person to whom it belongs is regarded as "fey," and doomed to die within a year from that day.

An almost identical superstition exists in North Wales, where it is a custom for each family to have its special fire near the house, into which each member casts a white stone marked. If in the morning any stone is missing, the person whose mark it bears is regarded as doomed to die before another All Saints' Eve comes round.

In the Isle of Man the feast was formerly marked by the lighting of fires to stave off the harmful influence of fairies and witches, a practice found also in Lancashire. Another peculiar feature of the celebration there was that the evening meal on that day always consisted of potatoes, parsnips, and fish pounded together and mixed with butter. In Ireland, too, a peculiar meal marks the day, for the women at least, for on Halloween they take hard-boiled eggs, remove the yolk, fill the egg with salt, eating egg, salt, and shell, after which they are careful not to drink before morning. A pleasanter though kindred manner of observing the feast is in the making and distribution of griddle cakes among the Irish peasantry. In Yorkshire, too, the feast is known as "cake night," though the making and eating of special kinds of bread and cakes belongs more especially—in England and Scotland, too—to the feasts which are kept on the two following days, All Saints' (Nov. 1) and All Souls' (Nov. 2).

The element of superstition noted in connection with the bonfires finds many other means of expression in connection with All Saints' Eve. Happily they are mostly of a less sombre character than those already described, and have often for their object that most fascinating of all inquiries—the identity and description of future husband or wife. In Scotland a favourite method of consultation on this subject consists in the pulling with shut eyes a stock or plant of kail, when, according to its description, something may be known of one's future partner—whether he or she is to be big or little, or, more important still, if he is to be well dowered with this world's goods, which is to be known by the amount of "yird" (earth) clinging to the root. A more uncanny method of finding out, not only the description, but the identity of the future spouse, is to steal out secretly and sow a handful of hempseed, saying, "Hempseed, I sow thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love come after me and thee," then to look over the left shoulder, and the appearance will be made manifest of the future husband or wife in the attitude of pulling hemp. Other methods innumerable obtain in Scotland of finding out the name or character of the future husband or wife.

In Ireland the same practice of sowing hempseed obtains, and in that country the maidens sometimes hang a smock before the fire at the close of the feast, and then wait hidden in a corner of the room, expecting the apparition of their future husband coming by way of the chimney, and seen in the act of turning the smock. Another method is to throw a ball of yarn through the window, winding it up on a reel within, and keeping the eyes on the ball while repeating the Paternoster backwards, when a similar apparition should follow.

All Saints' Day itself is celebrated more as the "eve" of All Souls' Day than in the character denoted by its name. It was formerly the custom among Roman Catholics in England to celebrate the day by the lighting of small fires, a custom which, apart from the fact that the lighting of fires has ever been a symbol of strong feeling, has been interpreted as typifying the immortality of man and the ascent of the soul to heaven.

In Ireland and in some parts of the Continent it is the custom to place lighted candles in every window of the house. But the commonest custom found in connection with All Saints' Day is the begging for

cakes, known as "soul-cakes," and other eatables. Children and grown-up people in various parts of England, Scotland, and Wales go "a-souling," both on All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day. In Cheshire the practice is very common, the mendicants often performing as well a kind of play, and reciting a song similar to the following—

Step down into your cellar and see what you can find.
If your barrels are not empty, we hope you will prove kind;
We hope you will prove kind with your apples and strong beer—
We'll come no more a-souling until another year.
* * * * * *
God bless the master of this house, and the mistress also,
And all the little children that round the table go;
Likewise your men and maidens, your cattle and your store,
And all that lies within your gates we wish you ten times more;
We wish you ten times more, with your apples and strong beer,
And we'll come no more a-souling until another year.

In Lancashire the children formerly went in procession to beg for cakes, reciting Psalms, the custom being known as *Psalm-caking*. In Monmouthshire the custom prevailed of begging bread, known consequently as *dole* bread. In Shropshire and Staffordshire similar rhymes are sung by people going "souling."

Soul! Soul! for a soul-cake;
Pray, good mistress, for a soul-cake-
One for Peter, and two for Paul,
Three for them who made us all.

Soul! Soul! for an apple or two;
If you've got no apples, pears will do.
* * * * * *
An apple or pear, a plum or a cherry,
Is a very good thing to make us merry.

On the Western Isles of Scotland the day was very specially observed. In St. Kilda's



"HALLOWEEN." BY J. M. WRIGHT.

the inhabitants used to make a large cake in the shape of a triangle, which must be eaten the same night. A more pagan way of celebrating the day was that of the inhabitants of Lewis, who reserved that date for their ancient custom of sacrificing to the sea-god "Ghony," propitiating him by a cup of ale poured into the sea, so that he might vouchsafe in the ensuing year plenty of "sea-ware."

Some English counties observe All Souls' Day itself as well as, or in preference to, All Saints' Day. In Herefordshire the dispensing of cakes took place formerly on that day, and in that county they were known as soul-mass cakes. The poor who

received them were accustomed to repeat, by way of thanks :

God have your soul!

In Wales, too, the custom of distributing soul-cakes on All Souls' Day obtains, and there the poor recipients show their gratitude by calling down a blessing on the next crop of wheat. In Scotland cakes thus distributed are known as *dige loaves*. Perhaps no old-time feast illustrates better than does Hallow-tide the mingling of gaiety and gravity with which our forefathers were wont to observe ceremonial times and seasons.

All Souls College, Oxford, holds its Gaudy, or annual feast to the old members of its society, on its name day, but at present this is in abeyance, owing to the War. In olden times it was the great day of the year, particularly when the ancient custom of the finding of the mallard was carried out to its fullest extent at the close of the dinner in the college hall, and the rousing chorus of the mallard song echoed through the quadrangles, when the members and guests, lit up by the lurid light of flaming torches used as searchlights, made their promenade round the cloisters and corners and byways of the college, on their futile hunt. One might imagine that some tutelary bird would have been also provided to give point to the joke ; but we do not hear of this being the case, and possibly it had been already provided and eaten, as part of the feast.

The first mention of the All Souls mallard seems to be in a letter of Archbishop Abbott's, then visitor to the college, in respect to a riotous feast which had taken place, "where, although matters had formerly been conducted with some distemper, yet men never before did break into such intolerable liberty as to tear down doors and gates, and disquiet their neighbours as if it had been a camp or a town in war. Civil men should never forget themselves, under pretence of a foolish mallard, to do things barbarously unbecoming," said the Archbishop. There had been no "Bump Supper" in those days.

The tradition of All Souls is that, when the first stone of the college was laid, a mallard was started out of a drain during the ceremony, and, in commemoration of this, the Fellows went round the college after the Gaudy dinner, pretending to search for the famous bird which figures in the college crest. The song, which dates from the seventeenth century in its present form, is still sung at the dinner by one of the Fellows chosen for the purpose, and dubbed "Lord Mallard," the chorus being taken up and shouted by all present, who rise or turn in their chairs as though continuing the search. The words are as follows—

Griffin, bustard, turkey, capon,
Let other hungry mortals gape on ;
And on the bones their stomachs fall hard,
But let All Souls men have their Mallard.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
It was a swapping, swapping Mallard.

The *Romans* once admired a *gander*
More than they did their chief commander,
Because he sav'd, if some don't fool us,
The place that's call'd from th' *head of Tolus*.
Oh! by the blood, etc.

The poets feign Jove turn'd a swan,
But let them prove it, if they can ;
As for our proof, it's not at all hard,
For it was a swapping, swapping Mallard.
Oh! by the blood, etc.

Therefore let us sing and dance a galliard
To the remembrance of the Mallard ;
And as the Mallard dives in pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in bowl.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
It was a swapping, swapping Mallard.

(*From a seventeenth-century version.*)

As popular customs in colleges live long, so this custom and the song associated with it have survived, although of late years the pretended search by torchlight for the mallard is no longer made.

ALL SOULS.

NOT as wraiths do these come,
Vague, misty, and dumb—
Dear lads we have known,
But glad back to their own.

Bright-eyed, gay of voice,
With the old happy tread,
Quick laughs that rejoice,
Trick of speech, turn of head.

They are here at our door,
Closer yet in the heart,
Where naught evermore
May tear them apart.

They are ours, though we weep
In our poor human way,
Kept safe in the deep
Recesses for aye.

EDITH DART.

A KISS FOR COUSIN NELSON

By KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

THE postman had done it. Merely by walking up the steps of "Fairleigh," Lonsdale Road, Streatham, slipping a letter into the letter-box, and rat-tatting twice in his sharp, postmanly way, he had thrown a widow lady and her two daughters into a considerable flutter. What a glorious privilege it is to be a postman!

Molly was first at the box; Rhoda snatched the letter from Molly and read out the superscription; Mrs. Bardwell opened the letter. You might try to picture them on the little sofa in the drawing-room—Mrs. Bardwell, a rather stately lady of fifty, with greyish hair and a decidedly aristocratic bearing, despite her reverses of fortune; Rhoda, her elder daughter, nineteen, tall, handsome, with more than a dash of the maternal dignity; Molly, an uncompromising flapper—mischievous, pretty, and a very good little sort, anyway.

"Well," Mrs. Bardwell was exclaiming, "isn't that strange? Our first paying guest will be your Cousin Nelson, and he may arrive from New Zealand at any moment!"

"Gracious!" remarked Rhoda, and patted her hair.

"Loud cheers!" cried Molly, and dashed to the window.

Cousin Nelson not being on the doorstep, however, they plied their dear mamma with a million questions.

"What's he really like?"

"Is he dark or fair?"

"Is he tall or short?"

"How old is he?"

"Shall we like him?"

"Are we to treat him as an ordinary guest?"

"How long will he stop?"

"Is he wounded or invalided?"

To which Mrs. Bardwell replied with ill-masked eagerness, for the arrival of your first paying guest, and a handsome, heroic nephew at that, is no small milestone on life's pilgrimage.

"Well, my dears, as far as I remember, he was a very good-looking boy and tall for his age. He took after your aunt, you see, rather than your uncle, and your aunt, of course, is my sister. I haven't seen him since he was six, but he was certainly a fairish type at that age. He would be now about—let me see—three-and-twenty. He insists on paying, but one will naturally treat him differently from an ordinary paying guest. His wound, I understand, is nearly healed, and he has obtained sick leave during his convalescence. I think that's all."

That might be all, yet Cousin Nelson afforded food for conversation for the remainder of the day. And when Rhoda and Molly went to their room at eleven o'clock, after Molly had taken a final peep up and down Lonsdale Road, there remained fruitful topics still unsqueezed. One in particular.

"What shall you do," asked Molly, leaning her head very far back to make her stubborn hair look three inches longer in the glass, "when you first meet him?"

"Do?" replied Rhoda, very busy with her seven-and-elevenpenny manicure set. "What on earth d'you mean?"

"Well, what sort of attitude are you

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going to adopt? Are you going to be sisterly, or cousinly, or stand-offish, or what?"

"I really don't know. I haven't thought about it."

"Haven't you? I have. I shall kiss him and get it over."

"I don't think you ought to do that. We've never seen him in our lives."

"That doesn't matter. He's our cousin just the same. And mother said we ought to treat him differently from an ordinary paying guest."

"I should think the poor boy would be rather startled if you suddenly rushed at him and flung your arms round his neck."

"Of course I shan't do that, idiot! I shall just say, 'Hello, Cousin Nelson!' and put my cheek up. Then he'll give me a cousinly sort of kiss, and we shall know where we are all the time he's here."

"And where will you be?"

"On kissing terms, of course. Mind you, Rho, I gave a good deal of thought to this matter when we were washing up. You may have noticed that I was unusually silent."

"I know you broke a plate and let me do most of the work."

"That was evidence of my deep reflections. This cousin business requires tact. A cousin isn't a brother. At the same time, he's not a stranger, although he may have come from New Zealand, and you've never seen him in your life. Now, the way I look at it is this," continued Molly. "If you kiss him at first, well and good. If you don't kiss him at first, how are you going to break through the ice without its meaning more than you want it to mean? Get me?"

"I don't see the necessity for any kissing at all."

"Oh, come off it! A hero's a hero any day of the week! And when he happens to be an officer, and tall, and good-looking, and twenty-three, and your cousin into the bargain—why despise the gifts of the gods, my dear?"

"I think you ought to consult mother on the point."

"*I* don't. Mother is not of our generation. There's always a gulf between one generation and the next, and this gulf has been widened in our day by the War."

"Oh, chuck it, Moll! I can put up with your own rubbish, but you needn't try to palm off that printed stuff on me! I read the article myself, as it happens."

"Then you should know better than to talk about consulting mother on this question. I've consulted you, and I've told you my plan of campaign, and; if you don't choose to come into line, that's your own look-out. Begin as you mean to go on is my motto. Good night, old thing!"

And Molly slept the sleep of seventeen. But Rhoda, the dignified and self-contained, lay awake for some time and gave consideration to the subject. Certainly she did not wish to seem churlish towards one who had left his far-off home and risked his life for the Empire. On the other hand, it would be dreadful if he thought her forward and "servanty." Ladies in reduced circumstances had to be more than ordinarily circumspect.

Well, she would be guided by the impulse of the moment. Much would depend, no doubt, on the impression created by first appearances. If Cousin Nelson were anything like her mental picture of him——

And, with that mental picture before her closed eyes, Rhoda fell asleep.

II.

War is not a wholly glorious affair. There is a sordid side to it. The Bardwells, for example, had but one maid, an exotic creature who must be cherished as tenderly as an ailing infant. Whatever else happened in the Bardwell establishment, the maid's "half-day out" was unalterable. "She must know where she stood." Thus, on the afternoon that would see the arrival of Cousin Nelson, the maid was drinking in the beauties of Streatham Common in the company of five-foot-nine of adorable khaki.

It was Rhoda's turn to stay at home and "answer the door." Mrs. Bardwell and Molly had gone off to Victoria, in a state of incredible emotion, to meet the hero. Rhoda, her hair done to a wisp and her dress arranged to a pleat, reclined on the sofa in the little drawing-room and tried to concentrate her thoughts on a novel.

The afternoon threatened to prove uneventful. The milkman left half a pint and the postman left a circular with a depressing halfpenny stamp. For the rest, the little clock ticked, and the little fire burned, and Rhoda kept very still and neat.

And then, quite suddenly, the aspect of the world changed. There came a ringing of the bell that told clearly of a masculine finger on the button. No sooner had he finished with that noise than the monster attacked the door with the knocker. Evidently a stranger in decorous Streatham.



"He stooped down and kissed the pretty cheek."

Rhoda, laying aside the novel with hauteur, went to the window for a preliminary peep through the curtains. In a trice, pump-pump went her heart! For there, not two feet away from her, smacking his leg with a cane, uniformed, tanned, one arm in a sling —*there was Cousin Nelson!*

Two thoughts flashed through Rhoda's head as she went, not too quickly, to open the door. The first was this: "He's much better-looking than I expected!" And the second was this: "What an awful sell for the mater and Molly!"

A smile of welcome was on her face as she opened the door. The Anzac, noting the smile, smiled also. His teeth, at any rate,

had escaped the ruthless Turk and the unspeakable Hun.

"Good afternoon," said he, saluting.

"Good afternoon," replied Rhoda.

"Does Mrs. Bardwell live here?"

"Yes, this is my mother's house. Won't you come in?"

She stepped aside sufficiently to indicate that he was expected. The fine fellow, without more ado, came in and placed his small suit-case on a chair in the little hall. Rhoda shut the door.

"You had my letter?" asked the soldier.

"Oh, yes, two or three days ago."

The hero, a gallant Anzac every inch of him, had removed his sombrero—if that is the right term—and hung it on the hat-rack. There was something significant in the action. Nobody but a cousin, Rhoda realised, could be quite so "at home" in a few seconds. And that thought prompted another.

"I hope you'll enjoy your stay with us," she observed.

"You bet I will," he replied, and turned to smile his thanks for her kindness. Rather to his surprise, but not at all to his embarrassment, he beheld a pretty cheek at an inviting angle.

A hero, and an Anzac at that, is not a hero for nothing. With a scarcely perceptible hesitation, he stooped down in the dim-lit hall and kissed the pretty cheek.

"Go into the drawing-room," said Rhoda, "and I'll bring you some tea."

Her hand was trembling a little as she measured the tea into the pot, but her heart was glad. She had done it! She, the reserved, the dignified Rhoda, had received her hero-cousin in the way that she felt to be right. Yes, there was no doubt of that. They had exchanged a cousinly kiss—a little reserved, a little shy, but quite charming and pleasant to remember. Moreover, she had beaten Molly at her own game!

"Well," said the hero, as they sat over the tea-cups by the little fire, "if this isn't real jolly and friendly! D'you know, I never expected a welcome like this."

"Didn't you?" Rhoda laughed, covertly admiring his eyes. "What sort of a welcome did you expect?"

"Oh, I don't know; only I'd always been led to believe that the English were dreadfully cold and freezing."

"That all depends," Rhoda told him.

"On what?" This was a distinct challenge.

"Well, on circumstances. You see, we don't look on you as a stranger."

"I was afraid you would."

"Oh, of course not! Shall I tell you a secret?"

"I'd just love it!"

"You won't tell Molly I told you?"

"Not a syllable!"

"Well, we had a great discussion about you."

"Did you? That's interesting. Whether you could put me up or not?"

"Oh, no; mother had arranged all that. We discussed something much more difficult."

"You're making me very curious."

"You already know the result of the discussion."

"Do I?" He knit his soldierly brows.

"Yes. Don't you remember what happened when you first arrived?"

"Let's see. You opened the door and looked, if I may say so, very charming and friendly."

"Well? After that?"

"Then you asked me to come in, and I came in."

"Yes. After that?"

"Then I hung up my hat."

"Yes. And—and after that?"

"Well, then you very kindly gave me a kiss. I thought it was a sweet thing to do."

"You weren't shocked?"

"Shocked? Not a bit! And was that the result of the discussion?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, I was against it."

"Oh, you were, eh? Why?"

"Well, for one thing, Molly is two years younger than I, and I have to repress her on occasions; and, for another thing, I was awfully afraid you'd get a bad impression of English girls."

"That's funny! Since we're both confessing, I'd like to confess that I *had* a totally wrong impression of English girls. I thought they were very strait-laced, and stand-offish, and starchy. But now I can see they're nothing of the sort. The first letter I write to New Zealand I'll do my best to correct that impression."

"Oh, you—er—you won't go into too much detail, I suppose?"

The hero laughed. "No detail at all," he promised.

"And you're quite, quite sure you're not shocked?"

"Absolutely certain. Had I better carry my suit-case up to my room? Somebody might come in and trip over it."

"Oh, thank you, if you would."

Rhoda preceded him into the little hall and gave directions.

"Straight up to the second floor, and it's the first room on your left at the top of the stairs."

"Thanks awfully. By the way, just to prove that I'm not in the least bit shocked!" —and he kissed her for the second time.

III.

WHILST he was still upstairs, Mrs. Bardwell and Molly returned. They were, of course, alone.

"Well," said Rhoda teasingly, "where's Cousin Nelson? Did you leave him in the cloak-room?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bardwell. "He had to call at the War Office on business. He'll be here in time for dinner."

Rhoda laughed. The little deception was hopelessly transparent.

"You needn't burden your conscience unnecessarily, mother. I happen to know, on excellent authority, that you never met him at all."

Mrs. Bardwell and Molly stared at Rhoda as though she were intoxicated.

"Never met him!" exclaimed Molly. "What on earth is the girl talking about? Of course we met him, and he's quite a darling, though not nearly so handsome as I expected."

Rhoda went white and then scarlet. Her mother ran to her side.

"My dearest child, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, mother. I'm all right. Tell me honestly, though, without joking, *did* you meet Cousin Nelson?"

"Certainly. Why should we joke about it? And he's given this address to a friend of his—a Lieutenant James—and Mr. James has promised Nelson that he will come and stay here as well . . . . *What was that?*"

"What was what, mother?"

"I thought I heard a footstep overhead!"

"Very likely you did, mother. Mr.—Mr. James has already arrived."

"Oh! Which room have you given him?"

"Well, I thought, as Cousin Nelson hadn't turned up, he had better——"

"No, no! Mr. James must have the Pink Room! I'll see to it!" And Mrs. Bardwell hurried upstairs.

"Rhoda," said Molly, "you may as well tell me all! I've guessed half!"

"Oh, isn't it awful?" moaned Rhoda. "What on earth shall I do?"

"Do?" Molly's face, for a wonder, grew momentarily serious. "Wait and see, old girl. It may be Destiny."

"Suppose — suppose it isn't?" faltered Rhoda.

"Then cut it out. No good to a Bardwell. Family pride, my dear. But something tells me," added Molly wisely, "that it *is*!"

AUTUMN'S SILENCE.

OH, cloying slumber, dense and imminent,
Brother of Death and leagued with his designs,
Unloose thy spell awhile from the world, shent
Of all its clinging glories, moss and vines,
And clematis robed like a holy bride;
Like the high pines, that in serener air
Flourish above the rigour of the year,
Grant us a breath allied
To life awhile, or lingering blossom fair,
Blue-eyed to smile sweet through a beauteous tear.

Departing glory leaves the world forlorn;
E'en as the moon, above the Delian shrine
Forsaken, through these barren fields of corn
A pallid light, a sorrow half divine,
Falls on the silent, moody wilderness;
No harvest bells, laughter of lovers young,
No music of the ringing scythe, is heard;
Almost a god's distress
Hangs o'er these valleys, where of old was sung
The fluted joyance of a summer bird.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS

By CROSBIE GARSTIN

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant

YOUNG Billy Eldred left his black pony Sambo tied to a cotton tree, and worked his way with extreme caution towards a clump of willows in the creek bed.

Over the shoulder of the coulee he could see a grey wisp of smoke arising from the Macpherson homestead.

Over the shoulder of the coulee came the Macpherson cows, off to the day's pasturing. Johnny, youngest of the Macpherson brood, herded them with a lot of unnecessary fuss and noise. He came capering bare-footed over the grass, imagining himself a full-fledged cow-punch, flogged an imaginary bucking pony with a willow stick, and ki-yied shrilly at the Holsteins, which took not the slightest notice. If they encouraged him at all, they would presently be expected to play dragons to Johnny's St. George, and all prospect of a peaceful day at an end. They were wise cows.

Young Billy Eldred flattened himself behind a boulder and let the capering youth go by. He was in hostile country, and suspected enemy scouts.

At length, when the dinning *tonk-tonk* of the cow-bells told him Johnny was over the hill and out of sight, he forged slowly ahead, and, after a lot of snaky manœuvres, successfully gained the willows and peered cautiously through.

In a small clearing stood the Macpherson family well, whither Jean would eventually come, haling the Macpherson family buckets.

Young Billy Eldred squatted as comfortably as possible behind the thickest cover, and possessed his soul in patience—there was nothing else to do.

The reason for all this caution was "Paw" Macpherson—"paw" of Jean—a sour old crab-apple of a man, who was not infatuated with young Lilly Eldred, and let no opportunity slip of demonstrating it.

On one occasion, finding Jean and Billy together behind the barn, he had chased that gentleman over two acres of heavy plough land with speed and agility positively immoral in one of his years, snapping a blacksnake the while, and roaring information as to what he would do with his (Billy's) gizzard when he got hold of it.

A five-strand barbed-wire fence—which the fugitive took in his stride—saved the gizzard for the time being, but the episode taught young Billy that Paw was a force, and discretion the godmother of romance.

Presently a clanking of pails and a soft voice singing softly "My Southern Ro-o-ose" betokened that Jean was at hand and the coast clear.

He poked his head out of the thicket. "That you, Jeanie?"

"No, love, it's Paw; I'm a mile away, knockin' in fence posts."

Billy heaved a sigh of relief and stepped into the well clearing.

"Oh, quit yer kiddin', honey; but is Paw well away, then—honest?"

"Oh, you great fool! Say, do you think I'm the one that would be lettin' him ketch you here an' load you up with buckshot?"

"Buckshot?" Billy echoed, with alarm. "Wha' d'yer mean?"

"He's toten his scatter-gun about with him now. 'If I ketch that no-good young vermint round here,' he says fifty times a day, 'I'll shoot him all to chicken-feed,' he

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says, an' he means it. Oh, Billy, love, get some money quick and take me away!"

Jean collapsed into tears, wove her arms round his neck, and buried her face in his shirt. Billy groaned. This scatter-gun and buckshot business was a new development. He couldn't think how old man Macpherson could be so wicked. Money! He groaned again.

"Money! Where am I goin' ter get money—pick it off bushes? Why can't you be halfways reasonable, kiddo? Give a feller a chance—money!"

Jean lifted a pair of beseeching misty eyes to his and sobbed aloud. Billy felt desperate.

"Say, Jeanie, d'yer think he'd let me have you if I had jest money?"

"Yes," sobbed Jean, "if you had enough of it."

Jean was very soft and little and pretty. Young Billy let her blubber on his chest for full five minutes, for the feel of the thing, before he attempted to comfort her.

"Say now, Jean lovey, don't cry like that. I'll get some dough, sure enough, if I have ter do murder for it—or go to Alasky. Oh, say, girlie——"

Suddenly he noticed a long shadow sliding across the sunlit patch at their feet. Someone was coming. Paw! He disentangled himself from Jean and gained the sheltering foliage in one bound; but no roar and rip of buckshot followed him, no voice clamoured in raucous Scotch for his gizzard. Instead, he heard Jean give someone a calm "Good day," and the someone give Jean a courteous "Good day" in return. He stepped back into the clearing with as much dignity as was possible—which was not much—under the circumstances.

The someone was a horseman, a tall, dark man, sitting crumpled up in the saddle, with every weary muscle and tendon relaxed. His unshorn face was furred with a greying bristle, about his long limbs hung the tattered remnants of old cowman finery. Both he and his buckskin horse were powdered all over with sweat-caked alkali dust. They must have come a long way, and fast. But what caught and held Billy's eye were the two long-handled Colt revolvers "strapped down" for instant action on either thigh.

The stranger noted his look and winked. "No cause for a scare, son—*I'm* all right. See?"

He turned the flap of his leather vest over and showed the nickel star of a United States Sheriff.

"Out after Jack Negretti," he remarked casually.

Jean squeaked at the name of the notorious outlaw.

"Oh, is he about these parts—that fiend?"

The Sheriff nodded. "We pushed him outer Red Hills at dawn s'mornin', an' he was headin' for Bull Buttes on a bald-faced bay when last seen; but I guess we've gotten him corralled good an' tight now, an' I'll get him afore dark." He tapped one of the long Colts and grinned. "We've got a little pussonal argyment to settle, him an' me. Could you let my cayuse wash her mouth a moment, missy, if you please?"

Jean drew a bucket of water and let the tired pony have a drink—a short one, for the Sheriff dragged her mouth up before she had had two swallows. "No good, old girl; don't make a hog of yourself. You've gotter go on till I can get a fresh horse." He tilted the pail to his own cracked lips.

"Let me draw you a fresh one—that's dirty," Jean offered.

"No time," said the Sheriff, setting the pail down and swinging stiffly into the saddle again. "Well, good day, and thank you kindly." He turned his jaded pony about and rode off through the bushes without another word.

They watched him down the creek until he disappeared behind the spur, dusty, unkempt, weary to death, but inexorable as Fate itself.

"Do you know, I feel almost—almost sorry for that man Negretti," said Jean.

"He's a mean, low cuss—a man-killer!" Billy retorted hotly.

"I know, I know. Still, it must be awful to be hunted on and on, with no way to turn, by men like that."

"It's men like that that keep you from being murdered in your bed at night. If Jack Negret——"

At that moment the discussion was cut short by the stentorian voice of Paw Macpherson in the homestead yard, bawling for his favourite axe—as if he half expected it to answer him—and the lovers went skipping their various ways, Jean up the path with her pails, and young Billy Eldred, by a repetition of his snaky manœuvres, back to where Sambo stood, switching his tail and chewing the bark of the cotton tree.

He mounted and rode slowly off towards where Jonesville lay grilling in its hollow.

He was greatly exercised, was young Billy Eldred. Jean's tears were still damp on his

shirt, and he loved her dearly. She had suddenly called upon him to take her and keep her. He only wished he could. The problem, boiled down, amounted to "money, and how to get it." He hadn't the faintest idea. Apart from Sambo, a tastefully vamped saddle, two blankets, a revolver, the clothes he stood up in, and a dollar bill—won the preceding evening from a Mexican at poker—he hadn't a possession in the world. Hardly enough to start housekeeping on. Personally, he (Billy) was quite contented to bed down anywhere on any old bundle of hay, and could eat his meals comfortably off the lid of a cracker tin—reversed for sweets—but Jean might be more particular—girls had funny ideas.

It was true that Whitey McClintock paid him "twenty-five per" for riding the wide ranges of the Lazy B, but always with the reservation that it was from motives of the purest charity. He didn't think he could very well tackle Whitey for a rise. Whitey was a quick-tempered man, and liable to say a whole lot of things he'd regret afterwards. The Mexican could hardly be counted on as a steady source of income. Greasers were unreliable at the best. Prospects looked pretty black altogether. Still, Jean had wept on his breast—he had promised—it was up to him. Young Billy Eldred puzzled his wits till they ached under the unwonted pressure, but he could think of no way out.

He wished to goodness he was a rich man's son or a lost heir to somebody. He wished he'd find a letter in Jonesville saying he was the lost Duke of London, and that he was free to go the limit with an unlimited bank balance. Jean a dukess, coated a foot deep in diamonds and ostrich fluff—gee whizzle! When he was a duke, he'd make old man Macpherson graze on the lawn and say he liked it. B'gosh he would! He wondered if by any dog's chance he had one of those Caruso voices hidden in his chest, a wonder-voice, a dollar-a-note voice. Why not? He guessed he could sing doggies quiet quicker than any night-herder in the Lone Star State, and none of the boys ever threw anything at him when he sang "My Lulu Girl" by the fire at nights. It *might* be. In imagination he saw himself singing to vast and spell-bound audiences. Frantic ladies threw bouquets at him, frenzied gentlemen pelted him with rolls of greenbacks, and in the biggest and swellest box of the lot sat Jean, smiling at him. 'Way back, on the two-bit benches, writhed Paw Macpherson, gnashing his remaining teeth. Charming fancies!

Sambo plunged at a rattler that lay sunning its scaly length by the trackside, and Billy was jarred out of his Spanish castles back to drab actualities again. Actually he had a precarious twenty-five dollars a month, neither more nor less. Somehow he couldn't picture himself fronting Paw Macpherson and the scatter-gun with only that at his back. It wouldn't be fair to risk making Jean a widow before he had made her a bride, so to speak; she was far too fond of him. If he were only half a man, he'd just ride up to the Macpherson place, swing Jean up before him, and head Sambo into Mexico without any "Yea" or "Nay" on anybody's part. Then he reflected that even in Mexico people eat, and possibly have to pay for their meals; also the pommel of a stock saddle would hardly be comfortable sitting for a sustained tour.

Money—always money! To hell with money! He wished he could open an oil spouter, somewhere or other, all the same.

The one game he knew in and out, back and fore, was the cow game, but there was no money in it for such as he, *sans* backing and capital, unless—unless——

An ugly light came into his eyes, and two heavy furrows puckered his brows. ". . . . Unless a feller did a bit of rustlin'." It was dangerous work, dirty work, but he wanted Jean more than anything else on earth, and Jean meant money.

Those beeves of Brennan's, he could cut them out single-handed, run them into that little valley he had discovered last fall when out hunting strays, leave them there till the din died down, then work them gradually over the Rio Grande into Mexico. In Mexico they asked no questions, and were contented with lies. It shouldn't be dangerous, after all. Brennan was rich, would hardly miss them—in fact, it was doubtful if stealing from a man as wealthy as Brennan was stealing at all. It would only be for once, anyway. Once he got Jean he'd go straight—no man straighter.

He rode on, steeped in thought, hardly noticing where he was going, shaping his plans and visualising the run of the hills where his secret valley lay. The lusty Southern sun reared high over the heave of silver peaks and looked down on the saddest sight on earth—a clean boy going wrong. Thus, brooding blackly in the saddle, Sambo brought him down the main street of Jonesville, and from force of habit stopped

opposite the hitching rack of the principal saloon.

Billy came to himself with a guilty start and looked about him. There seemed to be an unwonted bustle about the town. A dozen mounted men were galloping out of the north-east, kicking up a haze of dust behind them.

Some women and a score or so of citizens were watching their departure with demonstrative interest. One Barney Sheenan, a young Bar X cow-punch of Billy's acquaintance, was tugging his saddle cinches at the saloon rack. He seemed hurried, which was unusual in him.

"What's doin'?" Billy inquired.

"Jack Negretti close here s'mornin'. Eureka folk smoked him outer Bull Buttes at sun-up. Jim Cannon has raised a posse an' gone 'long, too." He nodded towards the flying dust-cloud and swung into the saddle.

"Oh, shucks, I *sabe* all that!" said Billy, conscious of his inferiority. "The Eureka Sheriff himself tol' me that much and more, early on. Negretti's ridin' a bald-face bay, if that's any use to you."

"Eureka Sheriff! Bald-face bay!" Sheenan retorted, as he spun his rearing pony about. "Why, you mutt, he shot the Eureka Sheriff hisself yesterday, an' he's ridin' the Sheriff's mare, a buckskin." He brought his quirt down with a swish, and galloped after the vanishing posse.

Young Billy Eldred's jaw sagged and his eyes bulged.

"A buckskin mare—the Sheriff's star—by Heavens!"

Then he—he (Billy Eldred) had been talking to Jack Negretti himself that very morning—Jack Negretti, the bad man, the outlaw, with three thousand dollars on his head! Oh, the cunning snake! Three thousand dollars! And only he (Billy Eldred) knew exactly which way he was headed! By Heavens, into his hands, into his hands!

He dismounted slowly, walked into the local store, and spent his remaining dollar bill in revolver shells, mounted again, and rode back the way he had come. By the willowed well at Macpherson's he picked up the outlaw's trail.

It led down the gully, over the hill saddle, and across the flats above.

At one place the footprints of a bunch of range mares crossed the trail, but the buckskin had a sand-crack in her near hind hoof which stamped her "sign" as unmistakably to Billy, a plainsman, as if he had read it in a book, and in a few minutes he had disentangled it, and was following hard towards the outrunning spurs of the foothills.

In places—sometimes for a mile at a stretch—boot-prints by the side of the hoof-prints told Billy that the outlaw was walking to save the mare, which must be pretty near done. Your cowman does not walk until he has to, in the worst sort of way.

Negretti had had possibly two and a half hours' start, but Sambo was fresh, and Billy felt he must be gaining two miles in every three. Nevertheless, he pushed the black to the utmost, for he knew he must be on terms with his man before nightfall. There was the posse to beat as well.

The afternoon drew in, purple shadows began to lengthen and thicken among the mountain crags above him, but still he could catch no sight of his quarry. The country grew steeper and rougher, she-oaks gave over to stunted hill spruce, and large lumps of rock cumbered the track.

Negretti's "sign" showed he had urged the jaded mare into a lope.

"If he gets into them rocks in the dark, I'll never get him out," said Billy, and rubbed his spurs into Sambo.

Far down on the plain below he could see a line of dust-coloured specks sweeping in clouds of dust towards the foothills—the posse.

The timber grew denser and shut out every view but that of the trail winding ever on and up.

An evening hill breeze toyed gently with the tops of the spruce; but for its gentle soughing and the scramble of Sambo's hoofs on the shale, there was no other sound.

Thus he came into the clearing before the deserted lumberman's shack known locally as "Bethmann's," and here Sambo suddenly pricked his ears, sniffed, and whinnied. Billy instantly silenced him with a quirt blow on the nose, whipped into cover behind some tree trunks, and waited. Nothing happened. However, the pony was still carrying his head high and his ears cocked well forward. There must be something about.

He waited some two minutes longer, then slipped to the ground and commenced working cautiously round the shack under cover of the timber.

Three-quarters of the way round he almost stumbled over the buckskin mare. She was



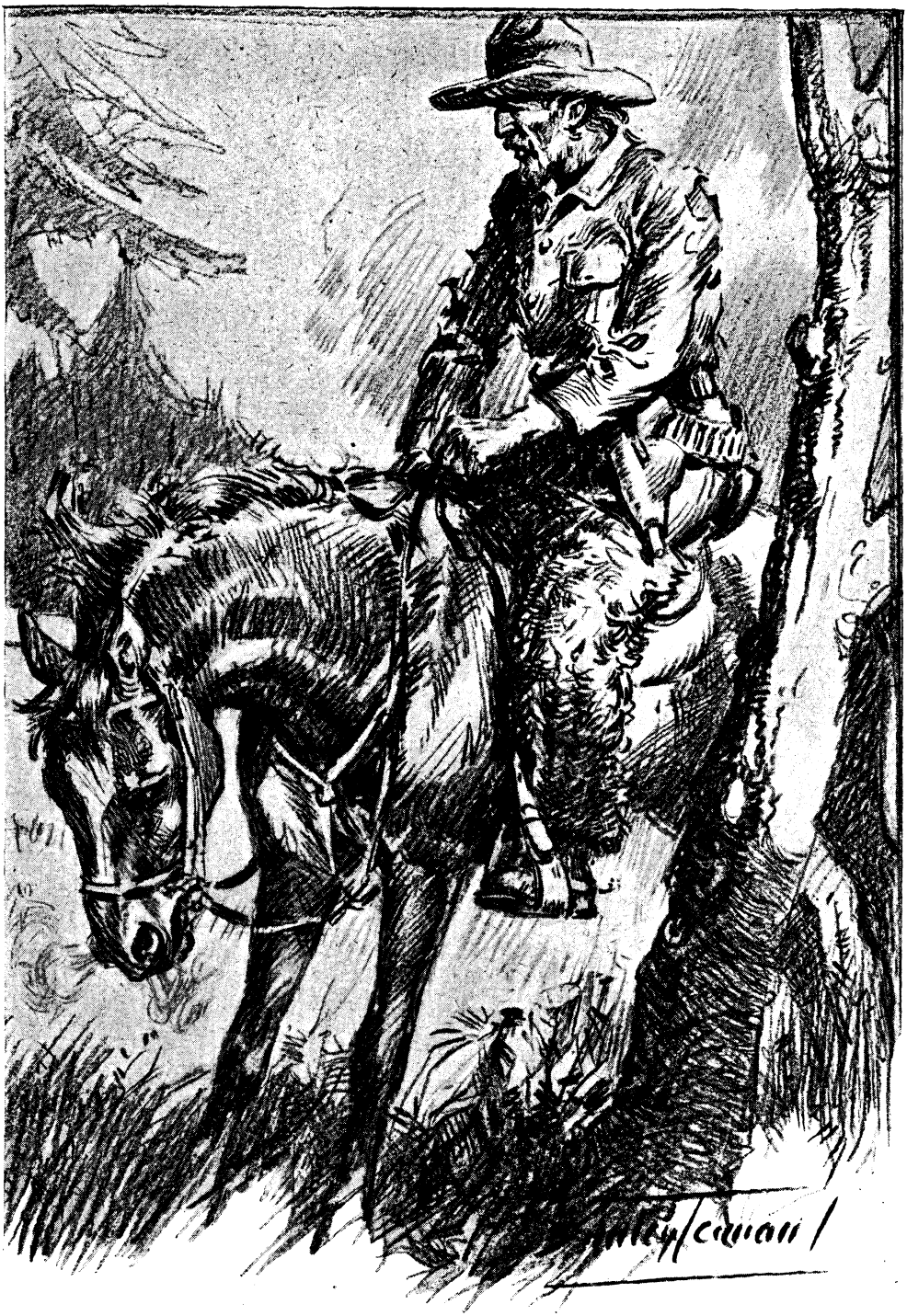
"'Oh, is he about these parts—that fiend?'"

lying behind an outcrop of quartz, her saddle and bridle still on.

At first he thought her dead, but a quiver of overwrought muscles and a fluttering of her flanks contradicted this—she was merely dead beat.

He wondered where Negretti could be. Probably gone on into the rocks on foot—not likely to be in the shack, as the loggers had left it only a week, and might be back at any time. Still, he must try it.

He worked round to the end of the shack,



"'I guess we've gotten him corralled good an' tight now.'"

which had no window, across the open space on his stomach, then on under the wall to the door. Here he paused.

Negretti *might* be there, after all. He was a sure shot, too, Negretti. Young Billy Eldred's heart began to fail him. He felt horribly lonely. Life was a delectable thing, it seemed to him that evening, with the

sunset blood-red over the Sierras, the plains below—his native plains—hazy with the swift-striding dusk, a wild bird singing in the bush, and the scents of the timber tingling in his nostrils. Life was a sweet, desirable thing, worth more than three thousand dollars. If he crept away as he had come, nobody would be a whit the wiser, nobody. On the other hand, some persistent voice kept whispering "Jean, Jean, Jean!" in his ears. Three thousand dollars would mean Jean. He poignantly remembered her in his arms that morning, pretty, soft, and tearful, calling on him to play the man and take her away. He stood up and cocked his revolver striker carefully. He loved life, but he loved Jean more. He would go through with it.

He was no coward, young Billy Eldred, for all that he had done a record hundred yards before Paw Macpherson's blacksnake.

He fingered the latch, drew a deep breath, then kicked the door violently inwards, and threw up his gun. There was nobody there.

He peered into the gloom of the interior, but could make out no living thing, nothing but the rough board table and the outline of a deck of straw-littered bunks. He laughed aloud with relief and stepped in.

"By gee, I prutty nigh scared myself to death!" said he, then froze slowly solid, for a cold ring of metal was being pressed into his neck, just behind the ear.

"S'up!" said a chilly voice behind him, and young Billy Eldred put up his hands, his gun clattering on the floor, from whence it was immediately garnered by the invisible man.

It was Negretti, he knew well enough. The outlaw had been watching him all the time, had been standing quietly behind the door. Fool that he was, not to have thought of that!

He wondered vaguely how long it would be before he was killed. He wondered how it would feel, that lump of lead tearing through his head, mashing bone and brains. He hoped he wouldn't moan and quiver much, like one man he had seen.

He felt a blundering, nervous hand feeling down his shirt and pants for any concealed weapon, then tug his loaded belt loose and toss it across the floor.

"Turn around—let's see you," said the voice, and he turned full to the light of the door.

"By Heavens, the kid down by the well s'mornin'! Huh! You taken to man-huntin', too?" he roared.

"N-no—yes," stammered young Billy Eldred through dry lips.

The outlaw glared at him, snarling uglily. He was not a hopeful sight. He looked even more dishevelled than he had that morning. The grey stubble on his chin seemed longer and dirtier, his eyes more heavy-lidded and bloodshot, his cheeks more hollow.

"You cub! You—you dirty, sneaking li'l yellow pup! So you thought you'd belt my scalp, did yer? Me, Jack Negretti! Hain't the Jonesville country got any men left, that they must send you along, you crawling, li'l blubbering sucker?" With every word he seemed to work himself further into a passion, and go temporarily out of his senses. He sprayed Billy with the filthiest abuse, trembling all over, a dribble of saliva running from the corner of his mouth. As a climax he spat twice in the boy's face.

Eventually he paused from sheer lack of breath, seemed to recover himself somewhat, and regarded Billy curiously for some seconds. "Say, Bub, what harm did I ever done you?"

"None," Billy choked. The sweat was beading from his every pore, cold sweat.

"Then what did yer wanter get me for? 'Cause I'm a bad man, a killer, eh? So I am, I suppose!" He stopped as if the full import of this had never struck him before. "Bad man, killer!" he muttered to himself once or twice. When he looked up at Billy again, his eyes were no longer maniacal, but almost wistful.

"Listen, you here. S'posin' you'd worked like hell for fifteen years to get a li'l place together, an' you get her, an' you keep her by the skin of your teeth for two years. By'm-by, when things is beginnin' to look kinder easier, along comes a bad season, an' your calves die, an' your cows peg out of milk-fever. Then one day you finds two strange calves—strays—a-suckin' on your cows—only two, mind you. What would you say? You'd say: 'Oh, shucks, let 'em ramble; nobody won't miss 'em.' An' you let 'em ramble, an' maybe fake the brands a bit, you bein' a poor man an' hard hit. S'posin' someone does happen along what do miss them calves, an' can recognise them on account of them bein' tattooed on the gums, where you never thought of lookin'. You're for it then—penitentiary, years of it—you who'd lived in the open all your life. What would you do? Run for it? Shore you would.

"S'posin' somebody trails you an' is for arrestin' you—to put you in penitentiary, you what's lived in the open. You pulls a gun, maybe, jest to bluff him like, stall him off, but the crazy fool runs in on you, an' your gun goes off—you're a murderer now!

"All the country's up an' after you! You're hunted round like a coyote, night an' day, week in, week out, they cuts you off the water tanks, they hunts you in bunches, they hunts you in relays. When one lot is tired, a fresh lot takes on; but there ain't no one to take on from you, nobody on earth. Now an' again they gets a bit too close, an' you does a bit more shootin', bein' naturally riled-like an' tired of it all. Why, look here" —he ran his hand over the grey bristle— "that was black two months ago—black, I tell you!

"Well, s'posin' all this happened to you, son, what would you have done if you'd been a growed man, an' had run on the range all your life? What do you say?"

"I'm real sorry," said Billy, and meant it. "I never thought of it that way—I only thought on the——"

"On the what? Spit it out."

"On the dough," Billy answered, and hung his head.

"The dough—the three thousand dollars! B'gosh, I'm shore some much fat beeve these days! Three thousand bucks on my carcase! I'd admire to have that painted on my gravestone some day: 'He was wuth three thousand dollars, dead.' But what are you wantin' three thousand for all that crazy bad? It's a lotter money, son."

"I wanter get married," said Billy, in a whisper.

"To that filly-girl at the well—she what give me a drink?"

Billy nodded.

"Say, did she chase you out after me?"

"No, she don't know nothin' about it."

The outlaw lowered the barrel of his revolver.

"Well, you'll have ter think up some other scheme now."

"D'yer mean—d'yer mean—you ain't goin' —goin' to shoot me up?" asked Billy, astounded. Such clemency was unbelievable.

"Well, yes. Whyfor should I gun you? You ain't never caused me no bother, baby. I'd as soon shoot a woman. I'm goin' to take your pony and go on again." He looked through the window to where the Sierras were fading rose-coloured into a violet sky, the lands of freedom. "On again! I'm goin' to take your gun and shells, and if them bloodhounds come too close, I'll make 'em sorry they comed huntin'. I'm goin' now, an' don't you move for fifteen minutes, or then I shore will blow your head in. I'll be close around. Sit over agin that bunk!" He stepped sideways out of the door, closed it, and was gone.

Billy sat obediently on the bunk edge and waited. He did not want to move—had too much to think about. He did not try to comfort his pride—its wound was mortal. He sat still, as if in a trance, while the thoughts rioted through his brain. Once he imagined he heard a shot without, and supposed the posse had come up. Not that he cared. He tip-toed to the window, but could see nothing through the thickening dusk.

At the end of half an hour he opened the door and crept across the clearing.

Something rustled under the trees, and he threw himself face downwards on the ground. A horse nickered, walked out from under the trees, and nosed him where he lay in the grass. It was Sambo.

Negretti hadn't taken him, after all, neither had he taken the buckskin mare. She was lying where he had left her earlier on. He rose to his feet and walked forward, perplexed; listened, but could hear never a sound. Then he saw a scrap of paper gleaming white in the dusk. It was pinned into the crack of a windfall by the stump of a pencil. He picked it up, and, as he did so, saw the shape of a man lying on the far side of the log. He knew instinctively that it was Negretti, and that he was dead. He was lying face downwards in the pine needles, his head pillowed on his arms, like a man who has come to the end of a long trail and falls heavily asleep.

The boy picked up the paper and laboriously spelt the scrawled lettering out—

"You kan keep yore pone; I ain't going on. I is to tired, and it is no use, anyway. Trade yore gun for mine and tell them you shot me with her—the barel is dirte.

"Giv the $3000 to yore gurl for the drink she giv me.

"I am going to get all the sleep I am wanting rite now.

"They wont put me in no penitenshary.

"J. M. NEGRETTI."

Young Billy Eldred crushed the paper into his pocket, and, taking his hat in his hands, gazed over the windfall at the man who had, according to his lights, played a

one-sided game gamely. His mouth quivered, and two hot tears ran down his boyish cheeks, for he knew that there, but for the grace of God, lay himself, Billy Eldred.

He picked up the long Colt, turned it over in his fingers, then dropped it back in the grass and turned away.

"I guess Jean an' me can make out without that—that blood-money!" he said, and, mounting Sambo, rode off down the hill trail.

THE HOURS OF ILLNESS.

HOW slow creeps time! I hear the midnight chime,
And now late revellers prepare for sleep;
A last gay voice rings in a passing rhyme,
And past my door the anxious footsteps creep.

The little clocks from hidden places call
'Tis one o'clock; downstairs the big clock's bell
Tolls deep, and then comes forth the merry chime
Like laughing children calling "All is well!"

'Tis two o'clock! Why in the lonesome room
This creak and crack, if there be no one here?
Whose feet disturb the loose board of the floor?
Whose secret presence fills the dark with fear?

'Tis three o'clock! O God, when comes sweet rest?
To sleep, to sleep, within this sleeping house,
Where all could wake with less fatigue than I,
Where no one stirs save some adventurous mouse!

'Tis four o'clock! Death stands at my bed-head
In meditation deep, with hidden face,
And I alone—a coward—alone, afraid,
Lest he from his dread brow the shroud displace.

'Tis five o'clock! Within the empty room,
Threading their way, the happy dead appear,
More living than the quick in this still night—
All whom I loved or held me ever dear.

'Tis six o'clock! Death moves from my bed-head,
Flings back the shroud from off his hidden face.
"O gentle death! O fair and lovely shade,
Lift this sad spirit from its dwelling-place!"

The clock at seven! Hear the milkman come.
Loud clangs the gate; the room is chill and dark.
The maid, reluctant rising, frees the door;
A dog runs forth with shrill, offensive bark.

The clock strikes eight! The curtains pulled aside
Let in the light, so cold, so bleak, so grey.
From their dark hiding come familiar things,
And through my window looks another day.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

PICTURES FROM SHAKESPEARE

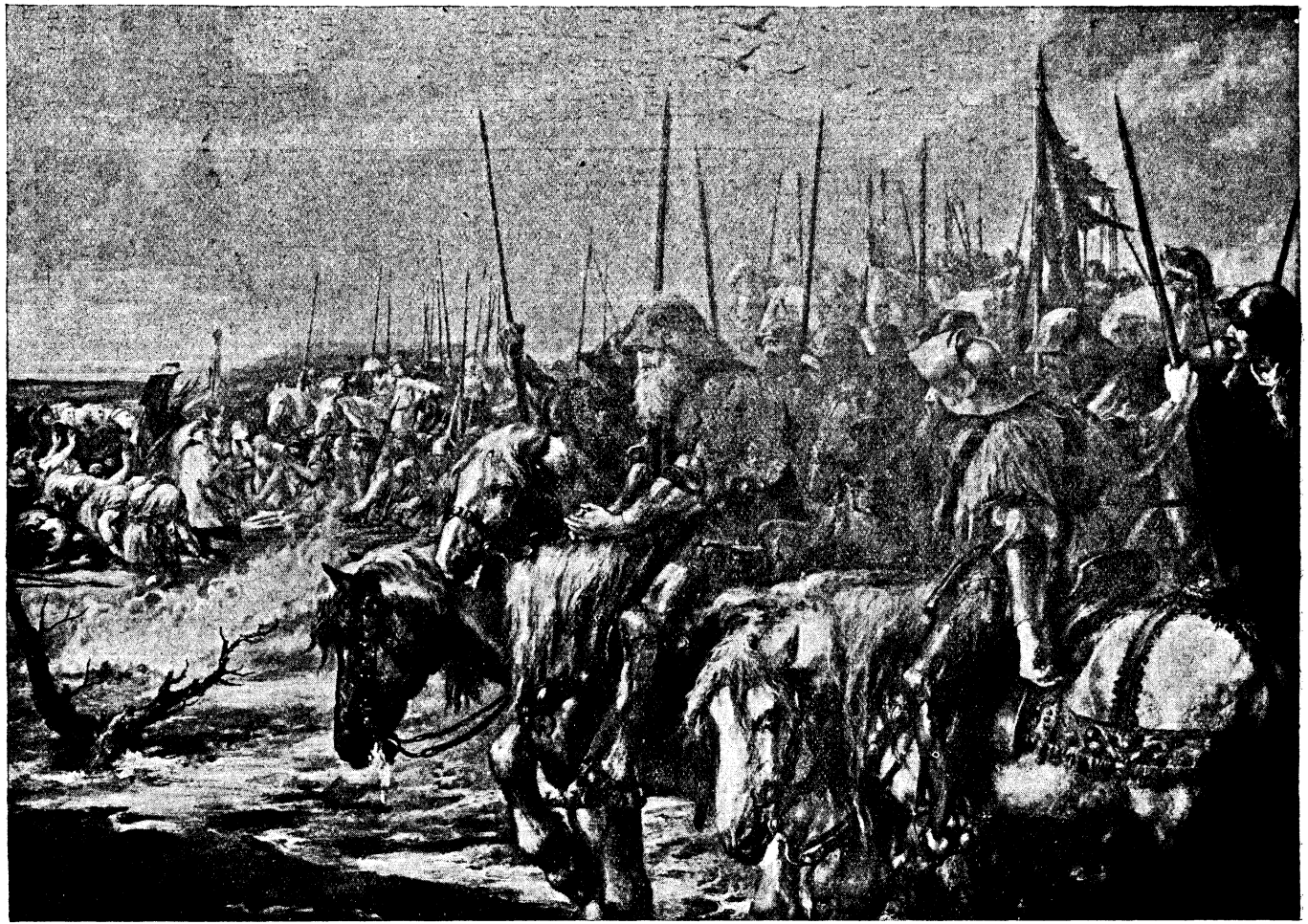
SCENES FROM THE ENGLISH HISTORIES

"KING HENRY V.," "KING HENRY VI.," "KING RICHARD III.," "KING HENRY VIII."

THE noble epic in dramatic form, in which Shakespeare presents his ideal of a pattern king in the person of Henry V., has lent itself to illustration in a number of pictures which are good in their way, without having inspired any one work of supreme illumination. No artist has succeeded in giving us a vision of King Henry himself which is as satisfying, for instance, as the several "Hamlet" pictures by Delacroix, the "Rosalind and Celia" of Millais, the "Richard III. and Lady Anne" and "O Mistress Mine" of Edwin Abbey, or the "Claudio and Isabella" of Holman Hunt; but then the noblity of the finest moments of "Henry V." is a spiritual thing, even more difficult to express on canvas than some of the emotions of "Hamlet," which are suggested in scenes of vehement action such as is in itself essentially pictorial in its very strangeness. Hamlet's speeches to his mother, for instance, or his interview with the players, and the play scene itself, and Hamlet's conversation with the gravediggers, are moments which lend themselves fittingly to terms of paint. But the lofty patriotism of King Henry's finest speeches, like the splendid rhetoric of Faulconbridge's words at the close of "King John," remains a lyrical expression of noble thought which all the painter's art cannot represent to the eye as successfully as the poet's words convey it to the mind. Outside this limitation



"HENRY V. AND KATHARINE OF FRANCE." BY F. DICKSEE, R.A.



"THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT." BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

From the original in the Guildhall Art Gallery.

to the fullest rendering of Henry's lofty ideal of kingship in terms of paint or black-and-white art, however, there stands forth a very interesting pageant of pictures and drawings done to illustrate the moving incidents of history in the making, in the Court scenes, English and French, and the battlefield episodes in France.

The classical figure of the "Chorus," which introduces the play, has been represented only in book illustration by Sir John Gilbert and in the later work of H. C. Selous, although the beauty of Romney's painting of Cassandra, as prophetess, declaiming in the streets of Troy, in the play of "Troilus and Cressida," makes one wish that the artist had given us a picture of this "Chorus" in the act of conjuring up to the mind's eye of the playgoer the moving pageantry which was beyond the resources of the Elizabethan theatre to produce.

The opening scene of the play, with its dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely, from which we learn of the notable reformation in the character of the madcap Prince Hal under the gravity of his new responsibilities of kingship, has been illustrated by Sir John Gilbert. Then, passing to the Presence Chamber, and the debate as to the lawfulness of Henry's claim to the throne of France, we come to a vivid drawing by Mr. Byam Shaw of the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech to the King, and dramatic renderings in black-and-white by both Gilbert and H. C. Selous of the moment of indignation over the arrival of the Dauphin's scornful gift of tennis-balls, culminating in the young King's eloquent rebuke of the Dauphin's ambassadors, and his decision to proceed at once with the proposed expedition to France.



"CHOOSING THE TWO SYMBOLS FOR THE WARS OF THE ROSES." BY JOSIAH BOYDELL.

The first separate picture of larger kind done from this play, in the order of its narrative, is probably Henry Fuseli's painting of the scene in which the young King denounces the conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey, a forcible work which expresses more of the stern emotions of the scene than some of its painter's other renderings of Shakespearian subjects. This painting, originally done for the Boydell series, is now in the

Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon, to which it was presented by the late Elliot Galer, the American actor.

The quaint pathos of Mistress Quickly's description of Falstaff's death, in the inimitable little interlude which follows, is, of course, outside the scope of pictorial expression, the flavour of it being chiefly in the words; but Fuseli did a picture of this scene, and Selous and other illustrators give us the setting of the hostess's wonderful speech, and the ensuing dialogue between her and the dead knight's tavern associates. Passing over the minor drawings which have been done to illustrate the intervening scene at the French Court, we come to a vigorous and impressive picture, by Mr. Charles Robinson, of the moment before Harfleur, in which King Henry leads the attack with his great speech beginning:



"MORTIMER AND RICHARD PLANTAGENET IN THE TOWER."
BY JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more!

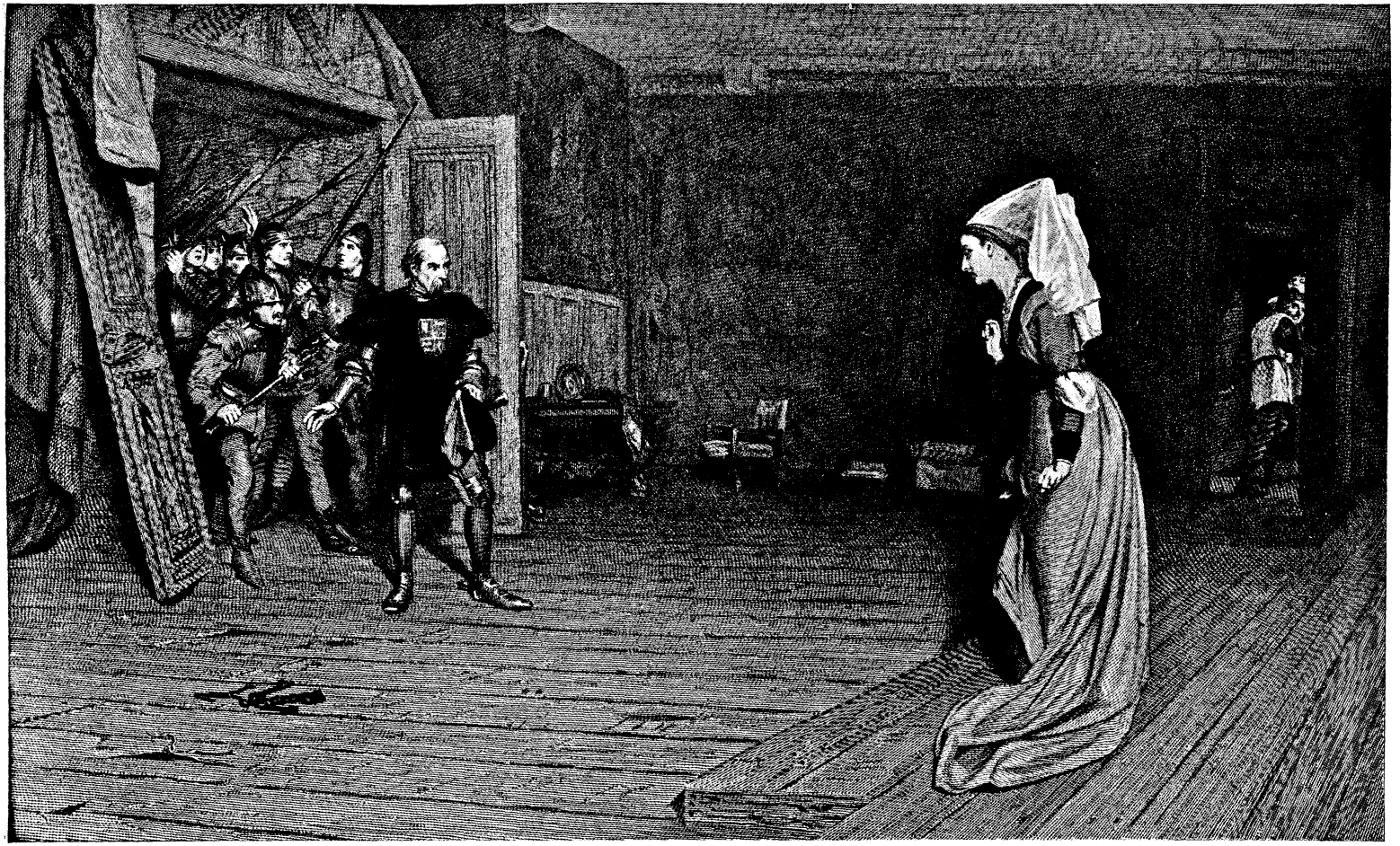
One of Mr. Byam Shaw's finest illustrations also shows us Henry, on horseback, leading the charge. Then, but for a few illustrations in book form, we pass to the English camp at Agincourt, from which Edwin Abbey made a fine study in oils of Henry kneeling in prayer, with the impassioned lines that begin—

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!

An interesting picture of this scene, by Mr. Henry, was exhibited at the Academy a few years ago, and the spirituality of the situation is skilfully expressed in Mr. Byam Shaw's rendering of it in black-and-white. H. C. Selous did a picture from the later scene in which the King replies to Westmoreland with his stirring speech about St. Crispin's Day—

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother . . .
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's Day.

The scene of parley between King Henry and the French herald, Mountjoy, forms one of the best of Sir John Gilbert's drawings; but that distinguished artist's finest work in illustration of this play is his noble picture of "The Morning Before Agincourt," which is one of the chief treasures of the Guildhall Art Gallery. The ensuing scene of Henry's thanksgiving for victory is represented in one of Gilbert's large drawings with the same nobility of feeling, though necessarily without the beauty of colouring which distinguishes the more important work.



"TALBOT AND THE COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE." BY SIR WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.

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"JOAN OF ARC AND CHARLES THE DAUPHIN."
BY H. C. SELOUS.

Both Gilbert and Selous did illustrations of scenes described by the Chorus, Selous representing the speech which introduces the fourth act, with its contrasted descriptions of the English and French camps, and Gilbert preferring the spirited picture of the victorious Henry's return to London, which opens the last act of the play. Mr. Byam Shaw also illustrates scenes described by the Chorus before the second and fifth acts. Fluellen and his fellow-officers, Pistol and his French prisoner, and the farcical interlude of Pistol's enforced eating of the leek, with the incident of the soldier Williams and the King's glove, have been illustrated in black-and-white by Gilbert, Selous, Edwin Abbey, and other artists; but for further pictures in oils or water-colours, with the exception of H. W. Bunbury's humorous rendering of Pistol eating the leek, we pass to the scene of Henry's wooing of the French Princess, Katharine of Valois, of which at least three interesting paintings have been done by Thomas Stothard, Mr. W. F. Yeames, and Mr. Frank Dicksee, in addition to black-and-white renderings by Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Byam Shaw, and other artists. Single character-studies of Princess Katharine herself include an early work by J. W. Wright, and a charming picture by that gifted painter of gracious feminine types, the late Lady Alma-Tadema.

How much of the "First Part" of the trilogy of "King Henry VI." is really the work of Shakespeare, and how much is that of Greene, Marlowe, Peele, or some lesser hand, must probably always remain one of the unsolved problems of textual criticism, for it is hardly likely that any further documentary evidence will ever come to light. For the purposes of our present survey, however, which is concerned only with the pictures inspired by the plays ascribed to Shakespeare in the bulk of his collected works, it is sufficient to note that the most important pictures painted from the first part of the trilogy of "Henry VI." are all based upon the only scenes in the play which can be held completely worthy of Shakespeare himself. These are the curious little episode at the castle of the Countess of Auvergne; the momentous meeting in the gardens of the Temple, at which Richard Plantagenet and the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick make their hot encounter of words, and pluck the red and white roses which are thenceforth to be the emblems of the rival factions of York and Lancaster, throughout the long Wars of the Roses; the dying speech of Edmund Mortimer,

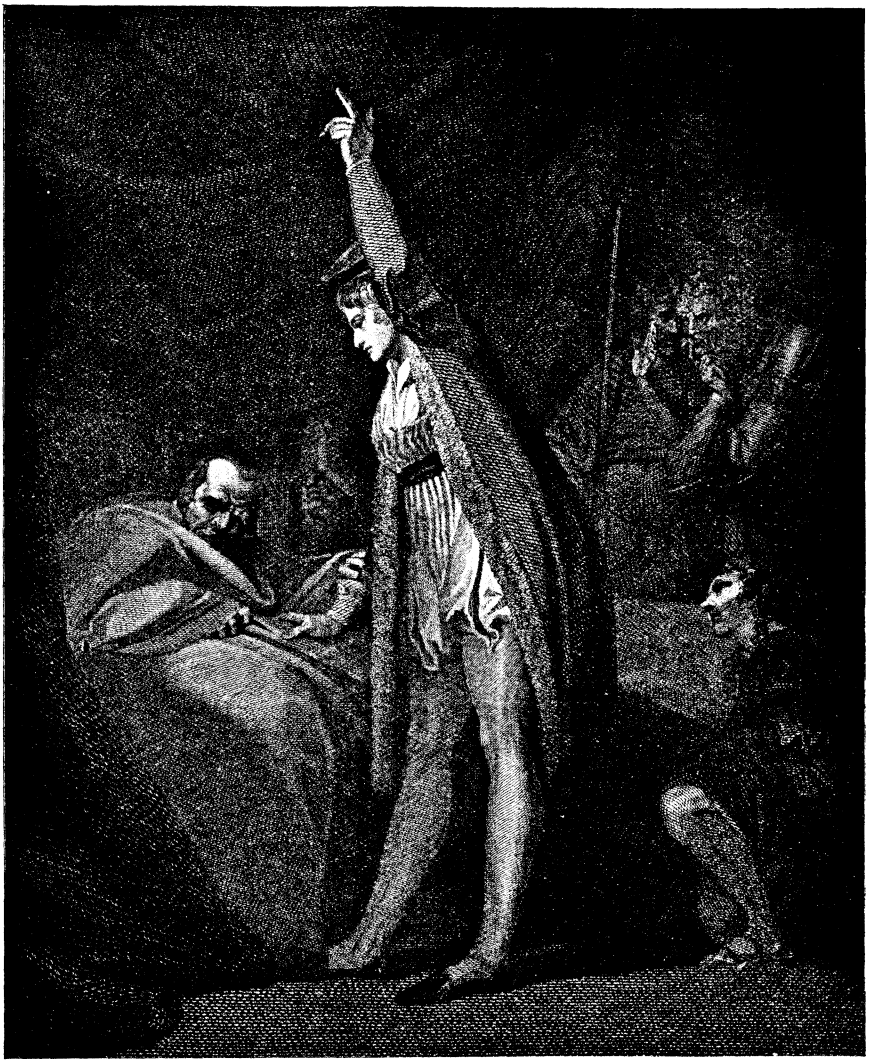


"THE PENANCE OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER."
BY CHARLES GREEN.

Earl of March, in the Tower of London; and the death of the noble Talbot on the battle-field in Gascony, the body of his dead son in his arms, and on his lips the fine speech which ends—

> Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
> Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

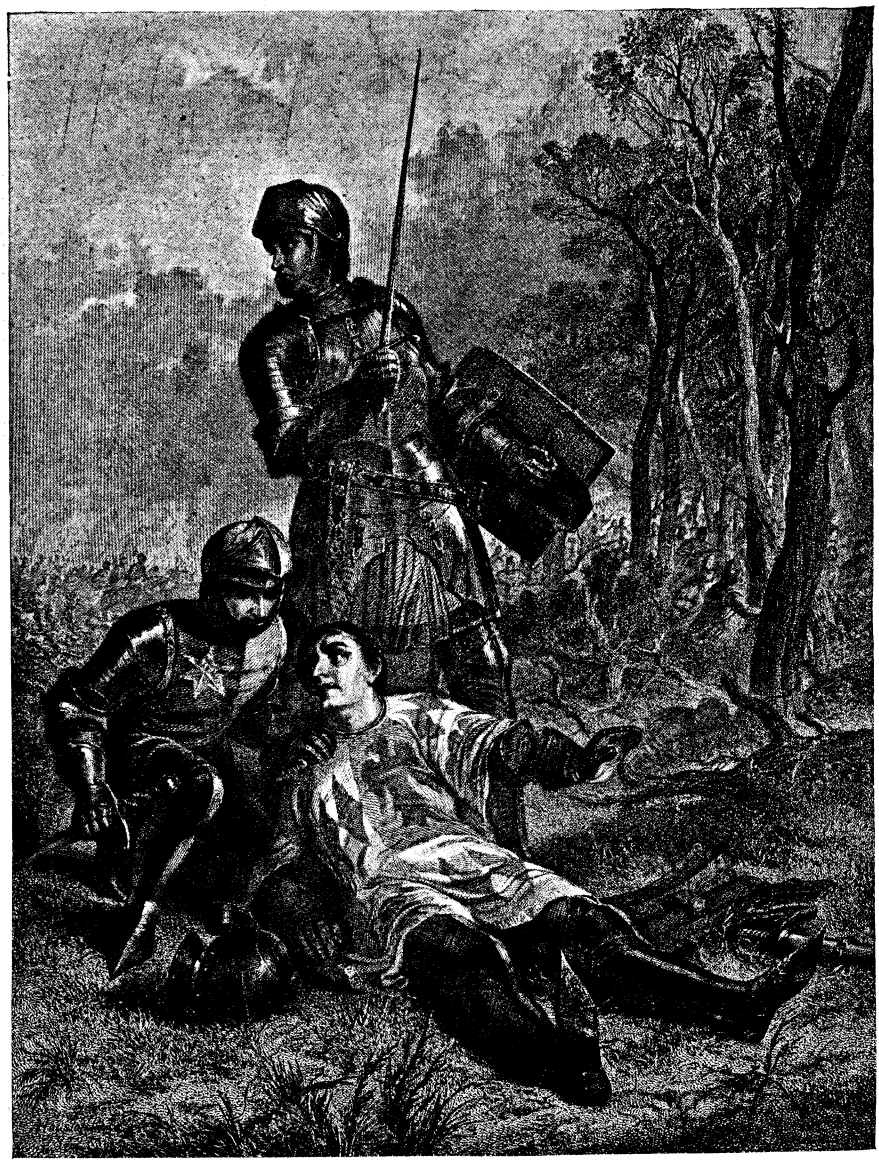
Shakespeare, more satisfying than his "Hamlet and Ophelia," and worthy to rank with his "Imogen in the Cave" and "Christopher Sly." This moment is also most happily treated by Mr. Byam Shaw, whose characterisation of both the Countess and that fine type of British soldierhood,



"THE DEATH OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT: KING HENRY EXHORTING HIM TO MAKE HIS PEACE WITH HEAVEN." BY HENRY FUSELI.

The first of these four memorable scenes, the interview between Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne, an episode without any foundation on fact, is represented in one of the most distinguished of John Opie's works, and also inspired one of the best of Sir William Quiller Orchardson's pictures from Lord Talbot, skilfully illustrates the dialogue of the scene. Sir John Gilbert, H. C. Selous, and Edwin Abbey, also did different versions in black-and-white of this dramatic duel of wits between the patriotic Frenchwoman and the commander-in-chief of the invading English forces.

The incident of the choice of the red and white roses, as the insignia of the rival Houses of Lancaster and York for the civil war that was to rend England in twain for some years to come, was chosen by John Pettie as the theme for a picture which is so vivid in its strength and characterisation as to make one regret anew that its clever painter did not attempt any theme from the greater tragedies of the poet more important than his "Osric" scene from "Hamlet." The choosing of the roses had previously been painted for the Boydell series by Josiah Boydell, the nephew of the founder of the enterprise, and at a later date another forcible rendering of the scene was done by J. D. Watson. More recently this subject has been painted in a decorative manner by Mr. Henry Payne as an addition to the series of mural paintings in the Houses of Parliament.



"THE DEATH OF WARWICK, 'THE KING-MAKER,' AT THE BATTLE OF BARNET."
BY J. A. HOUSTON.

Reproduced from an engraving published by Virtue & Co.



"THE CROWN OFFERED TO RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

From the painting in the Royal Exchange.

The dying speech of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, with its record of his long languishing in captivity in the Tower of London, "since Henry Monmouth first began to reign," presents a concise summary of the diverging interests and claims to the throne of the descendants of Edward III., which are presently to be revived in the Wars of the Roses. Incidentally it also supplies some essential connecting links in the continuity of Shakespeare's long series of plays from English kingship, which was still more luminously presented to the eye by Sir Frank Benson's valuable series of performances of this whole series of chronicle-plays, in the consecutive order of their historical events, at a former Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. In addition to the historical value of this scene, there is the verbal quality of it, which marks it as undoubtedly the work of Shakespeare, occurring, as it does, between scenes that are far more reminiscent of both Marlowe and Greene. The earliest picture of any importance inspired by this moment is that of James Northcote, done for the Boydell series, which is theatrical, like all its painter's work, yet succeeds in suggesting something of the emotions of the scene in the play, which happen to be of the kind that most demand rhetorical expression on the stage. Perhaps that is why few artists have sought to illustrate this scene, despite its importance to the understanding of the ensuing plays, and the authentic Shakespearian note of its ringing lines.

The exquisite pathos of the brave Talbot's death, with the already dead body of his young son in his arms, has, somewhat curiously, escaped the artists, with the exception of H. C. Selous, who achieved one of his best illustrations with this subject.

Turning to those scenes which are but dubiously Shakespeare's, and seem more likely to have been the work of an earlier dramatist—perhaps only edited by him, with the original additions already considered—we find fewer pictures of note, as is only natural, but much excellent work in the form of black-and-white illustration. The sombre scene of the funeral of Henry V. at Westminster Abbey, at the opening of the play, which has been variously ascribed to Greene, Marlowe, and Kyd, inspires one of the most remarkable of Mr. Byam Shaw's drawings, the moment chosen being the interruption of the obsequies by the entrance of the messenger with

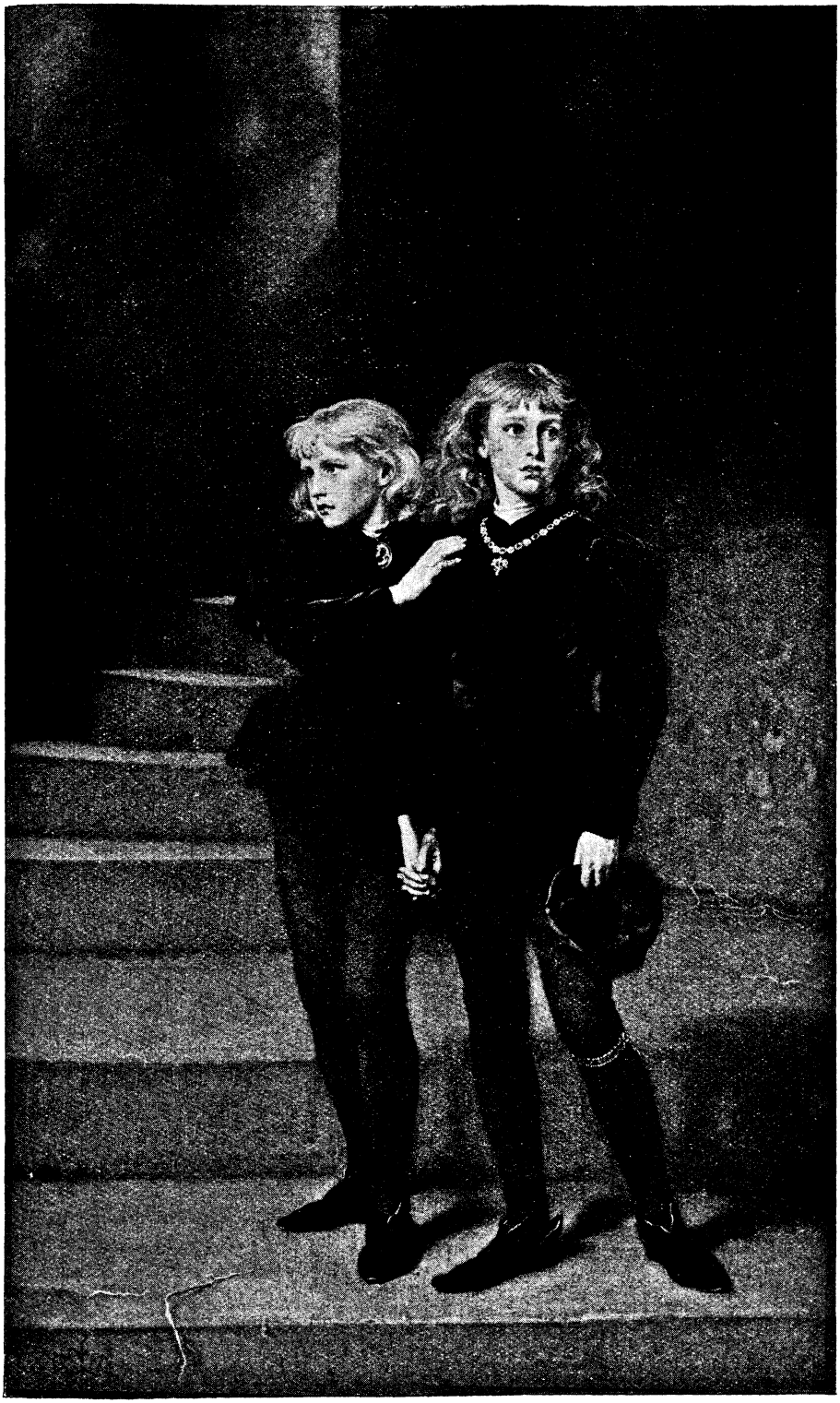
> . . . . sad tidings out of France
> Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture.

The ensuing scenes, with their lamentable misrepresentation of the noble Joan of Arc, one cannot think to have been Shakespeare's. If they belong to an earlier play which he was merely re-editing for a revival on the stage, one wonders that he even passed them; but he may have done so only because they were already familiar in the playhouse. With but two exceptions, they have been pictured only in the form of book illustrations, of which the most notable are Sir John Gilbert's "La Pucelle," H. C. Selous' "Joan and the Dauphin," and Mr. Byam Shaw's finely imaginative rendering of Joan's words—

> Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
> God's Mother deigned to appear to me,
> And in a vision full of majesty
> Willed me to leave my base vocation
> And free my country from calamity.

Joan's appearance on the walls of Orleans, attended by the grateful Dauphin, after the recapture of the city from the English, under the Maid's leadership, forms the subject of one of the larger paintings done by H. C. Selous upon Shakespearian themes. It is a vigorous and picturesque rendering of a martial moment, but has less real feeling than some of the same artist's smaller illustrations to this play in black-and-white. Joan's parley with Burgundy, and his return to his French allegiance under her persuasion, was illustrated by T. H. Nicholson; and from this scene upon the plains near Rouen, Sir John Gilbert did his best study of the Maid of Orleans, whom he shows on horseback, acclaimed with enthusiasm by the soldiery. Joan, in the decline of her success, having resort to "charming spells," and summoning the "choice spirits" to her aid with "ancient incantations," forms one of the scenes that are least Shakespearian in quality, but has been illustrated with a certain grim symbolism by Selous, and in a larger painting by Henry Fuseli; and the Maid as a prisoner, repudiating all knowledge of the shepherd who claims to be her father, is represented in drawings by both Selous and Sir John Gilbert. More important paintings which seek to represent the famous Maid are those of Millais and G. W. Joy, and the battle-scenes by Frank Craig and Roland Wheelwright, in which she is the principal figure; but all of these are based on incidents from history or legend, and are not limited to any one moment described in the scenes of this play.

Before the noble Maid passes from our sight to her terrible death, the other main theme of feminine interest which is to run throughout



"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER." BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

Reproduced by permission of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, W., publishers of the large engraving.

the two ensuing "parts" of this trilogy is briefly introduced in the strange episode of Suffolk's wooing of Margaret of Anjou, by proxy, to be the wife of his royal master, the youthful Henry VI., a scene skilfully illustrated by Mr. Byam Shaw. From this episode we may pass to the meeting of Henry and Margaret; which opens the second part of the play. Here we come to a still more complicated problem as to the amount of the play which can be held to be really the work of Shakespeare, so for the purposes of a pictorial survey only it must suffice us that, in these second and third parts of "Henry VI.," though there is much work that is not certainly Shakespeare's own, there is also much that is characteristically his, and nothing as unworthy of him as the Joan of Arc scenes in the first part.

The presentation of Margaret to her royal suitor by his deputy, the Earl of Suffolk, after her arrival in London, has been illustrated by both Gilbert and Selous, but neither artist touches quite the same curious point of interest as the beautiful old painting of their wedding by Jan Mabuse, which is in the collection of the Duke of Sutherland. That ceremony, however, forms no part of the play, and for further pictures from its story we may pass by several less important illustrations of the developing intrigue at Court to works inspired by the conspiracy of the Duchess of Gloucester, with its weird introduction of the supernatural. The invocation of the "spirit" raised from the unseen world was painted by Opie with a grim power which almost induces a thrill, and reminds one how impressive this scene became in performance on the stage, in Sir Frank Benson's revival of this play at Stratford-on-Avon. In black-and-white, too, this scene has been rendered with weird effectiveness by both Gilbert and Selous. An altogether more important picture, however, was inspired by the punishment meted out to the Duchess upon the discovery of her intrigue, in the work of Edwin Abbey, which represents her enforced act of public penance in the streets. This picture is notable for the combined effects of poignant emotion and finely decorative



"THE QUARREL OF WOLSEY AND BUCKINGHAM." BY SOLOMON A. HART, R.A.

Reproduced from the engraving published by Virtue & Co.

beauty that distinguished this artist's several large pictures from Shakespeare, in which a wealth of colour is added to the always expressive design of his black-and-white work. Charles Green painted a picture of this scene in his much less decorative manner, representing the pathetic moment of Duke Humphrey's grief-stricken approach to his wife in the street, with the words: "Be patient, gentle Nell!" A drawing of this scene by Sir John Gilbert is one of that artist's best illustrations to the trilogy of



"MRS. SIDDONS, AS KATHARINE OF ARRAGON, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE KEMBLE FAMILY—JOHN, STEPHEN, AND CHARLES—IN THE TRIAL SCENE." BY G. H. HARLOW.

From the original in the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on Avon.

"Henry VI." in book form, and the pathos of it is truly expressed by Mr. Byam Shaw.

The subsequent fall of Gloucester himself, beneath the pressure of his enemies' intrigues against him, brings us to one of the larger paintings of Sir John Gilbert, who gives us a powerfully dramatic picture of the scene in which the murder of the good Duke is suddenly announced to the King, who swoons with horror at the news. The beauty of Gilbert's colouring is nowhere more apparent than in this turbulent group of guilty conspirators and horrified onlookers. One of Edwin Abbey's bold oil sketches illustrates the ensuing moment of the entry of "Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed," as the stage directions of the play have it, with the lines:

WARWICK: Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
KING HENRY: That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

The scenes of recrimination round the fixing of the guilt of Gloucester's murder have suggested only some minor illustrations, but the death-bed ravings of "the imperious Churchman," Cardinal Beaufort, revealing his share in that guilt, were chosen by no less an artist than Sir Joshua Reynolds for one of his contributions to the Boydell series, for which another version of the same moment was painted by Henry Fuseli. Sir Joshua's work expresses something of the violent horror of the scene, but is not in any way characteristic of its painter's individual qualities.

The assassination of Suffolk, on the seashore near Dover, has been illustrated by Selous, and more recently by Mr. Byam Shaw;

and from that scene of physical violence we pass to the truculent tragi-comedy of Jack Cade's rebellion, which is surely Shakespearian in its qualities, both of characterisation and of language. Jack Cade's first speech at Blackheath has been vigorously rendered by Gilbert and Selous and Abbey in black-and-white, and a larger picture painted from the ensuing episode is H. W. Bunbury's grim representation of the fate of the Clerk of Chatham, consigned by Cade to his rebel followers to be hung "with his pen and ink-horn about his neck." Stacy Marks did a vivid picture of Lord Saye brought before Jack Cade, which is one of the most satisfying of all representations on canvas of a strenuous Shakespearian scene. Selous chose the same moment for one of his larger paintings. T. H. Nicholson illustrated the next scene at Southwark, in which Buckingham and Clifford parley with Cade and his rabble, and Selous did a drawing of Alexander Iden discovering, from the fugitive Cade's dying words, who it is that he has killed in his garden.

The succession of almost separate episodes which supply the development of the drama of the first two parts of "Henry VI." have naturally afforded more single themes for representation in picture than the disjointed, but progressive, story of the Wars of the Roses set forth in the third part of the trilogy, which has lent itself more suitably to slighter illustration in book form only. From considerations of space, therefore, we must here content ourselves with mere allusion to the various renderings of different moments in the fierce struggle between the rival factions of York and Lancaster which have been done in black-and-white by Francis Hayman, Thomas Stothard, Sir John Gilbert, H. C. Selous, Edwin Abbey, Keeley Halswelle, Frank Howard, Byam Shaw, and other illustrators of the whole play, pausing only to note the principal separate works of larger aim based upon this part of the trilogy.

From the opening act there is the dramatic, if conventional, work of James



"QUEEN KATHARINE AND HER ATTENDANTS." BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON.

Northcote, representing the death of the boy Earl of Rutland, at the hands of Clifford, in the battle near Wakefield, despite the entreaties of the boy and his tutor that his life should be spared. A point of personal interest is attached to this picture in the fact that Sir Edwin Landseer, as a boy, sat to Northcote for the painting of the youthful Rutland. The soliloquy of King Henry, withdrawn from the tumult of the battle of Towton, forms the subject of one of the best specimens of William Dyce's art, with its curious touches of beauty and Pre-Raphaelite detail. This picture is one of the most interesting works in the Guildhall Gallery, where is also to be seen Sir John Gilbert's large picture of Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, led as prisoners from the battle of Tewkesbury. The night attack of Warwick, "The King-Maker," upon the King's tent, at Edward's camp, was painted by William Ralston, and Warwick's death in the battle of Barnet by J. A. Houston.

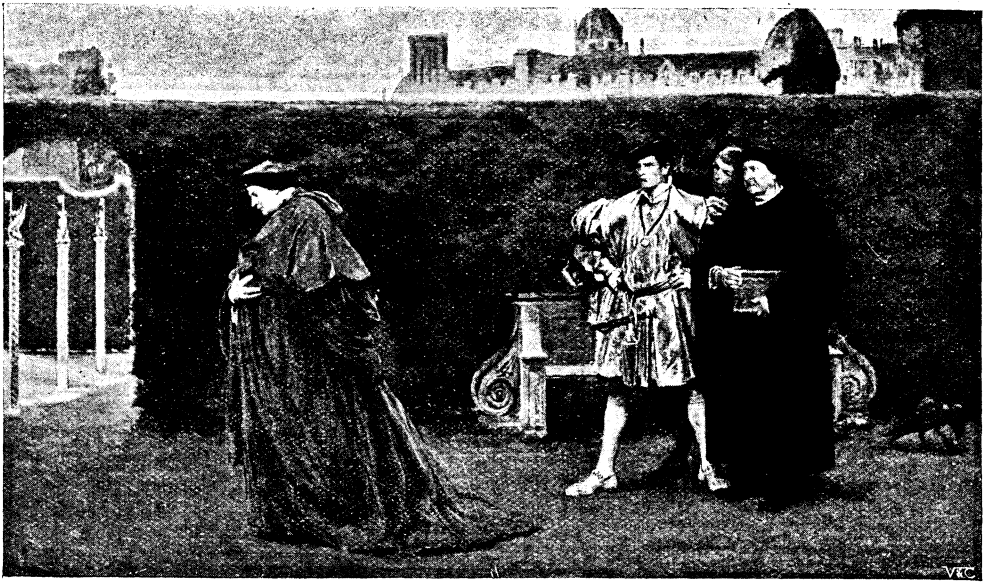
From the welter of blood and brutality incidental to the ebb and flow of the fortunes of the White Rose and the Red there emerge, in the course of this play, the figures which are destined to survive in the story of the ensuing tragedy of "Richard III." Edward of York, now seen as King Edward IV., is represented in Richard Westall's picture of his first interview with Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Sir John Grey, whom he forthwith chooses for his Queen. He appears also in James Northcote's painting of the closing scene of this play, in which he commends his infant son to the good graces of his brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, and here again is Elizabeth, who in the next play is soon to lament—

> I had rather be a country servant-maid,
> Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Still more boldly there emerges the sinister figure of Richard of Gloucester, "The Crookback," brutally murdering the deposed King Henry with his own hand in the Tower—a scene painted with a certain grim power by Henry Fuseli, and suggested with more subtlety in an oil sketch by Edwin Abbey—but obsequious enough to his royal brother in Northcote's picture already mentioned, even while reflecting over his infant nephew—

> . . . . . so Judas kiss'd his Master,
> And cried "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm.

From Richard's brutal murder of the guileless King Henry in the Tower we pass swiftly to the entrance of the dead King's modest funeral procession through the streets of London "towards Chertsey," the only mourner at this part of his obsequies the Lady Anne, widow of his son Edward, Prince of Wales, previously killed,

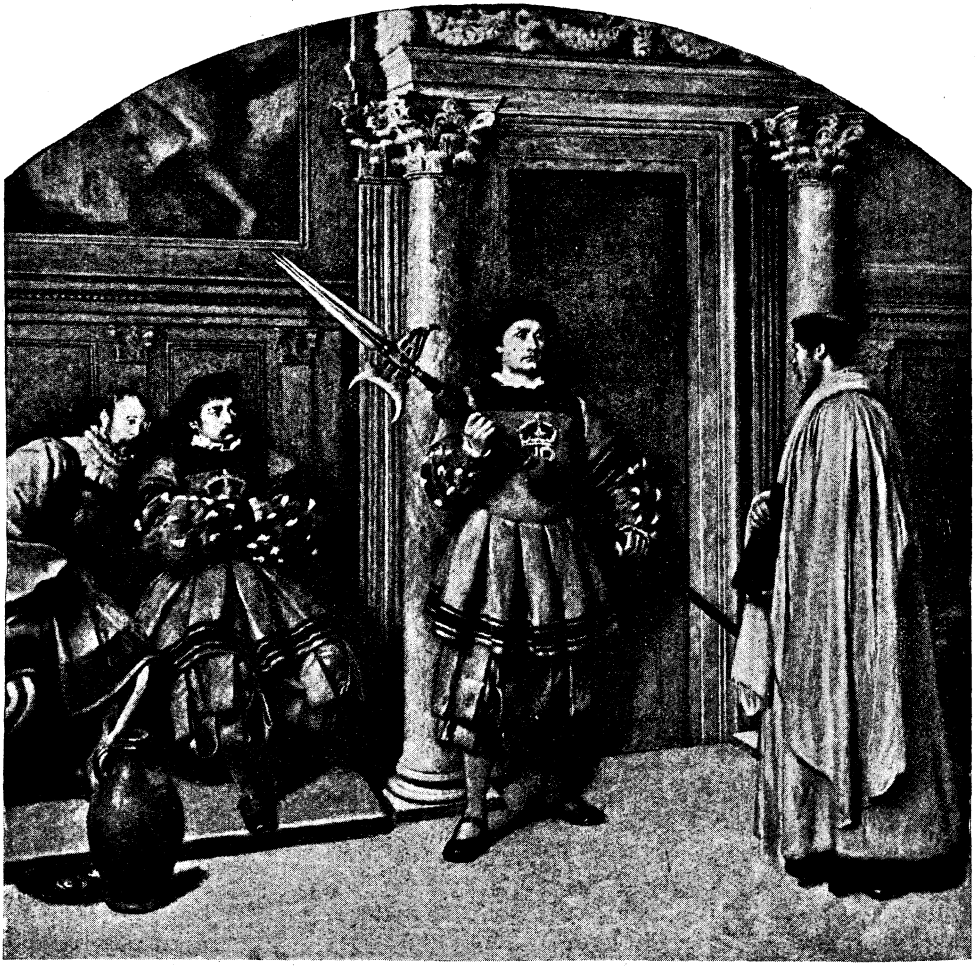


"THE CLOUDS THAT GATHER ROUND THE SETTING SUN." BY SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

From the original in the collection of Mr. T. Foster Knowles.

also by Richard's hand, in the battle of Tewkesbury. A picturesque drawing by Mr. Byam Shaw shows us the entrance of the bier, with Anne beside it, bearing a lighted taper. Different moments in the "keen encounter" between her and Richard which follows have been illustrated by Gilbert, Selous, and other artists. Richard offering his sword to Anne, that she may take his life, was drawn by Nicholson; and then we come to the apparently hypnotised woman's acceptance of Richard's ring and his hypocritical protests of penitence, which Edwin Abbey took for the most important, because most finely imaginative, of all his pictures from Shakespeare. An earlier artist, J. D. Watson, also did a picture of the same moment.

Ensuing episodes in Richard's ambitious compassing of the crown, and the part played by Buckingham in it, have found illustrators in Gilbert, E. M. Ward, Edwin Abbey, and Byam Shaw; and the success of the plot is shown in the large panel, at the Royal Exchange, by Mr. Sigismund Goetze, in which design and colour-scheme are skilfully adapted to the purpose of mural decoration without any sacrifice of the dramatic qualities of the theme.



"CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, KEPT WAITING OUTSIDE THE COUNCIL CHAMBER."
BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON.

The pathetic story of the two youthful sons of Edward IV.—the little prince who became King as Edward V., and his younger brother, the Duke of York—who stood in the way of their uncle's ambitions, has inspired a number of pictures, as well as smaller illustrations in book form. The meeting between the two brothers, after

their father's death and the nominal accession of the elder of them to the throne, was painted by James Northcote. The gracious boyishness of the two young princes, in the well-known picture by Millais, makes a wistful appeal to the mind's eye, which follows them from that moment upon a stairway in the Tower to the chamber in which Paul Delaroche represents them, already vaguely apprehensive of danger, while their dog appears to hear footsteps approaching, perhaps those of their murderers. The actual crime of Dighton and Forrest, as afterwards described by Tyrrell, has been painted by both James Northcote and George Hildebrand, and Northcote also did a conventionally realistic picture of the subsequent disposal of the bodies of the dead boys. The children of the murdered Clarence are seen in one of Mr. Byam Shaw's drawings.

For pictures of the ensuing scenes of Richard's reign we depend mainly on the black-and-white work of book illustrators, which includes interesting versions of Richard's interview with his aged mother, by Sir John Gilbert and Byam Shaw, the arrest of Hastings, by Sir John Gilbert, and Richard's refusal of Buckingham's claim for his reward, by Edwin Abbey and Byam Shaw. Richard at war to maintain himself on the throne brings us to Henry Fuseli's picture of his guilty vision of the ghosts of his victims in his tent on the night before the battle; and Richard at bay, but fighting with demoniac energy at Bosworth, forms the subject of vigorous but uninspired pictures by two once popular painters of battle-scenes, Abraham Cooper and Philip de Loutherbourg. The hasty crowning of the victorious Richmond on the battlefield, immediately after Richard's death, is shown in a picture by George Metz, and has been done again more recently by Mr. Caton Woodville, in his series of scenes from English battles.

The opening scene of "King Henry the Eighth," at the moment of Cardinal Wolsey's entrance upon the interview between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny, has been painted by Sir John Gilbert in a characteristic picture which is now in the Stratford-on-Avon Gallery; and Solomon Hart chose the same moment of mutual disdain and hatred between Wolsey and Buckingham for a dramatic picture which belongs to the Preston Art Gallery. Sir James Linton also painted a picture of this quarrel. With the next scene we return to Gilbert's work for what is, perhaps, his most widely familiar painting from Shakespeare, the "Ego et Rex Meus" moment, described in the stage directions of the play as "Enter the King, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder." The characterisation of both Henry and Wolsey in this picture strikes one as quite unerringly clever; but the subject did not, of course, lend itself to the artist's most distinguished work as a colourist so completely as two of his pictures already mentioned in this article, "The Morning Before Agincourt" and "Queen Margaret Taken Prisoner at Tewkesbury." Much of that beauty of colour is seen again, however, in another of Gilbert's pictures of the great Cardinal, also in the Guildhall collection, "Cardinal Wolsey Going in Procession to Westminster Hall," but that work is based more closely on a passage in Cavendish's life of Wolsey than on actual words in the play popularly known as Shakespeare's, though probably largely the work of Fletcher.

From the banquet scene at which the King first meets Anne Bullen different moments have been chosen by several artists. Mr. Byam Shaw shows us the Cardinal's entrance and welcome to his guests, and Sir John Gilbert the first meeting of the masked King with Anne Bullen, as he chooses her for his partner in the dance. Edwin Abbey illustrated Henry's first speech to his partner, which is also the moment of Sir James Linton's picture from this scene. Stothard and Charles Leslie painted pictures of the now unmasked King declaring, "I were unmannerly to take you out and not to kiss you"; and Arthur Hopkins did a gracefully-grouped scene of the exit from the ballroom, with Henry's words: "Sweet partner, I must not yet forsake you."

The trial of Queen Katharine's cause and legal position has been represented in a number of pictures, as well as in the black-and-white work of Gilbert, Selous, Byam Shaw, and other illustrators. The earliest of these is the work of G. H. Harlow, familiar in reproductions, which represents Mrs. Siddons as Queen Katharine, John Philip Kemble as Wolsey, Stephen Kemble as the King, Charles Kemble as Cromwell, and Mrs. Siddons' younger sister Frances as the page. The last-named is the less famous player of the Kemble family whose features were lately discussed in the course of a lawsuit to decide whether the group assumed to represent Mrs. Siddons and herself was painted

by George Romney or not, the work being finally proved to be that of Ozias Humphreys. Harlow's painting is now in the Stratford-on-Avon Gallery, to which it was presented by the late Ada Rehan, and close to it hangs a picture, painted some years later by Henry Andrews, for the purpose of including, in another version of the same scene, the next generation of the Kemble family in the same *rôles*. In this work Charles Kemble, the Cromwell of the earlier picture, is the Cardinal, his daughter, Fanny Kemble, niece to the earlier Frances Kemble, is the Queen, and Charles Young appears as the King.

A picture of more importance artistically, though without any element of theatrical association, is one of the principal works of Edwin Abbey, and one worthy to rank with the artist's "Richard III. and Lady Anne" for beauty of design and colouring. Another distinguished piece of work from the same scene was done more recently by Mr. Frank Salisbury, for the new series of mural decorations in the Houses of Parliament; and in a more conventional style, but interesting in its historical detail, is a picture by Sir James Linton.

The pathos of the downcast Queen's days of retirement, with her ladies, is suggested in pictures of her request for a song from one of them, which results in that exquisite lyric "Orpheus With His Lute," a moment painted by Sir James Linton; but for the ensuing visit of Wolsey and Campeius to argue with the poor Queen, we must turn back to the work of the Rev. Matthew Peters again. His picture of this scene is interesting, but not so typical of its painter's attractive art as his more modish rendering of the ceremonial at the christening of the infant Elizabeth.

Successive stages in Wolsey's decline and fall from power are represented in pictures by John Pettie and Sir James Linton, in the distinguished work by Mr. Seymour Lucas entitled "The Clouds That Gather Round the Setting Sun," and in black-and-white drawings by Gilbert, Selous, Abbey, and Byam Shaw. The arrival of the fallen Cardinal, as a spent and broken man, at Leicester Abbey, to die there, gave Sir John Gilbert one of his best pictures. This last scene is also shown in less imaginative works, interesting only for their archæological detail, by Richard Westall and C. W. Cope. Wolsey's actual death at Leicester Abbey, as described in the play by Griffith, was painted by Robert Smirke in a picture which is not on the same level of interest as the artist's scenes from some of the comedies.

The passing of Queen Katharine, whose dying scene at Kimbolton, whether it be Shakespeare's or Fletcher's, has a dirge-like beauty and wistfulness, has been painted by artists of such widely different styles as Henry Fuseli, R. P. Bonington, Charles R. Leslie, and Sir James Linton.

Archbishop Cranmer, one of the principal promoters of the divorce of Katharine, is seen, in a picture by Sir James Linton, kept waiting outside the Council Chamber, where his rivals for power are preparing to arraign him; and Cranmer reinstated in favour by the King, to the confusion of his enemies, is shown in several representations of the christening of the infant Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the new Queen, Anne Bullen. In the picture of that historic ceremony by Matthew William Peters, already mentioned, as well as in drawings by several illustrators of this play, he is seen pronouncing over the royal infant his eloquent prophecies of the national prosperity of her reign, as described by the poet for her own ears and those of her subjects in her own "spacious days."

A PRODIGAL OF FORTUNE

By A. M. BURRAGE

Illustrated by Lucien Davis

WHEN Arthur Cavill was twenty-four, he let slip his first great opportunity. At that time he was a clerk in the London office of an insurance company, earning a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and on a certain spring morning he received notice of his advancement—an advancement without parallel in the history of the firm.

One of the directors had seen and liked him, and, finding him high above the average in education, offered him a secretarial post. This would have almost doubled his salary, and—which was much more important—would have lifted him out of his groove and, in the course of time, placed him in the way of good opportunities.

Arthur Cavill heard the news about himself with a somewhat chastened air, and seemed the least concerned in the stir that it created. That night he reviewed the situation in his suburban lodgings.

There was subtle poison working in his blood, and some lines from a song by Robert Louis Stevenson kept repeating themselves in his head. For that poison there was no antidote to be found in London city.

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of birds' song at morning and starshine at night;
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

The words sang themselves to him and raised before his eyes alluring visions of wooded hills, of old forests wherein it was always twilight, of quiet evening skies seen through swaying branches that were heavy with leaves. And he imagined some delightful and mysterious She who was to be found in this Arcady—some woman whose laugh was like running water, and in the touch of whose cool fingers there was all the magic of the ages.

"What's the use of an extra hundred a year to me?" was the burden of his thoughts. "It'll buy me better cigarettes and better clothes. I must keep on living the life I hate, and mixing with the people I hate. What use would ten thousand a year be to me?"

Next morning, when he went to the station to catch his usual train to the City, he saw that the apple blossom was out, and the sunlight on it dazzled him. Birds were singing overhead, on the roofs of the villas, and in the trees of the little toy gardens. And a voice in his ears whispered sweetly and insistently: "I will make you brooches and toys—brooches and toys—brooches and toys."

When he reached the station he hesitated, and then, instead of going straight to the City train, climbed the bridge and went to the booking-office on the "Down" platform. Beside the window was a complete list of stations on that particular railway system, arranged in alphabetical order, together with the fares charged for travelling thither. Corystock was the first name that caught his fancy, and he bought a third-class ticket to the little West Country station for twenty-three shillings and twopence. Then he sent a telegram to the office, bought a paper, and sat waiting for the train with a strange elation stirring within him.

It was a few minutes past four when he set foot on the platform of Corystock Station, and ere the clock had chimed the first quarter after the hour, he found himself drinking cider in the bar-parlour of the village inn.

"What's the name of the squire hereabouts?" he inquired of the landlord.

"The squire? You mean Mr. Vallence."

"I suppose I do," said Arthur. "Where does he live?"

"Up at The Hall. Turn to your right when you leave here, go straight down the road, and you'll find the lodge gates on your left."

At twenty minutes to five Arthur stood on the wide steps of a rambling Jacobean manor house, inquiring of a somewhat dubious man-servant if he could see Mr. Vallence. The man took up his card, and Arthur was shown into a little room which smelt faintly of tobacco smoke, and of which the walls were lined with shabby books. Vallence, summoned from a shady lawn behind the house, came in and found him there.

Vallence was then a man of fifty, tall, stout, of a healthy colour, and beginning to turn grey. He was something of a scholar and something of a sportsman, and was representative of an excellent type of the lesser country gentleman.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Cavill," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Arthur had risen, and Vallence came under the spell of a smile that was very boyish and disarming.

"I must apologise for troubling you," Arthur said, "but I will be very brief. I have come to you because I want a job."

"A job? What kind of job?"

"Something that will keep me in the open air. I don't care what it is. I've just thrown up a post I had in the City—found I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Ah, you want some kind of clerical work, perhaps."

"Not necessarily, thank you. I want work in the country. Naturally, I would sooner do something better than scare crows, but if that is all I am fit for, that is what I must do."

"Sit down, won't you?" Vallence said, and himself stepped backwards to a chair and sat in it. "May I ask what qualifications you have?"

"Very few, I'm afraid. I've had a pretty ordinary kind of education. I was at Repton, and kept a couple of terms at Corpus, Cambridge. Then my father died, and I came down. We found he had been worse off than we thought, and I have an elder brother. I didn't care for teaching in small private schools, so I went to an office in the City. I've had over four years of it now."

"Know anything about land?"

"Just a very little. My father farmed some of his own acres, and did badly. I know a bit about preserving game, and a bit of law as regards landlords and tenants."

"H'm!" said Vallence. "And now I should like you to tell me why you came to me, of all people? Did anyone suggest it?"

Cavill's smile grew more boyish and disarming than ever.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that I never heard of you until a few minutes ago. When this morning I decided to throw up my work, I took a ticket to Corystock because I rather liked the name. On arriving here I heard that you were the principal landowner, and so I took the liberty of calling on you."

Vallence tried to conceal his steadily-increasing wonderment.

"You must excuse me," he said, "but am I to understand that you did all this on a moment's impulse?"

"I am afraid I did. Will you allow me to show you a letter I had yesterday from one of my late directors?"

He took the letter from his breast-pocket and handed it across. Vallence read it and gasped.

"I can't help saying," he remarked, "that you're a very extraordinary young man."

"You mean I'm a fool to throw up what seems a good opportunity? Yes, I suppose I am. But the longer I stopped at that office, the bigger price I should have to pay for my liberty. I was brought up in the country. I hate large cities. I'd sooner work as a farm labourer than go back."

Vallence nodded as if he had discovered a vein of wisdom in the younger man's folly.

"Well," said he, "a man should know what he wants, and take care that he gets it. After all, one only lives once, and only a short time at that. I'm glad you came to me," he added suddenly.

He lapsed into silence and looked out thoughtfully through the window. He liked Arthur, and sympathised with the strange impulse that had brought him to Corystock. He was given to a practice he described as "sizing men up," and Arthur had passed the test with honours.

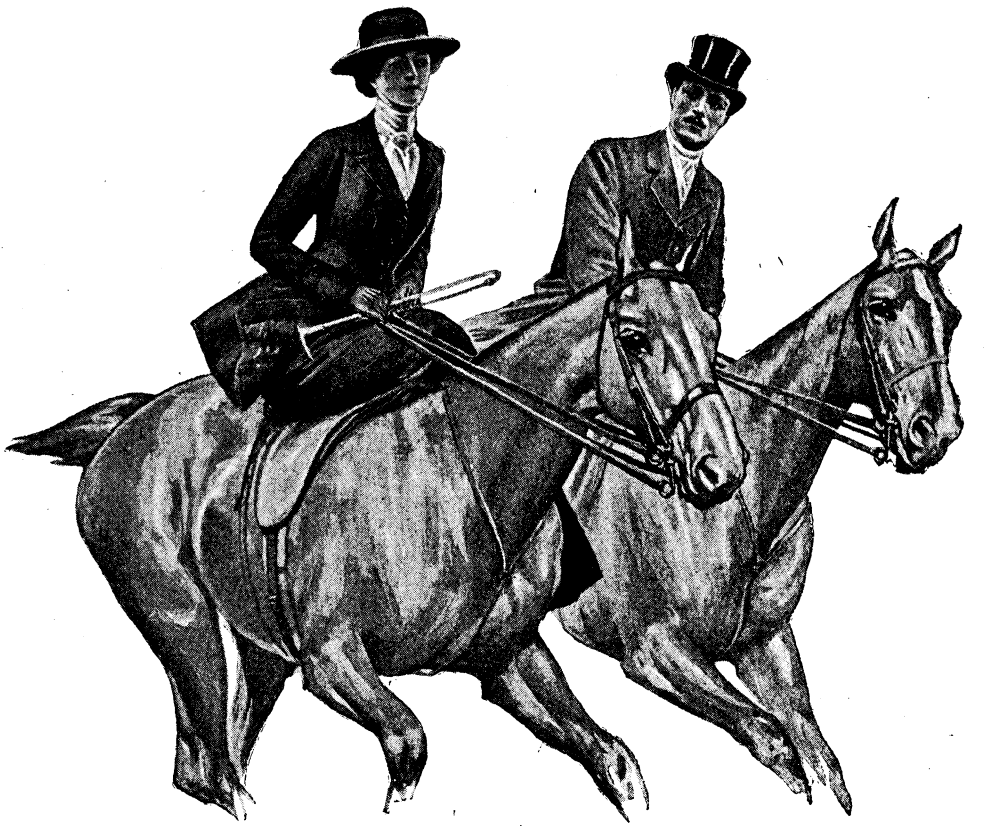
"Of course," he said, after a long pause, "you might be able to obtain a post as private agent to somebody with property. That's the kind of thing, eh? But you'd have to serve an apprenticeship first. My own agent's a young chap waiting to inherit a place of his own. When he goes, there'll be a vacancy. In the meanwhile, how would you like a job with a house-agent and surveyor over at Cleeborough? That's the nearest town, seven miles away. You'd learn a great deal there and earn a salary."

"I should like it very much," Arthur said.

"Right O. Then I think I can fix you up. I'll give you a letter to take to Sandford presently. Meanwhile, I think there's some tea going on the lawn. Will you come along and join us?"

Thus it seemed already that Arthur, having taken a foolish leap in the dark, had landed not uncomfortably. He had walked into a stranger's house and found a friend.

He drank tea under a great cedar with Vallence's family, which consisted only of a wife and daughter. Mrs. Vallence he found to be a big, placid woman who seemed to have expended all her vivacity, and was content now to bask and doze in the sunshine of a quiet and pleasant existence. Marjorie Vallence was seventeen, slim, fair, and rather pretty. Arthur thought her beautiful, and when a young man thinks a rather pretty girl to be beautiful, it is unnecessary to say more.



"He piloted Marjorie in the hunting field."

II.

FIVE years passed ere Arthur had his second great opportunity, of which, like the first, he deliberately refused to take advantage. He had then been for three years Vallence's agent, and had a neat, little, white house to live in, and an income amply sufficient for a bachelor of modest tastes.

He had been very happy since the afternoon of his arrival at Corystock, even during his term of apprenticeship at Cleeborough. Vallence and he got on very well together, and something like a deep friendship had grown up between them. Also he was Marjorie's firm friend and ally, and spent more time in her company than the busy bodies of the county approved. Some of the neighbouring families could not quite forgive him for having come amongst them as a stranger, and for once having been an insurance clerk in London; but with the rest he was popular.

He piloted Marjorie in the hunting field, taught her fancy skating, went fishing with her, and played tennis with her, so that it was whispered that she was in danger of making a *mésalliance*. With Arthur the

time flowed very evenly and peacefully. He had all that he wanted, and that, most people have agreed, is bad for a man.

"You want rousing," Marjorie once said to him.

"I?" He looked at her in amazement. "I thought I was frightfully energetic. I'm working or playing from morning till night, and I've just given you as hard a set at tennis as anybody will within a ten-mile radius."

"Oh," she answered, smiling, "I didn't mean that. I know you're active enough physically. I meant mentally."

"I like that," he laughed, "considering the way I have nursed your mind and seen that you read the right books. This is like the arrogant ingratitude of a favourite child."

"I believe you know perfectly well what I mean," said Marjorie. "I mean that you're so—what is the word I want?—not contented, but contented will do."

"Surely," he answered lightly, "there is very little harm in that."

"Yes, there is, Arthur, at your age. What are you going to do with your life?"

"Good Heavens! I shall go on being an agent as long as your father will let me."

"You don't want to do anything better than that?"

"No, why should I? I have everything I want."

"That's what I'm complaining about," Marjorie exclaimed. "You're clever, and you like hard work. But you've got into a groove. You used to talk about being 'in a groove' when you were in London. You are just as much in a groove down here."

He drew a long breath of contentment.

"Yes, I suppose so," he agreed, "but this is a very congenial groove, Marjorie."

"That's the worst of it. If it weren't, you would make an effort to get out of it, as you got out of the other groove. Now you know what I meant when I said you needed something to rouse you. Something is needed to waken your ambition, so that you'll look for a fresh world to conquer."

"I hope," he said rather gravely, "that you have nothing in view to bring about in me a state of unrest. I have found my Arcady, and I want to stay in it."

"I think," said Marjorie, "that you ought to marry."

He regarded her humorously, but with a searching gaze. Being an arch-innocent, however, he did not seek for anything akin to coquetry in her.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Whom am I to marry?"

"There are plenty of girls."

"Yes, but not for me. I live a pampered life as a bachelor, but my means wouldn't run to a *ménage à deux*, you know."

She laughed triumphantly.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, you stupid man. If you got married, you'd begin to be ambitious, and it would be very good for you."

"I refuse," said Arthur, "to consider any such hazardous life. Do you feel like another set?"

That night, while he smoked his last pipe before retiring to bed, he recalled to mind every word that Marjorie had spoken.

"One day," he murmured, "I suppose you'll be getting married yourself, little Marjorie. Well, when that day comes, perhaps I shall step out of my groove. But it is no use worrying about that, or meeting sorrow half-way. Heigho, it's a good life!"

And he went to bed and slept soundly.

He went on living the good life for two more months before Marjorie tackled him again on the subject of matrimony. This time it was a more direct, although a more insidious, attack than before.

She began by asking Arthur very casually if he did not think Lois Armitage a nice girl. He said "Yes"—for what well-mannered young man could do otherwise?—and was disturbed to see that she derived what seemed an undue amount of satisfaction from his reply. After that she persisted for some days in dragging Lois Armitage's name into their conversation with an elaborate carelessness that would not have deceived an ox.

Lois Armitage was as nice a girl as any man might desire—an heiress in her own right, and the daughter of wealthy people who had come under Arthur Cavill's spell. He might have gone to them and asked for her without great apprehension. She herself had looked kindly upon him and openly admitted a strong liking.

One evening, when he had been dining with the Vallences, Marjorie said to him—

"You're going motoring with the Armitages to-morrow, aren't you—to that picnic of theirs?"

"Yes," said Arthur, with almost a hang-dog air, for there was no mistaking the innuendo in the persistence with which she used the name Armitage.

"I'm glad of that," said Marjorie, with deep feeling.

"Why are you glad?" he asked almost sharply.

"Because Captain Rochford will be there, and I don't want him to have Lois all to himself. Arthur!"

"Yes?"

"I'm almost sure that Lois rather—likes you, you know."

"Good!" he answered. "I like being rather liked by people."

And that night he wrote a note to Mrs. Armitage, making excuses for himself on the following day, and pleading urgent and unforeseen business. During the next nine months he refused several invitations, and the Armitages scarcely saw him until the fickle Lois was safely affianced.

III.

WHEN Arthur was thirty-four, the gods, so far from being piqued at his refusal of their gifts, made him yet another offer.

That year brought Vallence's younger brother Gilbert home from Africa for a stay of some months after a prolonged exile. He was a big, bronzed man, who said little and shunned, as far as he decently could, every kind of social function. As a young man he had landed in Africa with a modest patrimony, and now returned almost or quite a millionaire. Arthur had heard his name vaguely associated with diamond mines.

He liked Arthur as a man who had, upon occasion, the gift of silence, and took to calling of an evening at the agent's snug white cottage, and smoking innumerable pipes.

In England he was plainly restless. He liked "home" as an ideal—a place to dream of and yearn after when he was safely separated from it by several thousand miles of land and water. He felt cramped even on his brother's broad acres, and found the old-fashioned conventions of the "county" galling after the freedom of the places whence he had come. He could not understand why auction bridge was considered a suitable after-dinner amusement, whereas poker was not.

On a certain August day he rode over to the white cottage in the morning, and found Arthur busy with his accounts.

"Sorry if you're busy," he said, glancing at the pile of papers, "but I've come to break two pieces of news to you."

"Not bad news, I hope," said Arthur, rising and moving towards the bell. "A whisky?"

"Thanks, I drink beer in the morning, if you don't mind. The first is, I'm going to book my passage."

"What—back to Africa?"

"Yes. I'm fed up. I'm a colonial, you know, and it's no use my trying to pretend I'm an Englishman. This isn't home to me, as it used to be. I shall be off in about a fortnight."

Arthur nodded slowly.

"I shall be sorry to lose you," he said simply and sincerely.

"That brings me to the second piece of news. I want you to be an accomplice in a crime. I meditate robbing my brother."

Arthur laughed lightly.

"For eight years," he said, "I have been trying to prevent a crowd of tenants from doing that, and it would be a pity if I spoilt a fair record by turning unjust steward. You should have approached me earlier."

"What I meant was that I want to steal you. Will you come out with me? I know my brother would eat his heart out over losing you, but—well, it might be for the best."

"It's awfully good of you——" Arthur began.

"It isn't. I want to take a man back with me—a man young enough, but not too young, a white man, and one who isn't a fool. You're wasted here, Cavill. I've ragged my brother for keeping you. If you come with me, I'll put you in the way of making your fortune, and show you a glorious country."

"It's awfully good of you," said Arthur, "and don't think me ungrateful, but—I'm not so keen about making my fortune. I'm well enough off and very happy here. This is home to me, you see. I might make more money and have no peace at all in Africa."

Gilbert Vallence laid a hand on the back of Arthur's chair.

"I won't press you for an answer now," he said. "My offer remains open until I go. I want you to think it over. You're a strange chap, Cavill. You talk like an old man about to say his Nunc Dimittis. I'm old enough to be your father, but I'm still anxious to come to grips with life."

"I suppose," said Arthur, "it's my unfortunate temperament."

"It's no business of mine," said Gilbert, "but I can't think what glues you here. Don't think you'll be letting my brother down. He's sick at the idea of losing you, but—well, he has your interests at heart. I've talked it over with him, and he's an

accessory before the act to his own robbery. I've another ally, too, by the way."

"Who? Marjorie?"

"Yes."

"Ah! She makes occasional efforts to dispose of me. She made a very barefaced attempt once to get me married to a lady who has since met a kinder fate."

"Did she?" said Gilbert. "Well, women are queer. So long, then. No, thanks, I can't stop to lunch. See you this afternoon, perhaps. I heard something said at breakfast about your coming up to The Hall to play tennis."

"Yes," said Arthur, "I shall be there, and I intend giving Marjorie a good talking to."

He met her on his way over in a wood behind the house, where she had obviously expected to meet him.

"You had Uncle Gilbert over to see you this morning?" she said, reading his face and divining that a direct attack was the best means of defence.

"I did," he answered, "and I told him I was going to give you a lecture. It seems you and he have been conspiring to get rid of me. He wants to make my fortune."

"You're going?" she asked.

"You know I'm not," he answered.

The girl regarded him strangely and with a sternness only partly assumed.

"Arthur," she said, "I have been angry with you hundreds of times, and now I am going to show it. I am really annoyed with you. You have been wasting your time here for the last ten years. You seem to think that you are some superior kind of being, who can afford to snub Providence for every gift that is offered you."

"And I," he answered, "am really angry with you. What have I done that you should want to drive me away? We have always been good friends. I tell you now, once and for all, that I am not ambitious, that I am very happy here, and the only way to get rid of me is to make Mr. Vallence sack me. I am awfully grateful to Mr. Gilbert, but I am most decidedly not going with him."

Marjorie looked him squarely in the face.

"What is keeping you here?" she asked.

He answered evasively: "That is what he wanted to know."

She gazed at him still steadfastly, but now a spot of colour burned in her cheeks.

"If you want me, why don't you ask me?" she cried. "We've been like this for ten years, and not a word spoken between us—and I'm twenty-seven now! Were you never going to speak, Arthur?"

He felt the blood burning hot in his face, and lowered his eyes.

"How could I?" he said. "I am your father's servant. I love you, and I was very glad to be near you. Why should I spoil things? I've led a happy life here in the woods and fields, seeing you nearly every day, and knowing you liked me. I don't think I've ever been jealous, so perfect was our friendship. It's been"—he sighed—"such a happy life!"

Marjorie stood on tiptoe as his arms enfolded her.

"You know very well," she said, "what my father thinks of you. I—I think you're the strangest man that ever lived!"

Suddenly, after their first kiss had lingered a little while, she withdrew her face, hid it in the hollow of his shoulder, and began to laugh. He never understood why.

SONNET.

IF at this hour most suited to the call,
Death beckons with a hand stained and besmeared
By juices squandered from the ripe fruit's fall,
Why shall you flinch? The coming that you feared,
What does it signify? Would you remain
Late fruit upon a labour-burdened tree,
To loneliness and all the winter pain
A solitary victim? Would you see
That which once lived around you, and made life
A vital joy pulsating in your soul,
Falter and cease from all its various strife,
And leave you to pursue a silent goal
Unfriended? That were death, indeed, to find
All others dead, and you—one—left behind!

RICHARD CHURCH.

PUBLICITY

By WILLIAM CAINE

Illustrated by Arthur Garratt

SIR BASIL CHUFF, President of the Royal Association of Pastellists, looked at his valuable gold watch, passed a hand over his rosy, clean-shaven face, raised his well-nourished little body from the well-cushioned chair in which it had been seated for the last hour, put his plump little hand into his pocket, and drew forth two half-crowns. "Well, Ruggles," he said, in his plump little voice, "that will do us for this morning, I think. Here's your money and my thanks for your assistance." He always thanked his models for their assistance. It cost nothing.

The person whom he addressed also got up. This one was not so plump as Sir Basil—indeed, he was not so plump as anybody whom you are likely to meet in a walk down Curzon Street. I mention Curzon Street, because that is where he was. He was there because that was where Sir Basil lived and produced those pastels which had gained him a knighthood and a round stomach and a European reputation into the bargain.

The thinness of Mr. Ruggles was actually remarkable. It was this quality which had caused Sir Basil—who occasionally passed this screever's pitch in Piccadilly—to engage his services as a model for the figure of Hunger in the large allegorical panel for which, as it had no particular significance, he had not yet found a title, but which was to hang in the best place in the principal room of the Pastellists' Gallery at their forthcoming exhibition, and was going to be sold to somebody for five hundred pounds.

The costume of Mr. Ruggles was appropriate to his excessive meagreness—that is to say, it was threadbare where it was not patched, and where it was neither, was in holes. Mr. Ruggles may be said to have been excellently ventilated. He wore, to particularise, a coat and trousers of a green colour which had evidently once been black, a sort of shirt, and boots through which in two places his bare toes were visible. Collar he had none, but its place was occupied by a length of red flannel, which he wore less for the sake of its decorative effect than because he suffered from a chronic sore throat.

But you are not to suppose that Sir Basil's chalks were at all concerned with the attire of his model. No, it was his head alone that made him valuable to Sir Basil. But, as Sir Basil's gloating eye assured him every time it dwelt there, that head was worth its weight in gold, so hollow were its cheeks, so tightly was the skin drawn over the bones, so ghastly was the woe which glared out of its sunken red-rimmed eyes. No, Sir Basil was not going to deck his Hunger out in green coat and trousers; a loin cloth was the only proper wear for Hunger. That, however, was for the future. Mr. Ruggles had—confound him!—with unaccountable modesty, jibbed at sitting for his figure. What business had such a scarecrow with modesty? Well, well! It would have to be somebody else, that was all.

Mr. Ruggles, after rising, stretched his scrawny neck to ease its aching, adjusted the flannel, and received his hire from Sir Basil. Then he stepped round the easel and carefully examined what his employer had done. Sir Basil always allowed his models this satisfaction. To do so cost nothing.

"Wonderful fine," said Mr. Ruggles appreciatively. "You got me a treat. I can't think 'ow you do it, sir. It beats me 'oller to git a likeness of anybody. I can do Lord Roberts, or 'Is Majesty, or Jellicoe, or anyone else as I can git a picture of. But I can only work, as you may say, in the flat. When it comes to the round, I'm all in. With 'eads, that is. I can do a piece of salmon lovely, or a pear or a napple; and

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landscape never gives me no trouble at all, whether it's a marine with boats, or sheep in a field. But a likeness is wot I never *could* git. Now, that there"—and he pointed to Sir Basil's work—"is *me*, no error. It's me all the time, and it ain't nobody else. Nobody couldn't take it for the Prince or Mr. Bottomley. And *I* says it's a little miracle; and I congratulate you, sir, as one artist may to another."

Sir Basil laughed genially. "Well," he said, "that's very handsome of you, Ruggles. And, in return, I may say that I'm sure I could never do a piece of salmon as well as yourself. Why, some of yours have looked so real to me that I could swear they've just come out of the saucepan!"

Mr. Ruggles blushed. "Why, sir," he said modestly, "you see, I sorter specialise in pieces of salmon and fruit. That's one good thing about being an artist, if it's only on the pavement. A man mayn't be able to 'ave good things to eat, but 'e can make them to look at. I suppose you 'aven't any ends to spare, sir, this morning?"

"Yes, Ruggles," said Sir Basil. "Here are a few oddments for you." And he put into his model's hand half a dozen broken bits of crayon for which he had no further use. "There's a bit of pink there," he added slyly, "that should be just the thing for salmon."

Mr. Ruggles examined it with the eye of a connoisseur. "Yes," he said, "it's a fine pink, sir, but for salmon I like it a bit fuller. I seen fresh salmon often in winders, but I don't care much for it—it's too pale. What I draws out is the pickled sort, and for that this pink of yours ain't got quite enough body. But thanking you kindly, sir, all the same. It'll come in splendid next summer for my bunch of roses. And since you're so kind, sir, I was wondering if—I mean ter say as——"

"Well, good-bye, Ruggles," said Sir Basil, who wanted his lunch. "To-morrow, at the same time, if you please."

The screever started slowly towards the door, then hesitated and came back. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but might I make so bold as to arst you if you could help me with a trifle of money? My wife's been ill, and 'er teeth are gone all wrong, and she's got to 'ave most of them out. The doctor says as she must 'ave noo ones, but w'ere am I to find a pound or thirty shilling? Coming 'ere to you is easy money, but I ain't earning nothing besides, and I owe a lot for 'er medicine and that. If you could see your way, sir—you're a kind-hearted gentleman, sir, and——"

He stopped, for Sir Basil had held up a hand.

"Ruggles," he said sorrowfully, "I regret to disappoint you, but this is a matter upon which I have very strong views—very strong views indeed. I never give money to poor people. It does no good, and may do a great deal of harm. Anything that you can earn by sitting to me here I am delighted to pay you, but you must not expect more from me. I am really sorry, my poor friend, but principle is principle, and I must not do it. I wish you had not asked me, for I declare to you that I find it most painful to have to refuse. I shall be done with your head to-morrow, and then, I'm afraid, I shall have no further use for you, unless you will consent to sit for the figure, in which case——"

"No, sir," said Mr. Ruggles obstinately, "I couldn't, and don't arst me. I won't strip for nobody and nothing. I 'ave a *feeling* about it, and it wouldn't be no use."

"Well," said Sir Basil, "perhaps your wife would sit. I want a woman for the Old Age in this group. How old is she?" If Mrs. Ruggles was suitable, Sir Basil was perfectly willing to employ her.

"She couldn't stand it, sir," said Ruggles.

"You haven't a daughter, eh?" asked Sir Basil, feeling that he was behaving very generously to Ruggles in making these suggestions.

"No, sir, I've nobody as can earn anythink for me—nobody at all."

"Well," said Sir Basil, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid——" He stopped suddenly. "By Jove!" he cried, with a gay laugh.

"Yes, sir?"

"You say you have nobody to earn anything for you, Ruggles. You are wrong. *I* will earn money for you. I should have no objection to that. Besides, it would be a most amusing experience."

"Exactly 'ow, sir?" asked Mr. Ruggles, puzzled.

Sir Basil slapped his fat thigh. "By Jove!" he cried again. "What a joke! What an adventure! It is irresistible! What a story to dine out on!"

"Yes, sir?" Mr. Ruggles looked more puzzled than ever. He could not grasp the conception of dining out on a story. It sounded an unsubstantial sort of victuals.

"Ruggles," said Sir Basil, "I won't want you to-morrow, after all."

The man's face fell. "I don't quite see, sir," he said, "'ow that'll be any 'elp."

"I dare say you don't, but you will in a moment, Ruggles," cried Sir Basil. "To-morrow you shall not sit *to* me, but I will sit *for* you. You shall lend me your pitch.

II.

NEXT morning, bright and early, Sir Basil Chuff might have been seen issuing from Curzon Street into Piccadilly with a sack and a box, containing crayons, under his arm. But none of his many friends and



"'Run away, I tell you!' snapped Sir Basil. 'I don't want you children here at all.'"

I will sit and draw pastels on the pavement of Piccadilly. We shall have a crowd, Ruggles. Your hat will be filled with money. Your wife will be able to buy twenty sets of false teeth. Ruggles, it's an inspiration!"

admirers would have recognised him. It was not Sir Basil's intention to give his secret away too early in the game.

A bountiful white beard and moustache concealed the lower part of his face, while a green cardboard shade was drawn low above

his eyes. He wore a bushy white wig, and above it a deplorable top-hat much too big for him. A seedy old frock-coat clothed his body, while pepper-and-salt trousers, with frayed ends and ragged knees, had been drawn upon his legs.

Mr. Clarkson had done well by Sir Basil.

He walked quickly along Piccadilly, for he was eager to begin his work; and as he walked he smiled from time to time as a man smiles who has strong cause for self-congratulation. Indeed, it had been a happy thought. This prank would be well worth the loss of a day's work.

For some years Sir Basil had been uneasily aware that his position in the World of Art was not quite what it had once been. Other, younger men had come to the front since he had gained that enviable situation. The men that he had ousted were nearly all dead, and now he himself was being threatened by stronger elbows than his own. His fame had been long enjoyed, but, like all things earthly, it was beginning to wane. He could not conceal this from himself. The fact was that the artistic public had become used to him. His work, which, when it had been new to them, had captured their approval almost instantly, now—though it was infinitely better than before—lacked that element of novelty which a fickle world perpetually demands from those who cater to its senses. These new men were succeeding because they were new. They had tricks of which the public had not had time to grow tired. Unworthy competitors, every one of them, *poseurs* and self-advertisers to a man, but none the less to be dreaded. Advertisement! That was the word to-day. Get yourself talked about. Get your name into the papers. Get yourself lampooned in *Punch*. Make a disturbance. Force public attention upon your personality, and it would soon discover merit in your work. That was the principle on which a man must act in this noisy twentieth century.

Well, he—Basil Chuff—was not too old to learn new ways.

Yes, this screeving stunt had been a positive inspiration.

He wondered how long it would be before the crowd around his pictures would bring the journalists on to the scene. He had had some idea of communicating his intentions to one or two papers, but a timely recollection had saved him from this error. It was Byles, one of those new "arrivals," whom he had once heard declare, after dinner, that to ask for publicity was the only sure way of not getting it. And Sir Basil was so innocent that he had never so much as dreamed of buying it.

But it didn't matter. Such an event could not possibly pass unnoticed by the press. Let him get to work. The sooner his row of pictures should be done, the sooner the public would begin to obstruct the pavement, and the sooner would the reporters come to investigate. Already he could see the pictures in *The Mirror*. He—with his disguise removed—and Ruggles, seated one at each end of his row of pastels. He could read the head-lines: "Charitable Act of Well-known Painter," "Sir Basil Chuff as a Pavement Artist," "The President of the Piccadilly Pastellists Reaps Golden Harvest for Wife of Sick Screever."

"By Jove," he thought, "London will buzz with the story! This is going to get me more talked about than a dozen groups like that thing I'm working on now."

These reflections brought Sir Basil to where Mr. Ruggles already sat in his accustomed place below the courtyard wall of Devonshire House. The screever had made utterly away with the chalky relics of his own drawings, and a line of perfectly clean paving-stones invited the master's hand. Sir Basil wasted no time in conversation with Mr. Ruggles. Barely, indeed, did he wish him a "Good morning," so anxious was he to begin. At once he placed his sack, doubled, on the pavement, knelt down, opened his box of pastels, and set to work.

Half an hour later the first picture was finished.

It was as brilliant a little work as Sir Basil had achieved in ten years, for his adventure had excited him, and something of youth's enthusiasm had revived within him. Moreover, to every accomplished painter there is a certain challenge to real effort in any new medium or surface, and while Sir Basil was perfectly familiar with the use of crayons, it was the first time that he had ever drawn on a paving-stone.

The picture was purely decorative. The subject—if subject it can be said to have had—was Andromeda chained to her rock, with the sea-beast coming to devour her; but this was naught. It was the colour and the design that alone possessed interest; for the treatment was so essentially decorative that the presence of a young woman and a monster within the broad square frame of black chalk could only have been suspected by a trained eye. Sir Basil had clothed his Andromeda, less out of heed for the

susceptibilities of the police than because it suited his scheme to have plenty of diaphanous, wind-tossed drapery in it. The monster glowed like a heap of jewels, and his coils were everywhere where Andromeda's draperies left room for them.

Mr. Ruggles had attended the execution of this design from the first stroke to the last. When he was convinced, by Sir Basil's beginning to draw a second black frame, that no more was to be done to it, he spoke.

"And wot," he asked, "wot, sir, might it be supposed to reperesent?"

"It's of no importance," said Sir Basil, as he worked away, "but it's an Andromeda."

"Ah!" said Mr. Ruggles, and said no more until, after a considerable pause, during which he watched Sir Basil blocking in the elements of a Dance of Bacchantes, he announced that, if Sir Basil had no objections, he would move along and see how his old woman was doing, because she had been very bad in the night. Sir Basil hardly noticed what he said—did not, at any rate, answer—and Mr. Ruggles shambled away.

Sir Basil perfected his Bacchantes—and they were even better than the Andromeda—and, without pausing, began and finished a "Spring"—an improvisation of wonderful beauty.

Then he looked about him.

He was alone. On all the broad pavement of Piccadilly there was nobody nearer to him than twenty feet, and there a policeman and a flower-girl stood, looking another way.

"Ah, well," said Sir Basil, "it's early yet, and there's hardly enough done to catch people's eye. I must do a few more before I can expect many folk to stop and look at them."

He seized a new piece of black chalk and made the frame for the fourth picture. This was a landscape, for he knew the value of variety. It represented a stream flowing through marshes to the sea. All the ground was purple with sea-lavender, and the loops of the stream formed a line of remarkable grace. Sir Basil had treated his landscape decoratively, because he could treat it in no other way. He had never cared in the least for realism; for design and colour were to him the all in all, and so long as he achieved perfect rhythm and harmony, he was quite content to be largely unintelligible.

By the time this work was completed it was nearly midday. Sir Basil drew sandwiches and a medicine bottle full of sherry from his pocket, and rested a while from his labours.

The pavement of Piccadilly was now crowded with pedestrians, but never a one of them paused to admire the beautiful designs that lay awaiting inspection. At most, a few people threw a careless glance at the white-bearded screever and his scrawls, and, perceiving the upturned hat, hastened on, averting their eyes. At last there came two wealthy amateurs of pictures, both of whom had bought several of Sir Basil's works. And said one, detaining the other for a moment: "I say, look at the things that pavement artist has done! I say, aren't they funny? These new ideas penetrate quickly, and already, please observe, the pavement has its cubist or futurist, or whatever he may be. I say, what an appalling mess he's been making of those good paving-stones!" And the two friends resumed their stroll. At last Sir Basil had attracted the notice of the public. Almost immediately afterwards, and long before he had recovered his equanimity, two boys and a little girl ranged up in front of him and began to converse about the show.

"Oh, help!" said one.

"Percy," said the little girl languidly, "look up Number Two on the programme, will you? What's it called?"

The third affected to consult a tattered copy of *The Boy's Friend* which he lugged out of his pocket.

"'Ere we go rahnd the Mulberry Bush,'" he announced. "But I don't see no mulberries, do you, Lady Ermyntrude?"

"Them females 'as swallered the lot," said the first boy; "that's wot's making them squirm. Unripe they was."

"Number One," said the youth who had been addressed as Percy, "'Charlie Chaplin w'itewashing the fowl-'ouse.' Number Three: 'The Death of Nelson by Sunstroke.'"

"Oh, kiss me, 'Ardy!" chirped the Lady Ermyntrude, with a giggle.

"Now, you children," said Sir Basil, in rather a strained voice, "run along and play somewhere else, please."

The three nudged one another. Their efforts had not been in vain.

"I say, guvernor," asked the First Murderer sympathetically, "does it 'urt you much to do that sort of thing?"

"Pore old man!" said the girl. "'E ought to tike something for it. Try a dose of Keating three times a day, after meals, mister."

"Wot's the 'at for, guvernor?" asked Percy. "Not our money, is it?"

"P'r'aps," said his companion in villainy, "it's a basin."

"Run away, I tell you!" snapped Sir Basil. "I don't want you children here at all."

Percy, understanding that the desired explosion could now be precipitated, leaned forward and spat elaborately upon Andromeda. But Sir Basil's white wig had led his callow judgment astray. He had supposed that so old a man could not move quickly. To his intense surprise, therefore, he found himself gripped by the leg: next moment a vigorous hand began to belabour his head.

At once his shrill voice was raised in a howl for mercy.

Sir Basil had now succeeded in thoroughly attracting the attention of the public. Within fifty yards of him all heads turned, feet ceased to move, and then that common phenomenon of the London street, the convergence of a crowd upon a point of interest, was witnessed.

But Sir Basil knew nothing of all this. He saw red, and all his being was centred in his strong right hand. Never before in all his long, careful life had he so entirely lost his temper. He smote and he smote.

A young labourer was the first to arrive.

"Leggo that boy, you old 'ound!" he shouted. "'Ow dare you maltreat a kid like that? Leggo of him, or I'll make yer!"

But Sir Basil's Berserk wrath had him under its control.

"Confound you!" he cried, looking up from his knees venomously. "Get along and mind your own business! The boy was insolent." And: "Take that and that and that, you little brute!" he added, continuing to smite.

"W'y, you old beast," roared the young labourer, "don't you know better than to 'it a little boy like that? Then I'll learn you!"

With these words he sprang forward, dragged the boy out of Sir Basil's clutches, dashed him, still howling, violently on to the pavement, and, catching Sir Basil by the collar, threw him backwards against the wall of Devonshire House.

By this time the crowd was thick about them. Their eyes were all turned upon Sir Basil, and he, as he gasped and glared, was all at once infinitely daunted by their hostility.

The crowd parted, and the hideous form of a policeman swam into his ken.

The policeman produced his notebook.

Even as he did so, a young, alert-looking man appeared beside him, who said, "I represent *The Evening Wire*, officer," and licked a pencil, while a second notebook sprang as if by magic between his fingers.

Now, the rest of this story, is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles of Vine Street Police Station, and printed in the columns of innumerable newspapers, and seared as with hot irons into the memory of Sir Basil Chuff, President of the Royal Association of Pastellists?

But I may add, to save you the trouble of finding it out for yourself, that Sir Basil's fine was ten shillings.

It was a sum that he could well afford, but he could better have afforded ten thousand times as much not to have placed himself in a situation where it could be legally extorted from him.

For the only possible disadvantage of publicity is the fact that it can work in two ways.

And so, while Sir Basil still dines out—though not in as many houses as he used to do—he does not do it on this story.

THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

OF THE

WINDSOR MAGAZINE

will present features of importance and interest which will possess a considerable element of novelty. In the new series of artistic cover designs, for instance, the Christmas wrapper marks an advance upon previous pictorial covers with a striking painting of special War-time interest by that distinguished military artist, Christopher Clark, R.I., and other remarkable topical pictures will be given in the course of the number.

The paramount interests and problems of the present time inspire a number of

IMPORTANT WAR ARTICLES

by writers of recognised authority upon their several themes, Naval, Military, or Civilian, and each subject will be fully illustrated from photographs and drawings.

In addition to these serious studies of War-time facts, there will be the customary Christmas-number wealth of good fiction, such as has been found to supply mental rest and refreshment of real value to both fighting men themselves and overworked civilians at home. The

NEW STORIES BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

for which the Christmas "Windsors" have long been noted, will therefore be found in this year's issue in their usual abundance. Some idea of the total variety and importance of the number may be formed from the preliminary list of the contributors, which includes

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE
E. F. BENSON
EDEN PHILLPOTTS
HAROLD BINDLOSS
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS
KEBLE HOWARD
RALPH STOCK
H. DE VERE STACPOOLE
EDGAR WALLACE
ALICE & CLAUDE ASKEW
PAUL TRENT
FRED M. WHITE
THEODORE G. ROBERTS
WILLIAM CAINE

and other favourite authors.

All the stories and articles will be given complete in the one number, in order that its unique character as a Christmas annual may be maintained, but the story by

EDGAR WALLACE

will be one of a further series of episodes from the careers of Commissioner Sanders, the popular "Bones," and their colleagues, which will be continued throughout the new volume which the Christmas number inaugurates.

After a long silence, resulting from his military duties in France,

MAJOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

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The illustrations to this wealth of good literature will include distinguished work by

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THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

for posting to men with the Forces, or returned from the Front, as well as for those at home who, in these strenuous days, still need the valuable recreation afforded by contemporary literature and art.



THE SUPER-PIG.

WAR-WORKER: Oh, what lovely little pigs! Who's their master, Tommy?
THE BOY: Yon black 'un, miss. 'E can lick th' lot of 'em.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

THE QUEST.

By Mary Julian.

ANGELIQUE rose early with the dawn. She dressed herself carefully. She avoided, on the one hand, the appearance of a munition worker; on the other, the dowdiness of the aristocrat. The maid watched her with apprehension; there was something stupendous in her mistress's air. She saw there were big things afoot.

Her mother said good-bye to her tenderly.

"I feel to-day things will be right. I am sure of it. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of it. My dear, keep up a brave heart. All will yet be well."

"You're getting a good start," said her father. He looked at his watch uneasily. "You have everything in your favour. Good luck go with you, my child."

He looked at her as one about to go through great tribulation, and picked a loose thread from his cuff.

Angelique herself was buoyant with hope. It was apparent in the way she tweaked her veil and powdered her nose. She walked as a woman does who has just got the vote; she spoke as one who means to taste success.

The leaden hours passed slowly. The burning blue of the sky was covered with tiny white flecks, which fled before the summer breeze. As evening came, the horizon paled to grey, and the clouds lay in long faint streaks.

"Has she returned?" asked her father anxiously, and he peered up and down the road.

"No; you can't expect things done all at once," replied her mother querulously. "That's so like you—and all men."

"Poor child! Poor child! Well, it's life—that's all that can be said for it."

"It seems it's mine," retorted his wife tartly, and her knitting-needle snapped suddenly.

The sunset glimmered in the west. A red streak showed, grew fainter, then went out. The sky darkened, a star came out, then another.

"I still have hope," said her father, but his tone showed that he had none. He went and sat down heavily by himself, and his chair creaked ominously under him.

"Angelique is not the girl to fail. She has success written all over her. She's my child," said her mother proudly.

Another hour passed, and the clock ticked as if it liked doing it. If it had not done so, the silence would have been intense.

At last there was a sound at the door. They ran to open it. It was Angelique.

Her mother's voice faltered. She could not ask the question. Her hands trembled; she

could hardly move. Her father became suddenly very gruff and irritable, and pulled at his cuffs venomously. Her always did this when he was approaching a crisis. One would have thought he was seriously annoyed. They looked at her eagerly. There was something in her face that told them all was well.

Yes, she had got the sugar!

TOMMY: Mother, teacher says I've got to start double-entry bookkeeping. What is it?

MOTHER: Ah, Tommy, I expect that means charging it all twice over.

THE SILVER LINING.

Though prices still are rising high,
And many people groan and sigh,
I'm not repining.
The cloud, of course, may look quite black,
But, kindly note, it doesn't lack
A silver lining.

The price of sugar for preserves
Will sometimes get upon our nerves,
Our feelings harrow,
But I am glad I shan't be fed
On something which I always dread—
Jam made from marrow.



BACK TO THE LAND.

PAYMASTER: What allotment have you made your mother?
NEW RECRUIT: Roughly, about 'arf an acre, sir.

WILLIE JONES had been giving his teacher a good deal of trouble that morning. At the close of the first study period she said—

"Now we will take up the subject of natural history, and you may name in rotation some of the lower animals, starting with Willie Jones."

MOTHER (to battered son): Tommy, how often have I told you to stop before fighting, and count up to a hundred?

BATTERED SON: That's what I did, but Charlie Jones's mother only told him to count ten.

Then chemicals and photo-plates
Have risen to alarming rates—
Some think this hateful;
But snapshot fiends who plied with zest
Their dreadful trade are now at rest:
For this I'm grateful.

The cost of travelling by train
Prevents a visit from Aunt Jane—
She cannot spare it.
We, for the self-same reason, can't
Afford the fare to visit Aunt—
We'll grin and bear it.

R. H. Roberts.

Born 1820—
still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "He that hath the right spirit, maketh to grow a full measure of potatoes, where none grew before."

WEARY AMATEUR: ". . . . and you can supply the right spirit."

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A FÊTE AND WET FEET.

By J. E. Wheelwright.

THE time was eight a.m.

"Swish, swish, swish!" came the rain against my window-pane.

"Z-zo-o-o-oph!" said the wind.

I opened an eye. The wind said: "Zoo-oo-oo-oo!" And it was to Regent's Park I was going. How appropriate! And it was to be an open-air *fête*—a *fête* for the wounded. Strawberries, muslins, tents, bands, wounded soldiers, pretty ladies, tea, ices. Perfectly delightful! But the rain said: "Shush, swish, pitter, pitter, pitter!" And the wind said: "Ow-wow woo-o-o-o-o!"

But we were to go, all the same, because the programme said: "Under cover, if wet."

Yes, we were to go, whatever happened—the little French lady and the nice friend who was giving us the tickets, and myself. Yes, myself. And to get wet makes me ill.

What to wear. Not, *not* the prearranged pink muslin and the big shady hat. Certainly not. Something thin, with a fluff round the neck? Too cold. Too wet. The fluff would pulp. Alpaca without a fluff, and with very gay shoes, stockings, and a blatant hat? Unpleasant and chilly. Alpaca, with a little coat and a big hat?

"Ooo-o-o-ow-ow-ow!" said the wind. That settled that.

"Swish, shoosh, pitter, pitter, patter!" said the rain.

Blue serge, strong mackintosh, small hat, thick shoes, two pairs of stockings, and twelve extra hairpins did it.

We met at Baker Street Station—the kind lady, the French lady, and myself.

"How sensible!" said the kind lady. She was beautifully tailored, and had no mackintosh.

"How beautifully you English dress for the rain!" said the French lady. She was very trim and *chic*, and spoke English quite perfectly. I had been late. Indecision is so delaying; but one has to think of things when one gets rheumatism.

So now, there, we must hurry. Hither and thither we run at Baker Street. We splutter in and out of puddles. A cab—a taxi—a cart! Anything with a cover, to get out of this pitiless rain.

We pursue, we overtake, a very old taxi driver with a very old taxicab. We thump him with umbrellas and make him understand that we wish him to drive us in his cab. He seems surprised, and says perhaps he can find the place if he asks policemen.

The cab changes gear with infinite difficulty. It coughs, grunts, barks. We buzz from policeman to policeman. We draw up at the right door in a park. We tell him to go on, as that really *can't* be it, with all that mud.

But it *is* it. We turn round, groan, gasp, the gears grate.

"Tickets, please! You can keep half your ticket. It entitles you to a chance of a hat."

Hat! Ugh! The one I have on is melting. Why does melting tulle smell of glue? I hate hats.

We are in.

Squish, squish, squdge! Must we walk on the grass? Yes, we must, because this is an open-air *fête*. Besides, the path is worse.

"Look at the tents! Listen to that wet flop in the wind! Look at the poor band, playing liquid music under a tree!"

"Where is the 'under cover,' please?"

"Well, there isn't much of it, and it is full."

"Look at the poor, wet, wounded soldiers under trees! What a shame!"

"Please take your umbrella out of my hair——"

"Or please take my hair out of your umbrella."

"How dreadful for the stall-holders! They have to smile, and they mayn't go home. Oh, poor things!"

"What shall we do? Oh, yes, let us buy a ticket for tea; it sounds more cosy."

"Is the tea under cover?"

"Well, partly."

"Well, let's go and have tea in the partly part."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! They say tea won't be ready for half an hour."

"Do you know it's only three o'clock?"

"No, my dear child, I really *can't* buy a box of wet cigarettes."

"No, thank you, I really won't throw rings at the Kaiser. I am too wet, and so is he. Perhaps after tea."

"Do you think, if we stood under that tree, we could see the Princess and keep our hats dry at the same time?"

"Yes. Of course, our feet would be wet. But why shouldn't they? Other people's feet are wet."

"No, that's not Gaby Deslys. I think that's just an ordinary human being."

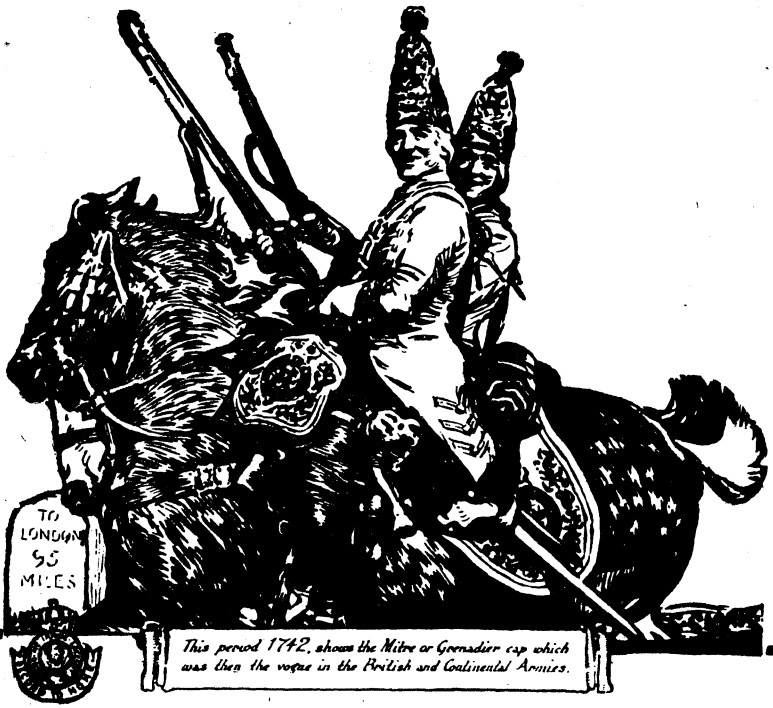
"No, I *really* won't have an ice, thank you. And please be careful with that umbrella."

"There's the dear Princess. What an angel to have come! She is actually looking at the things on the stalls!"



OFFICIAL INTIMATION.

"YOU'LL let me know if I stick this pin in you?"
"Not 'alf I won't, mate! I'll send yer a bloomin' postcard."



This period 1742, shows the Mitre or Grenadier cap which was then the vogue in the British and Continental Armies.

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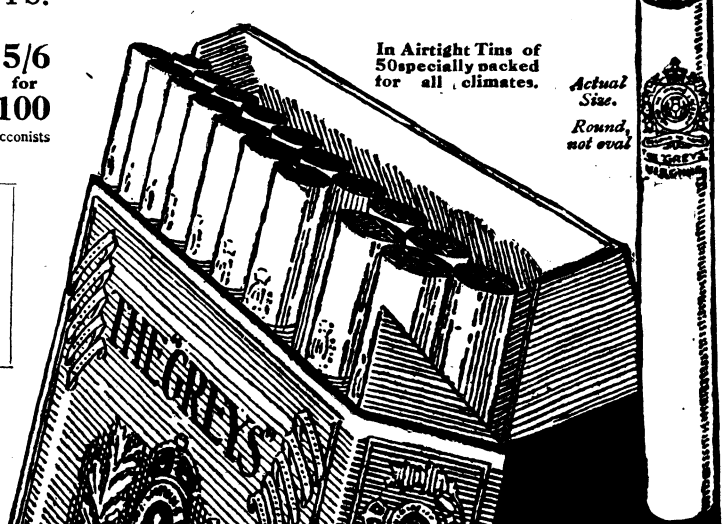
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Round, not oval

"Let's go and sit in the partly dry part of the tea tent, and wait till tea is ready."

"Tea will be hot, anyway."

"Well, here's quite a dry chair, and the table-cloth is hardly damp."

"That's something. Still, it feels like seaweed."

"No, thank you, I won't throw at anything yet. We're just waiting for tea."

"Yes, I will buy one of these, whatever they are, if it isn't wet."

"What is it? Matches? They *are* wet? Never mind—one must buy something."

"After tea we must struggle to get into the concert. It is in a really watertight room, I believe. You can't get in yet."

"Thank Heaven, here's the tea!"

"Are these hard things meant to eat, or are they fancy-work, or something?"

"They're home-made maize? Oh, pardon, I thought they were boxes!"

"What a very curious taste the tea has! Rather like furniture polish. What a pity it isn't warmer! I suppose the rain got into it."

"Now I think we'll get into the queue for the concert. It must be warm in there, anyway."

"Look at the steam running down the windows!"

"We are quite among the first. Look! Lots of people behind us already!"

"Please don't push, madam! And *do* mind your umbrella!"

"How funny that woman looks, with half the powder washed off! I wonder how long we shall have to wait? Selfish pigs! They will never come out, once in."

"There, did you hear that? Someone singing inside. What a voice! No, I don't think it was a train—I think it was human."

"Do you know, when you stand packed like this in the rain, the other people keep a lot of it off? They don't keep it off *you?* Bad luck! You have an outside place. I do wish people would be careful with umbrellas!"

"Look, the door is open. They are sending the first lot out. Oh, oh, what a squeeze! Don't be pushed back. Squeeze—squeeze *hard!* Someone must give way!"

"It's no use, my dear man, saying the people must get out. We have simply *got* to get in, somehow. They do look hot, don't they, the ones coming out?"

"Ph-h-ew! That was a struggle!"

"Never mind, here we are at last! Front row. This is grand! I know my hat is very queer, but it is worth it."

"Look at those poor wounded men under the trees in the rain! Never mind, they have the wet white satin ladies to console them."

"Oh, but look, look! What do you think? Here is Gerald going to do a piece. What splendid luck! This is really perfect! And look at all the people trying to get in!"

"There's Gerald! Do look! Not two yards away!"

"And look at all the wet people outside! Isn't Gerald lovely?"

"*Did* you see that kiss? He does make love well. There, that's the end of the acting. Now we can get the five-twenty-five."

And we do.



V.A.D. GARDENING.

"I'm just wondering, dearie, whether I ought to put that one in splints."



THEY gave the old lady the only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath adjoining. The next morning the manager asked—

"Did you have a good night's rest?"

"Well, no, I didn't," she replied. "The room was all right, and the bed was comfortable; but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid someone would want to take a bath, and the only way to it was through my room."



SOME time ago a masquerade party was given, at which practically all the great musical lights in the country were present. Very few knew who any of the others were, but in some way a certain famous pianist knew one of the disguised men to be a leading musical critic. During the evening the latter, grasping the hand of the pianist, said—

"I don't know who you are, but this hand strikes me very much as the hand of a pianist."

"Quite right," answered the pianist; "and it is the first time I have ever known you to be right in a musical criticism."

And, as no one unmasked during the evening, the critic is still wondering who said it.



CLUB BORE (holding forth pompously): If I have any merit, it is consistency.

ONE OF THE FED-UPS: Well, a plum pudding has consistency, but it's more than some people can stomach.

BEAUTY CULTURE

SOME SIMPLE RECIPES THAT GIVE STARTLING RESULTS.

By MIMOSA.



Getting Rid of Feminine Moustaches.

TO women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed, not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin.

How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

SOAPS and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft, and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely, and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed ¼ lb. packages, which retail at half-a-crown. However, as this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

Blackheads, Oily Pores, &c.

THE new sparkling face-bath treatment rids the skin of blackheads, oiliness, and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant, and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained from the chemist's, in a glass of hot water, and after the resulting effervescence has subsided, dab the affected portions of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and efface themselves naturally, and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft, and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days, in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

Grey Hair Unnecessary.

ONE need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to a natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned, and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist two ounces of tammalite concentrate and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a small sponge, and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkening to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way.

How to Discard an Unsightly Complexion.

HOW many women exclaim, as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I could only tear off this old skin!" and do you know it is now possible to do that very thing? Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden; that would be too heroic a method, and painful, too, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles, and so gradually—requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy, or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at your chemist's, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.

INSURANCE EXAMINER: What did you say your grandfather died of?

THE SUBJECT: Well, sir, I can't remember rightly, but I know it was nothing serious.

IT is said of a famous general that he never gives way to even the flicker of an eyelid when a shell explodes near him. Once, while he was talking to a young officer, one did, and the youth "ducked." "What's the matter?" asked the great man. "Do you think they're shooting at you? What do you take yourself for—a cathedral?"

"MOTHER, dear, I do wish I was an angel," said the little girl.

"But why?" asked her mother.

"Well, you see, I should be able to drop bombs on the enemy then," came the reply.

JIMMIE was going out with his mother one afternoon, and had been sent upstairs to get ready. After a long wait the mother called up the stairs: "Hurry down, Jimmie; we're late now. Have you got your shoes on yet?"

"Yes," replied the boy—"all but two."



THE DAILY ROUND.

MOTHER: Haven't you recovered yet from yesterday's flag day?
DAUGHTER: Oh, yes, but I'm just resting now for to-day's!

"WHAT your wife needs," said the doctor, "is a change of air."

"Well," the hard-up husband replied, "we've got an electric fan. Wouldn't that be better than nothing?"

"AREN'T you ashamed," exclaimed the indignant onlooker, "to hit a boy smaller than yourself?"

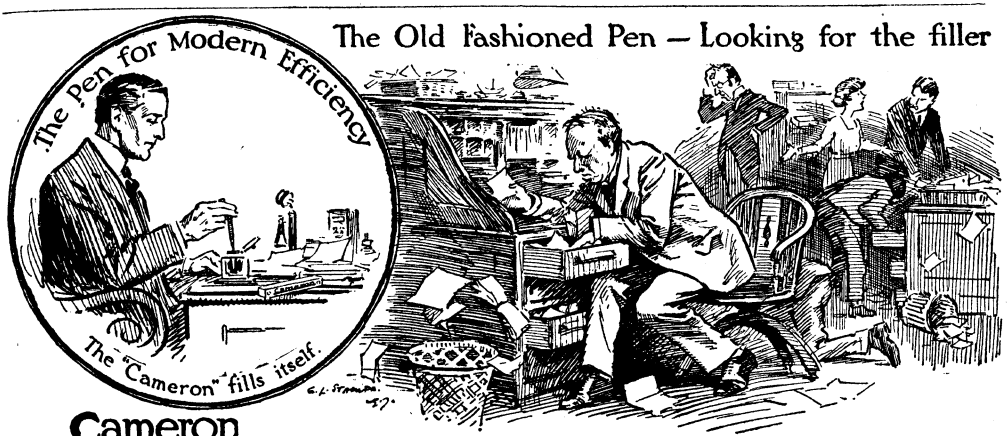
"Well, I don't know," said the boy, who was a bit of a philosopher. "I suppose I'd rather be ashamed to hit a smaller boy than be sorry I hit a bigger one."

THE district visitor looked into a room in the parish house, where a small girl was pounding the piano to her heart's content. "You may play on, Mary, if you are sure that your hands are clean."

"Oh, I'm bein' careful, miss," was the quick response; "I'm only usin' the black keys."

"WHICH little boy can tell me what it is that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?" asked the teacher.

"Please, miss, I can," answered a small boy. "It's our landlord when he gets the back rent."



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Safety Self Fillers

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A BOOK OF HUMOUR.

This son of mine—his age is ten—
Sits reading in his usual place,
And I, sly watching, wonder when
A smile lights up his boyish face.

He smiles, and then again he smiles,
Until at last it's "Ho, ho, ho!"
Still more I wonder what beguiles
His youthful mind to please him so.

At length his humour spreads to me;
I wish to share the cunning joke.
"You've something rare, I that can see;
Come, tell me of these funny folk."

"Why, yes, Dad, this is really good.
Such jokes I never heard before.
Now, you should read it, that you should,
And then I'm sure you'll want some more.'

I take the book, but just a glance
Reveals to me, on every page,
What I suspected in advance—
They're chestnuts hoary in their age.

He notes with pain my features set.
"Why, Dad, those jokes are rich and rare!
There's some that keep me laughing yet—
The best jokes you'll find anywhere."

I smile and hand him back the tome—
Those chestnuts stately in their age—
A splendid book for every home,
It rings with laughter, every page.

And now I have the truth in mind:
All jokes are old, but men are new,
And boys the freshest fruit may find
On chestnut trees which Adam grew.

W. Charnley.

"How do you get your children to like stale bread?" asked one woman of another.

"I simply hide it," said the second housewife.

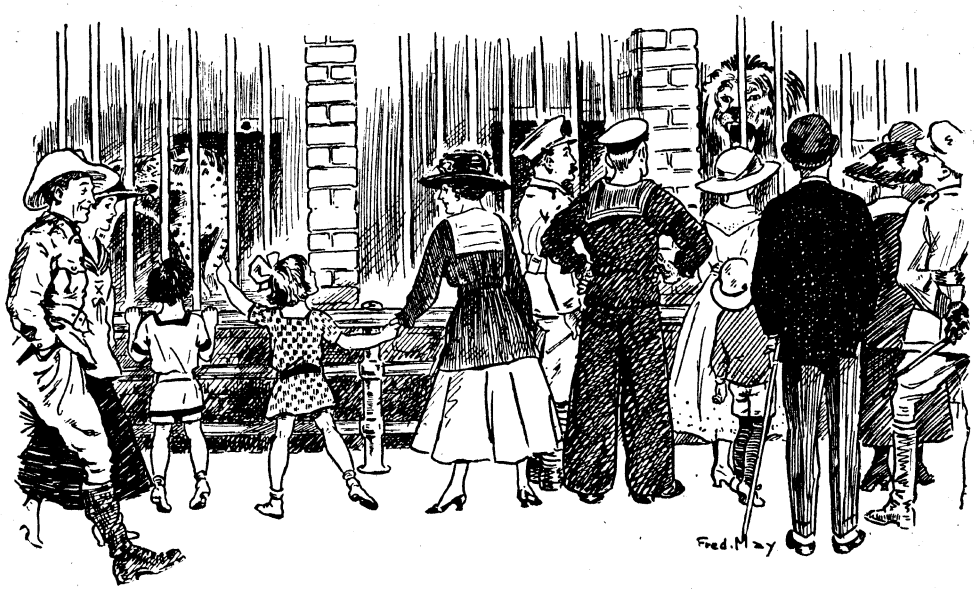
"What happens then?"

"They find it when they're playing at being wrecked on a desert island, and eat up every morsel."

"DADDY," said the small son, who was eating an apple, "what would be worse than finding a worm in this apple?"

"I do not know, unless it would be to find two worms."

"No," said Bobby. "It would be worse to find half of a worm."



OVERHEARD AT THE ZOO.

"AUNTIE, look at this funny animal—all freckles!"

"I'VE just seen Santy, the sword-swallower. My word, it's wonderful the way he swallows all kinds of things!"

"That's nothing. I know a man who swallows doors!"

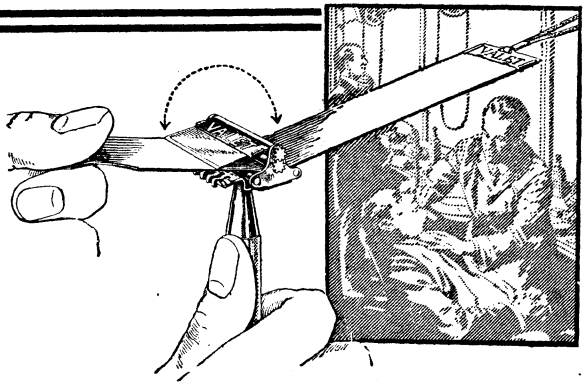
"Doors?"

"Yes, he bolts them."

A SMALL boy had never seen a live sheep, but one of his most treasured possessions was a little woolly lamb on wheels. Last summer he went to visit his uncle, who owns a large farm. When he spied an immense flock grazing, he stared at them in amazement, then exclaimed—

"You must have got them awfully cheap, uncle, for they've all lost their wheels!"

"Strops Itself" as well as a Barber could strop it.



Perhaps on some occasion you have come across a barber who has given you "the shave of a lifetime"—close, velvety—a razor touch that was almost a caress.

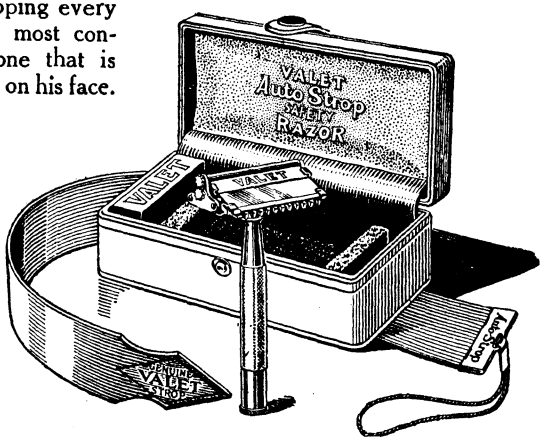
If so, it was because he was an exceptionally good stropper, and therefore had an exceptionally keen blade to shave with.

THE

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will give you every morning just this kind of shave, because the blade meets the strop at the very angle and with the very pressure which will give the keenest shaving edge. Moreover, one blade will last for months, or even years. You will feel that in using the "Valet" AutoStrop you are combining the greatest shaving luxury with the strictest war economy.

It is impossible for any razor to shave properly unless the edge is renewed by stropping every time; so the razor which can be most conveniently and readily stropped is the one that is needed by the man with a real beard on his face.

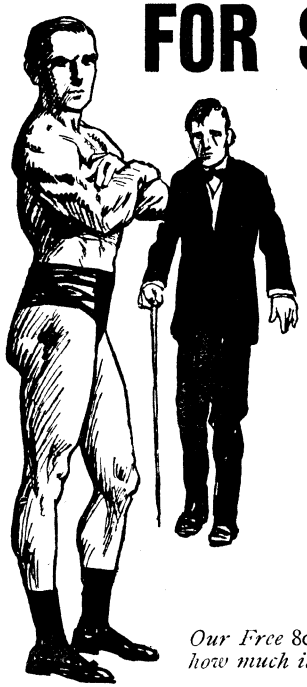


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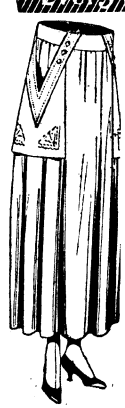
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by the Editor of the "Novel Magazine"

Mistakes made by Beginners

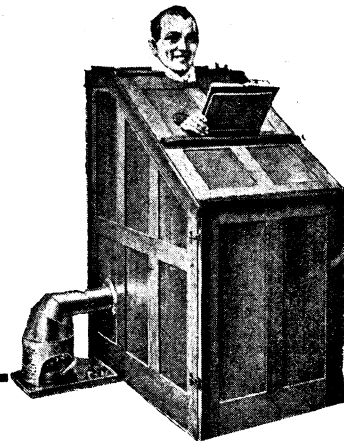
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"It Worked Like a Charm"

writes a clergyman who had suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Let Me Prove Free How I Cured All Trace of My Awful Growths, Without Pain or Injury, For Ever, Root and All.

For years I was in despair because of a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair. I had a regular moustache and beard and a hairy covering on my arms. After seeking relief for years in vain, I secured through my husband, a surgeon and an officer in the British Army, a closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which had made Superfluous Hair unknown among the native women of India, a fact which is well known. It was so successful in my own case that I no longer have the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair, and I shall be glad to send Free to anyone full information to destroy completely all traces of hair, root and all, without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations, and send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day, with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me two penny stamps to cover my outlay for posting. I shall also send you free particulars of other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. Address as below.



Don't be neglected on account of your superfluous hair. Banish it.

FREE COUPON. Good for immediate use only by readers of *The Windsor Magazine*, when sent with two penny stamps for postage.

Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free your full information and confidential instructions to banish superfluous hair; also additional particulars of other beauty secrets as soon as ready.

Above Coupon or copy of same, with your name and address and 2*d.* stamps, to be sent to FREDERICA HUDSON, Suite D 1821, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

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Test Free the Wonderful Effect of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair Health and Beauty.

1,000,000 COMPLETE TRIAL OUTFITS FREE TO-DAY

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty, and there are none who have received more of Nature's bounty than the "English Rose."

But the Hair! That is the crown of beauty, and special care is essential to maintain its fine quality, its strength, its gloss and lustre.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's too for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair-health and beauty free

Reflect on the condition of your hair. See what "Harlene Hair-Drill" will unfailingly do to improve its growth and keep it in a perfectly healthy condition.



The wide publicity in the Press and the recommendations of the public in promoting the popularity of "Harlene Hair-Drill" have brought new hope and inspiration to thousands whose hair has become impoverished and unhealthy.

Millions of Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits have found their way into the people's homes everywhere. Why not send for the 4-fold Free Outfit to-day? (See Coupon below.)

TRY "HARLENE" FREE.

Two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with

THIN OR BRITTLE HAIR, OVER-GREASINESS OF THE SCALP,
SCURF OR DANDRUFF, SPLITTING OR FALLING HAIR,

you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to cut out and post the Free "Gift Outfit" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

The Gift Parcel contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleaning "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" (it occupies only two minutes a day), for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise. You will immediately wonder how you have done without it in the past. It imparts new life to the hair, giving tone and nourishment to weak, impoverished, straggly hair; at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-conditioned hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty.

LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM ALL.

Thousands of letters in terms of unqualified approval have been received by the proprietors of 'Harlene."

Famous Actresses, Cinema Queens, and especially women workers in the munition establishments, in factories and offices, who have been worried over the condition of their hair—all have been particularly pleased with the wonderful results obtained from the practice of "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.



A short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make a wonderful difference in your personal appearance. It strengthens the hair, improves its growth, removes scurf, dandruff, and greasiness, and is a remarkable aid to hair-dressing.

You will always be able to obtain future supplies of "Harlene" from your local chemist at 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle (in solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins, at 2/9, with full instructions as to use). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1/1½ per box of seven (single packets 2d. each). Any or all of these preparations will be sent post free, on receipt of price, direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.



Windsor Magazine, Nov., 1917.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NOTE TO READER:

Write your *full* name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

DON'T SNEEZE!
Glykaline

WILL CURE YOUR COLD.

FOR 83 years past, in all parts of the world, Leath & Ross's **GLYKALINE** has been the proved and trusted remedy for **Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, &c.** Time—the only true test—has proved its value. Many people tell us they have sometimes been persuaded to try some other remedy, but that they have always been glad to go back to the old favourite—**GLYKALINE.** It is pleasant to take; its effect is wonderfully quick. Even a severe Cold or Cough is often cured in so short a time as twenty-four hours. You may safely rely on this age-proved remedy, which is equally suitable for adults or children.

Read the following:

"TALON ROUGE, writing in *Vanity Fair*, says: "The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a general depression, the certain precursor of a cold. I sped to the nearest Chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid called **Glykaline,** which will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds."

FOR PRICES SEE BELOW.

FOR ALL NERVE PAINS, such as **Toothache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Gout, Lumbago, &c.,** the application of Leath & Ross's **NEURALINE** gives wonderful relief.

Read the following:

"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the **Neuraline.** It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

FOR PRICES SEE BELOW.

The miserable, exhausting pains of Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, &c., throw a shadow across the path of many a life. There is not a single case which will not be relieved, and very few which, with perseverance, will not be cured, by the internal use of **Leath & Ross's Anti-Rheumaticus.** This pleasant, almost tasteless, remedy is supplied in liquid or tablets.

Read the following:

"Sister M. writes to say she has had Rheumatism for more than twenty years, and has tried various remedies, but has found nothing to equal **Anti-Rheumaticus,** and will advise everyone suffering from that complaint to get some."

FOR PRICES SEE BELOW.

As a **general Tonic** for creating **vitality,** producing **appetite, fortifying the nervous system,** for the internal treatment of **Neuralgia, Toothache, &c.,** for the prevention of **Colds** and **Influenza,** there is nothing to equal Leath & Ross's **P.M.Q.** (Phospho-muriate of Quinine). It is sold in liquid or tablet form, and is so concentrated that a bottle may be comfortably carried in the pocket. No matter how long it is taken, it will never do anything but good, and its constant use renders the blood immune from the attacks of many disease germs, particularly those which cause colds and influenza.

All chemists and stores should have the above remedies in stock, but if you find any difficulty in getting them promptly, fill up or mention the coupon below for a supply at special price by return post. Say whether liquid or tablet form is preferred in the case of Glykaline, Anti-Rheumaticus and P.M.Q. Prices, **1/3, 3/-,** and **5/-.**

Post This To-Day.

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Please send me a
(**1/3** bottle for **1/-**)
(**3/-** bottle for **2/6**)
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GLYKALINE.
NEURALINE.
P.M.Q.
ANTI-RHEUMATICUS.
(Strike out name and price not required.)
for which I enclose remittance value.....

Name.....

Address.....

L

War-Consumption

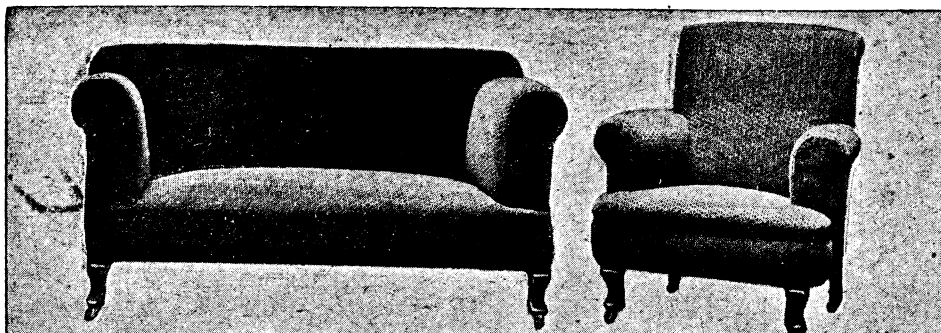
The Tubercle Bacillus is still claiming its victims, and, unfortunately, many of our men who have escaped the Huns' bullets have only done so to be claimed by this insidious germ, the Tubercle Bacillus. There is, however, a remedy to combat it, although it has not yet been officially recognised, and anyone suffering from Consumption or Tuberculosis in whatever form will be wise to write for full particulars of the Stevens' Treatment; or if full details of the case are sent, a supply of the remedy itself will be despatched, specially suitable, on the distinct understanding that nothing whatever need be paid for it unless the patient be perfectly satisfied with the benefit received, and considers the progress made warrants its continuance. Only address, Charles H. Stevens, 204 and 206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.

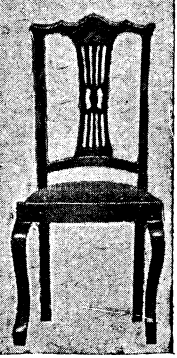
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Colour—Brown, Black, or White.

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A.	Plain Shoes (without Strapping)	**2/1**	**2/3**	**2/4**
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PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 7, Steps Rd., near Glasgow.





I WAS BALD

I was born in 1852, and, just as my photograph shows, I now have a full growth of hair. Yet thirty years ago I found scurf upon my scalp, and my hair began to fall away, until after a while I was classed as a "bald-head."

Call it vanity if you will, it was displeasing to me to remain bald. Furthermore, I believe it is our birthright to have plenty of hair upon our heads.

Seeking a Hair Growth

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, in the hope of growing new hair, I had experimented with one thing and another—the usual array of lotions, pomades, shampoos, &c.—without getting any benefit. At that age I looked older than I do now. Later, when I became a trader in the Indian Territory of U.S.A., some of the Cherokees jocosely called me "The white brother without a scalp-lock."

American Indians Never Bald

I never saw a bald Cherokee Indian. Both braves and squaws almost invariably use tobacco, eat irregularly, frequently wear tight bands around their heads, and do other things which are commonly ascribed as causes of baldness. Yet they all possess beautiful hair. What, then, is their secret? Being on the spot—most of the time at Tahlequah—and upon very friendly terms, it was easy for me to gain information from the usually taciturn Cherokees. I learned exactly how American Indians grow long, luxuriant hair, avoiding baldness and eliminating scurf or dandruff.

My Hair Grew Again

Then I applied these secrets to myself, and my hair began to grow. There was no messing or trouble about it. The new hairs emanated from my scalp as profusely as grass grows on a properly kept lawn. I have had a plenitude of hair ever since.

Numerous friends of mine in Philadelphia and elsewhere asked me what had performed such a miracle, and I gave them the Indian elixir. Their hair soon grew over bald spots. Scurf disappeared wherever it existed—and it never returned. That these persons were amazed and delighted is stating the fact mildly.

The hair that grows is strong and silk-like. It has beautiful lustre, and imparts the appearance of health and vigour.

Do You Wish Hair Growth?

Having established London headquarters, I now give notice that you may obtain Brittain's Indian Elixir at any good chemist's or drug store. After buying it, apply regularly, and watch the result. You are likely to be astonished and delighted, particularly if you have tried various liquids, lotions, &c., without benefit. Or, if you would like a testing box by post, send sixpence (P.O. or stamps) to J. HART BRITTAIN, 2, PERCY STREET (212 D), LONDON, W. 1, and you will receive the box, descriptive pamphlet, &c., post free.

Every smart man uses

ANZORA HAIR CREAM



Anzora Cream contains neither oil nor grease, yet will master the most uncontrollable hair. Anzora Viola contains a little Anzora Oil of Violets. It is ideal for dry scalps. Anzora Cream and Anzora Viola are sold by high-class Chemists, Hairdressers, & Military Canteens, in 1/6 & 2/6 (double size) bottles.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO 32-34 WILLESDEN LANE, LONDON, N.W.6

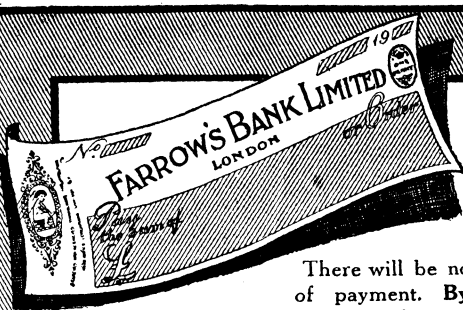
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desiring information respecting Schools and Colleges at Health Resorts in Great Britain are invited to apply to "Scholastic," Ward, Lock & Co.'s Guide Books, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C. No charge is made.



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One application of "Remouvair" destroys hair roots for ever. Money returned if hairs ever return! Guaranteed harmless, painless. If you have any disfiguring hairs on the face, arms, or neck, &c., try "Remouvair," which is different to everything else and never fails. Price 12s. 6d., abroad 14s.; large size 21s., abroad 23s., in plain package, or booklet free to any lady sending 1d. stamp to pay postage. Mention *Windsor Magazine*. Address: WINIFRED E. DEAN, Ltd., 12, All Saints Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.



AFTER THE WAR

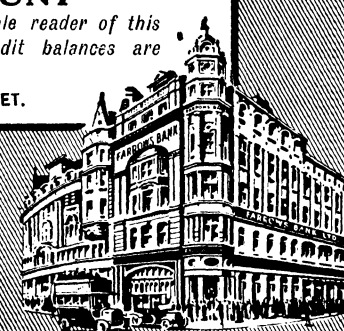
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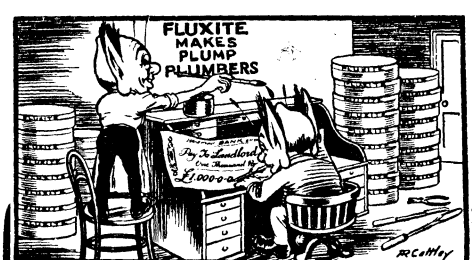
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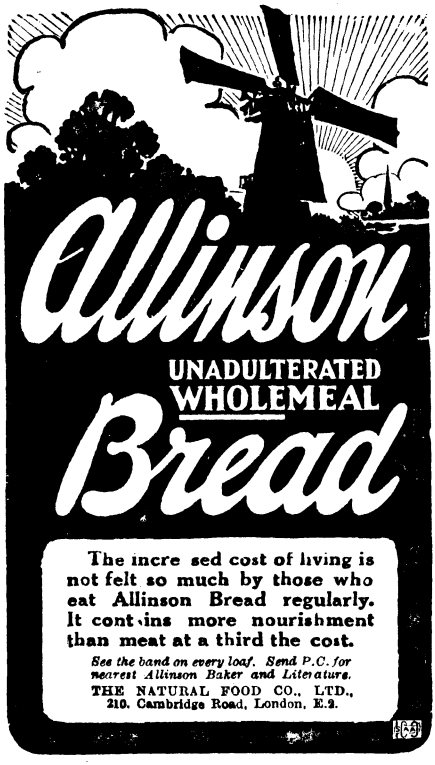
If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F., 3 inches; Miss Leedell, 4 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe, 4 inches. No drugs or appliances. Send three penny stamps for further particulars and £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., W.M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.





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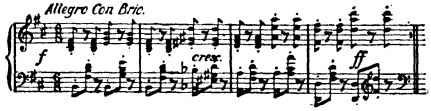


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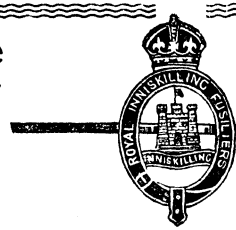
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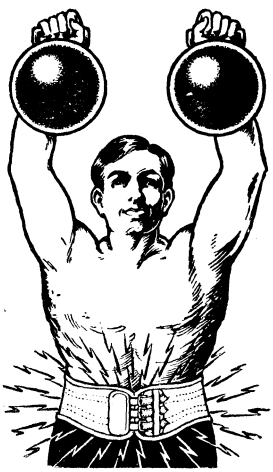
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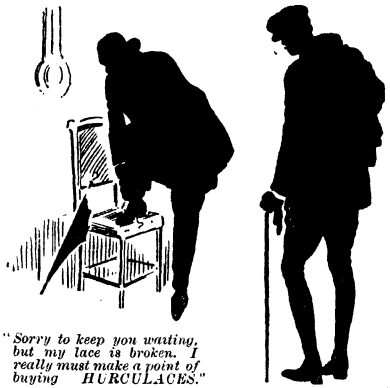
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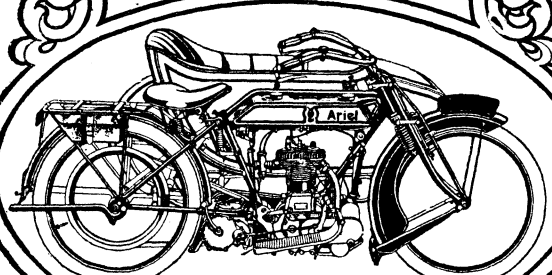
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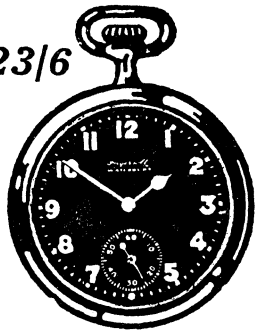
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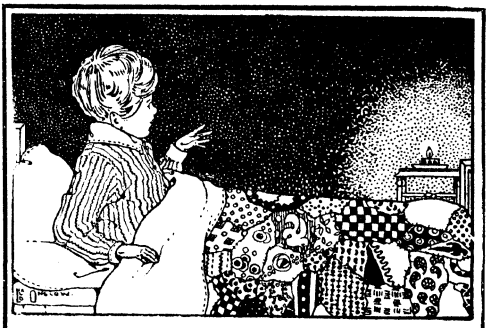
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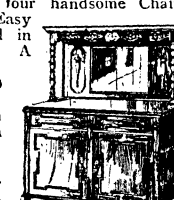
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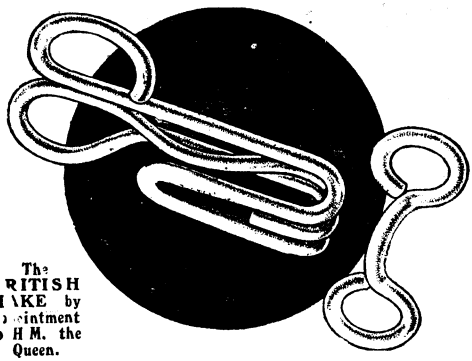


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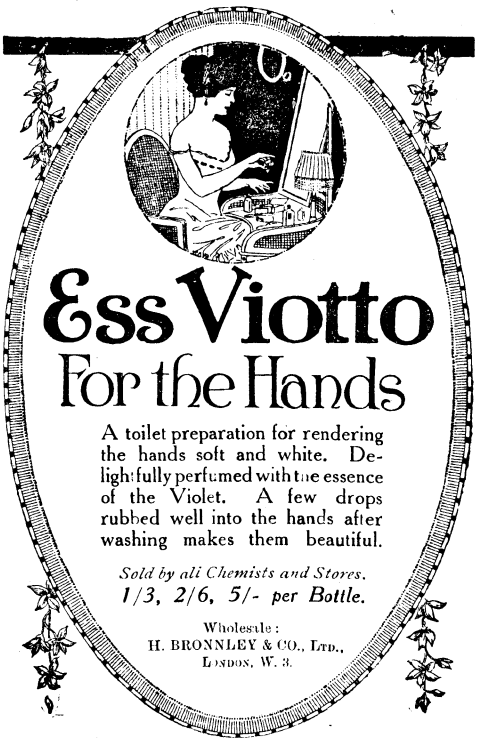


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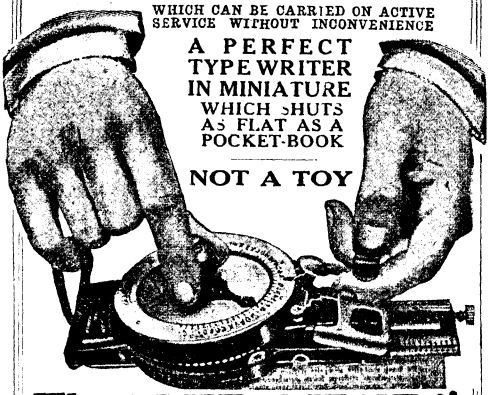
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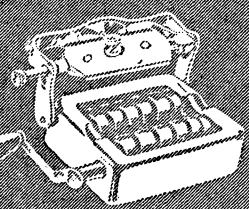
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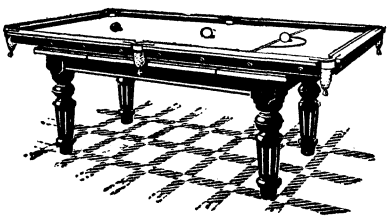
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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

No. 275

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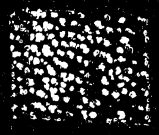
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